

# DUAL PENETRATION

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# Prologue

## Natalie Carpenter

‘My name is Natalie Carpenter,’ I tell the interrogator, for the umpteenth time.

I am naked, standing in a small white room, deep in the heart of a secret base somewhere in Virginia run by the Directorate of Science and Technology. It’s an unnerving experience, as usual.

The official CIA web site says, “...to spend a day with the DS&T is to spend a day inside the imagination of CIA” and it claims that the Directorate “brings distinctive tools, capabilities, and expertise to our most difficult national security challenges.” Isn’t that just the goddamned truth! I should know: I *am* one of their distinctive tools.

‘We’ve had the US Marines out looking for Natalie Carpenter,’ the woman says, snapping off her vinyl gloves and staring at me for long seconds. When I don’t respond (it wasn’t a question, after all) she goes on: ‘You’ve been missing for nearly a year, young lady. Where have you been?’

That’s the crucial question. I know *roughly* where I’ve been, of course, but I’m not even going to attempt to explain it to someone like her. And I might have been absent for a year in Earth terms but, for me, it’s only been a few weeks. There is a vast difference in time scales between the Dimensions.

‘I’ve been deep undercover,’ I say guardedly, looking straight ahead, chin held high, keeping my hands behind my back and my legs apart, the way they like it.

‘So you say,’ she says, glancing at the young guy who stands by the door. ‘But Natalie Carpenter didn’t report in once.’

I’ve never met these particular officers before (they seem to make a practice of rotating them, so you never see the same guy twice). The woman is severe, with a trim figure, a pinched face, and dark hair worn in a scraped back bun. Like the rest of them, she likes her subjects to be naked and humiliated, to soften them for interrogation - they learned that from Iraq. Little does she know it, but humiliation is wasted on me nowadays. She has just subjected me to a comprehensive, full cavity strip search, with her male colleague looking on, which I’m damned sure is an infringement of my constitutional rights, but I haven’t complained. It would have bothered me once, but not now, not after all I’ve been through. In fact, I am quite turned on by it.

‘You know that you carry a strange virus?’

‘So I’ve been told,’ I say. ‘They say it’s not contagious, not like chicken pox. You’re probably quite safe... Who knows.’

The woman officer looks up at me sharply and I see momentary fear in her eyes. Oh, how I would love to push a couple of my fingers up her ass, if they weren’t so precious.

Initially, news of the mystery virus came as a surprise to me too. CIA medics subjected me to a battery of medical tests after I turned myself in, and samples revealed the hitherto unknown bug in my system. Apparently, the ultramicroscopic agent lives happily in its discrete host (which happens to be me) but it constantly needs new buddy-bugs to replicate itself, and reduces the host to a fucking frenzy if it doesn’t get them. That explained a few things to me: it’s why I’ve become a rampant nymphomaniac.

‘You say the suppositories are necessary to...’ She pauses and glances at the file, and then looks up and goes on: ‘to feed your inner monkey. That’s a direct quote. What does it mean?’

‘It means what I say it means.’

‘Where did you get them?’

‘The Alchemist gave them to me.’

She is referring to my supply of figging capsules - I’ve only got 25 of them left now - to be inserted in my rectum, one a day. I had to beg the doctors to give them back to me. They were initially reluctant, flatly refused in fact, especially when analysis showed the capsules to be teeming with the mystery virus; but they relented when I was on the very edge of madness and

tearing at my clitoris.

The officer glances at the folder on her desk again and says, 'According to the record you have no tattoos or distinguishing marks. That was a year ago. You suddenly developed a tattoo fetish, at 26 years of age?'

'No,' I say, having decided to keep my answers short and to the point.

She points at my tits, and I glance down at them too. The Chinese master who tattooed me certainly had an aesthetic eye: he inked an artistic design on both breasts, each comprising a large, flame-licked star, one blue and the other red, with my ring-pierced nipples pushing through the centres. The rest of my torso, front and rear, is adorned with mathematical symbols; they include a pair of near-equations on my ass - one on each of my buttocks - drawn in near-symmetrical circles, matching the ones that encircle the stars on my tits.

'I didn't choose it - someone else did,' I say with a shrug.

'And what about Sir Malcolm's penis?' she asks, showing me one of the photographs I took of Jake Starr's tattooed cock and dutifully delivered to the DS&T bureau.

'That penis *is* Sir Malcolm - it's like a nickname. It belongs to a man called Jake Starr.'

She raises her eyebrows and says flatly: 'A penis with a nickname. And it's tattooed, just like your body.'

'Yes.'

'What's with the math on the tattoos, then?'

'They are equations but most of them don't quite equate.'

'What do they mean?'

'I don't know,' I say truthfully.

She smirks, raises one carefully-plucked eyebrow, glances at the file again, and says, 'But Natalie Carpenter has a doctorate in—'

'I have a PhD in Quantum Mechanics and Astro-physics,' I say, interrupting her as she sorts through the folder.

'Yet you don't know what the equations inked on your body purport to represent.'

'No.'

I'm telling the truth. I've studied the glyphs, of course, and at some length too. They are intriguing. Much of the quantum stuff makes sense, and some of it is quite basic, but other parts are new to me and there are a few indecipherable symbols there as well. Some of the elegant equations are obviously ground-breaking but tantalisingly incomplete, as if a meaningful and interesting road abruptly stops at the very edge of a cliff. The same goes for the formulae on Sir Malcolm, Jake Starr's magnificent cock.

'Well?' the woman asks, her sharp manner indicating that I'm testing her patience.

I shrug and say, 'It's a message.'

'Who is the message for?'

'It's a message for you, or for somebody in the D&ST.'

'Who is it from?'

'A young guy known as The Alchemist sent me here to deliver it.'

'The Alchemist,' the officer repeats, glancing again at the man at the door (who must be enjoying himself, ogling my bare tattooed ass). 'And you don't know his real name?'

'No.'

I've told this same story to three different interrogators now. They seem to have stopped pressing me too much about the real identity of the Alchemist.

The woman officer sighs, shakes her head, closes the file, and turns to the man at the door, saying, 'Get a photographer in here.'

I smile wryly, saying, 'How many more times will you want to photograph my naked body? A girl could get a narcissist complex, you know.'

It's the tattooed equations and strange designs that interest them, of course, not my svelte

curves. I don't suppose the woman believes a word of my story, just like the others. Neither would I, in her place. But somebody, somewhere in the shady, higher reaches of the CIA's Directorate of Science and Technology *will* believe it and recognise the Earth-shaking importance of the message, I'm sure of that. It will probably be the same person who despatched me on the fateful mission as a naive and unwitting sacrificial lamb.

I had known I was going as a part-time covert agent, of course. I happily volunteered for that. It excited me, and brought with it a great job opportunity too. But I hadn't realised just how deeply undercover I would descend and what it would entail. Now I have returned, infected with an apparently incurable mystery virus, and with almost indecipherable graffiti indelibly tattooed all over my body. They keep pressing me for an explanation, and don't believe a word of anything I say.

'Tell me again, from the beginning,' the officer says.

I sigh, and say: 'Look, I've already told you all I know.'

'The tapes are running.'

They still use tapes, in this digital age? I doubt it. Ignoring that, I prepare to again recount my version of events, most of which is true (I haven't told them about the bag of monkey shit, and don't intend to).

'There are many other people in this story, and they would have to give their own accounts for it to make any sense,' I say, parroting the opening sentence I secretly rehearsed in the privacy of my cell.

'Fine.'

'I can only tell you what happened to me and describe the things I personally witnessed.'

'But it will serve as some kind of an introduction, will it?' she says sarcastically, quoting the exact words I have said previously to other officers.

I sigh again. If it's all in the file, why do I need to repeat it again?

'It all began in September, last year, 11 months and 3 days ago, when I boarded an aircraft from New York to London to take up my first job. Then I first met Slaver Jake Starr...'

### **A caveat from the writer**

Actually, this story began some months before Natalie Carpenter ever became involved, and certainly a considerable time before she turned up at the DS&T office in Virginia with her body covered in mysterious tattoos.

Much of the tale belongs to Jake Starr, the slaver who delighted in seizing beautiful young women, taking them to his own world, and transforming them into nymphomaniac slaves.

In the interests of completeness, what follows includes personal accounts recounted by other key characters, some of whom are rather more reliable than others.

There is undoubtedly more to come. This is just the beginning...

# CHAPTER ONE

## Part I

### Slaver in Depravity

**‘My name is Jake Starr, don’t you know,’** I tell the large thug who questions me as I alight from the pony cart outside the Depths of Depravity.

The naked cunt next to the pug-ugly raises up on her toes to whisper in his cabbaged ear. He listens, all the while looking me up and down with hard eyes, and then finally nods. I smile and wink at the woman, who knows me alright.

‘Welcome to the Depths of Depravity,’ the man says begrudgingly, looking as though he’d sooner chop my chump than greet me.

‘You are new here, fellow?’ I ask, casually patting the arse of the nearest pony. ‘I’m a regular visitor.’

‘I’m here for your safety,’ he says, the nostrils of his squashed nose struggling to flare.

‘For *my* safety, you say. That’s demned kind of you.’

Ha! The pug-ugly is here for the safety of Beren the Balkan Bastard, owner and proprietor of Depravity Island - that’s the truth of it. Beren has a small army of cut-throats like this one, mainly fellow inmates when he was in prison, and you wouldn’t want any one of them bent on stuffing his cockstand up your arse. But I can well understand the Bastard increasing his security.

‘What’s your business, Jake Starr?’

‘You mind your business and I’ll mind mine. Now be a good fellow and fuck off.’

The pony snorts as I fondle one of her big tits. The steel bit in her mouth draws her lips back, but I like to think she’s smiling all the same, even though still blowing hard from the long haul up the hill. I wink at her. I well remember delivering this cunt to Depravity, newly-enslaved, just a few moths ago, and she’d no more pulled a cart at that time than you or I had, yet she trotted up that hill like a champion. The carts that bring visitors from Depravity’s quay are always drawn by pony cunts; it would make more sense to use stronger donkey cocks, given the sharp incline from the sea, but voluptuous women, harnessed in pairs between the shafts, are more fitting. Patting the pony’s head and giving her ringed nipple a final affectionate tweak, I turn and carelessly brush the pug fellow aside as I stroll into the vestibule of the Depths of Depravity.

I’ve told the ignorant thug nothing about me, but have no qualms about sharing some information with you. I am a merchant trader, don’t you know, and rather excel at my trade. If that makes me sound arrogant, I’m merely saying it how it is. Anyway, should it make you feel any better, I don’t feel too dandy at this moment, having been summoned to Depravity by an invitation I dared not refuse.

All my instincts told me to steer clear of the demned island now that its security has been breached; but I’m here, sauntering into the main leisure complex as if I haven’t got a care in my world.

I pause beside the large monkey enclosure in the vestibule, running my fingers over the mesh of the cage. It holds a couple of dozen fucking bonobo monkeys, and it’s like a veritable orgy in there. Fucking bonobos constantly copulate, and for every reason imaginable: they use sex to greet each other, as a way to prevent and alleviate social conflict, and for the pure enjoyment of it. Sensible beasts, what? They even indulge in tongue kissing and oral sex, don’t you know. And when deprived of a mate, a lone fucking bonobo will masturbate incessantly. These little monkeys are appropriate mascots of Depravity Isle.

