



The Slave's Doctor

IAN SMITH

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THE SLAVES' DOCTOR

**By
Ian Smith**

Publisher Information

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All In A Day's Work

I put my hand gently on the bare female behind. My fingers sought the deep groove of the biggest weal; as they found it, I felt the lovely twenty-two year-old young woman flinch sharply. The sound of her whimper mixed with the noise of her body moving on the examination table. It was a hollow table, so each movement echoed loudly. The girl's hands, down by her svelte sides, clenched into small fists and then unclenched again. There was pain, fear, anger and frustration in those tiny reactions. The anger was not directed against me, but against the sadist who had inflicted those agonising welts on her youthful body. The welts were fresh, delivered less than ten minutes ago and her firm, curvaceous flesh was hot.

There was little that I would be able to do to diminish the pain she was suffering. Besides, doctor or not, that was not really my job. The girl's captors had decreed that she should be punished and it was certainly not my place to do anything to alleviate that punishment; and that was that. They had merely asked me to check her over afterwards, knowing that she was new to this nightmare (for her) existence and not wanting to lose a good asset through a seizure or anything like that. She was young, true, but even teenagers can suffer heart attacks or other debilitations and they had worked her over fairly thoroughly even for them.

Still, I might be able to help in another way, as a counsellor. After well over a decade as a doctor looking after slaves, I have a great deal of experience. Those four emotions that I spoke of, for instance, can be split into two pairs: on the one hand, anger at what was being done to her and frustration at her own helplessness; on the other hand, the more submissive reactions of fear and pain. It was important that fear and pain win the battle within her. They would do so sooner or later, inevitably, but the sooner it was, the less the girl would suffer. Of course, that would not stop her suffering altogether.

I moved around to the top of the table above her head and pulled up a chair. She raised her head to look at me, sniffing a little. As she lifted her head, I could see the deep, inviting gorge down her cleavage between two plump young breasts. She was, of course, totally naked. Don't, please, tell me that as a doctor I ought not to be affected by such things: any man would, at least one with any libido still in him, and I'm only in my mid-forties after all. Besides, in this wonderful world, I don't even have to disguise it.

"You'll live," I said brightly. "I'll leave you some cream to rub into your bottom. It'll soon heal the weals."

"I could use some painkillers," she said without much hope.

I shook my head. "You were punished for a reason. To take the pain away, even if I could, would defeat the object."

"Thanks a lot," she said bitterly. "I thought you were a doctor."

"I am," I said with a slight smile. "Don't you believe me?" The other girls in the compound would undoubtedly have told her that I was indeed a practising GP; some of them had known me, albeit only since their enslavement, for some years.

"Then how can you let such things go on? Why don't you report all this to the police?"

"Don't let's go into all that again. I'm not going to and that's that. You know what will happen if I report that you tried to get me to blow the whistle."

A look of terror flashed across those beautiful blue eyes. "No, please, don't do that. I didn't mean ..."

"Shh, I know you did, but I won't. However, you do take my meaning. Your masters wouldn't like it."

The azure eyes hardened a little. "My masters," she said bitterly, almost snorting the word. If her bottom hadn't been throbbing so much, she would have snarled it.

"Yes, your masters. Face facts, Celia, that's just what they are. They're in total control of you. You can't escape from here and you can't fight them. The sooner you come to accept that, the better for you."

She looked pained. "I can't!" she almost wailed. "I've got a life, a flat, a boyfriend, a future ..."

"You had each of those things, but no more. Or rather, you have new versions of each. You still have a life, just a very different one. You had your own flat, now you have a slave cell. At least there's no mortgage on it. Instead of one boyfriend, now you have lots of male ... well, perhaps not quite admirers. Let's say that you have lots of men to serve. You'll certainly not be short of physical male attention, as you've already found out." She shuddered. "And you still have a future: you have a great body and you'll make a fine slave."

"Thanks a lot," she said dejectedly, colouring a little as she remembered her nudity.

"Do you know how many beautiful young girls like you disappear each year, abducted into slavery? The number's quite fantastic. With the right friends in the right places, most of the cases never hit the national press; in many cases, some skilful work ensures that nobody even realises the girl is missing. Once here, none of them ever escape or are found and this has been going on for decades. What makes you think you'll be the first to buck the system?"

She absorbed all this. She was a bright girl: I liked her. She brought her arms up, placing her hands underneath her cute chin. It raised her torso slightly higher, bringing a little more of those lovely breasts into view. She saw where my eyes were focused, but after a momentary uncertainty she didn't alter her position: poor Celia had been fully naked for three weeks now, since her arrival here and there were plenty of men around, so she was growing just a little accustomed to it. It was one early step on the road to slavery.

She spoke again. "So what are you suggesting I should do? Give in to them?"

"Yes." There was a long silence whilst I let this sink in, then I went on. "They'll keep on thrashing you until you do give in. Tell me, is your resistance effective?"

She shrugged. I saw her creamy round breasts lift and fall in time with her shoulders. For a brief moment, the dark nipples came into

view, vividly contrasting against her otherwise naturally pale skin.

"For example," I pressed, "how many times have you had penetrative sex this week?" She flushed hotly, and said nothing. I gave her a gentle, almost conspiratorial smile. "I am a doctor, you know."

The smile was lost on her, but after reflecting for a few moments she said, "all right: six times. I suppose those bastards upstairs will tell you themselves if you ask them. What's your point?"

"Don't call them bastards, it's not a good habit," I advised gently. "Now then, did you consent on any of those six occasions, co-operate even?"

"Of course not," she said frostily.

"Of course not," I repeated mildly. "So what did they do? Hold you down, tie you to a bed, maybe a spreader bar?"

"Sometimes each," she said shortly and very quietly. "Your point?" she repeated.

"My point is that you defended your honour as hard as you could, with zero effect. You got fucked, if you'll pardon the term, whether you resisted or not. When has your resistance actually spared you anything? Isn't the only result of your resistance thrashings like the one you've just had?"

"What do expect me to do, throw my arms around them and invite them in?"

"You might just as well do, they're going in anyway. How many times are you going to be having sex next week?"

"I prefer the term 'raped', if you don't mind."

"All right, how many times are you going to be raped next week?"

"I don't know. As many times as they want to do it. Is that what you wanted me to say?"

"It's a small start, yes. But the big breakthrough is when you can let it happen without having to be tied down. Eventually, yes, you'll put your arms around them and make every effort to give them pleasure, because it's less painful than the beatings; and then one day it will just be second nature."

"Like a prostitute, you mean?"

“No, like a slave. Look, you called it rape, so you’re a rape victim, yes?”

She hesitated, reflected. “Yes.”

“Say it. Accept it yourself.”

She took a deep breath. “I am a rape victim.” No doubt her mind was reliving some of the hideous sexual experiences she had endured in the last three weeks.

“Right. Now, have you ever heard that one thing rape victims have to be convinced of is that it is not their fault?”

“Yes, I’ve heard something like that.”

“All right. The same applies to you, only you haven’t been raped, you’ve been enslaved. It’s not your fault, but it’s happened and it’s not going to change.”

“It has to change!” This was a despairing wail.

“Do you think it’s possible to escape from this place?”

She was silent for quite a while. Like all new arrivals, she’d looked hard for a way out. There wasn’t even the beginnings of one. She would also have talked to the other girls, some of whom had been here for years. By now, the unthinkable would be nudging her mind whenever her thoughts turned to it.

“No,” she admitted very quietly.

“And do you think anybody’s going to find you here? Do you think they are even looking? You’re an orphan, no close family, all loose ends tied up.” Under considerable duress, she would have written dictated letters surrendering her lease, finishing with her boy friend, making noises about going to live in a kibbutz in Israel or go trekking in Tibet or some similar outlandish plan. I knew the methods of the organisation well. “So who is prompting the poor over-stretched police into a massive manhunt for you?”

She sighed. “Nobody.”

“Nobody,” I agreed. “So get used to slavery, Celia.”

She said nothing, but I could see her mind working. She wanted to come up with counter-arguments, but she couldn’t think of anything. To be honest, there wasn’t anything. I was telling the plain and simple truth and she knew it. “It’s easy for you to say

that," she prevaricated.

"Of course, whilst you're the one who has actually got to do it. Nobody ever said that life was fair, or easy. I certainly didn't." There was a long silence, then I spoke again. "I tell you what: there is a way I can help a little, although you'll have to do most of the work and all of the enduring."

She eyed me without great enthusiasm, but she was listening. I ploughed on. "As you might have gathered, the organisation pays me on a contract basis to look after you lot. However, in addition to my fee, I am entitled to certain ... fringe benefits. One of those benefits is, along with many other visitors of course, free access to any of the slaves I desire. To put it another way, before I leave here today, I shall, as I always do, avail myself of the sexual services of a slave of my choosing."

Celia's pretty features, already slightly marred by eyes red from crying, were further distorted by a faint sneer of distaste. It was evident that she did not sympathise with my need to release sexual frustrations, but then, women are so little aware of the effect they have on men; and new slaves take a long time to realise, let alone fully accept, that one of their two main purposes on this earth now is to facilitate the relieving of those tensions. (The other primary purpose, equally unwelcome, is to entertain men by dancing prettily under the ministrations of the whip.) "So?" she asked coldly.

"You are one of the slaves, so I am at liberty to choose you."

Anger rose within her. "So all this kind talk was just so that you could get inside my knickers?" she sneered.

"No, Celia," I replied patiently. "Think about it. You no longer wear knickers, remember? You're not allowed them any more." Reminded, the girl instinctively pulled her thighs closer together and winced as the movement reminded her of her welted rear. I pressed home the advantage. "Also, we've just agreed that your consent is no longer a factor in deciding whether or not you are going to have sex. If I want you and your owners agree and they do, then I will have you. Is that correct?"

She shifted uncomfortably. I repeated the question. "I suppose so," she admitted grudgingly. I raised an eyebrow and waited. "All right," she said angrily, "yes, damn you. I can't stop you. I admit it. What's it going to be, then? Are you going to call for them to take me to one of the bedrooms and tie me spread out on it for you? Or will it be handcuffs and spreader bar? I'm sure there must be plenty of bondage stuff in these cupboards." She wasn't wrong. It was reasonably well equipped as a surgery, although anything that a slave might use in an escape attempt was carefully kept under lock and key; but, like almost every room in the house, instruments of restraint and chastisement were never far away.

"Does that mean you accept having sex with me?"

She sighed heavily, her impending fate hanging heavy on her slim young shoulders. "It means I accept that I can't stop you," she said eventually. She looked around the surgery and her eyes settled on the wide couch in the corner. It was perfectly serviceable as a bed, indeed it had probably been designed, or at least bought, with that aim in mind. It also had restraint straps at the four corners, the ankle straps easily wide enough that they would force a young woman's legs sufficiently wide for, shall we say, the business.

I followed both her eyes and her line of thought. "That would do fine," I said.

She coloured slightly, and bit her lip for a moment. Then, impulsively, she swung round, bringing her legs off the table. She meant to sit on the edge of it, but the moment her welted buttocks made contact with the surface she gasped and leapt off the table. Her hands went to cover her quim, but with perhaps a little less conviction than usual. Her head was lowered, her eyes unable to meet mine.

I waited, patiently. I knew this was hard for her, but as I have said, she was a bright, logical girl, capable of dealing with reality. Some girls go hysterical and need alternately sedating and thrashing for months before they succumb. Where possible, the organisation doesn't go for such types: they make poor slaves. This girl had resisted, but she had probably been beaten for that each day for

the last two weeks or so: after the first week, disobedience is not tolerated. She was ready to capitulate, at least for now.

At last she looked up, although not directly at me. One hand reached up to brush a stray lock of her auburn hair back from her face. The other continued to cover her pubes, although a hint of soft fuzzy brown pubic hair showed through.

"All right," she said quietly. "I won't make a fuss when you tie me down. Is that what you wanted?"

"It's a start, but you could do more."

She didn't want to ask, but she had to, albeit with absolutely no enthusiasm. "How?"

"Take it without having to be tied down at all."

She didn't answer for a moment; then: "you mean like some common tart?"

"No; as I said earlier, like a slave. It's not such a big thing. You weren't a virgin when you arrived here. I've read your sexual history, remember."

She flinched. For each new slave, the organisation's procedures included ascertaining and documenting their sexual history prior to enslavement, as well as the first week or so after enslavement (after which there quickly becomes far too much to record). Except in the case of confirmed virgins, where of course the record is *tabula rasa*, the only source of information is the girls themselves, who are not usually keen to divulge such intimate details. Consequently, the data more often than not has to be beaten out of them. (Interestingly, studies have shown that, if the interrogation is handled right, the girls' account are almost always - eventually - truthful.) Whether Celia was flinching because she recalled the trauma of her interrogation, or because I now knew such private things about her, I couldn't say. Of course, part of the process of turning an independent young woman into a totally submissive slave is the stripping away of all privacy. There are more ways to do that than just removing her clothes.

In case you are interested, Celia's file says that she lost her virginity at the age of seventeen to a schoolmate. Although not

overly permissive nor regularly active, in the five years since she had lain with another half dozen men, mostly one night stands or short term boyfriends.

"You bastard," she said quietly, but there was more resignation than venom in her voice.

I shrugged. It wouldn't break my heart if she didn't like me and it certainly wouldn't detract from my enjoyment of what was shortly to come. "Come on, then," I said. "If you can't manage it untied, let's get you secured down."

"No, I'll do it your way," she said impulsively, sounding as if she was talking herself into it as much as informing me of her decision.

I nodded and began to undress. She watched me without speaking, through sad eyes. Hey, I might be 46, but I've kept myself fit and in very good shape over the years, but after all she's only 22 and pretty as a picture. Only one of us was going to enjoy this.

I folded my clothes carefully and then stood facing her, as naked as she. It did not make us any more even: I was naked from choice, whereas she was not; and the sight of my naked body did nothing to arouse her.

"Ready?" I asked.

She sighed deeply: her firm young breasts rose and fell with the breath. "Let's get this over with," she said quietly and walked over to the couch. When she turned to face me, her hands had moved away from her quim, whether consciously or subconsciously I wasn't quite sure. She had, as I had already noticed, a light covering of soft brown hair. I wondered whether her captors would in due course have it shorn. They shaved most girls at some time or other, although they usually allowed the hair to grow back. My personal preference is for a bit of hair down there: it makes for interest, even a bit of mystery. I feel most girls look like split prunes or boring nothingness without it, but each to his own.

"You're not expecting me to actually ... join in, are you?" she asked huskily. "As far as I am concerned, I've just agreed not to resist."

"Sure," I said and indicated to her to get onto the couch. She began to do so, lying down on it, but the moment her bottom touched the dark leather she leapt back onto her feet, hands clutching her welted cheeks.

I smiled. "Sore?"

"Yes," she admitted in a tiny voice.

"Would you like to go on top?"

Celia hesitated, chewing her lip again. She understood her predicament all too clearly. If she went on top, she would have to be active, even take the lead. On the other hand, to lie on her lacerated bottom, with me on top of her, would be excruciatingly painful by the time we got to what might be termed the thrusting and writhing stage. "I hate you," she whispered.

"Your choice, gorgeous," I said sweetly.

"I'll go on top," she replied bitterly.

I lay on the couch. All this sex talk, plus the anticipation and over half an hour of being in the presence of her Celia's naked and very persuasive charms, had got me ready: as I lay down on the couch, my John Thomas stood up to attention. She got up onto the couch, kneeling astride me, just below my swelling pole. She didn't look at it. "I hate you very much," she reiterated quietly.

I didn't reply; instead, I reached up and my hands stroked her soft, silky, shapely thighs; and I waited.

She shuffled up my body a little, until the juncture of her thighs was just above the tip of my rod. Once again there was that nervous, instinctive brushing away of the lock of brown hair from her pretty face. Then, trembling a little, she lowered herself down until I touched her. With one hand she prised open her sex lips and lowered herself further until she was fully impaled.

She was deliciously tight, with the natural vibrancy, despite her unwillingness, that youth brings. I sighed contentedly. Working her supple thigh muscles, she lifted herself up once more, just keeping my tip inside her and then lowered herself again. Grudgingly, she began to settle into a rhythm: up, down, up, down. I sighed contentedly. Electric shivers of warm pleasure coursed through my

body. I let long, happy moments pass.

She was remaining bolt upright, trying to keep this whole thing as dispassionate as possible. I took her wrists in my hands and pulled them forwards until they were level with my ears. Overbalancing, she fell forwards, just managing to keep my weapon within her. Her chest virtually fell into my face. Her breasts were wonderful: not too big, but perky and firm, and with a lovely fresh smell almost like forest pine.

I pulled her a little further forward still, until I could bury my face in that delectable bosom. She gasped, but didn't stop her pelvic pumping; in fact, it was a little easier for her, no longer having to take the whole of her body weight on her thighs, but no doubt she would have preferred the less intimate position.

My tongue darted out, licking the narrow valley of skin between her breasts, tasting the slight salty excretion of sweat caused by fear, intense humiliation, and her earlier beating. I felt her nipple brush my cheek, almost in my ear. I could hear her gasping. For a moment I wondered if I could bring her to orgasm. What a triumph that would be! She was still hating it, but her body inevitably reacted in certain uncontrollable ways. It had lubricated her, purely as a defence mechanism, and her deep, laboured breathing and rising pulse were equally automatic. And, although I'm not the world's greatest lover, she would know she had been fucked fairly thoroughly.

Minutes of delicious ecstasy flashed by. My control was fading, I was nearing climax. I was ready, but I would not finish like this.

Suddenly I rolled over on top of her. She gasped, whether in surprise, or in pain as her buttocks made heavy contact with the couch once more, or from the added force as I began to ram into her, I don't know. Probably all three. I drove hard and frenzied into her, thrusting deeply, my balls lapping against her crotch. She stiffened as I hammered frantically into her.

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Aahhhhh!"

It was her voice, not mine. I could make it out clearly over the sound of my own gasps and grunts. I came, gloriously. So, to my delight and her undoubted chagrin, did she.

We lay there, still entwined, my rod still inside her. Gently, I extricated myself, causing a faint “plop” sound. She lay still, my weight on her, her chafed buttocks no doubt giving her hell. At first she would not look at me, but eventually she did.

“You pig,” she said, not loudly but with feeling.

I smiled, unbothered. I’d had a very good time. I mentioned a little while ago that each slave girl here has a sexual history file. The first few men here who take her each have to write reports on her. Tut, the bureaucracy, the paperwork; but we all endure it for a good cause! Anyway, Celia’s reports indicated high levels of sensitivity and response to sexual stimuli. She wouldn’t enjoy them, but she would get quite a few orgasms. Perhaps in time she would come to enjoy them: some slaves do. It makes life a lot more bearable for them.