I take a ripe Hairy Fig from the large bowl beside the cage, and offer it through the mesh; these fruits and the leaves from the trees that bear them, are the only things fucking bonobos will eat (except for their own shit, which they are unable to get at in this cage, because their dung pellets drop through the mesh floor, to be regularly harvested from the tray beneath). The nearest

male monkey reaches to grab the fig, hungrily squeezing it open and sucking at the exposed pink flesh, but not missing a stroke as he ruts his mate from behind.

‘Life is simple for some, little fellow,’ I murmur with an envious sigh, sauntering on.

As usual, there is a legion of greeters in the foyer, all comely and completely naked. It gets tedious after a while. One of the cunts tries to reach under my tunic and make a grab for Sir Malcolm, my legendary cockstem, and I push her aside. Such trifling pleasures are not for me today, and they are not for Sir Malcolm either, despite the angry way he’s twitching at me.

## Part II

### The Depths of Depravity

I glance into the Depths of Depravity, the cavernous main pleasure room, sniffing at its familiar aromas of sweat, heady perfumes, spicy food, and raw sex juices. It's both gloomy and bright in here, all at the same time, depending where you look, because there's a large hole in the roof where the sun shines through like a shaft, whereas the rest of the room recedes into gloom without even the benefit of the night lamps. The noises are pleasantly familiar: briskly barked commands, the crack of whips, the screech of females, jeers and cheers ... another Snatch match is being played out for the jaded libertines and gamblers of Depravity (they stage a lot of Snatch games here - it's a specialty of the place). This is billed as Snatch Match 343.

Looking across to the Snatch court, its centre circle brightly-lit by the broad shaft of sunlight, I recognise the girls who are running in the Blue team, and smile with some surprise. A gambler's goon wanders past, placard perched above his head on the struts of a shoulder harness, and I glance up at the sign to see what odds he is offering. Two to one against the Blues seems reasonable... I place my hand on the man's arm.

'Two gold doubloons on the Blues, my good goon,' I say.

That's a big bet, more than a year's wage for some, but the gambler's man nods without surprise, fishes in his leather satchel, and exchanges my two gold coins for six blue tokens with surrounds of fool's gold - each of them worth a gold doubloon if my wager is successful (and utterly worthless if the Blue girls are captured and beaten). Goons are notoriously crooked, of course, so I check that the tokens are stamped with the correct bout number; after the contest, all remaining tokens bearing that glyph will be destroyed, and standard coins will be exchanged for the winning chips. It's a simple but effective system, used the world over for public gambling, but it's not unknown for goons to sell old, worthless chips to the unwary. On this occasion, though, the tokens are valid, so I slip them into my pouch and move on, pushing my way through the throng.

Igor Beren, the Balkan Bastard, is standing at the bar. He makes a small jerk of his head to me, the gesture almost imperceptible; my nod in response is just as discreet; both Beren and I are worldly-wise enough to know that people might be watching us. I feign nonchalance and glance around the large room, casually looking over the people at play there... the unscrupulous, the rich, the famous, the powerful; most of them have entourages of bodyguards and cut-throats with them. It is scarcely credible that law spies could inveigle themselves past Beren's security, but I know that it's happened.

Whips crack; girls scream; people cheer and shout... It's demned hot in the Depths of Depravity tonight. Naked cunts hurry hither and thither, some carrying platters of food and drink, others bearing trays of leisure drugs and dubious comestibles; and still more of them disport themselves shamelessly, attending to the sexual pleasure of dissolute guests. In a world where slavery and serfdom is commonplace and broadly legal, Depravity plumbs the depths of moral turpitude and offers delights to tickle even the most jaded palates. However, the thing that makes it such a hot spot for its lawless patrons (and now, the law too, apparently) is that most of the cunts in slavery here are illegally-owned, either plucked from privileged and often wealthy families, or (whisper it) Earthy Incomers. The opportunity to debauch helpless, hitherto innocent and pampered beauties, who are always appalled but soon helplessly enmeshed by their newly-imposed lust, is one of the major attractions of Depravity.

For another thing, outlaws and criminals of every hue and can relax in Depravity, safe from the reach of the Law. Beren's genius was in spotting a niche and catering for the needs of those dissolute pariahs who just happen to be extremely wealthy. Now, though, Depravity's security has been compromised, so the island might not be such a safe haven, after all. No wonder Beren the

Balkan Bastard is a trifle concerned, what?

I glance round the room, which seems to be seething with naked breasts, smoothly depilated pudenda, and pert bare arses ... the usual. It might surprise you, but the appetites of me and Sir Malcolm have been stretched way beyond the merely jaded. We've seen it all before, and indulged in it too ... way too often. Tonight, despite his initial flurry in the vestibule, Sir Malcolm hardly stirs under my tunic, disregarding the abundance of nubile and debauched flesh on display.

Whips crack again and a woman screams. Ah, the game is a different matter! We always enjoy watching a hard-run game of Snatch, Sir Malcolm and I. As I said, Snatch is a favourite pastime here and it makes an innovative and relatively cheap floor show. Actually, it's rather pushing a point to call it a show - more of a perverse sport, I suppose. But the voracious gamblers of Depravity particularly like Snatch for its hedonistic mix of sadistic pleasure and potential profit.

I push my way into the room, easing past the jostling crowd. While everyone else is watching the game, it's easy for me to scan the audience unnoticed, seeking out friends and enemies. I recognise a few of both, but nobody is obviously observing me (but then they wouldn't be obvious, would they).

'Gercha!' a man roars down my ear, giving me a start and demned near making me discharge my breakfast from both ends. However, when I turn, I see that it's just an overly-excited spectator of the Snatch match. The Blues don't seem to be doing very well; their runners are already well-stripped and they are being harried all over the court.

The current bout is billed as a "Mixed Double and Triple", because the whips are wielded by two rival pairs, a man and woman on each side (they are the Beaters, in the parlance - representing the "Mixed Double"), and there are two teams of three women runners on each side - the "Triple". All of the players - Beaters and Runners both - are near-enough naked (the Runners wear blue or red silks knotted around their arms and thighs, and the Beaters wear coloured thongs). The runners of both sides are desperately darting this way and that to avoid the Beaters' whips. Sometimes, one side is handicapped to give the other a better chance, as in this match: one of the Red girls is running blind with a black sack tied over her head, and she is attempting to shield herself behind the fem Red Beater, keeping contact by the touch of her outstretched hand.

There are many different permutations for Snatch bouts, of course: singles with two runners; three Whips and five runners each side (when it becomes mayhem); all Fem teams; blindfolded runners; runners chained together... The possibilities are endless.

I placed the large bet on the Blues mainly out of some perverse loyalty, even though their opponents are a well-schooled and more athletic Germanic trio who are odds-on favourites to win. Also, I was tempted by the handicap of a blind Red runner, of course.

Still, despite my substantial financial interest in this match, my eyes make another quick, nervous sweep of the room as the game progresses. It is impossible hard to tell who might be the stooily here, of course. The tables are filled with the usual crowd: international criminals, drug cartel bosses, assorted mercenaries, ruthless war-lords, pirates and brigands, and even a good number of supposedly legitimate businessmen ... same old story, you've heard it all before, and I've told it all before. They are all avidly watching the game, many of them simultaneously enjoying the very intimate services provided by Beren's beautiful upper-class and Earthy cunts. There's nothing quite like having your cock expertly sucked while watching an exciting game of Snatch.

Elle Fairweather, is a so-called 'Incomer' (or 'Earthy-witch', or Earthy-cunt... they go by many names) and she is therefore exotic and highly-prized. Her slavery is also highly-illegal, of course, which greatly enhances Elle's desirability at Depravity. She was found by pirates floating on a wrecked boat in the Great Northern ocean. Pirates in those seas keep a weather-eye open for such Earthy human flotsam, particularly comely young women. Then they usually seize them, fig them and fuck them, and then sell them to me.

That's what happened to the lovely Elle a few months ago: I bought her from a brigand and



sold her to Beren. Now she is a few feet away from me, stark naked, her knees wide apart, extra-massive tits out-thrust, running her fingers over the smooth slit of her sex as she kneels in front of a man who wears desert tribal headgear, the Berber bandit (I've done business with him on a few occasions) is more interested in the game of Snatch, but Elle gamely persists in her wanton attentions.

I return my attention to the match, just as a Blue girl stumbles through the Red's goal, screeching loudly, mercilessly whipped by the Red Beaters (and by her own handlers too, as they desperately try to drive her back). People at the tables cheer or jeer, depending on their bets, as the lovely brunette falls into the goal and rolls into a foetal position. Damn! The defeated Blue runner is Danni, one of the twins I procured; she's swiftly bound by an attendant and left huddled in the Red net. I smile ruefully, regretting betting so heavily on the Blues. This is my own real money I'm wasting here, after all.

The game goes on with a decided advantage to the Red Beaters. They are now able to concentrate on the remaining two Blue girls. One is Sammi, Danni's identical twin (they are both pretty little things, dark-haired, 18 years old, with pert breasts and trim figures); the other Blue runner is Marie, the twins' mother who, although fit and lithe, is twice their age and rather slower. Actually, I was surprised that Beren's slavers put the three of them up in a Snatch match - frankly, I'd have found better uses for them - but I suppose a team comprising a lovely mother and her even lovelier twin daughters has its attractions. I watch now as Marie and Sammi desperately try to evade the Red Beaters, their anguished yelps coming in counterpoint to the sharp retorts of the whips.

The Snatch court is as big as floor space allows, but the goals are always set to the span of two men's outstretched arms. Here on Depravity, the court is surrounded by steel mesh, like a huge cage, but elsewhere in the world it is often just marked out by ropes. As with any successful game, the rules of Snatch are very simple: the Blue Beaters aim to drive the Red runners into their goal, and Red Beaters drive the Blue silks in the opposite direction, which is why the screeching runners dart this way and that, their skins repeatedly seared by the whips. Not all the anguished cries come from the slave runners either: the game is all the more salacious because the opposing Beaters, both male and female, frequently lash their opponents or even their team mates. Everything is fair in a game of Snatch.

Resigning myself to yet another failed wager, I return my attention to the room. As well as seeing a lot of familiar faces amongst the rakes and libertines, I recognise many of the beautiful bodies they're playing with.

A few yards away from the delicious Elle the delicious Earth-witch, is Mallory Downton, "late" heiress to the once-vast fortunes of the Downtons of Parityville (there was never a town less well-named). Now Mallory is just a nude cunt, sucking the banana-shaped cockstand of an aging African despot. Her eyes are closed dreamily and she is slowly running the tip of her tongue around the glistening purple-black plum of the cockhead, as if it was the most delicious thing she's ever had in her mouth. The one thing that Mallory Downton and the African tyrant have in common is that the world-at-large thinks they are both dead.

There is a cheer from the crowd and I look to the Snatch court to see the hooded Red runner being whipped over the goal line. Excellent! There's hope for my bet yet: the score is one apiece now. Beren's gambling goons are busily circling the room offering amended odds, but I resist the temptation to increase my wager.