And, at twenty-two years of age, Celia, now quietly sobbing as she came to terms with what had just happened to her, was doomed to spend the next eight years of her life as a slave.

A Belated Introduction

I'm sorry, I didn't get around to introducing myself.

My name is Dr. Keith Steadman. I am indeed, as you heard me say to the delightful Celia, a fully qualified doctor. I'm a part time partner in a practice in Basingstoke, where, to be truthful, I do just enough to remain on the medical active register. The rest of my time and where I really earn my money, is taken up with a most unusual job.

There are at least half a dozen clandestine organisations scattered around Britain that, incredibly, specialise in the abduction and enslavement of beautiful young girls. No doubt you'll find it incredible that even one such place exists, never mind six. Well, I assure you they do. Each of the ones we know of is an independent group, although they have links with each other. They prey on young women who might not be missed, or where they can fake a death, or sometimes they capture girls abroad and smuggle them back into the country. As I said earlier, they tend to look for girls with courage and determination rather than those who will turn hysterical. They're not worried if a girl is sufficiently strong-willed to resist being made submissive: under constant torture and psychological pressure, every girl submits sooner or later and they can afford to be patient. Sometimes those who have toughed it out the longest, once broken, make the most wonderful slaves, abject and submissive and yet still spirited. Occasionally they even become, if not happy, at least contented in their new lives. Oh, and in case I neglected to mention it, they only go for truly lovely girls. No Plain Jane ever ends up in their cells, so if you are a female, you only need worry about being abducted if you are young and outstandingly beautiful.

The biggest and longest established organisation is the self-styled British Slave Trading Company (B.S.T.C.), which has a very secluded manor behind high, impenetrable walls (either for getting in or out) in just about the most isolated spot in Southern England. They have been in business for at least three generations, without

even one slave ever successfully escaping or raising the alarm. That is a result not only of their impressive security systems, but also of the fact that they have influential friends in very high places. The latter is not really surprising: consider what they have available to bribe any man with. In what I have always regarded as a very poetic touch, the complicity of the men who could free the girls is bought with the girls' own bodies and suffering.

The BSTC is the main procurer of girls. Most of the other groups buy or trade their slaves with the company, as do a number of individuals who usually just keep, in high security, a single slave girl. Some of the organisations are very specialist, as you will see later, others more general. The BSTC also has links with groups abroad: there are at least two settlements to my knowledge, one in the Arabian desert around an oasis and one in an isolated part of Chile, where slavery is fully open (though access to the town may not be) and is secretly encouraged by corrupt governments whose senior officials, needless to say, spend quite a bit of time there.

There is also, as you may have read (see the Barbara series) a privately owned island just off the Florida keys where a more voluntary form of slavery is maintained openly. Or at least, it's open now. It was discreet and hidden until some U.S. senators exposed it. The Americans were only kept from invading and "liberating" girls who very clearly didn't want to be liberated by firstly very high levels of protection - I'm talking actual warships here - from China and Russia, and latterly by a substantial public relations exercise including two of the slaves appearing on a major network chat show and actually submitting to a severe thrashing on air. I saw it on television, even if the more graphic details weren't shown. It will be interesting to see how that shapes public opinion over time, although it doesn't really have any relevance to us, because our girls are most certainly not voluntary.

Getting back to the British scene, the BSTC retires its slaves at the age of thirty and most of the others follow suit. At that age, the girls are either shipped off to the colony in Chile to live out their lives in secure accommodation, or are released back into the community

with a sizeable proportion of the substantial sums of money their bodies have earned over the years, if the company considers them not to be a security risk. Again, surprisingly, it works. The girls are aware that, quite apart from the incredible humiliation they would be heaping on themselves and the wrecking of their new identities if their stories came out, there is a real chance of those influential friends I spoke of smothering the stories and of the girls themselves being found in a dark alley one night with their throats slit.

Anyway, that means that a girl will remain in captivity for periods generally ranging from five to a maximum of fourteen years and we're talking of upwards of a hundred girls in total. Like anybody else, girls will fall ill or need other medical attention sometimes. That's where I come in. I'm well paid to make these house calls and keep my mouth shut. I also get incredible fringe benefits, as you can imagine. There's also a dentist and several other specialists in the network's employ, but I get the bulk of the work. I spend two days a week at my practice and the remainder gallivanting about the country looking after these girls, partly making regular calls and partly visiting on demand. It's a chore, but someone has to do it!

Right now I was battling my way through the traffic to a suburban house in North London where a customer of BSTC kept a girl in his basement. As the girl was untamed - this particular customer prefers them that way - it seemed a bit of a risk, but if you knew who this man was, you would know that there was no risk. The police would never bother him.

The man - let's call him Tony - greeted me civilly at the door and led me inside, taking my hat and coat. Then he led me down the steps to the heavy oak basement door and unlocked it. Inside the soundproofed, air conditioned, sunless room there were a few sundry pieces of bondage equipment - a pillory, a post, a whipping stool and so on and a few whips and canes were hung on one wall. In the far corners were a toilet, a washbasin and a shower unit.

The main feature of the room, however, was the double bed in the centre. On it was chained a very nice blonde girl, quite buxom, of around twenty-one years of age. She was sat up on her elbows,

but her wrists and ankles were both secured inside manacles from which chains led to the corners of the bed. The ankle chains kept her legs fairly wide without being uncomfortable. She wore a white bra and panties combination and a large strip of sticky plaster covered her mouth entirely. She glowered at me and at her captor.

"The keys to her wrist and ankle shackles are hung up on the walls," Tony said, and left us, locking me into the basement. He would check through a peephole that the girl was safely secured before opening the door again. If by some remote chance the girl got free and overpowered me, then tried to use me as a hostage, Tony would not negotiate. In some ways, I was like a zookeeper dealing with a potential wild animal. However, I was not inexperienced in such matters and I'm both fit and strong.

I sat on the side of the bed and admired her luscious body. She glared at me, but there was also a touch of fear in her eyes and yet also almost a relief from boredom. She had been cooped up in this basement continually since her arrival, about a month or so now. Whether she knew it or not, she would continue to be held here until her owner traded her in for a fresh model. I knew that he had a twelve month option on her, his usual arrangement. Boredom and acclimatisation would, by the end of that time, have dulled the edge of her defiance. She would quite possibly even welcome the more varied life of slavery elsewhere.

She coldly ignored my surveying of her body, her eyes on me. I leisurely finished looking her over and met her eyes. "You know," I said in a casual, friendly voice, "it would be a lot easier to talk if I took that gag of yours off, but I don't want you screaming for help in my ear. It wouldn't do you any good anyway, the room is quite soundproofed and there are no other buildings nearby." The former was true, the latter not, but she had no way of knowing: she had been sedated on her arrival here and would be again for her departure. She had been captured to order for Tony, held at the manor for an eye-opening week and then brought here.

She considered this for a moment, then nodded slowly.

I grasped the corner of the gag, feeling the soft flesh of her cheek beneath my fingers. The gag was firmly attached, but I peeled it back gradually until it came away from her face. She licked dry lips and said nothing.

“Would you like a drink?” I asked politely. She nodded again.

There was a plastic tumbler on the washbasin; there would be no glass here for security reasons. I poured a drink of water and took it over to her, holding it to her parched lips. She drank steadily, a tiny bit of the water splashing down onto her mostly bare chest. When she had finished, I put the tumbler back on the basin, then sat down on the bed once more.

“What’s your name?” I asked gently. I already knew it, from her file, but it is as good an opening gambit as any.

She regarded me suspiciously for some moments, then said guardedly, “Sarah.”

“Hello, Sarah. My name is Dr. Steadman. It’s my job to look after the health of slaves like yourself ...”

“I’m not a slave,” she interrupted shortly.

“All right then, captives,” I amended. Unlike with Celia, it was specifically not my place to help her adjust to her new life. “For the duration of your captivity, I will be your GP.”

“How long do they intend to keep me here?”

“I can’t answer that.”

She considered this, then changed tack. “How does a professional man like you come to be involved with these crooks?”

“They need me, they pay me well, and there are benefits to the job.” I glanced meaningfully down at her undies clad body.

“So you’re just like the rest of them?”

“I am a master, yes, and you are a slave as far as I am concerned, whether you regard yourself as that or not. But I am a doctor and I am here to look after you if you’ll let me.”

She shrugged noncommittally. I transferred my attention to her wrist nearest me. As she was perpetually in chains, the manacles were likely to chafe her somewhat. The manacles were a little loose, nowhere near loose enough for her to slip off, of course, but enough

so that I could push this one further up her forearm to leave her wrist clear. As I suspected, there were red marks on it. I took a bottle of salve from my case, washed my hands thoroughly in the basin, then applied some to her wrist. Transferring myself to the other side of the bed, I repeated the task with the other wrist, leaving a good film of ointment on each wrist that would soon encourage repair. Then I took the key to the ankle cuffs - for security reasons, the key to the wrist cuffs remained on a different ring well out of her reach even if she got both legs free - and sat at the foot of the bed. She had nice legs and shapely ankles.

"No trying to kick me now," I said. She didn't answer, but when I unlocked her ankle, she didn't try to lash out. Of course, with three out of four limbs still immobilised, it would have been no more than a gesture, but she didn't make it nonetheless. It seemed we were making progress towards establishing a doctor-patient relationship.

After having dealt with both wrists and ankles and leaving the salve tube on the washbasin where Tony could use it, I checked her blood pressure and pulse and listened to her heart. Her heart was understandably beating with a little agitation, but otherwise everything was normal, or as normal as could be expected under the circumstances. I asked her about her medical history and made notes. Again unlike Celia, her sexual history had not been wrung out of her, except that it had been ascertained that she had not been a virgin at the time of her enslavement.

"How you are getting on with the sex?" I asked disarmingly. I knew that Tony raped her frequently.

Her eyes flashed in anger. "Go to Hell," she said venomously.

I didn't pursue the enquiry. Tony had confirmed that, although she hated the rapes, she juiced satisfactorily. He hadn't given me permission to have her - he was a possessive sort of man - but this didn't worry me. I had another similar call this afternoon where I knew would be able to give the goods a test run. Some owners share their toys, some don't. It was fair enough.

I concluded the examination. Sarah was well enough, with no real medical problems. Cooped up down here in perpetual bondage, she was going to lose a little muscle tone and perhaps get a bit flabby as her confinement went on. I decided to recommend an exercise bike to Tony.

He reappeared and I gave him my report, in front of Sarah, speaking as if she herself wasn't there. He nodded in satisfaction.

"Before you go," he said, "perhaps you can assist me in getting her into position for a beating."

"You bastard!" Sarah shouted from the bed.

"Of course," I answered smoothly, ignoring Sarah's outburst.

He unlocked one of Sarah's wrists, holding it firmly in his other hand. I unlocked the other. The girl struggled and twisted, but I kept a firm grip on her slender wrist.

"We'll have the bra off, I think," said Tony.

With my free hand, I reached behind Sarah's smooth back and undid the clasp. The strap was easily slipped over her shoulder. Tony having done the same with the other, we brought her arms closer together in front of her so that the cups fell down and the whole undergarment could easily be slipped off.

"You fuckers," Sarah shouted, although this would undoubtedly not be the first time she had appeared breast naked in front of Tony.

"Tut, tut, language," he reproved mildly. "You know that I don't approve of young ladies swearing. That will be five extra strokes with the cane afterwards."

What was probably an even ruder retort appeared on Sarah's lips, but she thought better of it. Instead, she turned to me and sneered, "getting a good eyeful, are you?"

"I've seen better, but you've got a good pair," I replied, unabashed.

Sarah tried to think of a cutting reply without swearing and then gave up and simply said, "pig."

We'd been busy clipping one cuff of a pair of handcuffs onto each of her wrists and then temporarily clipping the two cuffs together. With my free hand, I grasped one of Sarah's boobs and gave it a hard squeeze. The firm, resilient young flesh yielded beautifully

under my fingers. Sarah twisted her shoulders to try to pull her breast away, but I pointedly didn't let it go until I myself was ready.

We freed Sarah's legs and almost hoisted her bodily from the bed. Tony had already indicated the device he wanted to use. It looked a little like a gym horse, but with four platforms, two on each side, about a foot below the top, for forearms and forelegs. The four platforms and the apex line were well padded.

We lifted Sarah onto the device - not too easy a task - and locked the handcuffs in place. Elbow straps were added to keep her forearms securely on the platform. Calf and ankle straps finished the job. She now looked more than anything like a racing horse jockey: her bottom was thrust way out into the air. It was quite undignified and the flimsy knickers didn't cover as much as they should. That didn't stop Tony, however, pushing them down over her curvy buttocks until they were around mid-thigh.

Sarah shuddered. I wondered whether it was from anger and indignation at her humiliating, helpless position, or fear of the clearly imminent beating.

"I like this slave," Tony said to me as he unfurled a martinet and swished it experimentally through the air a couple of times. Sarah flinched at the sound but said nothing. "She doesn't plead for mercy or ask why all the time; do you, Sarah?"

"Go to Hell," the girl said quietly but venomously. She had already tested her bonds and knew that she could not escape.

"Hell, I should imagine, might feel a bit like this," Tony said wryly and swung the martinet. It impacted nicely with the bare, helpless bottom stuck high into the air. Sarah caught her breath, but said nothing. Tony smiled and swung again. There was a delightful sound of leather meeting firm flesh. Sarah breathed in sharply, but nothing more. I looked for a moment at the reddening marks now appearing on that upthrust posterior, then I moved around to see her face.

The leather bit home a third time. Sarah gasped and then gritted her teeth, staring ahead of her. Totally preoccupied with her pain, she seemed oblivious of my presence. Tony swung the martinet a

fourth time. Sarah grunted, her eyes wide, the muscles of her face set, the veins standing out a little in her neck. The martinet slashed home a fifth time. Sarah again tried to tough it out, but as she sensed a sixth stroke coming she blurted out, "no, please don't ... arghhh!" Her whole body seemed to jerk forwards. Her composure leaving her, she called out, "please, no more, no ... yeeooowwww!"

Pleading did her no good. Five more times the martinet lashed her poor bottom. Only after twelve strokes did Tony, with my help, release her from the horse and return her to the bed, chaining her to it once more. Sobbing loudly, Sarah made no attempt to resist, even when I gave her boobs a liberal mauling. I like a nice firm breast. Tony left her briefly to usher me out, hastily completing the formalities and listening with impatience to my report. There was a bulge in his trousers and I surmised that Sarah was about to be raped once more. Unlucky girl, but oh so lucky man!

The Milk Farm

I glanced through the window at the bleak Scottish terrain. Even in early summer it was windswept and cool.

I turned my attention back to the monitor screen and pressed a switch. The scene that filled the screen was of a corridor leading to a closed door. Gathering outside were between eight and a dozen young girls. They all wore loose fitting, shapeless, warm clothes like jeans and pullovers, but despite this it was very evident that each girl was extremely well endowed. They were also all very attractive, but their faces were strained and their movements careful and cautious, betraying clear discomfort.

A male farmhand came along. The girls hurriedly made way for him, parting like the waves of the Red Sea. He unlocked the door and went inside. They followed, close behind him but being careful not to jostle each other.

I switched to another camera, this time inside the room they had entered. It was a barren farm building, with stone walls and straw-covered floor. It didn't look too warm in there, but despite this all of the girls were peeling off their clothing. As pullovers and blouses were removed, it became clear that the earlier impression of considerable endowment was in fact a considerable underestimate. Each girl actually had a huge chest and the bras they wore were hefty, solid affairs clearly designed to hold these weighty bosoms. Every item of clothing was removed, the bras included, albeit rather gingerly. One girl wore glasses and even these were taken off and put carefully away. As soon as she was naked, each girl hurried off under an arch.

Although a few girls were still finishing their undressing, I changed the picture again to the other side of the arch. The girls were gathering, almost herding I thought with amusement, around a couple of western style swing doors. Never averse to succulent female flesh, I studied them leisurely. Each girl was naturally buxom, but their breasts were way out of proportion to the rest

of their bodies. Of course, I knew only too well that their inflated chests were not natural, but more of that anon. Most of the girls were in their twenties, one or two looking as if they were nearing thirty; whilst it was easy to spot the one teenager in the group, who I knew was only eighteen.

The swing doors were opened by the farmhand I had seen earlier. The front two girls hurried inside. The others shuffled closer as the doors closed once more.

I switched the monitor off and left the room. The place where the two girls had gone and where the others would all shortly follow them to, had a viewing gallery of its own. I would watch from there.

I got to the viewing gallery just in time to see one of the milked girls departing. It was Janet, the one who usually wears glasses. Her chest was back to its normal size, which means fairly big but not outrageously so. I noticed with satisfaction that her breasts were firm, unwrinkled and showing absolutely no signs of the copious amounts of liquid that they had been carrying up to a few moments ago and had now been relieved of. The girls' daily exercise routines kept them from sagging and I had helped refine the routines to maximise this. I was pleased to see that it was working so well.

Another girl was just coming into the milking parlour. It was Beth, the eighteen year old. She glanced almost instinctively up towards the viewing gallery and her face, already strained, fell a little further when she saw me. None of the girls like to be watched when they are being milked: it makes an already exceptionally distasteful and very intimate time even more humiliating. Beth, being so young - they often call her Baby Beth - feels it particularly acutely, although she's been here for about six months now. Time only dulls the embarrassment marginally.

I could see her make a conscious effort to put me from her mind and get on with the job in hand. Although being milked is a hideous thing for the girls, it is also a necessity. Beth was very full right now and needed to be relieved of her production, otherwise her current acute discomfort, already bordering on pain, would soon become intolerable. In other words, Beth needed to be milked.

It is this, perhaps as much as anything else, which keeps these girls so efficiently in bondage. Even if she immediately came off the medication that kept her lactating and the diet which pushed her yield to such a phenomenal amount, Beth would continue to need milking for at least a month; and hand milkings just don't do the job properly.

Breathing deeply, Beth came to stand in front of one of the two stalls; the other was already occupied by another girl from the herd. She spread her legs, placing her feet into the footholds and, with her knees locked straight, she bent over, thrusting her shapely posterior well into the air, her hands clutching a bar in front of her for support. Her big round breasts dangled away from her body despite their teenage firmness.