As I glance back at Mallory and watch her sucking the black tyrant's cockstand as if her life depends on it (which it does, of course), I don't feel the slightest twinge of remorse at having delivered her into Depravity. When a group of rogue traders killed her father and purloined much of his wealth, I happily stepped in to take young Mallory off their hands. It was a kindness, I reckon. Let's face it, if I hadn't conjured Mallory away and guaranteed her permanent disappearance, she'd have been strangled with a bow cord and dropped into the Great North Sea in

a sack with a very large rock. Instead, she is an abject sex slave on Depravity Island, but that's better than being dead. Well, it is, isn't it?

There's another cheer, and I groan to see that the twins' mother has been isolated and is being remorselessly driven towards the Red goal. The Red Dom and Fem slash her in turn, synchronising their attack, right and left, backhand and forehand, leaving Marie nowhere to turn, and she can only retreat. She tries to be clever and keep to the steel mesh at edge of the court, making it more difficult for the Reds' whips to get clean strikes. The runners in a Snatch game have their reasons to desperately avoid capture, of course: they know only too well what follows if they lose.

Marie's clever tactics, born of desperation, gives the Blue Beaters time to recover and launch a counter-attack, and the Red Fem screeches in anger and pain when a plaited blue leather tail snakes round her waist. At the same time, though, the Blue Dom lashes the unfortunate Marie back from their goal, and for a moment she is caught between torrents of biting blows from the fiercely competing Beaters. I smile, thinking to myself: "Try being snooty about that, you bitch!"

Marie was a well-known socialite in New Amsterdam before unwisely irritating Beren with a witty put-down at one of her soirees and, in so doing, she unwittingly made an overnight life-change to become one of the Balkan Bastard's harem of cunts; her twin daughters' only crime was to be too beautiful and too available when my guys called to 'collect' their mother. Now, I suppose, the whole damned family has to run naked in Snatch matches a couple of times a week. You can bet they would be only too grateful to be promoted and take their place among the bevy of cunts who serve the guests in the Depths of Depravity; equally, they can be demoted for a bad performance, and only the pony cunts have a worse life than the Snatch runners. That's why the twins' mother is trying everything she knows, her eyes wild, breasts swinging, as she feints this way, darts that way, rolling on the floor at the Beaters' feet to deny them swinging space... It's only delaying the inevitable, of course. In the end, she can only roll over the line of the goal to be trussed, panting, beside her beautiful daughter Danni. Sammi is still running, frantically trying to shield her vulnerable flesh behind her own whips, but the opposing runners, the two Red silks, are risking their own safety by darting behind and trying to push her back. It's chaos, as usual, but the score is 2 - 1 against my team. Woe and befuck! I resign myself to losing the wager and return my attention to the spectators and revellers.

Other young women I've 'magicked' to this island are also in the Depths of Depravity tonight, seemingly delighted to serve the jaded elite, the effete, and the downright perverted. There's a beautiful young, raven-haired daughter of a senator of the New Roman Republic, and her lesbian lover, both of whom I abducted for Beren after he spotted them in the audience at one of the frequent circus spectacles. Now, they are mere slaves to be used and abused in a different kind of show

And there's a lovely pair of young nuns from Frankishland ... they were one of my speculative ventures, and I seized them solely because I could see a likely profit in them (it didn't need too much foresight, to be honest, despite the unflattering black habits they once wore). Now, they are just naked cunts, and sucking and fucking with the best of them.

Other sluts are sashaying back and forth, determinedly trying to ignore the ongoing Snatch game, delivering food and drink, waving their lovely arses as they go, giggling and flirting, whispering lewd promises... Like Mallory, Elle, the Roman lesbians, and the Frankish nuns, they are all over-figg'd for fucking, and pathetically avid to get their fair share of cockstands.

I know only too well what a few judiciously applied figgers can do to a woman. Elle is like a different woman now, and there is no trace of the frightfully posh, prim and proper young hurray girl I despatched to Depravity in a wooden crate a few short weeks ago. She has been transformed into an obedient, unquestioning, slaving whore, ever-ready to offer any of her well-used orifices for the guests' pleasure. Such is life.

The cheers from the usually jaded crowd are reaching a muted crescendo as the Snatch

game nears a conclusion. I see that the Blue's Fem has positioned her own near-naked body between Sammi and her pursuers, choosing to take the painful blows rather than expose her runner, while the Blue Dom is trying to separate the two remaining Red silks, who are both dancing behind the Red Dom for shelter. There's a lot of strategy in a game of Snatch, and it's not just about whipping the arses off the runners.

A black girl with large pendent tits is passing with a tray of filled goblets. I've no idea what liquor the goblets contain – some kind of rum, I suppose - but I take one all the same. Then I lean on a pillar, sipping the drink, and watch my wager disappearing up an elephant's arse.

## Part III

**‘Well, if it ain’t Jake Starr,’** someone says, slapping my back so hard that the goblet rams against my front teeth.

I turn and see Scobie, a pirate quartermaster with whom I have dealings from time to time (more frequently I usually admit). What’s the fucktwot doing, creeping up behind me like that? He’s got a bad reputastion, and I prefer not to be seen with the fellow, even in the Depths of Depravity. You can’t be too careful, after all.

‘Demn and slice your ballocks, Scobie, have a care,’ I say, wiping my lips and checking for traces of blood. ‘I didn’t see the Shaytan near the quay.’

‘We need the deeper water in the bay on the other side of the island, ready to ship out early tomorrow for the Dark Coast. The crew won’t be coming ashore, but I needed to see Beren.’

There are a few shouts from the crowd and I hear screeches coming from the Snatch court. Oh, here it goes! The Blue Fem Beater stumbles when a whip curls around her ankles, and she falls to the ground. Sammi was sheltering behind the Fem, and now she cries out in dismay and tries to leap away, but the Red Beaters have her at their mercy. The Red runners, scenting victory, whoop and join the attack, hurling themselves at their beleaguered quarry. One of the Red silks, a tall and statuesque German blonde with magnificent tits and sturdy thighs, seizes Sammi by her hair and, ignoring the lashes of the Blue Whips, literally drags the squirming girl to the goal and hurls her on top of the bound mother and sister. The blond strides out, her arms aloft in triumph, and the other free Red runner, rushes to embrace her. Demn the Gods’ arseholes! I should have known: the Germanics usually win these things. But 3 - 1? That was a pathetic showing by the Blues. I mentally kiss goodbye to a couple of gold talents. In my book, the twins and their mother deserve everything they’ve got coming to them now.

‘Why did Beren want to see you, anyway?’ I ask Scobie irritably, taking the Snatch tokens from my pouch and tossing them over my shoulder.

‘Private business,’ he says. ‘What brings you here?’

The quartermaster of a pirate crew is more powerful than the captain, controlling all business matters, so I don’t want to make an enemy of Scobie, but I wouldn’t trust him as far as I could swing him with his cockstand. Also, he knows more about my dealings with Earthy-witches than most.

‘Private business,’ I say.

Scobie smiles, his teeth very white within the neat frame of his trim, black goatee beard and moustache. I smile too. Then we both chuckle, and then we laugh together, uproariously, as if at some huge private joke. I’m demned if I know why.

‘Let’s hope your business fortunes fare better than your Snatch luck,’ he says. Then he leans close and whispers: ‘I look forward to seeing you again soon, Cap’n Starr, floating on a shipwreck raft, with a gaggle of fair Incomers ripe for the figging, as usual. Fair thee well, and guard your arsehole.’

With that Scobie wanders off. I stare after him, my jaw hanging agape. He only calls me Cap’n Starr in very special circumstances, and never in a secret whisper between us. So I imagine that he was warning me about something. It’s my guess that Scobie was summoned here to see Beren, just like me. There can only be one thing that connects both Scobie and me at this moment. I take another gulp from the goblet.

What, what? Oh, well, if you’ve been alert, you’ll have realised that I seize and sell privileged women to become the playthings of the wealthy and powerful. Same old, same old... It’s just raw commerce - there have always been, and there always will be, powerful dissolute people who demand beautiful female slaves, and there will always be people like me to supply them. Alright, I admit that some of my slave dealing is somewhat beyond the pail and a trifle illegal. So I prey on the women-folk of the haughty and the powerful patrician classes, women

who would never ordinarily appear in the slave markets. What of it? That doesn't make me a bad man. I'm not going to apologise for it. I'm damned if I will. It's an honourable profession that is older than prostitution.

However, the phantom icy hand gripping my vitals tells me that a swatch of illegal slave-hunting in handsome city highways isn't the reason why Beren has demanded to see me. It must be about my *other* business...

I'm rather different from the average slaver, don't you know. Quite apart from satisfying the demand for a regular supply of fresh young women from the upper reaches of this world's society, I also get my stock from another, fabled place.

Like Beren, I spotted a niche market. I specialise in that very rare and much sought-after commodity, Earthy-Incomers. To all intents and purposes, these are women like Elle Fairweather: creatures that accidentally slip through the fabric of time and space to arrive, confused and disoriented, in our world. Even that is highly-illegal, of course, and if any of the Authorities catch me at it, I'll be wearing my ballocks in a bag around my neck.

That's the least of it, though. Gadszooks, if they ever find out the real truth...

But where does Igor Beren, the old bullet-headed Balkan crim, fit in? He obviously has the power to summon a whole damned pirate ship to the tiny island of Depravity, just to hold a discussion with its quartermaster. Beren's certainly not beyond reproach himself, I'll tell you that. Besides being a major slave buyer in his own right, he is a wholesale distributor. Hades arsehole, I often use him as a broker. There will always be people like Igor Beren, to provide secure and safe hideaways where the plain crooked, the downright evil, and the impossibly infamous can safely indulge their nefarious passions. So why does he need to see me and Scobie so urgently? We're both busy men in our different ways, don't you know.

I catch Beren's eye again and nod towards the door. He looks straight past me, but I know he's seen my sign.

As the Dom tears off his red thong and stuffs his cock into Marie's mouth, I turn away, knowing this is going to go on for some time. There's not much that's new in this world. I get bored with it. To me, being a slaver is a business like any other. I just deliver the merchandise and get paid, and what happens after that is none of my business.

Beren is just one patron who will 'fence' my ill-gotten gains. I've got to keep him happy though, so I've come to the island at his request, despite my instincts to lie low now that his security has been breached. I wander to his office with the squeals of the comprehensively rutted twins and their mother assailing my ears. As I discovered when I first acquired them, they are all squealers – it's a family trait.

Someone nudges me as he passes; it could have been an accident, but I know it wasn't. I turn and see Beren heading towards his office quarters. After a few minutes, I follow him, attempting to look nonchalant.

## Part IV

### The Infiltrater

**‘So, Jake Starr, tell me what you know about Incomers,’** Beren croaks, stroking the flank of the nude girl who is kneeling with splayed thighs on his desk.

I shrug and say, ‘What do you want me to tell you that you don’t already know?’

‘Just answer, my foppish friend’ Beren says, the words bubbling in his disfigured throat and not sounding too friendly.

‘Male and female, young and old... They get picked up in the Great Northern Ocean, usually confused and hysterical. The Governments of this world have a bounty on them, of course, because they’re keen to learn what the Earthy-witches know.’

The naked girl displayed on Beren’s desk stirs and shudders at Beren’s touch. Her hands are tied uncomfortably in a reverse prayer position, and a black sack is draped over her head. Her breasts have been cruelly tormented. The svelte, olive-skinned body looks vaguely familiar, but then I see lots of naked slaves, and the bruised and swollen tits might have changed her appearance somewhat.

Beren is going on: ‘So most of these foundlings are handed over to one Government or another, you would agree?’

I peer at the Balkan Bastard. These are stupid questions, made all the more odd by his cracked voice. Everybody knows the answers to them.

I shrug again, take out my lace handkerchief to dab my lips, and say: ‘Most of them end up in the interrogation cells of one of the major nations. Besides offering a reward for any Incomer handed over to them, they all threaten heavy penalties if an Incomer illegally held, with quick death being the nicest option.’

Then he says, ‘Yet you are only slaver who specialises in dealing with these so-called Earthy witches.’

‘I beg your pardon?’ I say, feigning difficulty in hearing his words, spoken in little more than a whisper.

Beren laughs and it’s a strange hissing noise, like the sound of an arrow coming towards you. His vocal problems are the result of a failed attempt to hang him.

‘You heard well enough, popinjay,’ he growls. ‘Answer!’

‘If the specimen is female, young and marketable, the profits in exotics are worth the risks. Others might dabble if the chance comes along, but I’m the only professional slaver who makes a business of it.’

Beren nods and gives another hissed laugh.

What is he getting at? And what does he really know about me and my methods?

Deciding to feign stupidity, I say: ‘I just have special contacts among the pirates and marauders who roam the Great North Ocean, and they are happy to hand over any attractive Earthy-witches for a handsome price.’

In the shadows I move in, it is naturally assumed that that is how I acquire so many beautiful young Earthy women. Yes, the number of Incomers I come up with has been questioned before, but my explanation has to be accepted because nobody can prove it false. Mind you, like I said, many governments are anxious to discuss the whole thing with me, and that wouldn’t be pleasant, whichever country gets me first. So I have to be careful, which is why I deal with dangerous rogues like Beren the Balkan Bastard.

I study Beren’s face, looking for a sign of disbelief, but he seems too occupied tormenting the naked girl to give it much more thought. But, all the same, I wonder if he knows how I really get most of my Earthy-witches?

## Part V

### Slave hunting on the other side

**‘Watch and learn, Slaver Starr,’** Beren says with an unpleasant hiss as he selects another needle and positioning its tip on the girl’s right breast. ‘Have you ever experimented, piercing the flesh with surgical needles?’

‘I prefer fish hooks, myself,’ I say, looking through the window and ignoring Beren and his unfortunate victim.

Deciding to think of something else, trying to distract myself, I find myself thinking of the last time I crossed the Divide and visited the other side.

In my mind’s eye, I am back in a very luxurious room in a 5 star hotel in Venice. What I remember most about that occasion, for some reason, are the two whimpering young women who were standing naked, embarrassed, awkward and diffident in my room. Why I should remember that particularly? Frankly, I don’t know. There was nothing particularly remarkable about it, after all. Every newly-enslaved woman whimpers and is embarrassed and awkward when stripped for intimate examination. And these young slaves could plainly see their dilemma, for two other women, equally naked, were lying on beds in the room, already tied and gagged. There weren’t any more beds available in my hotel suite, so I hadn’t even bothered to bind the two latest acquisitions, although I’d strenuously warned them of the consequences should they scream. As if to prove my point, another nude girl was bleeding and dying in the corner.

It’s that single detail that really makes me remember the occasion, I suppose. The poor, stricken girl had panicked and started to scream, and then she stupidly threw herself onto my knife. What a waste! She would have been prime slave flesh, that one. It had all been a ghastly mistake, and I hadn’t meant to harm her in any way, so I wouldn’t want you to think badly of me.

‘Please, let us go,’ the young blonde woman had said in English, still sniffing from my intimate inspection and crossing her arms over her pert little, pink-tipped breasts.

‘Yes, you can still get away, and we won’t tell anyone,’ her equally naked, dark-haired friend had said, glancing fretfully at the body that lay inert and bleeding in the corner of the room.

‘Our parents will pay for our release,’ the slim blonde girl persisted.

The cuddly little dark-haired girl with voluptuous hips and a completely shaven and deliciously plump pudenda said, ‘And we promise not to tell the police.’

I chuckled at that. As if the police of any world could disregard the presence of a dead body in a room. However, little did these two new slaves know it, but I had little to worry about from the Earthy police forces (even though I am sure to be on their ‘most wanted’ lists, in one guise or another). I knew that, all being well, by the time the authorities were alerted, we would all be long gone, safely transported through time and space, well out of reach of Earthy police.

‘My father is a very important man and he loves me very much. He won’t rest until he gets me back.’

‘And my family is wealthy—’ the blonde said, but I silenced her with a backhand slap across her mouth.

They get tiresome after a while. Despite the fact that they were naked and under discipline, these young women didn’t seem to realise they were my slaves. So I ignored them, poured myself a beaker of good whisky, and wandered to sit in a chair by the window overlooking the canal.

I always make a point of staying in the very best places when I go Across. On previous visits, after becoming aware of Earthy financial mores, I wisely took some steps to organise bank accounts in different countries. These steps were very basic to be sure, but ample funds are available to me from one of the Alchemist’s previous travellers.

Oh yes, I am not the first to travel between the worlds. Did I mention that before? I suspect the Alchemist has used several other people.

I don't know what happened to the traveller who preceded me. Perhaps he is dead. The Alchemist is sparse with information. One thing is certain though, the fellow must have operated differently to me, because he amassed a huge amount of Earthy coin. I use the word 'coin' loosely: very few actual coins ever change hands; instead, flimsy plastic cards never fail to satisfy the clerks and traders. So annexing the gone traveller's funds was fairly easy. The Alchemist supplied the necessary documentation and I merely posed as the same man, and transferred his large heap of coin to six new bank accounts in my own names.

You may regard that as fraudulent, but I need such wherewithal to operate effectively on my fleeting visits to Earth. Anyway, despite the skills of the Alchemist, I might one day find myself stranded on this world. This is no small risk, seeing that the Alchemist has obviously lost at least one traveller already. If that happens to me, and I am still breathing on Earth, I want the financial means to live an exceedingly comfortable and dissolute life.

There is a small problem, however. I have little knowledge of the strange economical system, and the bank accounts I established seem to be inappropriate for my purpose. Whenever I try to access my coin, I face difficult questions and even the threat of legal intervention, which is why I had decided to simply leave that excellent hotel in Venice without paying the bill. It was easier that way. But I intend to put my Earthy financial affairs in order on my next trip.

'Come here,' I said to the brunette, beckoning her to my chair. 'Kneel at my side.'

She did so, and I didn't censure her for closing her knees.

The sky over Venice had descended low, grey and angry. It wasn't so different from the sky that had been pressing down on the Great Northern Sea when I'd left my own time and place, although things were decidedly calmer in this place. From the window, I could just see my seemingly unremarkable raft of rough, sodden timbers, bound together by stout hemp rope. I'd tethered the raft in a narrow backwater between two tall buildings, and purposely chosen a room on the side of the hotel where I could keep a watchful eye on it. Mossy, sodden stone walkways flanked the backwater, and although these paths had water lapping cover them, they provided easy access to the raft and my sole means of escape back to my own world and time.

I glanced down at the girl. Like any responsible slaver, I always closely inspect my prospective acquisitions, particularly when the cross-world logistics are so complex and limited. In addition to myself, the raft can only take four or, at most, five average-sized women, especially as I have to lay head to toe, hog-tied. So I have to be selective.

Besides, I have to pay the Alchemist, whether I return parading a bevy of great beauties, or dragging a coffle of very average sluts who are barely suitable for the cheapest back street brothels. Anyway, I can afford to be choosy and only want to take the very best. It's a matter of professional pride, don't you know.

'You are quite comely with sweetly-slung tits,' I told the brunette, and she blushed to her roots.

It was true. She was a desirable little slut. Experience has taught me that some Earth women are a great disappointment when stripped of the garments that engineer their shape. In fact many of them are distinctly ordinary. I've often dismissed women who turn out to be unworthy of my time and effort. When this happens, it pleases me to simply spank the woman's arse for my trouble, make her get dressed again, and send her running back to freedom to blab her story to the police and anyone else who will listen.

On the other hand, some Earth women blossom once out of their clothing, and the plump little brunette was one of these. In the first instance, I had only been interested in taking the blonde when I saw her in the hotel lobby, but that dark-haired girl was her constant companion, so I grabbed them both. Later, in my hotel room, once they were naked, I was glad that I had taken the pair. The brunette was the better of the two, and would fetch a higher price.

As usual, I had arrived during a storm. I had no raincoat, and my denim pants and tee shirt quickly got soaked through. I always travel light on my trips across the Dimensions, but at least I



come better prepared nowadays.

“Nowadays?” you ask. Yes, I make a dozen trips a year, depending on the atmospherics - the conditions have to be right, which means it’s usually raining and blowing demons when I arrive.

When I first began to make these journeys, although naked when making the crossing, I brought the garb of my own time and space, and my first task had always been to steal some suitable clothing. That wasn’t always easy to do, and I risked arousing suspicion every time, so now I always bring blue denim pants and a shirt, which are ubiquitous enough on Earth to avoid unwelcome attention virtually anywhere. A small travel bag is useful too, containing a supply of condoms (it doesn’t do to cross-contaminate the two worlds), a bottle of knock-out fluid, breathing rags, ropes, my trusty stripping blade, and other slaver accoutrements. Besides, hotel people expect a man to arrive with baggage, and the insignificant yet superior little fellow at the Hotel del Ponti had merely raised snooty eye-brow at my sodden, jeans-clad appearance as he checked me in.

On this occasion, my raft materialised on a lovely and quaint canal in Venice. It was the first time that I had landed there, and I was impressed by its beauty. Even in the lashing rain, it compares favourably with some places on my own world. The first thing I saw was men covering their little boats with blue tarpaulins against the vile weather. They worked quickly, light and sure on their feet, moving swiftly on the narrow, flimsy vessels from one end to the other, and then they tied them tightly together. They were too busy to notice me, lurking naked, in the shelter of a small dank-smelling alley beside the canal, having suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and they left their boats and me and my raft in the pouring rain.

It had been a better landing than most. Sometimes I drop in the middle of a raging sea. That’s the risk I take. The oceans and continents of the two worlds constantly move out of synchronization, but the Alchemist has managed to refine things a bit of late, and he usually puts me down at the water’s edge somewhere. Little wonder then that Venice should be a destination, because the whole demned place seems ready to slip into the sea.

‘Have you travelled much in your life?’ I asked the brunette slave.

‘Yes, I suppose so,’ she said quietly, nerves catching at her voice.

I casually hefted her breast and teased its nipple as I sipped my whisky and watched the weather.

‘You suppose so?’