The stable boy, his cap pushed back over his head, grasped one of her breasts with both hands. Holding it over a funnel, he gently pulled at it, stretching it a little. There was a quiet gasp from Beth. A thin jet of milky liquid escaped from her tit and squirted into the funnel. The stable boy repeated this with the other breast. Then he raised the funnel, careful not to twist the transparent tube leading away from it, until he had fitted it over Beth's enormous, swollen mammary. The other funnel, connected to the first, fitted similarly over the girl's right boob. Straps around her back were done up to hold them tightly in place. The stable boy flicked a switch, checked for a moment that everything was in order and then went back to see how the other girl was doing.

There was a gentle, whirring sound of a vacuum pump. Inside the transparent funnel nearer to me, I could see Beth's breast distend as it was sucked further into the funnel. After a few moments, the suction ceased and the breast resumed its normal shape. Then it was visibly sucked in again. The natural acoustics in the stone-walled milking parlour amplified her soft, feminine "ooh" and "ahh". On the third "suck", I saw a white jet of milk pulled from her boob and shoot into the funnel. Moments later it could be seen trickling down the side of the tube. The fifth short suction extracted a second burst and after that each time Beth's breast was pulled out, a fresh jet

of milk emerged. Craning a little, I could see a similar phenomenon with her other breast. A day or so later, I reflected, some rich pervert would be enjoying that milk on his cornflakes.

I decided that it was time I made an actual appearance and went through the connecting door into the milking parlour. Beth saw me out of the corner of her eye and shuddered a little. She knows me well enough, but none of the girls like to be seen at this very intimate and degrading time.

The stable boy greeted me with a taciturn Scottish grunt, then went back to his work. I ignored him and focused on the girl in front of me and in particular the broad but delectable teenage hindquarters thrust up into the air, legs parted involuntarily by the width of the footholds so that she was giving a fairly vulgar display. Doubtless that was the least of her concerns right now, which is not to say that she found it pleasant.

She had been enslaved, I recalled from her file, whilst still only seventeen, a couple of months off her eighteenth birthday. After about four months in slavery, she had been acquired by the farm, who were looking to give a blend of age to the herd, both to help the sales of the milk - which they could now say was at least in part produced by teenagers - and as an added attraction to the steady stream of male visitors to the farm, which gave the owners a useful extra source of income. Beth had been on the farm now for six months and had been in what we term full production - that is, maximum milk yield - for about half that time. She had not quite been a virgin on enslavement, but pretty close; by now, however, she would be well used to the feel of male pricks of all shapes and sizes being thrust up both her front and rear entrances.

I reached out my fingers to the soft, succulent flash of her flank. Her body twitched and shuddered under my touch. I could feel the tiny nodules of goose pimples. It wasn't that cool in here, so it was either the effects of the milking, or of the humiliation of my presence during it that caused the pimples.

I moved around slightly more to the side of her. Inside the transparent cups I could see the soft mounds of her boobs, the

supple skin stretching slightly as the vacuum pulled it, then contracting back to normal as the suction eased. Thicker, lengthy jets of milk now escaped with each tug to swirl down the tube.

I looked at the pale but lovely face, sky blue eyes staring helplessly ahead, mouth slightly parted and showing even white teeth. Her cheeks seemed to suffuse with red as she became more acutely aware of my presence, the flush washing away the paleness without curing it.

“How are you doing, Baby Beth, all right?” I asked.

The flush deepened visibly, the lips opened a little wider. “M-master,” she acknowledged hoarsely and vaguely through dry lips. The farm hand looked towards me and frowned slightly. I understood his expression. For most of the time, the girls on the farm were treated at least mostly as human beings, albeit ones with no rights whatsoever, even when being used as sex objects, made to rut with unattractive and unwanted male visitors. Being milked, however, made them feel far more animal than human; that was the primary reason for them being fully naked, when stripping to the waist would otherwise have been sufficient. During milking time, it was much easier for the girls to regard themselves as animals rather than young ladies. To make one of them speak at that time was, even by farm standards, a cruel and unusual punishment.

Of course, as a master, I can do as I please and the girl has no choice but to obey. Still, if the farm authorities prefer it this way, or at least allow it, who am I to argue? So, I said nothing further. Instead, I ran my hands appreciatively over the succulent teenage flesh before me, tracing the contours of the rounded curves of her fulsome body. Beth seemed to hardly notice, her attention focused on the blessed relief as the milking machine drew the precious liquid out of her body. The machine hummed softly, the girl’s occasional sounds of “uhh” and “ahh” making a counterpoint to its gentle music and in a physical parallel slight tremors ran through her body. I wondered what it actually felt like. I don’t think any man could ever really imagine.

For several minutes the pump did its steady work. Then it began to quietly bleep, indicating that the flow of milk was drying up. The farmhand had just finished attaching a fresh girl to the pump in the other stall. He came over, waited for the pump to extract the last dregs, then switched the machine off and undid the straps. Beth straightened up with a soft “ooooohhh”. In a transformation I have always viewed as rather fantastic, her breasts had returned to their normal size, which is to say still large but no longer abnormal or bloated. The nipples were a little red and there were two slight ring marks around the base of both breasts where the edge of the suction cups had pressed into her body, making the interior of the cups airtight so that the vacuum pump could do its job. The farmhand dipped his fingers into a jar of gel and smeared a little on each of Beth’s nipples, then turned away to admit the next girl. Red-faced and very silent, Beth turned to leave through the side exit of the parlour.

“You’re with me, Baby Beth,” I said quietly.

She made no reply, but followed me back into the main farmhouse, which was very large. She was still naked and would have to go back naked through the house later to retrieve her clothes. It was a far from unusual sight, however, to see a naked girl about the place and there were unlikely to be any men around here who had not seen Beth in the buff; or, indeed, who had not tasted her innermost treasures.

We went into the small surgery. Every multi-slave centre in this network has a room set aside for a surgery. This particular operation, however, is the only one which employs their own medical person, who monitors the girls’ outputs and the ingenious treatments which keep them lactating and the diets which maximise their yields, so this is the only case where the room is mainly used by someone else; but his qualifications are in science more than medicine, so there is still a job for me.

For several minutes, Beth stood placidly whilst I very thoroughly examined her breasts. I say placidly, but I noted her hands, kept carefully at her sides, clenching into fists and unclenching from

time to time; whether this was because I was hurting her a little with my poking and prodding, or because I was having a very good feel of one of the most intimate parts of her young body, I wasn't quite sure.

Eventually I was satisfied - both medically and personally - that her boobs were absolutely fine. I took a series of other readings of pulse, blood pressure and so on, then I sat down at the desk, pulled out her file, entered the results and reviewed the file. She stood in front of the desk, hands studiously at her sides so that her body remained uncovered - like all slaves, she had learnt the hard way that modesty was unacceptable and punishable - and waited.

At last I looked up. "Well, Beth, it looks as if you're doing fine."

She said nothing, but her face looked far from happy. That was not unreasonable, from her point of view at least.

"Do your tits feel sore after milking?" I asked.

She coloured. Like all the girls, she hated any mention of milking. After long moments, she said in a husky voice, "a little, master." She was sufficiently well trained that the last of those three words was automatic.

"A little is to be expected," I informed her; "but not too much?"

She coloured again. I was talking as if all this was something she chose to do, rather than being forced on her. "Er, no, master ... but ..."

"But?"

She hesitated, then the words came out in something of a rush. "It hurts a lot before ... before ..." She could not bring herself to say it.

I nodded. "Also to be expected," I said, with a lot less sympathy than she might have liked. "How long have you been in full production now?"

She flushed even redder. "Nearly three months, master," she said in barely a whisper.

"It's something you just have to get used to. If you talk to the other girls about it, you'll find they all experience the same thing."

"We ... don't talk about it, master."

That was not surprising. Beth was having to assimilate, of course, that this nightmare was stretching out ahead of her every single day for years to come and at eighteen years of age that would be quite a few years. Every single day, without respite, not so much because her masters decreed it but because her own body gave her no choice in the matter. She would even have to be milked on Christmas Day.

"Would you rather be back as a slave at the manor?" I asked.

The colour left her face, and her jaw dropped a little. "No, master," she whispered, frightened. That was also understandable. Although the girls were kept firmly disciplined here, at the manor they could expect to be tortured or beaten almost on a daily basis, often purely for entertainment.

"Are you getting plenty of sex here?" I asked.

The blush returned to her face. She licked dry lips before replying. "I'm ... used ... about four or five times a week," she managed to mumble.

My eyebrows raised a little. Visitors did come here to make use of the girls, but it was a lot less prevalent than the manor where each girl could expect to be had at least once, often twice, a day. "That's quite a lot," I observed mildly.

She chewed her lip. "I'm ... the only teenager here."

I nodded. There is something about teenagers - their energy and vitality, perhaps - which makes them so attractive, particularly to older men. On my visits to Scotland I always avail myself of one or two of the girls before I leave and I must admit that I had already mentally pencilled Beth in as one of my entertainments. Perhaps I would give her a miss this time, not out of consideration for her, but because a less frequently used girl might be fresher and more responsive.

"Do you enjoy the sex?" I asked.

Her head sunk even lower. "No, master."

"You should try to," I said mildly. "Some girls find they can. You're going to be here for a long time, remember."

Her shoulders sagged a little, her head lowered. I caught the slightest glint of tears welling in her eyes. She was indeed without

hope of rescue or escape. The farm is actually on the Scottish mainland, on the west coast and, unlike the manor there are no high walls or even too many chains. The girls were allowed to move around more or less freely from when they were released from overnight confinement in their dormitory in the morning to mid-afternoon (milking time); in theory, a girl could make a run for it over the moorland. In practice, however, the farm was on a peninsula, so there was only one way to go. There were no roads to the farm, the easiest route actually being across the loch by boat. All motorised transport was securely locked away, so it would have to be on foot, with no maps or real knowledge of the area. The farm was so isolated that it would take several hours at least to get to the sparse habitation of crofters' farms and most of them knew about what went on here and would immediately - or perhaps after having a little fun - return a girl to captivity. Even if a girl avoided them and the search parties on fast off-road vehicles with tracker dogs, at that time of day their chests would soon be swelling with milk, reducing their speed and making each step more painful, until the point when the only thing which would matter was the ever more urgent need to be milked.

There had been no successful escapes and only a very small number of attempts. Apart from the savage punishment that would be meted out to the attempted escapee, farm policy was that in the event of an attempt, every single girl in the herd would be thrashed severely. Not surprisingly, the other girls were unwilling to help an attempt and would even snitch on a girl planning a run. It was astonishingly effective and backed up by numerous other safeguards that the girls only had the vaguest idea of. Beth knew full well by now, therefore, that there was no way out. She was indeed, and would remain, a slave.

I glanced at my watch and realised that I would shortly need to be somewhere else. I had satisfied myself that Beth's health was fine, both physical and - as far as could be expected - mental, and so I dismissed her. She headed off towards the milking parlour anteroom to retrieve her clothes; it was normally locked when not in use, but

they would not have quite finished the milking yet: Beth had been one of the first in the stalls today.

I locked the surgery and went off to another science room. Outside the room waited another naked girl, the slave called Red Breast. Actually, one could hardly call her a girl, because she was now thirty-four years old. Her bulging breasts indicated that she needed milking, but they were far smaller than those on any other girl in the herd. Only part of this was due to the fact that she was naturally less buxom than the others, although still well endowed. Ignoring her, I walked past her into the room where the farm's "doctor" was preparing to receive her. I might as well call him that, although I suspect his qualifications aren't really quite up to that level.

Red Breast was a slightly unusual slave. To be more blunt, she was one of the organisation's few real failures.

She had been enslaved at the age of nineteen, very nearly twenty. Already a nude model and earning some side cash by going to mild spanking parties, she was targeted by the B.S.T.C. as ideal slave material. The organisation, you see, not only selects its victims on the grounds of impeccable looks and bodies and on whether the girl could be safely abducted (often with a faked death) without risk or without anybody noticing (nationwide sensations over missing girls are definitely to be avoided. No doubt you'll recall one famous case about a decade ago: that was a spectacular miscalculation and a lot of lessons were learnt); they also look closely at the psychology of the girl. Can she handle slavery? We want submissive, broken yet spirited girls, not basket cases. Anyway, this very pretty young redhead seemed ideal, with a natural exhibitionism and at least a degree of tolerance for corporal punishment and submission, so in due course she found herself in the manor's underground slave kennels.

At first she seemed fine, but things began to unravel. She became properly submissive under the usual painful training regime, but then became sullen, withdrawn and offering only minimal co-operation despite repeated thrashings. At a stage in her training

where the amount of physical punishment (excluding customers' entertainment) would normally be reducing, she was incurring more and more beatings. She became permanently petrified and almost an automaton.

The organisation tried alternatives. For six months she laboured in a Japanese brothel: this should have meant far fewer beatings, except for disobedience, but a daily, almost non-stop diet of sex. She remained pliant but limp. Several single masters were given her, without much effect. Eventually, whilst they thought what else they could do, the organisation temporarily moved her here. Although she was short of the usual very high levels of mammary development required here, it was felt that she could be as sullen and withdrawn as she liked, but just give her milk each day and otherwise be left alone. The farm noted the advice that she was not good material for visitors' entertainment and that plus her comparative lack of boob capacity was reflected in the cheap loan price they paid for her.

In fact, it didn't work out too badly. Red Breast - the slave name given her when she was first enslaved, and by now the only one she wanted to be known by - hated the milking process, but then so does every girl. However, the quiet solitude of the farm helped her recover somewhat and since she produced a tolerable yield the arrangement was made permanent. The organisation was pleased to lose a liability and the farm got her for a very good price. Still keen to get as much profit as they could from her, the farm cautiously made her available to a few visitors on a trial basis. Anxious not to be sent back to the manor, Red Breast had co-operated and came to be known as a tolerable if uninspiring fuck, helped by her still very good model's body and looks.

Now, the usual organisation policy is that slaves are retired at the age of thirty. As I said earlier, the majority can with surprising safety be allowed back into free society, whilst those identified as psychological risks are shipped off to a secure and closed community in South America. It seemed very likely that the latter would be Red Breast's fate, but after nearly eight years on the farm she just did not want to leave. Her protests were sufficiently vocal to earn her a now

rare beating.

The farm, in consultation with the B.S.T.C., took the unusual decision to have her remain in slavery. After eight years of milk production, she was as used to it as breathing. Her yields were scaled down to the point where the process was, though still unpleasant, far less acutely uncomfortable than the other girls, hence her current less than fully bloated appearance. She was still on the sexually available list, but although still a handsome woman she no longer quite had the superb model's body of her twenties and with so many other attractive girls on the farm she got used maybe once a week on average and mostly freebies at that. It was enough to satisfy her own physical needs, but of little use to her owners. She herself had become a little eccentric: she had been allowed to dye her hair blonde, although her pubic hair remained ruddy red, whether by her own choice or her owners' dictat I didn't know.

Red Breast came and sat on a chair in the centre of the room. Heedless of our presence, she opened her legs wide and leaned over to secure her ankles to the chair legs with straps attached to the chair. Then she picked up a thin electric lead. On the end of it was a silver nozzle shaped just a little like a traditional Christmas tree. Without hesitation, she inserted it into her wide open vagina until only the lowest tip remained visible. The shape of the thing ensured that it stayed inside her. She placed her hands on the armrests of the chair and waited.

The doctor secured her arms by straps around her wrists and upper arms. He then attached transparent cups to both of her breasts. Each one only covered about half of the breast and for the most part was skin-tight, with just a little space around the nipples themselves. Thin tubes led from each cup to join in front of them and lead off to a collecting bottle.

"This is our latest idea," the doctor said to me, ignoring Red Breast. "Instead of the vacuum pump, we use small bursts of electricity conveyed to the cow" - by which he meant Red Breast - "via her vagina. We have discovered that, if we use the right voltage, it makes her breasts ejaculate the milk. He switched the machine on

at a console near to the girl.

For a moment nothing happened and then the girl stiffened ever so slightly and began a series of very low, breathy gasps. Moments later I saw the precious milk begin to drip into the bottle.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!” Red Breast almost sang, in time with the shocks that coursed through her body. She didn’t seem, though, to be in actual pain.

“How high is the voltage?” I asked. “Does it hurt?”

“The answer to the first question is, quite low. As for the second, ask the girl.”

I repeated my question to the secured Red Breast.

“Not too much, master,” she breathed, suppressing her gasps.

“Do you prefer it to the vacuum pumps?”

“It’s ... about the same, master.”

“At the moment this is still in the experimental stage,” the farm doctor said. “It’s not as efficient as the pumps and you must remember that this cow isn’t in full production. But, we’re investigating it.”

I nodded. I would look over the technical specifications later, and examine Red Breast for effects. Personally I felt it lacked the aesthetic aspect of the pumps, but never mind. Right now I found myself thinking about Red Breast. That was the slave name she had been given nearly 15 years ago when she was first enslaved, on account of the freckles on her chest that were still there today. She had spent nearly half of her life and nearly all of her adult life in slavery, being referred to only by that name and would probably spend the rest of her days likewise. That actually didn’t seem to worry her: she was completely institutionalised. One idea recently floated was to send her to Chile (or the oasis town) not as a retirement but as a slave. Both places had some male slaves and the idea was that she be used as a slave of slaves, mainly to give them a sexual outlet of their own. After 15 years of rape, she now had no real concept that her body was not general property. It was part of my job whilst here to evaluate her on this psychologically. I now decided that in order to do this I would need to fuck her. Well,

all in the line of duty. I regarded her as she jerked slightly with the mild electric shocks that were drawing her milk from her. At the age of 34 she still had a marvellous body, so I was sure it would not be too arduous a task.

Assessing A Victim

(Author's note: I have actually been to the place I am about to describe. Although it is of course consensual in real life and I would have it no other way, it really does exist, though the people in this narrative are all fictional. If the real people who run it are reading, perhaps they would like to get in touch via my publishers. I would love to visit again!)

I piloted my car through the narrow East London streets until I arrived at the outwardly rather dingy address, although there are far worse places in the capital. At least, I reflected, it looked as though the wheels would still be on my car when I emerged tomorrow evening. I locked the car and made my way through the early evening air to the front door of one of the large terraced houses. I was greeted, welcomed inside and offered a drink, which I nursed whilst I waited.

The house had about three floors and quite a few rooms. Most of them were spartanly furnished except for mattresses. The place was often used, I gathered, for orgies. However, of more interest to me was the cellar. This had been done up very impressively into a dungeon, with one or two side cells as well.

This weekend, a masters and slaves gathering was being held here. One of our occasional members was bringing a girl to the party. What wasn't known was that she was not coming voluntarily. As a senior cashier in a major company, she had been desperate for money to pay off a loan and had embezzled. He, as internal auditor, had discovered this and given her a stark ultimatum: a weekend as a sex plaything, or exposure, the loss of a very good job she had worked hard to be promoted to, and criminal prosecution which could very possibly lead to a custodial sentence. Not much of a choice, really. My job, unknown to her of course, was to assess her suitability for permanent enslavement: we didn't want another Red Breast and, of course, she had to be beautiful enough. Our friend said she was very pretty, but he had known her and lusted after her

for some time, which doesn't always lead to objectivity. Well, we would soon find out. In due course, this girl might come to regret not taking her chances with the law. Or not.

I was alerted to his arrival and watched the car pull up outside. It was wired for sound, and I switched on my mobile phone to listen in.

A man's voice spoke first. His name, I knew, was Andrew. "Here we are," he said simply.

"It ... it looks normal enough." A young woman's voice, fairly well educated, very nervous.

"What did you expect? Not so normal on the inside, though." No reply from the girl, so Andrew went on. "This is your last chance to pull out and take your chance with the police. Are you coming in, or not?"

"I don't have much choice, do I? Yes, I'm coming in."

"Once you're inside, there's no backing out. You'll be there until Sunday night." And beyond if she was suitable, though she didn't know that. It was now early Friday evening.

"Y-yes ... all right."

"You will address me as master at all times and all other people as sir or madam. However, you will not speak at all unless spoken directly to in such a way that an answer is expected."

"Yes ... I understand." She did not sound very enthusiastic!

"And you will obey at all times."

"Yes."

"You realise that there are no limits to what I may do with you."

There was a pause. "Yes," she said uncertainly and unhappily.

"You will receive physical chastisement."

Another pause. "It ... won't be too hard, will it?"

"It will be as hard as I choose it to be. Am I clear?"

A longer pause. "Yes."

"Sex is also not precluded." She did not reply, so he said more sharply, "answer me!"

"Y-yes ... I ... I accept that." She sounded extremely reluctant now.

“You’re not a virgin, are you?”

“No, but ... no, I’m not.”

“Good. Let’s go.”

There was the sound of a car door being opened. I switched my phone off; the bug would automatically deactivate when the car was locked anyway. From the front room, I pulled open the blind slightly and watched the two of them come up the path. The girl looked nervous and trapped, her eyes darting about her as if there was some escape from all of this. She was wearing a white sleeveless tee-shirt which didn’t quite cover her navel and cut-off jeans as shorts, quite a reasonable outfit in this muggy summer weather. The jeans were cut quite high and she had a good pair of legs. She had shoulder length brown hair which danced delightfully as she moved. I knew that she was twenty-three, slightly old for enslavement - we usually like to grab them around age eighteen to twenty - but that would give us seven years out of her, which was within acceptable parameters.

I made it my business to be in the hallway as the door was opened by the organiser. The girl was standing by Andrew’s side, biting her lip slightly. She had a very pretty face, which was currently shadowed by considerable nervousness. The organiser, a man called Malcolm, recognised Andrew and let them in. The girl entered looking as if she was stepping onto a hornet’s nest. She looked about her, but there was nothing unusual here, just a bare hallway in need of redecoration.

The two men greeted each other and Andrew said, indicating the girl, “this is my offering for the weekend.”

Malcolm glanced at her, making the girl shift uncomfortably from one foot to the other. “It’ll do fine,” he said casually to Andrew, ignoring the girl herself completely. “Does it have a name?”

“Jenny, but what does that matter?”

“Sure. There are some refreshments in the sitting room. Help yourself.”

He went off. Andrew led Jenny through the hall into the second of the ground floor rooms. They passed me; Andrew nodded a

greeting to me, whilst Jenny looked at me with frightened curiosity for a moment and then hastily looked away when I returned her look. They went into the sitting room. Like the lounge that I had been in, it was largely bare save for a few incongruous armchairs and a table on which were an assortment of drinks. As with all the rooms, the window was carefully covered with blinds. Ignoring the refreshments, Andrew opened up a small case he had brought in with him and took out a collar. Turning to the girl, he began to fix it around her neck. Despite her very evident unhappiness about all of this, Jenny lifted her auburn hair up to keep it out of the way as he put it on. Next, he clipped a short length of chain to the front of the collar and then looked around to find somewhere to attach the other end. He found a water pipe which fed the central heating system and locked the end of the chain to that. Jenny now stood facing the wall, about a foot from it.

"Stay there," he told her firmly and went off to get himself a drink.

I came and sat down and Malcolm returned as well. We exchanged pleasantries with Andrew, ignoring Jenny. I had positioned myself side on to her so that I could partially observe her expression, which after all was part of my job here. She saw me out of the corner of her eye and then looked away, staring at the wall. She was, I noticed with approval, embarrassed by her very presence in this den of iniquity, never mind the bizarre chain which led from her collar to the wall. Her hands, initially by her sides, were now clasped together behind her back and from close range I could see that they were actually clenched tightly, nervously together. Now that I could see her from the rear, I realised that what I had thought was a tee-shirt was actually one of these halter tops which fastened together behind her back. Most of her back was bare and it was a nice back.

Andrew was talking about London traffic - an inevitable subject of conversation for anybody coming into this near grid-locked city - and, as he did, he got up from his chair and stood behind Jenny. Still talking about the traffic, he began to untie the knot of her top,

until the two ends fell away, loose. Brushing her hair away from the back of her neck, he also untied the bow behind there. The entire top fell away and he put it into a plastic bag he had produced. She was not wearing a bra, so she was now stripped to the waist. From my angle, I could see the silhouette of her breasts. They were high and firm, not too big, but not small either. Her face was a picture of misery.

Whilst casually expressing the opinion to Malcolm that the M25 was simply Europe's biggest car park, Andrew knelt down and began removing Jenny's trainers and socks. The girl lifted one foot and then the other in reluctant co-operation. The question which must have surely now been going through her mind was, how far was he going to go?

He broke off very briefly from his conversation to say to her, "hands above your head." The order was almost throwaway, which gave it an authority that a sharply barked order does not have: he simply expected her to obey without needing to raise his voice. After a moment's hesitation, she complied, her breasts rising still further as her arms lifted. Her eyes stared down, her lip trembling just slightly. Only her shorts and the knickers beneath them remained. Then she could see, as well as feel, his hands going to the belt of her shorts, unbuckling it. Within moments, she would be naked. This, for a shy or shyish girl, is a good test: has she got the steel to stand still and let herself be stripped? Jenny had. The shorts and knickers were lowered over her hips together to reveal a flawless, pert bottom. She stepped out of them and he stashed them to in the plastic bag, along with her footwear. Her only acknowledgement of her exposure was that her legs now pressed closer together and she also shuffled just slightly closer to the wall to shield her front.

Andrew broke off from opining to Malcolm that cars in London only really needed two gears - including reverse - to say to her, "you can lower your arms now." Gratefully, Jenny put her hands down and clasped them once more behind her bottom. "By your sides!" he said sharply. She moved them away as if she had been stung.

Andrew carried on his conversation with Malcolm as if nothing at all had happened. Jenny stood facing the corner, no doubt feeling humiliated by being ignored and yet grateful for it at the same time. She was showing a fine back, a delightful bottom and sculpted thighs and calves and yet it could be a lot worse. Of course, it would be going through her mind that sooner or later it would be a lot worse: she would know that she would not be able to spend the next 48 hours facing the wall.

Andrew ended his discussion with Malcolm and then, indicating the bag containing Jenny's clothes, excused himself, saying he was going to put them back in the car.

I nodded approval as he left the room. He was handling this very well, considering his limited experience: he had quite often used the trained slave girls at the manor but trained girls, by definition, are much easier than inductees. By removing Jenny's clothes from the room, he would make her feel even more vulnerable. By putting them in the car, bearing in mind that she could not possibly leave the house naked to go and get them, he was putting them totally out of her reach. At the same time, she would be aware that he was leaving her naked and defenceless with two male strangers. She would not be aware that standard S&M etiquette prohibits men touching another man's slave without his invitation.

I could just see the side of Jenny's face from my seat. Her lower lip was trembling and I thought I could see a slight tear gathering in her eye. She was stewing quite nicely.

She nearly jumped a mile when the doorbell went. Malcolm answered it and moments later a man and a woman entered the room. They took off their coats, incongruous in the summer weather, to reveal leather outfits, his being that of a master and hers that of a slave. Her breasts were bare, both sporting nipple rings and she wore stockings and suspenders. She was not ugly but certainly not eye-catching like Jenny, she was a little too made up and also the wrong side of thirty. Both looked at Jenny with curiosity but no surprise. The man sat down and the woman, having got him a drink, knelt at his side.

During the next hour or so, more people arrived, some of them couples, others single men. Jenny, ignored, remained standing in the corner: she seemed to shrink into it. By six o'clock, there were about a dozen men present and six women, not counting Jenny. At last, Andrew changed Jenny's scenario. He freed the end of her chain from the wall and tugged on it to indicate to her to follow him.

Jenny had to turn around and expose her front to everybody for the first time. I expected her to shield herself, but with an obvious effort she kept her hands stiffly by her sides, though her thighs remained close together and her face went beetroot red as they walked through the now crowded room, even though nobody appeared to be paying her much attention. Her small but dense triangle of curly pubic hair was slightly darker than the brown tresses which framed her face.

They went to a set of steep steps leading down into the cellar. Knowing how impressive the atmospheric dungeon and side cells were down there, I discreetly followed, keen to see Jenny's reaction to it all. As they reached the bottom of the steps, her face was indeed a picture of shock. After the warmth upstairs, this totally underground cavern was very cool. I felt the temperature change and I was fully clothed: naked, Jenny would be a lot more aware of it. She surveyed the stocks, whipping horse, chains set in the walls, the various bondage and punishment devices, only a few of which were purely for show, and shivered.

"Welcome to your new home," Andrew said easily. "Do you like it?"

Jenny looked around fearfully and shook her head.

"Answer me," Andrew said quietly but in a dangerous tone.

Jenny licked dry lips, but still did not reply. I could see her face in a mirror on the wall. She was wide-eyed: as I said, the atmosphere here is excellent. She would be aware of her nudity in a very different way now, not what she was showing off but the confirmation that she had been brought here and undressed to sample some of the unpleasantness that could be created here. Her bare feet were

doubtless feeling the cold seeping through the uneven cobblestones of the floor.

Andrew tutted gently. "Stand still," he ordered. If anything, Jenny stiffened slightly, hands still by her sides, almost clutching her thighs. He sauntered round behind her. Guessing what was coming, I watched her face carefully in the mirror.

Slapp!

His hand had impacted solidly with her bare behind. The force made Jenny take a step forward before she recovered her balance. Her face had gone chalky white on seeing the cellar, but colour now returned to it. With an effort, she kept her hands by her sides. The single slap had no doubt stung, but I considered that the humiliation of having to take it had probably been worse for her.

"Now then," he said silkily, "I asked you a question, slave: what do you think of your new home? And don't forget the correct term of address."

"It's scary ... master," she replied quietly, hesitating over the last word. It was the first time she had been allowed to speak since entering the house and so the first time she had been required to use the dreaded word 'master'.

Andrew smiled. "So it should be." He moved into the centre of the dungeon and pointed to the floor. "You see this place here?"

She licked her lips again. "Yes ... master?"

"This, Slave Jenny, is the precise spot where you will be raped later on tonight."

Her mouth fell open a little. I saw, too, an involuntary clenching of her buttock and thigh muscles, as though she could use those muscles to keep her legs tightly enough together to keep all men out. Andrew moved closer to her, placed a hand lightly on her shoulder, then moved around her until both of his hands were on her bare shoulders. "What do you think of that, Slave Jenny?"

For a moment, the pretty face crumbled. She fought to keep control. I was becoming impressed by this girl's fortitude: she looked excellent slave material.

"Do you have to?" she asked plaintively.

Slapp!

This time her hands flew instinctively to protect her bottom from further assault. None came. "Hands by your sides," he gently ordered. Slowly, Jenny's hands returned. "Now try again."

She thought for a moment, then realised her mistake. "Do you have to do that, master?" she asked.

"You don't think you're going to be able to run around in the nude all weekend without getting a few pricks shoved up you, do you? I told you that sex was not precluded."

"Yes ... I suppose so. Master," she added hastily.

"Good. Now that you're seen the main arena, let me show you to your accommodation." He pushed open the heavy iron door of the cell which was next to the dungeon. "In you go."

On unsteady legs, Jenny walked past him into the cell. A single, fairly dim light bulb (with the switch outside and another upstairs) and a large metal cage hung from the stone ceiling. To her left, I knew, was a solid stone wall. In front of her, the second stone wall contained just one feature, a cubical hole in the wall with a locked metal grille in front of it, each length about one metre. To her right, the third stone wall was broken only by a barred window looking out into the torture chamber and a stone ledge which could be used as a bench. The fourth wall contained the door, the only entrance and exit and nothing else.

Andrew swung the door shut with a noisy clang, then locked it. The large key rattled in the lock, like everything else a carefully contrived effect. Jenny's face appeared in the door grille, her slim hands clutching the bars. She looked badly frightened now. I didn't blame her: the whole thing was incredibly unnerving, she being naked and cold only emphasised her plight.

"We'll come back and get you when we're ready to use you," he said lightly and made his way towards the stairs. I had already discreetly ascended most of them, but I could still see her face as he left. I could see her battling with herself about whether or not to call after him. What could she say? What could she offer him to allow her out of this plight that wasn't already in his grasp?

I went into the television room and switched it on. Unknown to Jenny, one of the bricks in the corner near the ceiling of her cell was actually a false one, behind which lay a CCTV camera. (Author's note: all right, this bit doesn't really exist, but hey, neither does Jenny!) It was placed so that it was always in shadow, making it impossible to detect and had been installed by the same people who designed the sophisticated security systems for the manor and the milk farm. The picture cleared to show Jenny sitting on the stone ledge just below the window. She had her feet drawn in to herself and her arms wrapped around her shoulders. Her face once again looked drained of colour. After a few moments I saw her look out through the wall bars to the torture chamber beyond. I wondered if she was looking at the spot where Andrew had promised she would be raped, or at the dread equipment around the room.

"How's she doing, Keith?" Andrew had come into the room behind me.

"Shitting bricks," I replied drily. "Don't leave her there too long, though: she could become hysterical."

"She won't, but I won't. Hmm," he added, looking at her on the screen staring out into the main chamber, "I don't want her becoming too familiar with the place. Be back in a minute."

Guessing what he was about to do, I flicked a switch on the TV remote. The scene on the screen took on a slightly reddish tinge. Moments later, the lights in the main dungeon went out, leaving only the dim bulb in Jenny's cell. The infra-red mode on the camera worked well, keeping the image of her on the screen. She looked even more worried, wondering what was going on. Outside her cell was now blackness. Then the light in her own cell went off.

Jenny screamed. The cellar was soundproofed, but there was a microphone next to the camera. The picture had gone black, but slowly an image formed of Jenny's naked, shadowy form, picked out by the infra-red light. She was huddled up into an even tighter ball. I nodded approval once more: by switching the lights off in two stages, Andrew had made it clear that this was a deliberate action rather than a power failure or some other disaster. We didn't

want the girl going totally to pieces, just badly rattled. And she was indeed well rattled. She got off the ledge and felt her way to the door in the complete darkness. Gripping the bars in her small fists, she tried to open it. Naturally it would not budge. Defeated, she felt her way back to the ledge and curled into a ball once more. Only when the sounds of all other movement had ceased could I hear her very soft sobbing. It was only some ten minutes later when the main chamber lights went back on, although to Jenny it probably seemed a lot longer. Her cell light remained off, although quite a bit of light entered between the bars.

The rest of the party were coming down the steps, Andrew with them. Ignoring Jenny, they soon launched into some sado-masochistic games. These followed the usual pattern. Different groups did different things. One pair of girls was rotating around about five male laps, being soundly spanked. Two other girls were being put into various forms of bondage. Another was already feeling the whip across her back and one was in a corner quietly sucking on her master's cock. Some of the girls were naked, others wearing revealing leather outfits or similar. I think that just about all the girls had their tits on show and most of them their bums, though not all pussies, as well. Some were older, some younger, some attractive, some not. One or two were nearly in Jenny's league, but nobody that the manor organisation would be interested in: they lacked her freshness, even if they could be removed from society without fuss.

On the television screen I watched Jenny as she stared at the antics going on. She looked alternately fascinated, nauseated, and frightened. I switched off the television and went downstairs. Andrew and I had already agreed on, or rather he had invited me to carry out, the next stage.

I switched on the light in the cell and unlocked the door. Opening it, I saw Jenny, her back pressed against the cold stone wall.

"Time for you to join the party, slave," I said.

“Out there?” She looked through the barred window into the dungeon. Outnumbered two to one, the girls were getting plenty of attention, none of it gentle. Of course, they were all enthusiasts, but the whip still hurts. Jenny looked back at me. “What ... are they going to do to me?”

“Whatever they like,” I said uncaringly. “Turn round and put your wrists together behind your back.”

Jenny hesitated for a long moment, then did as she was told. I snapped handcuffs onto her, noting how she was trembling and seeing, close up, the goose pimples the cold had raised on her flesh. Then I led her out into the main chamber.

There was, not unexpectedly, quite a stir as Jenny was led out. She was without doubt the prettiest girl present, and her freshness and very evident reluctance added much piquancy to her appeal. One or two of the other women, the natural submissives, looked a little irritated by the attention Jenny was getting. Given half a chance, I suspected that they would give her a fairly rough time. As all the men were looking forward with relish to abusing her, Jenny was going to find herself quite without friends this weekend.

Andrew came over and took charge. First he removed the handcuffs. Jenny rubbed her wrists ruefully and waited, shaking a little. He replaced the cuffs with cord, tying her wrists firmly together in front of her. Then the long length of cord leading from her wrists was thrown over an overhead beam and attached to a winch which slowly pulled it tight. Up, inch by inch, went Jenny's arms, until they were stretched high above her head. Still the winch was cranked, until she was forced onto her toes. Only when she was tottering on just her big toes was it finally stopped and tied off.

Andrew ran his hands down Jenny's taut flanks as she struggled to keep her precarious footing. Then he moved back and produced a thin whip.

“Dance for me, slave!”

He flicked the whip at her. It caught her on her hip. Jenny yelped and jerked away from it. She lost her footing, swung for a moment, then her outstretched toes managed to catch the ground once more.

He flicked her again, this time letting the whip curl around her flank and nip her bum. Jenny squealed again and spent a few more moments in the air before regaining her tenuous foothold. For a long moment their eyes met: Jenny's light blue eyes showed pain, fear: helplessness and hopelessness, but also just a tiny flicker of something else: not defiance, certainly, but a certain steely courage. She would endure this. She would not beg for mercy. She knew she wouldn't get any, anyway.