I couldn’t help but notice that her nipple had become immediate erect. That pleased me. Sensitive nipples are always a good indicator of latent helpless passion in a female slave, of course. One thing was certain: that passion would certainly be awakened when she got on my world, and the monkey jumped inside her. I knew that she would soon be fucking like a fucking bonabo monkey, like all the cunts on my world.

‘You’ll enjoy your next trip,’ I said, relishing the smooth, warming whisky on my throat as I rolled the nubbin between my fingers. Heavy rain began to lash against the window pane. I watched a lone man with a billowing umbrella struggling to cross the bridge; otherwise there was nobody else to be seen in the storm. I pinched the slave’s nipple and told her, ‘You are going to get very wet very soon.’

‘No,’ she protested.

I laughed, realising that she had misunderstood my meaning.

‘The weather,’ I said, gesturing towards the pelting rain outside.

I liked the way that her mind was obviously preoccupied with the sensations in her belly. Despite the dead body of her friend lying in the corner, she was becoming aroused by my touch. That augured well for her future as a slave. As a reward, I placed the whisky tumbler to her lips and made her drink the dregs.

Then I rose to my feet and stretched like a cat. It would soon be time to leave. I’d already

reconnoitred the old and rambling hotel and identified a very convenient service lift which led past the kitchens to a rear entrance near to where my raft was moored. I intended to transport my new slaves to the other side in the nude. I would travel naked too, as usual. It's one of the Alchemist's conditions of travel, along with a strict ban on taking any Earthy technology.

It is always a dangerous time when I am preparing to embark though. I've been known to arouse outrage when seen dragging a coffle of nude women to my raft. Moreover, Earthy police often carry firearms that are a demned sight more powerful than the flintlocks of my world, and they are ever-ready to use them. Starting the return journey is always the riskiest part of my slaving expeditions to Earth. However, unless I am immediately shot or apprehended, I'll have disappeared into the ether with my prizes long before anyone can do anything about it.

Judging the Alchemist's recall time to be nigh, I bound the wrists of the two newest slaves and gagged them with rags. Then I released the other two women from the beds, and similarly secured their hands behind their backs; these two were already gagged, and they looked at me with wide, malevolent eyes as I worked. Then I took a long length of rope and used it to tie the four women in a crude neck coffle.

I stripped myself naked and, before leaving the room, grabbed my bag and stuffed a few useful odds and ends into it on top of the other stuff. I like to take back some complimentary hotel toiletries and good, thin Earthy condoms (not that I'll use them on my world, but they'll come in handy on my next trip). All of this is directly contrary to the Alchemist's express instructions; he frequently warns me about the risks of cross-contamination, but what he doesn't see won't grieve him.

'We'll all get soaked to the skin,' I said, tugging on the rope and leading them to the door.

With one last glance at the dead body, I took the girls into the corridor to the service lift. Nobody saw us go. I was able to lead them past the kitchens without being observed, although I noticed a tiny red light shining on a small lens mounted high on the wall near the rear exit door. I gave a mocking smile and a small wave up towards the camera lens as I led my naked captives out into the lashing rain.

The sky had turned obsidian black under the torrential rain. The wind had risen too, swirling unpredictably, slashing water against our legs. As we crossed a bridge over the Rio die Santi Apostoli, I glanced nervously around the check that no one else was around. Thank the Gods, the rain had driven everyone indoors.

When I looked back at my new slaves, rivulets of water were running down their sleek bodies, and they are blinking and wincing in the lashing rain. Dragging them down to the backwater and along the submerged pavement with water splashing up to their ankles, I pulled the women onto my raft and made them lie on their bellies on the sodden timbers. Then I took another rope and tied them all securely, because there's never any knowing what the Great North Sea will be like when I arrive in my world. Taking a bottle of knockout fluid and a rag from my bag, I quickly rendered the four new slaves unconscious.

'Hey! You!'

I looked up and saw a man running towards me, just as I finished stifling the last slut. If I had a gun, I'd have shot the bastard. At times like this I wish I could carry a firearm, but the Alchemist expressly forbids it. I brace myself to repel the attack.

Then though, there was a sudden, blinding flash of light. I vaguely heard myself screaming. Then I was tumbling through time and space. In an instant, a scream still burbling from my throat, I found myself on the raft, bobbing in a gently placid swell of the Great North Sea, back on my own world. The girls were huddled together, belly down, still unconscious. Looking around me, I saw the familiar outline of the pirate xebec, less than a furlong or so away.

It had been another successful slaving trip to planet Earth!

That is the way it works, then. Don't ask me *how* it works. I just don't know. You can ask the

Alchemist, but he won't tell you. Just accept that I am able to travel back and forth, not entirely at will, but frequently and profitably. Who could think badly of me for that?

## Part VI

### Back in Depravity

**‘Now, Slaver Starr, see how the perspiration has broken out all over her skin,’** Beren says, sliding another needle into the poor creature’s tits (her plump breasts are so studded with demned things, she could go to a masquerade and pretend she’s cradling a pair of hedgehogs).

I shake myself from my thoughts of Venice. Gods’ gonads, I wish I was there now instead of with the Balkan Bastard in his chamber, with its huge picture window overlooking the Depths of Depravity.

He’s still sorting through the box of long surgical needles on his desk, as if looking for precisely the right one, even though they all seem the same to me. The hooded girl stirs slightly and gives a whimper, presumably hearing the familiar and dreaded sound as Beren sorts through the needles in the box between her spread thighs. The Balkan selects his next needle and then carefully pushes it into one of the girl’s breasts. From her frequent muffled groans of pain, I know that she’s gagged under the sack. Isn’t this gross? Frankly, it bores me.

Rather than watch Beren’s bizarre tormenting of the girl, I look out through the window into the Depths of Depravity. From the elevated vantage point I see that one of the Blue runners in the Snatch game - Sammi, I think - is avidly licking out the pussy of the Red Fem Beater; the strapping Germanic woman is ramming the strap-on dildo into Sammi’s cunt from behind, hanging onto her tits for leverage. Elsewhere in the room, I see all kinds of sexual scenes being acted out. Doesn’t Beren ever tire of watching this stuff?

Actually, I’d hate to have this chamber as my own. How does he ever get anything done, what with the vast window and the nude desk ornament? I can understand his need for surveillance, of course, but you’d think he’d pay people to spy for him, rather than sit here in his lair looking through the window. I can only deduce that he gets pleasure from watching all the fucking and the sucking. Also, of course, he doesn’t trust anyone.

‘You know, my friend, the lawmen usually make me angry,’ Beren is saying glancing through the window before selecting another needle. ‘I say to them, “Come after me, by all means, but give my intellect a little respect.” But usually they lack imagination.’

I rather agree with that. Too often, the (usually second-rate) law enforcement prowlers think we are just stupid louts. That really irritates me, too. We usually cut off their ballocks when we find them.

I look up and say, ‘You know who has sent them this time?’

‘Ah, they are much smarter,’ he says. ‘Devilishly clever, I think.’

‘You say someone has infiltrated your security,’ I say, gesturing towards the window. ‘Someone here?’

‘Oh yes, he’s here alright,’ Beren says, lighting a huge cigar and enveloping me in its foul fumes.

I splutter at the acrid smoke and step back. Either he doesn’t notice my grimace of distaste for cigar smoke or, more likely, he doesn’t care. Anyway, Beren is far too interested in holding the bright glowing end of the cigar a fraction of an inch from the girl’s nipple, and she is squirming in pain.

‘Which one is he?’ I ask, wiping smoky tears from my eyes.

Beren turns and gestures towards me with the cigar, saying, ‘He’s right here in this room! It’s you, my foppish friend.’

I look at him in amazement and a small frisson of fear slithers down my spine like an wet splint of ice. Beren is a survivor of the toughest prison system in the world, and utterly ruthless. He is a top man in the notorious Balkan Brotherhood of criminals; if he’s already decided that I am a hated “stooly”, I’m as good as dead.

‘Come now, Igor, you’re jesting, of course,’ I say, affecting a silly laugh.

He holds my gaze for a few seconds and then hisses a wheezing laugh, and it’s like hearing a coffin creak.

‘A strange jest,’ he says, pouring good Chaldean brandy into two tumblers and passing one to me. ‘I tell you, Jake Starr, you are the means by which someone has chosen to penetrate my defences.’

‘Tush and tweddle! Why would I bring spies to your island, when I have as much to lose as you,’ I say, feigning a chuckle, but my tongue is suddenly-thick and the excellent brandy tastes decidedly bitter. ‘Anyone knows it doesn’t work like that. God’s gonads, you know if anyone takes a heavy shit on this island.’

He giggles eerily at that, but it’s true.

Then he croaks: ‘The spies won’t be a guests, and they certainly won’t be any of my own men, or yours either. The infiltrators will be specially prepared women captives. The enemy’s plan is that you will unwittingly deliver them to Depravity.’

‘Gadszooks!’ I say, genuinely astounded. ‘The Dark Continent?’

Beren shakes his head and says, ‘No, the Black Federation is far too busy fighting tribal territory wars. This has all the hallmarks of the Diaspora.’

I raise my eyebrows in surprise. The Wandering Diaspora is an amorphous and scattered race claiming ancient roots in a long dead land. Over the centuries, these people have been assimilated into every country in the world, but they give their allegiance only to the Diaspora.

‘The Malkuth, you say?’ I say, narrowing my eyes, trying to think of all the Diasporics I’ve been doing business with of late.

Malkuth was the name of the vanished land, but now it’s the name of a shadowy web of insurgents (I’m sure they have many other, secret networks we don’t even know about). One thing for sure, though: if it is indeed the Malkuth on the chase, then that’s seriously bad news for me. These fanatics stop at nothing, and they are dashed clever too. Moreover, they wouldn’t even be above sending a squad of desperadoes to raid Depravity Island. Tough as Beren’s Balkan thugs might be, they’d be no match for an elite Malkuth murder brigade bent on spending their lives for a cause.

‘No, I don’t think it’s Malkuth, exactly. I think it might be someone allied to a rogue Malkuth operator though. There are definite signs of the Diaspora about this, but it seems they are dealing for another party.’

‘A private vendetta then? You know how people get upset when they lose their wife or daughter. Perhaps that’s why they point a finger at me?’

I say that as if I couldn’t care less, but I’m already thinking back a few short weeks ago, when I opportunistically grabbed a Diasporic girl from a luxury spa camp in Halascapol, just to cover my extravagant expenses. Halascapol is prime Malkuth territory, I’d say – it’s full of Diasporics, that place. I haven’t seen that girl around on the island, come to think of it, so perhaps Beren quickly moved her on. If so, it’s anybody’s guess where she’ll be doing her whoring now.

‘You are the key, Slaver Starr,’ Beren says in a low hiss. ‘Of course, it would be quite easy to quietly eliminate you, now that you are ... tainted.’

That is exactly what I’ve been frantically thinking myself. If Beren really believes that I’m the agent of infiltration, unwitting or otherwise, then why wouldn’t he just kill me? I would, in his place. It’s as if an icy hand has suddenly grasped by entrails and is wringing the shit out of me. I want to say something in my defence, but words just won’t come.

Perhaps reading my thoughts, Beren giggles again, and it sounds like a leaking bellows. Then he says, ‘But they would simply find another supplier to replace you as the grub in the apple. Better the worm we know... Besides, if you suddenly disappeared, it would alert them that were are on to them.’