The flicks started again. Sometimes Andrew went low, wrapping around calves or thighs; sometimes higher, hips or bum, waist, upper back and even, to considerably louder squeals, breasts. A few upward swings buried themselves in Jenny's exposed pussy, slicing through the curly brown pubic hair to impact on the sensitive flesh beneath. Jenny would jump back at this, her feet leaving the floor so that the whole of her weight was taken on her arms, and she would then spend long painful moments swinging until she could get her feet back down. The flicks started to become sharper and harder. Jenny squealed louder, but did not beg. This was a very good sign for the future.

Eventually she was allowed down and the cords removed. Now she had very good reason to rub her wrists; the imprint of the cords went deep into them. However, she was allowed only brief moments of respite before she was seized and forced over a bench. As four of the male guests enthusiastically held her in place, Andrew picked up a heavy strap.

Jenny received twenty-four meaty strokes on her bare hindquarters. She took eight before she began to plead that he stop. By twelve she was fighting to free herself with all her might, but she was held very firmly. By the twentieth stroke, she had realised that she was wasting her breath asking for clemency and that breath was needed to scream her pain, but it didn't stop her begging. At the end of the twenty-fourth stroke, she was sobbing loudly.

The men carried her over to the spot where she had told she would be raped. Jenny was past resisting. They tied her spread-eagled to steel eyelets in the floor, with heavy rope. Jenny's legs were

spread wide, inviting entry. Still sobbing, she raised her head to look down at her body, only too aware of what she was showing and the implications. She knew what was about to happen; she just didn't know who. She would still be in more than a little pain from her strapping and the less intensive whipping, but that would not be uppermost in her thoughts now. Perspiration had appeared on her forehead as she awaited the first public and unwilling fucking of her young life. The cool dungeon air must have felt like an icy blast between her open thighs.

The man that Andrew had selected stepped forwards and began to remove his leather clothes. Jenny watched him, hypnotised. Was she reflecting on her sins, I wondered, the misdemeanours that had led her here? Was it going through her mind that she deserved this? Or was she rueing the chances she had missed to walk away from it, to take her chances with the police and whatever other authorities? It was too late now. The man was naked, his fairly impressive tool already in a state of some tumescence. Jenny was not a virgin, but this man was a stranger to her, someone she had no desire for; and, as she was about to find out, someone who was intent solely on his own pleasure, not hers.

He rammed into her forcefully, without prequel. Jenny's back arched and she gasped. He quickly settled into a rhythm as she writhed beneath him. I thought that he was going to give her a very quick seeing-to, but the violent thrusts went on and on for long minutes before he finally exploded as she moaned and sobbed beneath him.

Once he had climbed off her and retreated to put his clothes back on, the dazed and deeply humiliated girl was released from her bonds and pulled onto all fours, her legs wide apart. From the rear, her violated sex hole seemed to twitch, a little drop of cum trickling down her thigh. I sauntered around to her front to see her face. She was staring despondently ahead of her, quite defeated now, knowing all too well why she had been put into this position and waiting submissively for the inevitable. She gasped and jerked forwards as a fresh prick entered her from behind. Multitudes of willing

hands held her in position, but she did not struggle, just jerked backwards and forwards with the force of the thrusts. Another man knelt down in front of her, his crotch just inches from her face and began to unzip his fly to reveal another semi-erect member. Jenny responded dully to the command to open her mouth and he pushed it in. I wondered if she had ever had a cock in her mouth before and made a mental note to check up on her file once she had been fully enslaved and her sexual history extracted and documented. Right now she didn't look as if she knew much about what to do, or perhaps just didn't want to do it, but the regular jerkings forwards and backwards of her body as her rear was rammed into achieved the task almost as well.

Both men ejaculated into her and withdrew. She was still held in place, a splash of cum now also on her cheek. One of the women pushed forwards, a crop in her hand. "That's my boyfriend you've just tried to steal, you little whore," she snarled and slashed the crop into Jenny's already aching bum. The beautiful brunette cried out in pain yet again, mixed with the misery of total, abject degradation. The woman laid three more strokes before her "boyfriend" took the crop off her and proceeded to remind her of her place with a series of strokes to her own less shapely posterior.

Andrew took Jenny back to her cell as most of us followed. Her head was bowed low, her eyes on her bare feet and the cobbled stones beneath them. She made no attempt to resist as he chained her to the cell wall. Then he produced a piece of chalk and made three marks on the wall.

"She's available all night for anyone who wants her," he announced to the men. "Please keep the tally up to date, though." He placed the piece of chalk on the window ledge. We were ushered out and the door clanged shut again, leaving Jenny to wait helplessly until she was to be used again. Outside, the party had degenerated into an orgy and one by one the couples (or threesomes in several cases) adjourned to the more comfortable facilities upstairs, leaving the dungeon in semi-darkness and absolute quiet except for the breathing of the naked beauty as she waited for the dreaded sound

of footsteps on the stairs.

Usually these weekend parties are pretty much all night affairs, as everybody makes the best of every moment. However, as you will have gathered, I have plenty of regular access to delicious entertainment, so I found it wise to get an early night, which meant that I was able to rise early the following morning, whilst everybody else was at least half asleep.

I wandered leisurely down to the dungeon. The previous visitor had left the lights full on. I unlocked the door to Jenny's cell and went in.

She was looking a little dishevelled, her silky brown hair mussed and untidy. There was a red mark on her boob where someone had slapped her on it and one or two other bruises. She looked very tired and dispirited; I doubted that she had got any sleep at all that night. She was sitting in the corner of the cell, the chain leading from her collar to the wall. She looked up briefly as I entered, then let her head fall again. I glanced over to the other wall and counted eight chalk marks. I picked up the piece of chalk and added a ninth. Jenny watched me, silently, submissively, helplessly, hopelessly.

I began to remove my trousers.

To The Manor Born

(Author's note: for those of you who place importance in such things, I should explain that the events of this book take place in the years between epilogues one and two of "Companions In Slavery". The alternative view, as an answer to one of my American readers who emailed my publishers wondering how I could get around the finality of that book: easy, I cheat. Just a little, anyway.)

Of all the places that I visit, no exterior is as full of foreboding as that of the manor itself.

There are very practical reasons for the daunting high walls and heavy gate, of course. We might be deep in an isolated woodland, but the reality is that nowhere in the south of England could possibly give us the security through isolation of somewhere like the milk farm in Scotland. I have to admit, though, that they've done as good a job as possible here in the circumstances. And after all, no girl has ever got out, much as they might all want to.

I rang the bell and waited. Expected though I might be, there was inevitably a long wait before I was allowed in. Firstly, they had to make sure that all the girls were secure. Then they had to check my identity through the CCTV cameras at the gate. Then someone had to come down to the gatehouse to let me in. Pretty soon, however, I was sitting on one of the garden chairs on the front lawn, sipping a drink. A lovely and naked brunette slave girl with a noticeably luxurious foliage of thick curly pubic hair, danced attendance. That copious pubic hair was precisely trimmed and shaved into a vee shape, so that the crisply defined edges of it stood out in stark contrast to her milky skin surrounding it.

Another bewitching woman, but clothed this time, strode out to me. "Is Thatch looking after you all right, Dr. Steadman?"

I reached out languidly to play with the nipples of the girl now kneeling submissively before me. She offered no resistance, in fact moved herself slightly closer to be in reach, although she showed

no signs of enjoying it. Thatch was 29 years old and had spent the last decade in slavery. It had been a hard ten years, but next year she would be allowed to retire and, as she was already assessed as no security risk, would be permitted to return to society - with a substantial sum of money, little compensation perhaps for the so many dreadful things perpetrated on her nubile and (on her arrival here) virginal body and the eleven years of captivity, but at least something with which she could start a new life. Until then, a fair few more groping hands, some more pricks forcing their way up her passage and the occasional whipping still had to be endured.

The name Thatch, of course, was a slave name, given to her to mark that dense covering of pubic hair. At one time, it was manor policy to regularly change slaves' names, emphasising to the girls that they were nothing except what their owners wished them to be, but these days names were rarely changed; it was just too confusing. Of course, the name Thatch neatly stencilled on the girl's breast did help dispel any uncertainty. "She's doing fine, Mrs. Dawson," I replied leisurely, but emphasising the name. Like all recently wed women, Emma Dawson glowed with pleasure at her new name.

All the same, she said, "call me Emma, as always."

"I never did used to call you Emma," I pointed out lightly. "It was always 'Egg', as I recall."

This woman was formerly a slave. In fact, she was about the youngest girl the organisation ever enslaved, being taken only a few weeks after her sixteenth birthday. Just before her induction into slavery, her then boyfriend, who had arranged her enslavement, had shaven her pubes and the masters had liked her that way and kept her shaven thereafter, hence the slave name 'Egg'.

"I think I prefer Emma to that name," she said wryly.

"Bet you still keep yourself shaved down there, though," I teased her.

"That's for me to know and you to guess at," she said coyly. I said nothing, just stared at her intently. She shifted uncomfortably for a few moments, then said with a geniality which belied her words, "all right, damn you, yes I do."

I smiled. There was still much of the slave in Emma, as there is with any girl who has served several years of slavery. They never quite lose the submissive streak that has been so thoroughly inculcated into them. I could in all probability have made her show me her delta, married woman or not.

Unusually for the organisation, in fact uniquely as far as I was aware, Egg had been freed from slavery three years before the usual retirement age of thirty. This had nothing to do with her early beginnings, or her mental health, which was fine, but instead had everything to do with the fact that she and the head of the organisation's son were madly in love. Soon after they were married and, I myself having reversed the sterility operation on her, she was now expecting their first child.

"By the way," Emma went on cheerfully, "here comes another old friend of yours."

I had seen the Maserati parked in the car compound, so this was a treat, but no surprise. I turned around to see a superb and totally naked female figure strolling across the lawn towards me.

Ali Balcombe, in total contrast to Red Breast, had been a great success as a slave. When she was enslaved at the age of nineteen, she already had some S&M experience; in fact, that was used to help capture her. Naturally, she found being a real, permanent slave much more arduous and far less fun; but, being a determined, spirited girl and naturally competitive and keen to better herself, once she had realised that escape and rescue were impossible and that she was going to spend the rest of her youth in slavery, she made a considerable effort to be a good slave. Aided by a fabulous body, she had succeeded. By the time she was released from slavery at the retirement age of thirty, she had earned quite a small fortune for her masters and the proportion that she was then given had left her more than comfortably off for life. Her years of slavery had been hard, but she accepted without bitterness what had been done to her; she kept in touch with her old comrades in agony and was on surprisingly civil terms with her former owners. She visited the manor quite regularly; but, unlike most of the 'old girls' who did

that, she always stripped naked at the gatehouse and remained totally unclothed throughout her visit. It was her way of saying that she was still young enough and in good enough shape to pass muster.

One only had to glance at her bare form to see this. Even now, at the age of 32, she had perhaps the best bum and legs I have ever seen on a girl: a perfect blend of slim but curvy, well-muscle and yet softly feminine flesh. At the top of her legs, nestling in the valley between her thighs, the neat triangle of soft brown pubic curls seemed to shout invitation. Above the trim waist were the slightly small but delightfully firm and yet bouncy breasts that had earned her the slave name 'Apples'. Slightly higher still, gentle tendrils of dark blonde hair nestled on her seductive shoulders and framed her very pretty face.

I must have spent quite a little while as my fingers absent-mindedly played with the nipples of Thatch as she knelt before me, staring at Ali's unclothed form. She wasn't in the least self-conscious about it: I suppose that eleven years of enforced nudity will do that for you.

"Hello, Dr. Steadman," she said in that thrillingly sexy voice of hers, soft and seductive without being in any way posy or artificial. She said it as if to a friend, not someone who had taken the whip to her more than once over the years.

The three of us chatted for a while, whilst Thatch knelt submissively by my side and silently tolerated my hands as they casually roamed her body. Perhaps inevitably, given our common background, the topic came back to sex and slavery.

"What did you think of that documentary about that island in Florida where voluntary slavery is practised openly?" I asked. (Author's note: if you don't know what they're talking about, read the Slave Barbara series.)

Emma observed, "those two girls on the television programme took a pretty hard beating." She, of course, was well qualified to be an expert on such things.

"It's amazing how many things like that go on," Ali observed. "I was walking along a street in Guildford the other day. I saw a girl with a guy. They looked normal enough, except that I'm sure the girl had some sort of clitoral stimulator up her. It was a powerful one, too. Occasionally the guy activated it with a remote device and the girl had to try and disguise the effects." (Author again: there's an obscure reference for you! Anybody remember the novelette 'Outward Bound'?)

"In public?"

"Nobody else recognised the symptoms, but I did."

"Been in that situation yourself once or twice, eh?" I asked. Ali nodded soberly, another grim memory revived, but she was still smiling; this glorious July Friday noon sunshine was too infectious. "Tell me, Emma," I went on, "going back to that island set-up, will Charles be working on links with them?"

She shook her head. "Their girls are voluntary, ours are not," she pointed out. "Charles feels our security might be compromised for no good purpose, although he said he'll review it as their situation develops." It seemed a sensible course to me.

"It would be a nice place to visit, though," I mused.

"Only if you're a man," Ali pointed out tartly. "Dr. Steadman, are you here for the party this weekend?"

I nodded. The old bitch weekends were still popular. There were to be two new girls who (although they didn't know it) were earmarked for abduction, plus two recently broken slaves, and Thatch. "How about you?"

Ali giggled, her good mood masking a slight nervousness. "I'm going to be the maid."

"Ah, I should have guessed," I said. The handouts sent out to each of us male guests had mentioned that there would be a maid. 'A former slave,' it read, 'she will be sexually available and will be very obedient. She can even be humiliated in front of the slaves, but she is not to be given even mild physical punishment.' I should have recognised that as being Ali. Although a spanking devotee before her enslavement, after her release she had steadfastly refused

any slightest corporal punishment. It was her way, I believed, of showing that she now retained some control.

“What about you, Emma?” I asked.

“I’m not quite as adventurous as Ali,” Emma replied, perhaps just slightly wistfully. “Besides ...” she patted her tummy meaningfully. She was about four months pregnant, so it was as well to be careful. “I’m in charge of the catering.”

I looked down at Thatch. She was taking part whether she liked it or not and her part would be gruelling, painful and totally degrading. Her face was carefully expressionless, but she was clearly not looking forwards to it. Given the amount of physical pain that would be coming her way during the next 48 hours, I didn’t blame her.

“I suppose that Ralph and Charles are busy with final preparations,” I said. “I haven’t seen the butler since I arrived, either.”

Unexpectedly, Emma and Ali both collapsed into a fit of giggles at this. Perplexed, I stared at them. Even Thatch was grinning and having to work hard to suppress a giggle of her own. “Did I say something funny?” I asked, perplexed, but the only reply was a fresh outburst of giggles. I looked at the naked slave kneeling before me, knees spread in the classic position. “Thatch, will you tell me what’s going on?”

The slave retrieved a sober face. “I don’t know, master,” she pleaded, her lilting voice revealing her Welsh origins.

“You’re lying, slave,” I said.

Thatch’s lovely face creased with fear. Lying to a master was a serious offence. “Master, please, I can’t tell you. The mistresses would whip me if I did.”

Now I knew she was lying. After their own decade-long ordeals, Emma and Ali just would not whip a slave, especially one they had themselves slaved alongside for many a year. They treated her as a slave, which was only proper and probably it would be unkind to the girl to do anything else, but they would not take the leather to her unless the circumstances were absolutely exceptional. Still,

they had been comrades in bondage and torment: Thatch would not hesitate to take a whipping rather than betray either of them.

In any case, the penny had dropped. "Ali," I said in mock accusation, have you been screwing the poor man's brains out?"

The fresh bout of giggles indicated that I'd hit the jackpot. Ali had always had a soft spot for the butler. During her years of slavery he'd treated her firmly but fairly. ('Firmly', of course, means he'd caned her, whipped her or spanked her on numerous occasions.) It was standard practice at the manor that each girl in her first year of slavery had been given a boy friend, with actually a (limited) choice, as one of the small pleasures in an otherwise harsh life which helped keep them sane. Despite the huge age gap, Ali had initially accepted the butler as her boyfriend: she found his gravitas a steadying rock in the maelstrom of terror, humiliation and pain that she was enduring at the time. A degree of physical tenderness had remained between them ever since and I had heard from one of my sources that whenever Ali visited the manor since her emancipation, she always gave the butler a good time. As he was now well into his sixties and Ali had some very potent sexual skills, I could just imagine him lying dazed in his room right at this minute. I've tasted Ali's intimate delights myself on quite a few occasions - in fact I'd had all three of the lovelies who were surrounding me at that moment, several times each - and I can confirm not only that she's quite skilled at getting you going, but that when allowed to, she won't stop until she's drained you dry. Egg, or rather Emma, was always more gentle and sensitive, but less determined to give you the time of your life. Thatch, who was a virgin when she was captured and so has only ever known sex as a slave, is warm enough, almost courteous and polite, but a little mechanical. She can be brought to orgasm with a little effort, though. But Ali ... it had been over two years since I last sampled her wares. Maybe I would get a chance to renew our acquaintance this weekend. That would be nice.

The butler had recovered sufficiently to greet and prepare the girls as they arrived. I was in the gatehouse, discreetly, when one of the

new girls arrived. According to her file, she was just turned 21 years old and was coming here partly as a dare and mostly because that bet involved a substantial sum of money and she had a severe and urgent credit card debt problem and, as an orphan, had no family to bail her out. She didn't realise that after this weekend such mundane worries as impending bankruptcy would be things of the past, whilst in the long term she was about to acquire a new family of sorts.

The butler led her into the gatehouse, fussing just slightly over her in that way of his which sets girls at their ease. This girl was trying hard to contain and conceal her nervousness. She was immaculately dressed in a white jacket and skirt suit with stockings and shoes; all very expensive. I had the impression of someone living beyond her means. She was lightly but very carefully made up, her long auburn hair brushed smartly back from her face and collected in a tight hair-band at the back of her neck. She was around five feet eight inches, I would say, trim but with a full figure. Her face was very pretty and suggested a slightly hard exterior shell with a much softer inside. Her brown eyes flicked nervously around the room, but centred on the butler. She noticed me, but I pretended to be busy with a file.

"Your name, miss?" the butler prompted.

"Tania Rogers," she said in a carefully modulated voice. "I'm here for the ... for the weekend."

"Ah yes, quite so, miss," the butler replied in that precise way of his. "You are on the list of young ladies."

Tania coloured a little. "Yes," she said, but then said nothing more, just waited. Eventually, she added, "how many different lists are there?"

"One of the gentlemen and one of the young ladies. Then of course there are the organisers and the staff."

"I see," said Tania, who clearly didn't.

After another pause, the butler said, "I am required to check, miss, that you are fully cognisant of what the weekend entails and what your part in it will be."

"I, er, don't really know exactly." The butler looked at her and she shifted uncomfortably as she went on. "That is, I have the general idea, but ... oh, this is very embarrassing."

The butler softened a little. "I realise that, miss. Please bear in mind that I will be around all weekend, so I will be seeing you, shall we say, in action."

"In action?" Tania clearly didn't much like the sound of that.

"Yes, miss. What is your understanding of your role this weekend?"

Tania took a deep breath. "I understand that I ... that all of the girls, myself included, are to be some sort of slaves." The butler gestured for her to continue. "We have to be ... totally obedient. Totally. That includes allowing ... well, totally."

"Yes, miss. You're not a virgin, are you?"

Tania's colour deepened; he had spelt out what she had tried to avoid saying. "No. No, I'm not," she said softly.

"And you fully accept those conditions?"

Tania chewed her lip for a second, then whispered, "yes." She paused, took a breath, and then said more firmly, "yes, I do. It's ... a bet, you see," she added lamely.

"So I believe, miss. Now, are you aware that you are also liable to physical chastisement?"

"I ... was told that, yes. Will it be ... very hard?"

Yes, miss. Have you ever experienced that before?"

"No," said Tania quietly, but then she firmed herself up a little. "But I was brought up in a rough, tough orphanage. I can cope."

The butler smiled, genuinely and warmly and Tania looked buoyed by that smile. "That's the spirit, miss."

She smiled back. There was a nice girl in there. "I want you to know that this isn't the sort of thing I usually indulge in," she said defensively, "but I'm determined to do well. I have to win that bet." I recalled reading that the bet was a desperate way to get herself out of her financial problems. As a reaction to her deprived upbringing, she had spent more than she had earned despite having a good job which she had worked very hard for. She had pulled herself out of

the poverty of her beginnings: now, although she did not yet know it, she would shortly be plunged into a far lower status than poverty.

"An excellent approach, miss. Well, would you like to get ready?"

That shook her slightly, but only slightly. She kept her chin up and her jaw firm. "Of course," she said, just a touch forced. "What do I need to do?"

"Just remove your clothes please, miss."

She looked around. "Is there somewhere I can get changed? And what do I change into?"

"You don't get changed into anything, miss," the butler said gently. "You just need to remove all your clothes. You will be naked from this point on for the duration of the weekend."

Tania stood stock still for a moment, absorbing this. This is the point at which some girls turn to flee. Depending on circumstances, the organisation sometimes allows them to go: such girls often aren't made of the right stuff. Tania, however, didn't flee. She spent a few moments summoning her courage and then, very slowly, she began to take off her shoes, then her jacket. She glanced at the butler, then towards me, then even more slowly began to undo the buttons of her blouse. "It won't just be me like this, will it?" she asked, trying to rationalize what she was doing.

"No, miss, all the young ladies will be fully undressed. Of the females, only the maid and the cook can wear clothes."

"I bet those rules were set by a man," she observed, talking to hide her embarrassment as she removed her blouse. Underneath it she wore a pretty lace bra over fairly sizeable breasts.

"Men make all the rules here, miss."

"Someone should give you all a lesson in sex equality," she said as she unhooked her skirt. Her knickers matched the bra and the stockings were hold-ups.

"There is no such thing here, miss. It would be a good idea to remember that." She was rolling the stockings down. "Stark naked all weekend, I'm not likely to forget it, am I?" she said ruefully. "Don't worry, I'll be good. I know I've got to be ... submissive." She had removed everything now except the bra and panties. For a

moment she hesitated - it was an appropriate time to be reflecting on submissiveness - then she reached behind her back and unclipped the bra. A quick movement of her hands and the knickers were down. She stepped out of them, totally nude now. She had gone very quiet and her face was red, but she did not cover herself up.

The back view was certainly good. "Turn around, please, my dear," I said. She hesitated for a moment, then turned to face me. Her face had a stony but flushed look on it. She kept her hands by her sides.

"Well done, miss," the butler said. "Now, hold still while I put your collar on."

"Collar?"

"Your slave collar." He locked a thin black collar around her neck as she held her hair up. As he attached it, she asked me, "are you one of the guests?"

"Yes," I replied languidly. "We'll be seeing quite a bit of each other over the weekend." She looked less than enthralled at the prospect.

The butler took her attention again. "There is a strict rule that the slaves do not talk," he told her. "To help you acclimatise to that, you'll be wearing a gag for most of the first evening."

"A gag? I don't need that. I'll keep my mouth shut."

"A gag is the rule, miss. Each of the girls will have one. Open your mouth wide, please."

Reluctantly, Tania obeyed. The butler inserted a ball gag and secured it tightly in place. Tania's lips wrapped themselves around it, but she could not fully close her mouth now. Her fingers felt the gag uncertainly.

"If you walk up the path to the manor, miss, you'll find some railings to the left of the main door with some chains attached. Clip one of them to your collar and wait there." He motioned her to the door. "Oh, and you should be made aware that once you walk up that drive, I won't be calling you miss any more, but slave." She nodded, unable to reply. "Good luck, miss, chin up," were the butler's final words.

She glanced at him. Her face was now rather ashen with fear, and the self confidence which her smart clothes had given her had been lost with the clothes, but the look of determination still lingered. She nodded once again and then was gone. From the window, I watched her walking barefoot but steadily up the drive and admired the luscious bottom. Currently flawless, it would be well marked before the weekend was over.

Ali emerged from the back room and came to my side. "What do you think of her?" I asked, my eyes still on Tania.

"She's very pretty," the former slave replied.

"She's got some steel in her backbone as well," I said. "I think she'll do all right."

"Bitch weekends are very tough," Ali pointed out from hard memories.

With Tania out of sight behind the thick bushes, I turned around to Ali. "Well, look at you!" I exclaimed. She was wearing a black one-piece maid's outfit, with a plunging neckline and a very short skirt that barely concealed the skimpy white knickers beneath. A tiny white apron, quite inadequate for any practical purpose, concluded the effect. Her wonderful legs were bare, her feet in cheap maid's sandals.

She smiled broadly. "I feel a bit tarty," she said.

"You look extremely tarty," I told her, "but then I'm not used to seeing you with any clothes on." She smiled again, tolerantly. "Nervous?" I asked, detecting a certain tension.

"A bit, yes. I'm not entirely immune this weekend, remember."

"Then why agree to do it?"

She shrugged. "It seemed like a fun idea at the time."

"Nostalgia?"

"There's nothing nostalgic about the almost non-stop thrashings and torture you get on a bitch weekend."

"I don't get them," I pointed out, "I'm a male." I gestured up the drive. "Do you remember your first evening here, walking up that drive as naked as Tania?" "Vividly," Ali said soberly. "And I was only nineteen."

“The other new girl tonight is only seventeen.”

“That’s no age to have to face this,” Ali said with conviction.

“Emma was only sixteen,” the butler pointed out, then changed the subject. “Everybody’s arrived now. I’ll lock up here and bring Slave Tania’s car into the security compound. You’d better go up.”

Ali and I walked up the drive. It was still light, with the warmth of the day not yet faded. As the manor came into view, we saw three naked girls standing facing the railings. Tania’s lissom form stood to the leftmost, her hands stiffly at her sides. In the middle, even from the rear I recognised Thatch, her stencilled name now removed as was the custom for the start of bitch weekends. She stood placidly, submissively awaiting her fate, but there was a certain tension in her body: only she of the three girls knew just what lay in store for them. The third girl, much more petit, must have been the seventeen year old, smaller than the others but looking very cute from the rear. As we passed them on the steps up to the front door, Tania and Thatch resolutely stared at the wall, but the youngster looked up at us. I saw terror in her face and tears welling in her sky-blue eyes. If it hadn’t been for the ball gag, she might have pleaded; that was the reason for the gags. I also saw an extremely perky pair of young, upthrust tits.

As we went in, Ralph passed us, leading two more naked, collared and gagged girls being led out to join their sisters in servitude. One was Celia, the other Jenny. Celia had about three months’ slave experience by now, Jenny not much more than a month. I imagined the latter had been threatened very direly about her behaviour. Celia, following my advice, had wisely capitulated, although only in body, not yet mind. That would take a good few more months yet.

I went into the lounge and met the other guests. Most of them I’d seen before here at one time or another. There were nine of us, plus Ralph and Charles. The girls would be kept busy.

Ali arrived with drinks on a tray. Most of them men knew her from her slave days and she was greeted by a chorus of catcalls and whistles. Serving drinks in that outfit was asking for trouble. A common trick was to make her bend low to put a drink on a low

table. As she did so, someone would pull one of her boobs out of her dress. She wore no bra - impossible with that outfit - so it wasn't difficult. Meanwhile, other hands were flipping up her tiny skirt and pinching her delectable bum. Ali took it all in good spirit.

Then they brought the slaves in and lined them up.

Five naked, fearful girls, each with a ball gag filling their mouths, faced the men who would make their lives misery for the next two days, the men who their sufferings would entertain and whose lascivious lust their bodies would be used to satisfy. We, on the other hand, lapped up the sights of the beautiful creatures at our mercy. Each of us was expected - it was almost a condition of attending - to give each girl a thorough porking before the weekend was out, in addition to all the other activities, of course. That made it quite a marathon for some of the older men, but with material like this it would not be a problem. I also did not intend to miss the chance to have a nostalgic taste of Ali's pussy, and I suspected I would not be alone in that.

I surveyed the girls. At the left of the line stood Tania. She was the biggest and tallest and had an excellent body, nails precisely painted, pubic hair carefully trimmed, hair still neatly tied back. The stony expression was there again and she looked as if she was trying to pretend she was elsewhere. Next to her stood Celia, her azure eyes lowered submissively, an aura of hopelessness surrounding her. In the middle - probably deliberately placed there - the seventeen year-old was visibly shivering, her blonde hair dancing on her slim shoulders a little, the wispy light pubic hair exposed to a large audience for what was likely to be the first time in her young life. I wasn't quite sure what had brought her here, although she was clearly not here by choice. Next to her was Thatch, the oldest of the group, probably rueing the fact that as a very senior slave she was being forced into the horrors of a bitch weekend, but of course slaves have no say in their fate. Last in the line was Jenny. She didn't look any different to the girl I had met at the party in London, but I knew that in the six weeks since she had suffered horribly. She looked cowed and afraid and yet the sparkle of life had not

dimmed. In time, she would make an excellent slave.

The girls were left to stand there for a while. Then one of the men stepped forwards, the man whose turn it was to start things off tonight. He walked up and down the line of trembling girls, surveying them at close range, then stepped back and addressed them.

“Look at you lot: you stand there flaunting yourselves, nicely made up, thinking you’re so pretty. You’re just a load of pussy meat!” He was being very unfair, but that was a feature of these weekends. I also found him quite crude, but he was effective. He looked them up and down, then settled on Thatch. Well, not Thatch at the moment, her name had been removed; all the girls would be named tonight, and she might end up with a new name. At the moment she was a nameless slave. What was the name she had been born with? I searched my memory. Ah yes, Ceri.

“You! The one with the hairy cunt! Get your ass out here!”

The nameless slave, who for convenience I’ll call Ceri, stepped forwards. No doubt he had chosen her deliberately, to show the newcomers how girls should submit. Only Celia and Jenny would know that Ceri was a very experienced slave.

“Get yourself up on that table, on your back! Legs spread!”

Ceri climbed up onto the ornate table, looking unhappy but totally resigned. She spread herself fully, with no reserve, the area between her legs facing the other girls. The man turned to the rest of us. “Who wants her?”

Not many were keen to shoot a load so soon and not everybody had the confidence to perform in public, but two men stepped forwards. Our master of ceremonies tossed a coin. Very shortly afterwards, Ceri was writhing on the table, muffled sounds of distress coming from behind her gag, as the man began to brutally rape her.

I surveyed the faces of the other girls. Tania looked distasteful, but also a little taken aback. She had known she would be required to have sex, but in public? The teenager looked horrified and yet with her limited sexual experience she could not disguise a little

curiosity as well. Celia and Jenny looked woodenly unhappy.

“Right then, Paul,” our temporary leader said to the second of the volunteers, “let’s fix you up.” He glanced at the line of four girls, who all shrank back. “Ah, I know,” he said, “I’ve got just the thing. Where’s that maid?”

Ali was serving a drink. She looked round. “Sir?”

“Get yourself over here.” She came across the room, nervously. The compere indicated Paul. “Give this man a blow job and make it a good one.”

Ali’s face went red, but she immediately sank to her knees in front of Paul and began to undo his trousers. I smiled, enjoying the scene. Throughout her years of slavery, Ali had a reputation for being excellent at oral sex. It was also well known that she viewed it as being exceptionally humiliating. Despite this, very shortly she was slavishly licking Paul’s balls and a little while later still his penis had disappeared into her mouth. In the centre of the line of girls, the teenager was watching with wide eyes. I’m sure that most girls of her age these days would know what oral sex is, but she had probably never actually seen it done.

Ceri was writhing underneath the man on the table, moaning miserably behind her gag, whilst slurping sounds were coming from Ali. Our leader watched the maid working and then dropped his own trousers. “May as well not waste the opportunity. Get your ass into the air, girl.”

Again there was only a brief hesitation before Ali stuck her delectable bottom into the air. The man lifted the tiny flap of the micro-skirt and then yanked the tiny white panties down. “Now then,” he mused aloud, “which hole?” Of course, he was making the point to the other girls that he could choose either. “Hmm, I think arse for a change.” He picked up a tube of ointment and smeared a generous portion into Ali’s crack. She stiffened perceptibly as he drove into her. There was a gasp, muffled by the swelling John Thomas in her mouth. She began to jerk forwards and back as he brutally thrust into her.

As the four naked, gagged girls looked on in miserable anticipation, the scene dragged on for some time before drawing to a close. Ceri's noises behind her ball gag reached a crescendo as her assailant shot his load into her. Both of Ali's antagonists also exploded into her and then withdrew. When she stood up, there was a trace of cum on her lips and her white knickers were around her knees. Her face was bright red with embarrassment and yet she had known full well what she was letting herself in for when she agreed to this. Ah well, who can figure women?

Ceri was ushered back into the line. There were traces of thick white cum on her luxuriant bush. I noticed that the teenager's eyes picked it up and seemed hypnotised by it.

Ralph was moving along the line of girls, handcuffing each girl's wrists together at her front. Another assistant was moving behind the line, clipping lengths of chain from each collar to the next. It was as always smoothly done. The girls were effectively in bondage almost before they knew what was happening. This was presumably in case Tania or the teenager were having any second thoughts. Within a few minutes such rebellion would have been knocked totally out of them.

A long triangular trestle was kept to one side of the lounge. The girls, stumbling against each other because of their chains, were turned around and led to it, then bent over it. Their legs lay against the front slope, they bent at the waist and their upper bodies lay down the back side, so that their bottoms were pushed high into the air and their heads were only inches above the level of their ankles. The chains between their collars were locked into points on the trestle, keeping their heads down.

Our master of ceremonies - Bill, I think his name is - went along the line from left to right, ordering the girls to spread their legs wide and then securing their ankles in place. Jenny, who since they had turned around as a line was now at the far left as we looked at them, was first. I noted that she spread her legs with only momentary hesitation. She would know what was coming, but she was learning the discipline of obedience. The nameless slave formerly known as

Thatch was next and of course spread instantly, revealing another globule of cum between her legs.

Bill had reached the teenager. "Spread your legs, cunt," he snarled. There was no response from the youngster. Bill produced a multi-tailed martinet, measured a stroke (of course, the girl could see nothing of this) and sent it scything viciously into the cute upthrust buttocks. There was a loud squeal of shock and pain from the other side of the trestle, followed by what were presumably pleas along the line of, stop the world, this child wanted to get off. I say presumably because the gag rendered everything quite unintelligible. Bill's voice cut through the mumbles. "Spread them, or you'll get another one." The mumbles continued, so Bill raised the martinet and sent it lashing into the firm young flesh again. There was another squeal. Bill let it die down and then, before the pleadings could start again, he said sharply, "you want a third shot? And a fourth?"

The trim, vibrant young legs shakily parted just a couple of inches. "Wider," growled Bill. The girl obeyed, inch by inch, having to be verbally prompted several times, until she was fully spread. Her young vulva, now fully on view, looked tasty and inviting. I would enjoy sampling it. We all would. Behind the trestle, I could hear muffled sobs from the teenager. I wondered idly if they were caused by the pain of the strokes, the humiliation of her position, or the fear of what was about to come. Her shapely young legs were visibly trembling.

Celia, next, opened her legs readily enough. Interestingly, so did Tania, with as much dignity as she could muster. Perhaps she had learnt from the lesson meted out to the teenager, or perhaps she wasn't going to demean herself by useless resistance. Her pose, of course, was demeaning enough on its own.

Five superb bottoms waited, each one trembling a little with dread anticipation. There could be little doubt as to what was coming.

Amusingly, the order of play was decided by drawing cards. There were five cards for each man, one with each girl's name on it. It was

simply a matter of when my turn would come up. Meanwhile, as a nice twist, each girl was blindfolded.

Celia was the first to get it, though sadly not from me. I saw Thatch's bottom twitch as the cane sliced noisily through the air: she would know that sound only too well. She would not know, until the moment of impact, whether she or someone else would get the stroke. She didn't get it. Behind her gag, Celia screamed as the vicious shot cut deeply into her soft skin. Thatch relaxed slightly, but within moments the fear would be building in her again. Meanwhile, as Celia moaned and struggled in her bonds, I saw Tania's body freeze with fear. Doubtless she could scarcely believe what was going on. The teenager, having tasted a far less (though she wouldn't know that) level of chastisement, was struggling, her chains rattling as she pulled ineffectually against them. Right now, if she could free herself, she would run naked and screaming from the building. If. And even if she could, there was no way out of the manor grounds.

The next stroke went to Tania, but again not from me. Damn it! I would have liked to be the one to give her the first welt of her new life. I never was lucky at cards.

Still, I could watch her reaction. Her magnificent ass jumped up in shock and from behind the trestle there was a muffled but still very loud yelp of pain. This was followed by a totally incoherent yelling. It was almost a shame that she was gagged. Was she screaming for mercy? It sounded too angry for that. How dare they, perhaps? Let her out of here, she had changed her mind about all this? Very possibly. Too late, of course, too late by far. There was a long pause as the men enjoyed Tania's noises. It took her a long time to quieten down, but we had all night. One learns not to rush the starter courses, although we were all feeling pretty hard and looking forward to when these delectable babes would be sent to our rooms later in the evening to service us.