Thank the Gods! I thought I was done for.

Beren pauses to take another needle and this time he fastidiously eases back the lips of her sex with the spread fingers of one hand, while the other hand positions the needle tip precisely against the girl's clitoris. When he pushes the probe through the turgid nubbin, the girl emits a strangled squeal from beneath the sack. I am amazed that she is still conscious.

'I'll stop trading for a while,' I say, shaken.

Beren selects another needle and heats its tip with the end of his cigar. When the needle point is dully-glowing, he positions it on the other side of the slave's clitoris and eases it home. Her whole body seems to shake with sobs and her pin-cushion breasts quiver like jellies for pudding.

'No, Slaver Starr, you must continue as if nothing has happened,' Beren says, straightening and rubbing his hands together as he surveys the convulsing girl.

Hades arsehole, I'm not pleased with this idea. If some Malkuth maniac is coming after me, all my instincts are screaming to run and hide under a stone somewhere. But I can't do that, because Beren has the whip hand. I am as helpless in this as Marie and her twins were in the game of Snatch, and as vulnerable as the girl with the pin-cushion tits and skewered clitoris.

'If that's what you want,' I say carefully, 'but I'll treble-screen every damned acquisition in future. You know how demned careful I always am.'

He laughs with that unnerving high-pitched hiss and says: 'You weren't careful enough. You have already delivered an infiltrator here, and I paid good money for her.'

He suddenly whips the black sack from the girl's head. Surprise, surprise... it's the fucking Diasporic girl I seized at Halascapol. As dramatic as her sudden unveiling had been, I've already worked that one out. It was bound to be her. She has a large ball-gag in her mouth, and tears streak her face, but she looks at me with undisguised hatred in those big, brown eyes under incredibly long, curled black lashes.

It all figures, now that I come to think of it. The beautiful, olive-skinned bitch was a really easy pick-up in the hotel bar, and she was a push-over for a candle-lit dinner followed by a romp in bed. Sir Malcolm thoroughly enjoyed her, and then I just applied a rag soaked in knockout fluid to her mouth. It had all been too easy, in fact.

'Hold hard,' I say, a sudden thought occurring, 'if she deliberately became a prisoner to spy here, how is that going to help the enemy? Nobody ever gets free to tell the story.'

Beren pushes aside the box of surgical needles and the girl whimpers in fear as she watches his hand move between her legs. That makes him gurgle another giggle but, rather than take another needle, he reaches to a small ceramic bowl and takes a small silver object from it.

He holds this object between his finger and thumb and in front of my face and hisses, 'This is known as a transponder chip. A device similar to this was buried under the skin at the base of this bitch's skull, just above her hair line.'

Pulling the girl's hair back at the nape of her neck, he reveals a small wound. Below it, there is a small tattoo of a butterfly.

'What the hell is a transponder,' I ask, bewildered.

'A top alchemist tells me it's a device that emits an identifying whistle, but I can't hear it.'

'An alchemist?' I say, shaken again.

He did not say *the* Alchemist, I note, but how many corrupt government scientists can there be with specialist knowledge like that? Is Beren's man of science the same man as *my* Alchemist? It seems likely. And, if so, how much does Beren know about my Earthy travels? By the Gods, it doesn't even bear thinking about!

Beren drops the metal chip back into the bowl and says, 'You know what that means?'

'No,' I say helplessly, fearing what he's going to say next.

'It's Earthy Witchery! Such magick doesn't exist on this world. My man of science is very sure about that. He says Incomers, and vessels are frequently infested with strange devices, the purpose of which we cannot even begin to understand. Apparently, it would be powerful

magick if it could be harnessed, and that's why Governments are so eager to take any Incomer foundling. That's what my alchemist says, anyway.'

'And how would this scientific man know of such things, Igor?' I ask, wafting my lace handkerchief and affecting a dismissive smile.

'He is an Adeptus, although he has the look of a pimpled youth,' Beren says, as if that settles any dispute.

Blast his entrails! It *is* my Alchemist!

'And he tells you of secret magick?' I say, trying to recover some composure. 'I don't know much alchemy, but I know an Adeptus is sworn to secrecy.'

'Everyone has a price,' Beren says with a shrug. 'I believe him when he tells me that this magick transcends mere superstition. He claims that every Government has a vast library of information about another world in another time, where the Incomers travel from.'

My head is reeling. I have an uneasy feeling where all this talk of Earthy-witchery is heading. Let's face it, I'm the only slaver who specialises in acquiring and selling Incomers. It's a very specialist niche.

'What has all this got to do with your security,' I say disingenuously, even though I'm way ahead of him.

'Transponders are used by spies in the sky, apparently. I know, it stretches the mind, but that's what I'm told. The main point is, though, that this bitch you sold me is an Earthy Witch.' He pauses to suddenly punch the girl in her belly, making her double over, and nearly topple from the desk. Then he gives out that damned hissed laugh again and says, 'Ah, you didn't realise that when you snatched her, did you? How ironic.'

'An Incomer?' I gasp, astonished. 'That's not possible. She was just a high-class slut I found in a bar in Halascapol'

I realise that Beren probably speaks the truth, though. What other plausible explanation can there be for the girl having this strange sliver of metal buried in her neck? Also, looking closely at her now, I see that she has a tiny tell-tale scar on her left arm, which typifies many Incomers. How could I have missed that when I was fucking her? Gods gonads, I could have sold her for treble the price, if I'd known.

'She was sent here on a mission and you were the chosen means of transport.' This time his hissed laughter threatens to choke him, and he has to wipe his lips with a padded handkerchief. 'They seem to have you firmly in their sights, Slaver Starr.'

'It makes no sense,' I declare.

'It made perfect sense to me, once I'd emptied this bitch of information. Scientists and spies of her Earth seek the means to access the corridor between our two worlds. Her sole purpose was to reveal the destination of your acquisitions. Whoever is tracking us now knows where this island is located, and where your merchandise eventually ends up.'

I try to make light of it, saying, 'Not all of my merchandise comes here, Igor.'

Beren nods and suddenly punches the girl in the belly again, and she folds over with a gasp.

'You're right, of course,' he croaks, 'but this is now the one location they know about.'

'And yet you want me to carry on trading as if nothing has happened,' I say.

'Oh, I demand it,' Beren says, picking up another needle and carefully positioning it at the tip of the girl's cigar-scorched nipple.

The nude girl seems to collapse inward as the needle slides smoothly into the milk duct of her nipple. Beren giggles. He's one of those guys who doesn't like much in the world, knows what he does like. I can only imagine what the Bastard will do to me if he decides I'm for the chop. If the purpose of his little demonstration with the girl is to scare the shit out of me, then it's definitely working.

'So why do you want me to bring more girls?'

‘You and this cunt are the only leads we have. I have emptied her of information, of course, and she knows nothing other than she was brought here two years ago, quietly assimilated into our world, and ultimately ordered to give you a good time at the leisure resort. She claims that she didn’t even know she was carrying the chip, and I believe her. It must have been planted when she had the tattoo on her neck.’

‘Great!’ I say, with half-hearted sarcasm. ‘Hell, I didn’t even know she had a tattoo. So in future, if I take any target with a mark on her neck, I’ll throw her back.’

Beren chuckles, saying, ‘I doubt they’ll do the same thing twice, just in case we’re onto them. There are many sites on a woman’s body to conceal a transponder, not all of them visually detectable.’ Then he asks, ‘You have a list of future targets as usual, I assume?’

He knows me too well. That’s because we’ve done business together for years. The fact is, I’ve got six young women on my abduction schedule, and one not so young woman (who I’ve accepted as a revenge thing for her spurned ex-lover). I’ve also got a couple of other prospects who I’ve been cultivating, bright young things who stupidly think I’m a likely sugar daddy. All of these women are of my world, though, not Earth. I never plan my Earthy captures in that way - it’s more of an opportunistic business there, don’t you know.

‘Yes, I’ve got a few ideas,’ I say.

‘Bring them all to me, including any Incomers that you happen to acquire.’

I sigh, because I’ve already got patrons lined up for three of the targets in my little black book, and two others are outright commissions, so Igor is only down to receive two of them, but the imaginary hand gripping my entrails eases off a bit, so I nod my agreement. Maybe I can persuade Igor to receive the acquisitions, check them out, and then just pass them on to their intended owners? If not, I’m in deep shit with five other powerful people, each of whom nobody in his right mind would want to upset.



## CHAPTER TWO

### Part I

#### The hunted or the hunter?

**My name is Natalie Carpenter.** I hold a double First in Quantum Physics, and have just completed my doctorate (thesis: Condensed Matter and Nanoscale Physics), none of which has prepared me for my present situation, and I doubt whether anything could.

I am in a plain and austere white little room; there are no windows, although one side wall is comprised entirely of a mirror to reflect the bright overhead fluorescent light, giving an impression of size and airiness. I'm coming to think that nothing is at it seems here. The room is in the bowels of a bunker in a clandestine Government building - more precisely a base of The Directorate of Science and Technology, fully-fledged department of the CIA. It's somewhere in Virginia (I don't know exactly where, because I was delivered here in a limo with black opaque windows) and I am here for a job interview, of sorts.

My interviewer is a scary woman. She is in her sixties, I guess, but her very blue dancing eyes and, when their gaze alights on me, they somehow seem to belong to a much younger person. This woman must once have been very beautiful, because she's still attractive: trim, and neatly dressed in a smart black pant suit, wearing an expensively engineered face under a New York-chic short grey hair style.

'The pay is lousy. A young woman like you could do much better for herself. You would accept the assignment, if we offer it?'

'Maybe,' I say, sweeping aside my long dark hair, brushed to a shine this morning, 'but I'm looking for a real job right now.'

'We can help with that,' the woman says, glancing down at the manila folder on the white desk.

'Really? Worthwhile jobs requiring an in-depth knowledge of quantum physics are hard to find.' I pause, and then say: 'I don't want to become an academic blue stocking, though.'

She smiles thinly and says: 'The job I have in mind is in the corporate sector, carrying out important scientific research.'

'That would be great,' I say, catching sight of my reflection in the mirror from the corner of my eye and automatically glancing across at it.

There is something unnerving about the mirror. After initially checking my appearance when first entering the room, I deliberately turned my chair away at an angle, half-presenting my back to the mirror - I don't need constantly reminding that the canary yellow, stretch-jersey dress I chose for the interview makes me look very busty, and it's way too bright for this room. But my attention keeps getting caught by glimpses of my yellow reflection and, until I reframe my senses, it's as though there are four people in the room, on opposite sides of identical plain white desks, when in fact there are just the two of us sitting at one desk.

'Finding you an appropriate job is essential, *if* we invite you to join us,' the woman is saying, following my gaze to the mirror.

'And *if* I accept, of course,' pushing my hair aside.

'Exactly.'

Actually, I've already decided to take up the offer (which I'm reasonably certain *will* be made). In fact, I came here with the sole aim of getting taken on by the CIA, but I've no intention of telling the interviewer that. My professor at Yale assured me that this is a great way for an ambitious girl to begin her professional career with powerful patronage.