Somebody picked the next card and read the name; "Keith!"

My turn! I rose to my feet, picked up the cane and looked at the card to see the name of the girl I was to strike. It would not be read

aloud so that the girls would not know who was for it. The name on the card was Nicola. I knew four of the names: Tania, Ceri, Jenny and Celia. There was only one I did not know. I had drawn first shot at the teenager!

Reviewing my opinion of my luck at cards, I moved over to the trembling line of upturned asses. Thatch was to one side of her, a few dark strands of pubic hair visible between her legs; on the other side was Celia, a bright red line already burning visibly across her vibrant rear, but in the middle was this lovely teenager. There is something about teenagers that is a fantastic turn-on to me. I wanted to touch that gentle, life-filled skin, but no, she must not know she is the target. From behind the trestle came the sound of her soft sobs and her youthful body shook slightly with them. Lacking Tania's age and determination, she had already surrendered to the inevitable; but she did not yet realise just how bad that would be. I measured the stroke, savoured the moment, then sliced the bamboo into her.

The scream from behind the gag made me almost orgasm on the spot. How delicious to have such power over a girl! She writhed and struggled, her slim ankles jerking in the chains which of course held tight. Her words, whatever they might have been, were rendered totally incomprehensible and would have done her no good anyway. She, and all the rest of them, were totally helpless.

It was a very different group of girls who were released from the trestle. Five heads hung low. Tears ran down each face and there was snuffling and sobbing behind the gags. Five once beautiful behinds were now five masses of red weals; some would say that made them more beautiful than ever. They were released from the chains, and then ... well, if you've read *Animal Farm* (the Smith one, of course, not the less famous Orwell tome) then you know the routine. For over an hour they were groped, taunted, made to parade in the nude and named. The teenager, Nicola, was already totally beaten into submission. Tania tried to maintain some personal decorum, to hold her head up even as she submitted to the most degrading of orders. She didn't entirely succeed.

One or two of the men were fans of a certain five girl pop group (I gathered they were fans of the girls' bodies, not their music). Tania was named Posh Cunt, whilst the teenage Nicola became Baby Cunt and Celia Sporty Cunt. Thatch was in line to become Hairy Cunt before the novelty died and she was given her "own" name of Thatch back. For the last few hours, she had been a nameless slave. Jenny was given the name Fuckable. I liked it: pithy, humiliating and to the point. Jenny would, from this point on, always have to introduce herself by that (for her) dreadful name. I could just imagine her, in that sexy voice of hers, having to lower her eyes before a man and say, "hello, master. I'm Fuckable."

The girls had been taken to the kennels - another shock to the systems of Tania and Nicola, or Posh Cunt and Baby Cunt as I should now think of them - to prepare for their first night of sexual prostitution. We men had retired in keen anticipation to our rooms. I was in bed when the longed for knock came on the door.

Ali entered, fantastically sexy in her maid's outfit. She smiled, looking even more sexy. "I have your slave outside for you, sir," she said politely, but the grin on her face belied her servility.

"Excellent. Who have I got?"

"Posh Cunt, sir."

Excellent, I thought to myself. Any of these five super girls would be a delight, although I'd been hoping for one of the two new ones, so this one was just what I wanted. I'd have Baby Cunt before the weekend was out as well, of course. Having said that, the 32 year old beauty before me still set my blood on fire whenever I saw her. There was something slightly amiss with her appearance, though. I considered for a moment and then realised what it was. All through the evening, whenever she had moved, there had been glimpses of white panties below the very high hem of her microskirt. When she had entered my room, there hadn't been, just a sight of perfectly toned flesh a little higher than usual.

"Are you not wearing any knickers, girl?" I asked.

Ali flushed slightly, but the smile remained. "No sir," she replied coyly.

“And why not?”

“They were confiscated, sir.”

“I wonder what you were doing to warrant that sanction,” I mused, feeling nicely pompous. “Well, I think that when you have finished with your other duties and I have dealt with this bitch outside and she has been returned to the kennels, I shall require you to return here and I will show you what happens to wanton young women who run around without proper underclothing.”

Ali pulled a face. “Oh no, sir, please!”

“And why not? You are required to do as the gentlemen tell you.”

“Yes sir, if you insist. But ... I’ve got three other guests who’ve already ordered me to be ... interviewed ... by them later tonight, including,” she added wryly, “the one who has my underwear. I reckon I’m not going to get to bed before about three tomorrow morning already and I’ve got to be up by six to help with breakfast and rouse the slaves.”

“Servant wenches must expect long hours.”

“Yes, sir, but ... I could be more entertaining when I’m less tired.” She shot me a look of pure devilment. “I’ll make absolutely sure you have an opportunity before the weekend is out, I promise. Please?”

I could not resist. “All right, but make sure. Meanwhile, send that young trollop in.”

“Yes, sir,” she said sprightly, and went out. A moment later, a naked, auburn-haired young woman shuffled self-consciously into the room. Ali closed the door softly behind her, but to Tania it probably sounded like a heavy cell door slamming shut.

I relaxed in my bed and beckoned her over. She walked hesitantly to the bedside, the auburn hair dancing a little. The gag had been removed, but she knew better than to speak. Without the gag, her face showed more clearly her emotions. She knew what she was here for and was trying to put a brave face on it. Very possibly she might have baulked at this a few hours ago, but the caning had taken a lot of the fight out of her. That was the point of always starting bitch weekends with such brutality: Ali had told me that after the caning, your outlook changed: fear came to dominate all else, dignity and

willpower very much included. Tania was trying hard to submit with dignity, but the key word was 'submit'. I turned Posh Cunt around to inspect her marks: they were good and deep, red and raw. I turned her around again, her pussy almost level with my face. I could see her hands by her sides, the stiffness in her arms indicating that she was having to concentrate to keep them there. Her body was gently fragrant and she had touched up her light makeup to try to cover up the redness of her eyes from crying.

"Get into bed with me, Posh Cunt."

She winced at the name and very reluctantly climbed into the bed. I saw on the rear of her hips the ends of the weals from her caning: they looked bright red and inflamed. I noted that she gasped slightly as she got into the bed and those weals rubbed against the bedclothes. I pulled her tight to me. She was warm and supple, her skin satin to the touch, but she held herself back as much as possible without actually resisting.

My lips sought hers as my hands held her close, my fingers running up and down her back. She stayed stiff, her mouth closed. Reluctance is a turn-on, but I decided that a little loosening was required. Still holding her close, my face just inches from hers, feeling her breasts crushed tight to my chest, I spoke to her quietly.

"Tomorrow morning at breakfast, you slaves will all be lined up and your sexual performance tonight will be reviewed. Anybody labelled frigid will be warmed up with the cane."

Without giving her time to respond, which was not allowed anyhow, I kissed her again. Grudgingly, she opened her mouth. My tongue drove in and met hers, which retreated. With evident reluctance, her arms wrapped themselves around me as I bore down on her. She did not want any of this, but nor did she want any more punishment. After a night of such stimulation, I moved on quickly: there would be plenty of time for seconds and even then it wouldn't be Tania's last usage tonight. She sobbed as she felt my weapon at her entrance, but she opened and, perhaps trying to think of happier times, allowed me inside. I guided my shaft into her tight channel and began to enjoy myself. She was soon writhing beneath

me, mainly from the pain of her weltd bottom being forced into the mattress by my weight and my forceful thrusts. She was not enjoying this one bit and yet she was aroused: the tension and tremendous fear that had built during the evening, the enormous sexual humiliation she had gone through and the total emphasis on sex all combined to make her body respond despite itself. She might well have a very unwanted orgasm before I was through and her arms held me tight through uncertainty about what was happening to her, but I was more concerned for my own pleasure. Burying my head in her lovely chest, I thrust harder and harder. The last thing my eyes saw before her mammaries swallowed my face up was the name Posh Cunt written in neat letters on her upper left bosom in indelible marker pen.

Interlude

(in case you're tired of me!)

The girl once, and after eleven years of slavery now again, known as Alison Balcombe unlocked the cellar door and descended the steps into the kennels.

Memories of the long years she had spent here flooded back. They had been very hard times, and yet they had created a fortitude, and a bond with the other girls who had been with her here which went far beyond any kinship others could imagine. She was grateful that she was no longer a prisoner here, but there was still an air of nostalgia about the place.

All five girls were fast asleep. It was no wonder really, after a very late night, the draining emotional stress and the not inconsiderable physical demands that had also been placed on them. No doubt, too, the new girls in particular had spent a long time in sleepless agitation before exhaustion had finally claimed them. Ali herself was very tired and she had a long day ahead of her.

She moved between the village of six kennels, one currently unoccupied, which ran in two facing rows. She squatted down outside the hut of the teenage girl and looked inside. The naked girl lay in a semi-foetal position, her lovely legs pulled up in a ball, her vulva peeping out from between them. Nearly a dozen vivid cane marks stood out on her rear, each now going purple. From the moment she awoke, they would be a source of constant pain to her and Ali knew that the girl would get plenty more today. It was a wonder she could sleep at all, unless one realised, as Ali did from personal experience, just how exhausted the kid must be. As her body moved slightly up and down from her steady breathing, so did the silver chain which led from her collar to a ring cemented in the floor just outside the doorless arch of the kennel.

Ali sniffed the air. The feminine scent of the five naked girls swirled around her nostrils. It was, like many other things, very familiar to her. So too was the balmy warmth of the cellar, which also contained the central heating boiler for the manor. The girls here always slept naked - that is, were made to do so - and it would not do for them to get chills.

There was a slight noise as the teenager stirred in her sleep. Her lithe, nude body moved as she shifted position, beginning to move onto her back, revealing her pert young breasts and the name Baby Cunt stencilled neatly in black marker pen on one of those orbs. Then her welted bottom came into the slightest contact with the mattress and she stopped the movement and instinctively rolled over onto her stomach instead before falling more deeply back into slumber.

Ali regarded the now fully exposed young bottom before her. There were eight, no, nine distinct cane marks running across it, mostly now coloured deep purple, whilst the surrounding skin was a plum red shade. That bottom, as Ali knew all too well, would now be extremely sore. It was really quite amazing that the girl could sleep at all, but Ali knew how draining the previous night's trauma would have been. Today and tomorrow, however, would be just as bad. By Sunday evening, there would be deep red marks all over the teenager's body and her bottom would be a pulpy red mess. Every movement would be agony, even breathing would hurt; and, in that terrible physical state, Nicola would have to cope with the shock news that they would not be letting her go, and that she was doomed to spend the next thirteen years of her life as a slave. In the meantime, there would be pain upon pain, humiliation upon humiliation.

And yet, and yet ...

During every waking moment of this dreadful weekend, Nicola would be incredibly alive, more so than ever before in her seventeen years of life. The fear and the tension would generate an incredible electricity; the whip would heighten that tension to near orgasmic levels, although it would only be much later when Baby Cunt would

recognise the sensations for what they were. Being forcibly naked, on display and perpetually degraded would awaken her to the power and poetry of her feline beauty; she would be acutely aware, too, of every slightest flaw in her body, real or imagined and yet they would serve only to humiliate her further and so intensify the whole circle. Each time she was raped, the sex would be unbelievably powerful, like no sexual experience she had ever previously known, so that the orgasms would come thick and fast no matter how unwilling she was. It was not yet slave sex, the total surrender to a master, which carried a power of its own, but it was still very different to the often tepid experiences of free women. Even the sting of the whip had a terrible sexual power; and mix the beatings and the sex together for long enough and the girls would come to understand the blurring of the boundaries between pain and pleasure. Ali knew that she herself had lost something by being no longer subject to the whip; but it must never be forgotten that it brings real pain as well as the pleasure and after eleven years of cringing before it she could not bring herself to voluntarily sanction its return into her own life. She had gone as far as she could this weekend, giving up all rights to her body bar whip rights, making herself as helpless as she could to recapture the thrill of it all. It had worked well so far, although there was a long time yet to go; but she was not a slave. Not anymore.

Ali roused herself from her thoughts and moved on to the far kennel. It was best to wake the experienced girls first. She knelt down and put her head inside Thatch's kennel. The girl was sleeping with her head nearest the arch. Ali laid her hand on the girl's bare shoulder and shook it gently.

Thatch slowly surfaced from the balm of sleep. She began to move and sit up - the roof of the kennel was far too low for either girl to stand - and as she did so the chain from her collar made a slight rattle. As an experienced slave, she would be used to this. Her movement aggravated her deep weals and she stopped abruptly and winced. She would not be unused to that either, but it didn't make it much easier, especially since at her age and level of experience a substantial caning would be rare, although Thatch knew very

well that she had a lot worse yet to come this weekend. As the final vestiges of sleep cleared from her face, her eyes met Ali's. Like all the slaves, she was no longer gagged, but she knew better than to speak. Ali tried to smile in reassurance, but Thatch couldn't quite manage a smile in return. It didn't matter: they had been slaves together for a long time and were more than friends. A brief touch of each other's shoulder conveyed far more than a smile would ever do.

Ali left to wake Sporty Cunt and Fuckable. As she then moved back to stir Posh Cunt and Baby Cunt, she saw Thatch squatting on her toilet. Another privation of slavery was the lack of any slightest personal privacy: the girls opposite could see Thatch relieving herself and the ubiquitous cameras in here could also catch it. One never knew if the cameras were filming. You just got used to it. Two years after her own slavery had ended, Ali still had to think sometimes to remember to lock a toilet door.

But then, after so many years of slavery, some aspects just become ingrained. Probably, Ali reflected, that was why she was here now. Counting the rather public double entry of her during the lounge scene, she had been screwed six times last night. Not one of those had been a mutual pleasuring: she had just been taken, fucked, once or twice quite brutally. It was already certain that she would get plenty more today. There would also undoubtedly be a few little surprises planned for her. One that she (correctly) expected was the so-called horse: a dildo fixed atop the trestle the girls had been put over last night. They would probably make Ali take her maid's outfit off altogether, make her mount the trestle nude and impale herself on the dildo in front of all the slave girls and then make her ride it, up and down, until she came, debasing her utterly. She was not looking forward to that and there were likely to be other even less palatable fun interludes ahead. It was also odds-on that they'd shave her pubic hair off, probably also publicly, at some point. Still, at least it all proved she was still popular. Perhaps that was really why she was here, to prove to herself that she could still hack it.

Who was she kidding? Ali wondered to herself. She was a slave: emancipated or not, she would now always be a slave in the core

of her being. She reached down and began to shake Posh Cunt, to awaken her back to the nightmare that would be her own long journey into the slavery that Ali had endured.

The Labours Of Hercules

The two locked gates (to which I of course had a key) across the single track road, the barbed wire fences stretching away into the distance and copious signs saying "Trespassers Will be Prosecuted", "Beware Of The Guard Dogs" and "Private Property" would certainly discourage most uninvited visitors. There was plenty of other open land amongst these high Welsh hills for a Rambler to explore, anyway. I piloted my car along the narrow road, breathing deeply the pure summer air through the open window and delighting in the warmth of the sun.

I came to a halt outside a walled set of buildings which looked exactly what they were: a racing stud. I sounded the horn and waited. A gate opened and a beautiful woman emerged.

It was not difficult to see why she had been given the slave name Hercules during her years of enforced servitude. She was a naturally big girl: tall, solidly boned, curvy but still extremely well proportioned. She weighed around seventy-five kilos - considerably more than me - and yet I knew there was no fat on her. You could tell that even with the jeans and blouse she was wearing. The couple of undone buttons at the top of the blouse allowed a hint of a deep cleavage and yet she was not top-heavy either. She moved with an easy, well-balanced gait, tossing her long, silken blonde hair back over her shoulder with a relaxed air. The lovely face broke into a genuine smile when she saw me.

"Doctor Keith!"

For many years she had been made to address me, like all men, as master. Kidnapped whilst on holiday at the age of twenty, she had spent ten years as a slave. She was a contemporary of Ali, indeed they had become good friends and were still in touch. Like Ali, you see, Hercules had been a very successful catch for the organisation. Not a willing catch, of course and, unlike Ali, she had absolutely no previous inclination towards any of the things she was made to do; but once broken to submission and having realized that there was

absolutely no escape, she had made the best of things. Hercules' salvation, however, had been the pony carts, or indeed anything involving sheer physical effort, but above all else she had found her niche in life between the shafts of a pony cart.

That, however, was all in the past. Like all manor slaves, she had been freed on her thirtieth birthday, two years ago now. Freed to do what, however? She had no family or ties except with the organisation. Besides, pony carting was now in her blood. She now spent most of each year in the oasis as a pony girl trainer, but for the three summer months she was part of the team that ran this racing ranch - and in case you haven't guessed, the horses were all of the two-legged variety. Oh, and all mares too, of course. The idea was that those really interested in pony racing could indulge themselves without the bothersome trip to the Persian Gulf. That is, those who were interested in being drivers: the girls pulling the carts had no say in the matter. The ranch had been going for two years: previously they had used their own medical care flown in from the oasis, but now they had engaged my services instead, so this was my first visit here. Hercules and I, however, knew each other well.

I got out of the car. Hercules put her arms around me and kissed me. I kissed her back. That was a mistake, although not one with terrible consequences. The moment that I responded to her, her lips moved from my cheek to my mouth and within a moment we were into a deep French kiss, her tongue exploring and caressing my mouth. Her arms pulled me closer and I could feel a tremor of excitement and a shudder of surrender go through her.

I knew that she would let me have her right here and now if I wanted. Indeed, if I made the slightest move in that direction, she would carry it along like a roller coaster. Ten years of slavery changes a girl. Even Hercules, who had never been one of the more sexually enthusiastic slave girls, was now easily roused and just as easily conquered.

I came up for air. "Later, animal," I told her with a grin.

She smiled coquettishly. "Yes, master," she said and there was a promise, or a surrender if you look at it that way, in her thrilling

voice, which contained now only the very slightest accent to hint at her Austrian roots.

“Animal”, by the way, is a more valid description than you might realise. Being a pony girl gradually, over a period of months, certainly makes a girl more animalistic. Hercules knew it and did not deny it. You cannot deny what you are, or what you have become and one good thing about slavery is that it wipes away pretence. Slaves cannot hide.

We immobilised my car carefully - security is always an important factor when dealing with involuntary slaves - and she led me inside the wall. The courtyard opened out onto a racetrack, with two long stretches and 180 degree bends at each end. It was quite authentic, with a grass base and the same sort of railings you see at normal racecourses. On one of the long sides was a viewing gallery, almost a mini-grandstand, with seats for at least fifty people. In the centre between the two tracks was a parade enclosure and a presentation area with a podium.