'Undress, please,' the woman suddenly says, easing back on her swivel chair.

'Is this your normal interview style?' I ask, shocked. 'I came to discuss an assignment for my country.'

‘Unfortunately, attraction and allure are often essential requirements for a woman in this line of work,’ she says, gesturing for me to remove my clothes.

I hesitate. Is that what this is all about then, some kind of honey trap, like those sultry Russian Cold War babes I’ve read about? If so, I’m not their girl. My life up to now has been remarkable for its lack of sexual excitement, with only two or three boyfriends, and just one who might qualify as fuck-buddy.

‘So you want me to strip?’ I say.

‘Are you shy and inhibited?’

‘No,’ I lie.

I feign a smile and stand up, reaching behind to unzip my jersey dress, conscious that the action makes my tits push out against the stretch fabric. The woman sits at the desk, fiddling with her pen, and affecting to sort through the manila folder. I sigh inwardly and slip out of the dress, folding it neatly on the chair. The mirror absolutely commands my attention now, as I stand in my matching white bra and G-string panties, stockings and heels. My body isn’t anything special, in my view, but it’s okay, I guess.

‘Please continue,’ the woman says, moving slightly on the swivel chair, pen held in both hands at her mouth, eying me steadily. I shrug as if I don’t mind, and reach behind to unclip my lacy bra and then cross my hands over my chest to decorously cradle the cups and allow my breasts to fall free. She nods and eyes my tits, and asks, ‘Are they real?’

‘Of course,’ I say, tossing my head to swish dark hair back from in front of my face.

My breasts are my best feature, I think. They are large, but not overly so, and quite firm, as you’d expect from a 26 year old who regularly works out. I peel the G-string away and then pause, dangling the tiny triangle of white lace.

‘Satisfied?’

‘Turn round, please.’

I turn my back to her. My body is harshly-lit in the mirror, and I am suddenly glad that I waxed this week. Looking at the reflection, I see the woman behind me, making notes in the file. What is she writing? I stand like this, looking awkwardly into the mirror for maybe a couple of minutes or more, and the silence is oppressive. For the first time, I notice that it’s not too warm in the room - harsh air conditioning, I guess - and there are goose bumps on my upper arms.

‘Please sit down.’

I move my yellow dress from the seat and sit with it on my lap, crossing my legs with an unnerving whisper of nylon.

‘Okay!’ she says emphatically, closing the folder and placing her pen on top. ‘Now, listen up, the risks are high and the rewards are paltry. I’ve worked in this line for over forty years, got into all kinds of scrapes, and haven’t got a bean to show for it. Somebody might say thanks, occasionally, if you’re very lucky, but that’s about it.’

Resisting an urge to cross my arms over my breasts, I decide to pretend that I’m wearing a classic designer dress rather than being all but naked.

‘What does the work entail?’ I ask.

‘It varies. But for the assignment we have in mind, the people are quite ruthless, you should understand. Are you sure you want to risk that? I wouldn’t blame you for walking away. On the other hand, we would place you in an excellent career situation.’

‘Why do you want me to infiltrate these ruthless people?’ I ask, recrossing my legs and immediately regret it (I’d hate to look gross, *a la* Sharon Stone).

‘We aim to rid the Earth of a gang of evil bastards who are traffickers, among other things. You wouldn’t want to know what else they do, believe me,’ she says, her eyes fixing me like twin spears of blue ice.

‘They’re trafficking drugs?’

‘Sex slaves,’ she answers bluntly, her eyes unwavering.

‘So what would you want me to do?’ I ask.

‘Nothing. Just take the post that we’ll arrange for you, do your research job, keep your eyes open, and report back what you see.’

I look at her suspiciously. If these people are sex traffickers, I can just imagine the kind of job that would get me amongst them. Does she want me to be a stripper, or an escort, or something like that? Is that why she wanted to see me naked?

‘What job do you have in mind?’ I ask.

As I speak, I catch sight of myself in the mirror again. It looks weird, like something out of a bad dream, sitting naked except for stockings and heels at an interview. Despite myself, I cross my hands over my breasts, cradling the flesh and snuggling my fingers under my arms.

‘We would arrange for you to be offered the job of Chief Research Scientist for an international environmental company, with special responsibility for major research projects in quantum physics.’

I blink in amazement. ‘Head of Department, in a major corporation? That’s a big job for a girl straight out of Yale.’

‘The department doesn’t exist yet,’ the woman says with another of her thin smiles. ‘It’s a change of direction for the Company. Your Yale professor assures us that you are the right person for the job. Do you like travel? It would involve a lot of travel...initially to London. I understand you have no family ties?’

‘I’m a little orphan and all alone in the world,’ I say, giving an ironic smile.

Actually, I often make this silly joke about being an orphan, but that’s how it feels sometimes - Mom died three years back, and my father was killed on active service in the Middle East before I could even walk. The woman seems to understand; at least, she smiles at me maternally.

‘Well, it’s an advantage to have nobody at home to worry about you. That can be an added distraction. You’ll accept our invitation?’

‘Yes,’ I hear myself say.

# CHAPTER THREE - Castleton

## Part I

### Delivering a slave

**‘Good morning, Slaver Starr, a lovely morning.’**

‘Indeed it is, Mistress Mogg,’ I say to the brown-clad baker large and hale woman.

She’s one of those in-between women from the Shuffles slums: not quite a gentle-woman - well, nowhere near it, in fact - but not a rub-a-dub dog either. We allow a few of the more acceptable drabs into Main Castleton to do menial, trade-type jobs, don’t you know - otherwise, we keep them out with whips and cudgels.

So, you’ll gather that Main is a sedate and select district, with its wide, central boulevard and leafy promenades. It’s a thriving business centre and seat of government, with nary a fucking bonobo monkey to be seen; the town houses of all the fine gentry are here, including my own abode and business.

‘Another shameless little slut you’re inflicting on the world,’ the baker says with a sniff, glancing at the young woman who walks before me on a leash. ‘At least ye have the decency to properly clothe her.’

‘Indeed, indeed... she’s bound for a very important fellow, don’t you know,’ I say, smiling at the drab woman’s hostility - these plain creatures always despise pretty slaves, it’s typical of their dull breed.

The Earthy girl does look more comely than most. Before we left my house in Castleton Main, Depravity-style cosmetics were applied to her face, and her long, dark hair was brushed to a shine. She was pitifully pleased by this attention, but it’s not for her pleasure that I’ve covered her/ The tiny frilled skirt of her little white frock skims her bare arse, her legs are well exposed, and her breasts are rather well-revealed by a deep cut, yet the dress is no more scanty than some of the more scandalous styles I’ve seen Earthy women wearing voluntarily when on the town.

I specially selected this from the haul garnered on my last trip to Earth. She is a gift for the Alchemist and represents his portion of the spoils. The three other Earthy women acquired on that expedition have all been sold on, but this pretty little cunt remained in my slave house for some tutelage while I was away in Depravity.

The perspiring baker glances disdainfully at the girl, girds her huge breasts with fat, chapped arms folded beneath them, and returns to her ovens.

It is a good education for the Earthy-witch, marching her though Castleton Main. I had to smile when she watched aghast, with obvious outrage and shock, as a team of two snorting and sweating pony cunts passed by at a trot, hauling a light car that was occupied by a lone young woman attired in an elegant blue burka that covered her from head to foot. Across the street, four burly cock slaves were hauling a heavy dray of barrels in the opposite direction.

‘My God!’ the girl breathed, watching the trap move ahead of her. ‘They use naked human beings as draught animals...’

I glance in surprise at her comment (the donkey-cocks and pony-cunts aren’t something I tend to notice, in truth). ‘Aye, of course,’ I say.

If gratuitous public nudity is generally frowned upon in Castleton, an exception is made for the slaves who haul the carriages, drays and carts. They are the beasts of burden here. In suktry weather like this, it’s a kindness to keep them naked, and all the better for dowsing them with cold sea water. Strangely, ponies trotting elegantly at a fair lick, or brawny donkey-cocks heaving heavy loads, are so commonplace in the streets that they’re demned near invisible.

‘But why? Surely horses would be more efficient.’

‘Horses are extinct, victims of the Poonish Equine Beetle.’

‘Oxen then.’

‘Slaves don’t shit everywhere,’ I point out, and she glares at me in disgust.

‘That woman in the cart actually owns those poor girls?’

‘Her father probably gifted them to her. You can tell by her burka that she is a virgin and unwed, and it would be unseemly for her to be hauled about by brawny donkey-cocks with their fucking appendages on show for all to see.’

‘My God!’ the Incomer girl exclaims again, looking with new horror at the clothed woman, who sits on the buckboard, carelessly wielding a light dog whip to stripe the rosy buttocks of her perspiring ponies.

I smile and say, ‘That fine and free young lady isn’t so very different to you, don’t you know. I am certain that she is quite naked under her burka, and equally sure that her breasts are patched with stout round calico badges to prevent well-delineated protrusions.’

‘How can you possibly know that?’

‘I’m a professional slaver,’ I say, flapping my lace-edged handkerchief at a buzzing fly.

How would I know? Ha! I have stripped enough proud and erstwhile-free women to know what lurks beneath their burkas; and, yes, it’s usually necessary to make them hang their tits in bowls of hot water to dissolve the rabbit glue from their nipple patches.

The girl gasps again when another carriage passes at a fast lick, this time with a pair of donkey cocks behind a matched set of svelte pony cunts running at the front. Actually, in teams such as that, the cocks do most of the pulling, as you might expect, and the cunts are mainly for decoration.

‘It seems to be the custom here, using both men and women to pull carts,’ the Earthy girl says bitterly.

‘Aye,’ I say. ‘Many married women prefer teams of slave cunts to haul their carriages, as do some men, who often combine pony cunts with donkey-cocks for added power. It’s fabled that cock draught slaves run harder when given the encouragement of pretty swaying arses in front of them. You might find yourself in harness yourself one day, especially if you continue to refrain from saying “Master” when you address your beloved owner. At best, you could be whipped raw for that.’

‘Yes, *Master*,’ she says unabashed.

I breathe deeply of the sea air, which is tinged with the aroma of freshly-baked bread and the heady perfume on the girl.

‘Walk on!’ I say, sharply smacking her bare arse under the frilled skirt.

I make this new cunt walk in front rather than follow behind, as is more usual. That’s my standard practice with newly-acquired stock; I’m a professional slaver, and I know about these things. She seems happy enough, for saying. After a few paces, I jerk on the leash chain to halt the girl, just to show that I can. She obediently stops. I wipe my brow with a silk handkerchief, and she gazes around her, as if in wonder. I see her pretty nostrils flare, and she looks up at the blue sky as sea rats wheel above and rent the peace with their harsh screeches.

Ah, I’m demned happy to be home, don’t you know, even if the weather is as humid as Hades’ arsehole. Things are a little more sedate in Castleton Main than they were on Depravity Island, thank the Gods. I feel safe again. I was glad to leave Depravity alive. It is always energy-sapping, that place. The way I am feeling right now, if I never see a slave’s gaping cunt again, it will be too soon.

‘Very well, walk on again!’