“Impressive,” I murmured.

“We can accommodate well over a hundred spectators on a day,” Hercules said, her voice tingling with pride. “We have a dozen ponies, single carts for each and spares, doubles carts and two six pony carriages. We have overnight accommodation for twenty.”

“Doesn’t that many guests give you security problems?”

She shook her head, the fine blonde tresses dancing and catching the sunlight. “It’s members only and we carefully screen them before allowing them to become members, of course. They meet us at rendezvous points in two towns about twenty miles away and are brought here by coach. No mobile telephones are allowed. We have a full security team on race days and they’re good, alert men. We’ve very carefully gone over all the possibilities.”

I nodded approval. “And does the operation make a profit?”

“A massive one. Most of the girls are flown over from the oasis. There’s a massive slave surplus there, so hire charges are low. The manor provides a couple, usually ones who need exercise and shaping up, so they don’t cost much either. The security team, as

with most male employees, don't get paid very much. They enjoy the fringe benefits." In other words, the girls' bodies would be used to pay their own guards. Hercules, of course, had spent ten years involuntarily doing just the same.

She led me around the side of the stadium to the stables. These consisted of a long wooden hut with a straw covered floor. Wooden divider walls, each about a metre and a half high, separated one wall into twelve cubicles, each about a metre square. These were the girls' homes. In front of each pair of cubicles were two small troughs, one containing mush and the other water. The girls' chains would doubtless just about allow them to reach the troughs, but there were no utensils: they would have to eat and drink just using their mouths.

Only two cubicles, adjacent to each other, were currently occupied. Both girls were standing, the one leaning on the cubicle wall as she talked to the other. They were both black haired, the one with olive skin and the other with a fairer complexion. They wore simple head harnesses, with bits currently not attached. I think they both had collars, but I wasn't sure because over the top of them were white neck straps, from which a front strap ran vertically down between their bare breasts, kept in place by one horizontal strap running tightly round their trunks just below their breasts, another just above the hips, and two more just below the hips, the last connected by a broad crotch strap. Underneath these harnesses they wore simple white panties, but apart from that they were naked. A thick leather strap led from each girl's neck and was firmly secured to the cubicle wall. Their conversation stopped abruptly when they saw us; they stood straight and waited.

"These are Sabine and Chantelle," Hercules introduced. "They're French, but their English is tolerable." Hercules herself was rightly proud of her own immaculate command of the language. "Slaves, this is your new doctor, here to keep you fit and healthy."

"Bonjour, master," the girls chimed, politely but unenthusiastically. A new doctor just meant another man to grope them.

I stepped closer to the nearer girl: Sabine, the girl with fairer skin. I'd guess that she was around nineteen. I reached out. She made no effort to stop me, though I doubt she welcomed my touch. I felt her upper arm muscles: strong, but not solid or stiff. I took her arm and rotated it around the shoulder. It moved easily: clearly the girls were not allowed to neglect flexibility exercises to counteract the acquirement of muscle. My fingers moved down to her breasts. Judging by her slight stiffening, Sabine liked that even less. Her boobs were largish but nice and firm. One of the items on my agenda was to inspect the harnesses to see if the girls' breasts were properly supported whilst they were running, but judging by Sabine's firm young chest I did not think there would be a problem. I hadn't expected one: the oasis people knew their business and of course Hercules had plenty of very personal experience.

My inspection of Sabine's breasts strayed from professional to pleasurable, which mattered not in the least. "How long have you been a slave, Sabine?" I asked as my fingers ran over her nipples.

"Nearly a year now, master." There was a note of dejection in her voice as well as humiliation at her current plight. She would have been in bondage long enough now to know there was no way out. Oasis slaves, unlike manor ones, were not allowed to retire at thirty. These two might be serving a judicial sentence, which would usually be five years, maybe ten; or they could be lifers. I did not ask.

"And you, Chantelle?" I did not take my eyes off Sabine's chest. Why should I?

"Fourteen months, master." Chantelle's musical voice reached my ears. My hands were moving down Sabine's body now. I felt a slight abrasion under my fingers and turned the girl around to see what it was. She turned easily, without resistance. On her right buttock, in thick black lettering, was the numeral 4. I let go of her, reached around the divide and pulled Chantelle's hip forward. She rotated to reveal the numeral 5 on her own bum. No doubt this was for identification on race days.

"Are those numbers branded in?" I asked Hercules.

“Removable tattoos. Marking a girl permanently can lower her value.”

I nodded. Well, that was enough for now. I would give all of the girls a thorough medical examination later, of course. Chantelle would be relieved not to get the same pawing as her friend, or she might wonder why I didn't bother with her. My fingers, however, lingered in curiosity at the waistband of Sabine's panties. It was unusual for slaves to be permitted to wear anything, pony slaves particularly.

“Why the knickers?” I asked Hercules.

“They contain a clitoral stimulator,” the Austrian blonde replied.

I looked back at the two girls, my eyebrows raised. “You two have got vibrators in?”

There was a hush for a moment, then Chantelle said quietly and reluctantly, “yes, master.”

“It keeps them off balance and uncertain,” Hercules said, although I had the impression she didn't really approve. “The control remotes are on the bench over there if you want to have a play. Use the blue dial.”

I went over to the bench and picked up the unit marked ‘five’, then returned, keeping the unit's number. The girls would not know which one's control unit I had. “Describe how it feels to me,” I ordered them.

My hand lingered over the dial, then turned it to the first of the six levels. Chantelle's shoulders stiffened ever so slightly, whilst Sabine's relaxed perceptibly with relief.

“Just a slight tingling, master,” reported Chantelle, embarrassed. I turned it to level two. Did I detect a little squirm from her? “Quite a ... sharp tingle now, master,” she breathed. I increased the level to three. Now Chantelle began shifting her weight from one foot to the other. Sabine looked sympathetic, but also a little on edge. No doubt she was acutely aware of the feel of her own vibrator inside her, and she knew that at any moment I could reach for the other control unit. Chantelle was breathing hard now. “Ooh ... please master ... that's a high enough level ...”

I raised my eyebrows. It was inadvisable for slaves to plead. Perhaps Chantelle was too distracted to concentrate right now. I turned the dial through position four to position five. Chantelle started to almost jerk up and down, her bare breasts undulating slightly despite their firmness. No, she wasn't enjoying it. I let her stew for a few moments, then turned the dial back to zero. Chantelle slowly settled down, her fists unclenching. Sabine continued to look nervous. The feel of the metal vibrator up her own channel, and knowing what it could do, were good reasons to feel edgy.

"It's a nice toy," I said to Hercules. What does this red button do?"

"I prefer you didn't use that," said the big blonde. "It sends an electric shock from the vibrator. It's a small charge, but a nasty one." It wouldn't have to be a large current: an electric shock up the jaxy was pretty potent.

I eyed Hercules. "Are you feeling protective of your girls?" I asked mildly.

She shrugged to ease the tension. "I'll work them into the ground in their carts and I won't spare the whip on them if it will get that extra bit of effort," she said firmly. "Also, I keep good discipline in the stables; and if a customer wants to pay good money to beat a girl, that's fine by me. I just don't like to see casual cruelty, that's all." With ten years experience of slavery herself, Hercules knew all about casual cruelty. Sabine and Chantelle looked with undisguised gratitude at their trainer. I had absolutely no doubt in my mind that she drove them hard: but she could be merciful as well. I could imagine that she was quite inspirational as a trainer.

Hercules and I moved on, leaving the two French girls still tethered in their stables. I was given a tour of the impressive indoor facilities. There was a well-equipped gym so that the ponies could be scientifically exercised, a very sensible idea. Some of the pony girls were being exercised there, others out on the track, whilst others again were chained up performing menial tasks. I gathered that two were 'entertaining' two of the off-duty male staff.

We went out of the enclosure onto the downs. "We've got quite an impressive area of land around the ranch itself," Hercules said. "Of course, we need a big surround for security reasons, but the whole area was bought in the same package and there's some beautiful land around."

"I'm a city boy myself, but I love the countryside," I told her.

"Would you like me to take you for a drive around the grounds?"

"That would be great."

She led me to a harnessing shed. It was quite obvious that 'a drive' meant a ride in a pony cart; what wasn't so clear was whether we would both ride in the cart and be pulled by the pony slaves, or if it would be a single cart and she would pull me. I suppose, knowing Hercules, that I could have guessed. The moment we were inside the shed, she began stripping off her clothes. Naked, she was still as stunning as ever. Her flesh was supple and taut, there was not an ounce of fat on her and her big breasts were as firm as ever. The little tuft of golden pubic hair confirmed that she was a real blonde. When she walked over to the cupboard to get her harness, the muscles rippled seductively under her skin. She moved like a panther.

She paused, harness and calf length boots in hand. "What are you looking at?" she demanded, but her smile robbed the question of any sharpness.

"You," I replied simply and happily.

She sighed, but there was a smile on her face as she enjoyed the compliment. "Come on, make yourself useful and help me on with the harness," she said, stepping into the boots.

I obliged, and refrained from groping her except where I needed to in order to get the harness on properly. It was a simple affair: a thick waistband with a crotch rope, front and side straps which travelled up her body from there, straps which went round her trunk just under her bare boobs and again just above them, criss-crossed over her shoulders and around her neck, held in place there by a light collar, then down her back to the waistband again. The head harness consisted of a headband which went across her forehead and

kept her long blonde hair in check, a strap leading from the front of it over the top of her head to meet it again at the back, whilst straps ran down in front of and behind either ear, to then come together and be held in place under her chin. A bit was connected to this at one end, but she didn't put the other end in place yet.

"Won't you be a bit out of practice?" I asked.

She laughed, a gloriously free-spirited laugh. "I go for a run each morning and I use that gym four times a week. At the oasis, I race monthly in the free persons race and I've won six of the last nine meetings. Each new pony girl that arrives here gets the chance to race me between the shafts, three times round the track. If anyone can beat me, they get kid gloves treatment right the way through the season; and that wrecks a pony, so I have to win. I've never lost yet. So, I think I can pull you."

She brought out a cart, a typical lightweight two-wheel affair with two long shafts at the front. Then she unhooked a multi-blade martinet off the wall and tossed it into the seat. I kept my face expressionless, but I was a little surprised: she had just, very clearly, given me whip rights over her for the duration of the ride.

She buckled wrist bands to each of her wrists, then backed herself between the shafts. I locked her in place with hooks from the waistband of the harness and the wrist buckles.

"The reins are on that bench over there," she indicated with her head, as she could no longer point with her hands. I took them and attached them, a pair to the harness behind her shoulders and a third to the head harness. Then I moved in front of her and picked up the loose end of the bit which was dangling by her jaw.

"Don't steer me, let me choose the route, okay?" she said. "And when I signal, disconnect me from the cart and take the bit out."

I nodded. "Open wide," I said. She did so, showing strong, even white teeth. I inserted the bit. Her soft, sensuous lips wrapped themselves around it; she could no longer close them entirely. I stepped back to admire her. A pony girl can be an incredibly sexy thing: vulnerable and available, her body blatantly on show, required to make fantastic physical efforts to haul her master

around, humiliated and reduced to a beast of burden and yet still thrillingly feminine. Hercules was all this and yet so much more as well. She stood ready to face the physical demands that would be placed on her body, ready and willing to place every ounce of muscle and sinew at my command, ready to exert every bit of that phenomenal will-power and finely honed body to save her rider the slightest physical exertion. I have known many pony girls, but Hercules has always been the best of them. She was magnificent. What was more, she knew it and felt a magnificent thrill. Here, between the shafts, was where she came alive, where she had no equal.

I walked around to the side of her. Hercules knelt down, her lovely knees sinking to the uneven wooden shed floor, lowering the shafts so that I could step over them and settle into the seat, picking up the martinet and putting it into my lap. She rose once more and waited. So did I for a few moments and then I realised that she was completely in character, waiting for me. I gave her the slightest of flicks on her wonderful bare bottom with the tip of the martinet blades, just a gentle signal. Her powerful legs moved, there was a quiet clink as the metal rings connecting her hips and arms to the shafts pulled taut and the cart began to move.

We emerged from the open shed door into the bright sunlight. The girl once known as Astrid - she preferred Hercules now, not unlike Red Breast who would not even acknowledge her pre-slavery name, but with a much more positive attitude - pulled the cart seemingly without effort. She moved us out onto a path and began to pick up speed. Soon she settled into an easy jog, pulling the cart incredibly smoothly.

We went for a good couple of miles around the downs. The scenery was magnificent, both the rolling hills about us and the beautiful, naked human animal labouring in front of me. Her step never faltered, her pace remained constant. I could hear her breath whistling a little as it passed the bit, but it was even, deep and controlled. We came fairly close to the edge of the private lands, although she was cautious in case we were seen, but there was

nobody about. To our left, the land began to drop away, affording wonderful views unspoilt by the bushes that hid us sufficiently from view to anybody from afar.

The path had been level, but now we began to ascend, gradually at first, then more steeply. Hercules was still keeping up a very good pace, but she slowed just a little. That was quite understandable, but I couldn't resist the temptation. I took the martinet in my hand and, out of her sight of course, carefully measured the distance to the lovely target of the sculpted twin moons as they pumped up and down.

Thwack! Thwack!

Hercules squealed behind the bit and immediately picked up her pace again. I settled back into my seat, feeling a wonderful rush of power. I had not been gentle: twin red blotches began to form on those exposed cheeks. Nothing drastic, but she would still be feeling them for a while. Hercules' inability to object to such treatment stemmed from more than just her current bondage: between the shafts, the beautiful big blonde was always just pure, thoroughbred animal.

The path began to curve around to the right. Ahead of us was a short rise, impossible for the cart to traverse. Hercules began to slow once more. I was about to use the martinet once more when I realised that she was stopping.

She brought the cart to a perfectly smooth halt, then gave a muffled "mmmggffff" from behind the bit. I correctly assume this to be the pre-arranged signal for me to release her. I stepped down from the cart and unclipped her from the shafts, also disconnecting the reins. She lowered the shafts to the floor and stepped forwards so that I could move out from the cart.

"Do you want the bit off as well?" I asked. She nodded, so I removed it. Her first reaction was to lick her now dry lips. I noticed that she had not rubbed her bum with her hands, even though the cheeks would still be throbbing a little from the martinet strokes. Nor did she make any verbal complaint. Well, she had given me the whip, after all; and the fact that she had increased speed again after

I'd lashed her showed that she wasn't exerting herself enough. True, this was a controlled jog, not a race: but if you set a pace, you keep to that pace. That, of course, was easy for me to say, having never been between the shafts myself.

Hercules went round behind the cart and extracted something from a small box at the rear. It was a pair of stirrups. One of these she attached to the waistband on her left hip, the other on her right, carefully testing them to make sure they were attached properly. Satisfied, she came in front of me and knelt down, her back to me.

"Put your feet into the stirrups and climb onto my back."

I did as she asked, with half an idea what was coming. Her back was deliciously warm, with just a trace of perspiration. I put my hands around her neck. "Not there, please," she requested; it would be too easy to accidentally half strangle her. "Hold onto ... well, something in front."

My arms reached over her shoulders and each hand took a firm hold of one of her breasts. There had been no real ambiguity behind her words. She winced just a little as my fingers dug in, gaining a secure handhold. Then, I heard her breathing deeply, summoning energy and will; and then she rose smoothly to her feet, carrying me piggyback.

I had heard of this rare form of pony girl work before, but never seen it. I knew that they did it occasionally at the oasis town of Sanxta, but only using the most powerful of ponies and carrying very light men. I'm only a lightweight, at around 67 kilos over a stone lighter than Hercules, but even so this was an incredible feat. Remarkably steadily, she began to walk with slow, measured paces. We began to climb steps up the hillside. They weren't steep, nor high, but it would have been out of the question for the cart. I held on tightly, my fingers sinking into the soft firm flesh of Hercules' boobs. I felt very insecure, but after a few yards I realised that the amazing Austrian was as steady as a rock.

We reached the top of the ridge. A beautiful vista came into view, rolling slopes turning into gentle woodlands, going down quite some way until a couple of miles away was a serene lake - very

possibly one of the large reservoirs around here that supplied much of central England. Hercules carefully lowered herself to the ground so that I could dismount. Even she did not want to stand there for ages with me on her back admiring the view.

We settled onto the warm grass. Although she still had her harness on, Hercules gradually came out of character. After a while, she said simply, "I love it here; it reminds me of home."

I could well understand how the lake and woodland could remind her of Austria's magnificent scenery. I pulled her gently to me, with a soft tenderness that she probably didn't experience too often. She snuggled closer, quite content, and gazed out onto the lake. "I went into one of the pubs a few miles away last week," she said. "There was a sign in the toilets. It said: 'do not flush the loo, the English need the water'. What does it mean?"

I explained to her about the generally mild Welsh nationalism and the gentle mockery of Welsh wit. She snuggled a little closer still, then winced as her body weight came onto one of the light welts I had given her. Her fingers felt for it and at last rubbed it gently. "You brute," she said without venom; "I'll be bruised for a week."

"You'll get some more if you slack again on the way back," I teased her, although we both knew that it could well happen if she slowed her pace and she accepted it without reservation.

"I'll get my revenge. My bosses said to look after you personally," she purred, emphasising the last word. "I presume that means you'll be wanting my attentions all night long in your room tonight; unless, of course, you want one of the girls. Maybe you could handle Sabine a bit more easily?"

"She looks tasty," I admitted, my fingers gently playing with an aroused nipple, "but I don't mind slumming it with an elderly veteran."

She rolled over on top of me, her leather harness creaking slightly with her movement. "Well then," she said seductively, "I was watching this James Bond movie the other day. Bond went with this girl, a villainess. She killed people by squeezing them to

death with her thighs as they made love. I thought she was quite a good ... role model."

I'd seen the film. It was make believe, of course, but Hercules had enough muscle power that she could probably do it. "I think," I said pensively, "that I'll feel safer with you tied to the bed. Spread eagled for my convenience, of course."

She pretended to look hurt. "You wouldn't," she protested. I wondered for a moment if she'd let me. Probably would, I decided. For all her banter and her iron will between the shafts, ten years of slavery had left her, like all former slaves, deeply submissive.

"It might be safer for my ribs," I replied lightly. I wasn't serious, any more than she was, but I was expecting a fairly rough session tonight, albeit a very pleasurable one. I just hoped that I would be in a fit state tomorrow to finish my medical inspections of the girls.

Ah, the perils of being a doctor to slaves!

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