We head towards the stone bridge over the river, world-renowned for its wide span and many arches that prevent large vessels from progressing past the port. All manner of sailing boats are moored on the other side - big freight hulks, sleek clippers, trampers, barques and brigs - and, even as we cross the river, the sounds and stench of the port assail our senses.

The girl’s eyes are wide as she surveys the busy docks. As usual, the area is alive with

toiling donkey-cocks, dock-hawkers, and people who dash hither and thither for no apparent purpose. The waterfront is a long and wide apron, paved with old, planed ash tree trunks, repeatedly caulked over the years with ship's tar and coated by coarse grit. A team of donkey cocks is toiling at one of the many huge, spoked winches that dot the dockside, hauling in yet another arriving boat. Stacks of barrels and crates are haphazardly piled on the apron in front of the ramshackle old warehouses that stand behind like a row of rotten, misshapen teeth.

'What is this place?' she asks in awe.

'It's Castleton port. You landed here yourself.'

'I was hooded when we arrived,' she points out. 'Can we go and look, Master?'

'Certainly not,' I say with a sniff, pausing by the bridge. 'The melting pitch and sharp grit on the planking ruins the leather of fine shoes in this weather.'

Here, the salt air is mixed with the dank odour of soaked and rotting timbers, stale sweat, fresh fish, the open stalls of hot food vendors, exotic spices, and the stink of all manner of crated trade goods. There is a cacophony of screeching sea birds, shouting men, thudding timbers, creaking winches, grunting donkey-cocks, and music too; two blind beggars are playing harshly disparate tunes on squeeze boxes nearby, competing with each other for alms, and each aiming foul curses in the general direction of the other.

A squad of nude cock slaves is running across the apron at a swift trot, urged on by barking, whip-wielding overseers; the musclebound slaves move in precise formation, like well-drilled soldiers, chained together in a quarter formation, four each way (because coffles of sixteen are the easiest to control). These are tough males, with bodies hardened by brutally enforced toil under the decks of merchant traders, so no chances are taken with them. Their well-armed overseers are hastening them along with thudding blows from plaited leather whips as broad as a maiden's wrist.

'Galley slaves heading for their boat,' I tell the girl in answer to her mute question.

In contrast, a similarly quartered and chained team of young, bronzed women is trotting in the opposite direction; sweat films their toned flesh, and thirty-two well-toned breasts bob in unison with each stride; the single overseer who runs beside them is there to maintain their brisk pace rather than to guard them. By way of explanation, I gesture towards the group and say: 'A team of race rowers, just returning from their skiff.'

The Earthy girl looks at me in horrified astonishment. I smile. It is a good thing to acquaint her with the harsher realities of slavery on my world. It's not all fucking and sucking, you know. In my experience, nothing makes a new slave strive to please more than the sight of the poor cunts used for hauling and rowing. I can't blame her. Who would want that kind of life, after all?

'Walk on!'

As we move up the slope from the docks, the sights get progressively more rough and roar. The narrow alleys of the Shuffles slums seem to drag us in, like a starving animal consuming its own. I sigh contentedly, back in the Shuffles of Castleton once again.

The Shuffles is the mish-mash of narrow back streets and alleys which make up three quarters of Castleton. This is the more raffish part of town, of course. Where Castleton Main is bright and respectable, the Shuffles is dim, dingy and dissolute. Here in the dark alleys, the original part of Olde Castleton, it is shadowy in every sense of the word. The place is teeming with low life, ever-ready to gull the gullible.

The sun is beating down, but the towering tenements on either side in the narrow alleys provide welcome shade. This labyrinth of pitted paths and alleyways is in the looming shadow of the ancient castle that's perched on the steep rock overlooking the town.

A cautious slaver will always keep a close hand on his wares in the Shuffles; you never know who I might try to grab them here. The little cunt I am escorting can't run away, of course, because a slender chain leash is attached to the back of the chain harness she wears beneath her

short white frilled dress.

Actually, in these raffish streets and alleys, the girl probably feels rather special. Most of the other slaves I see walking respectfully behind their owners are at least partially clad in drab brown scraps of cloth, but they often go bare breasted, whereas I have dressed this one demurely from neck to thigh. Now, in the back alleys I adore, I am tempted to tear the bodice to her waist.

Public nudity is frowned upon, even in the Shuffles. In fact, the foul-mouthed drab harridans of the alleys are even more straight-laced than their betters across the river. They'd not think twice to attack any naked slaves with brooms and pans, and their owner too.

These Shuffles drabs aren't worldly people, y'see. Despite their innate cunning and lack of scruples, they lead a very sheltered life; many of them have never once ventured across the river. They know their station, alright. Castleton Main is for people of good standing (people like me) and drabs must have a demned good reason to be abroad in its elegant thoroughfares, or else the militia men will give them plenty of good reasons not to be there.

But we are in the Shuffles, their own territory, and hypocritical drab propriety has it that slave owners must clothe their chattels in some form of garb that at least covers their intimacies. This is meant to avoid offending the sensibilities of free drab women (although I could dispel a few myths about *them*, believe me).

Despite, or because of the dickdos that plug her back and front, the girl is docile enough. The dickdos are just a safeguard, like an internal chastity belt, and they are locked in place with the crotch chain of the body harness. The thoroughfare of Main is one thing, but you can't be too careful in the mean streets of the Shambles. But after the sights of the slave rowers and donkey-cocks at the docks, she seems happy just to be clothed.

Pulling the cunt's chain, I ask, 'What is your name?'

She turns to look at me, surprise and confusion etched on her prettily-painted face. To be sure, in the couple of weeks since her arrival, she will have been referred to only as 'Cunt'. She probably thinks that that is her new name.

'Kaitlyn,' she says quietly. 'My name is Kaitlyn.'

I draw her to one side in the narrow alley, allowing others to pass. Across the way, up a side alley, a couple of brawny and well-hung cock slaves are unloading sacks from a dray, and I can smell their sweat from here. I see the girl's eyes dwell on the well-muscled men with their dangling cockstands. The little trollop! It hasn't taken my slave trainers long to transform her from a shy and protesting free woman to an eager little cunt avid for fucking. That's the monkey inside her! It rarely takes too long to turn Earthy women, in my experience; it's something to do with their complete absence of hope and choice, I think, not to mention the figgers. Now, if a free woman from my world, particularly a highly-placed and fine young lady, has the misfortune to be enslaved, she spends her early days as a cunt expecting to be rescued and freed, and therefore resisting; it commonly takes a full 3 months of whipping, figging, sucking and fucking before she finally accepts her lot. They all turn in the end though, and the haughtier ones fall harder than most; some of my most abject slave cunts have formerly been fine young ladies in this world.

'What was your station on Earth, Kaitlyn?'

'Station?' she asks stupidly.

'Yes, your position in society.'

'I am—I was a student, still at university.'

'University?'

'It's a place of learning.'

'By the Gods,' I say, shocked. 'Still at school, you say? How old are you?'

'I am twenty-three, almost twenty-four.'

That's just as I thought. She is prime flesh. The little cunt has a young, firm and lithe form with well-shaped breasts and nicely-flared hips. Her conformation is way beyond the gauche awkwardness of younger girls. I am an expert in such things, believe me. But twenty-four years

old and still at school? God's gonads, I hope I haven't selected a dullard as a prize for the Alchemist. He wouldn't like that at all.

'At your age, most free women are already producing babies, and any thoughts of studies are long past. They have little need for learning.' Kaitlyn gives a small smile at that, but she looks down at her bare feet and makes no comment. In exasperation, I ask: 'Are you a poor student then?'

'No,' she says, affronted. 'I am studying for a Physics degree and there is a lot to learn. Most students on Earth are my age.'

'Walk on,' I say, somewhat mollified.

Indeed, I allow myself a smile. A student of Physics! Now *that* is a piece of luck. The Alchemist will probably be mightily interested in my little cunt Kaitlyn. I will tell him that I specially selected the girl for her knowledge of physicals.

I enjoy seeing the cunt's pert bottom swaying with each step. She is a pretty little thing, to be sure. Kaitlyn walks well, keeping her shoulders pulled back and her spine very straight. The cunningly-designed leather and chain harness beneath her dress encourages such deportment, applying pressure to her tits if her back slouches and her shoulders slump. Moreover, every movement will undoubtedly make the chain between her legs mercilessly stimulate her clitoris and anus. I want her nicely warmed and fragrant by the time I arrive at the Alchemist's secret den.

A few minutes later, I meet the Alchemist in his dimly-lit chambers hewn into the living rock beneath the castle, a series of inter-connected rooms (only the Gods know how old they are). This is the Alchemist's secret hideaway, well away from his usual workplace, wherever that may be. It is little more than a primitive cave complex, in truth, but he seems to like it. There is a smell of sooty oil lamps and unfamiliar chemical fumes when I walk into his lair.

'Ah, Slaver Starr, you are back,' the Alchemist says, as if surprised to see me. 'I trust you had a pleasant journey?'

'It was uneventful,' I say with a shrug.

Kaitlyn nervously glances at the spotty young man, her new owner, and then she looks round at the untidy jumble of scientific instruments in the room. The sight never fails to interest me too, in truth. There is a large iron cauldron under a chimney, and something that resembles a copper still with coils of polished tubes, a glass globe on a tripod... I have never seen any of this stuff in use. Perhaps the Alchemist just keeps it here for show? But then, few people ever see his place. He certainly doesn't bother to put a slave to work tidying his quarters. Piles of dusty maps, ledgers and documents litter every vacant surface.

'The raft landed in a place called Venice, an old city actually built in the sea.'

That keens his interest. His eyes glimmer behind the large horn-rimmed eye-glasses he habitually wears.

'A city actually built *in* the sea?' he asks, reaching for a piece of paper and scribbling a note. 'That's amazing.'

He is nothing like you might expect an alchemist to be. For one thing, he is very young. He's probably not much older than Kaitlyn, in fact. Yet, despite his youth, he holds an impossibly senior position in a Government scientific department that is so secret that nobody even knows its name, or his real name either. For another thing, when in the sanctity of these secret rooms, the Alchemist has a liking for the bizarre garb I've often seen young men wearing on Earth; at this moment he is dressed in calf-length multi-coloured shorts and a red, short-sleeved vest that has an improbable slogan emblazoned across it. Presumably another traveller obtains the clothing for him, because he has never asked me to acquire such things. Or perhaps he visits Earth himself on occasion? One thing is certain though: he excludes himself from his ban on importing anything that smacks of Earthy technology.

'Might you be able to replicate that travel plan to Venice for future trips?' I ask, reaching to unclip Kaitlyn's leash.



‘I don’t know,’ he says, still scribbling away.

That doesn’t surprise me. He has thus far only managed to reliably land me at one point on Earth, and that is inconveniently located on the wide estuary of a river amidst heavy, smoking industrial plants. It’s far from ideal as a venue, but repeated visits have enabled me to organise a support structure to help me get by.

‘Who is this?’ the Alchemist asks, pointing at the cunt.

I pull the dress from Kaitlyn’s shoulders, and she allows it to slither down her body and pool at her feet. She inhales deeply and stands prettily, not quite naked: her torso is enmeshed in a cunningly-designed leather and chain harness that is designed to show off the female form at its finest. Her breasts, although naturally firm, are enhanced and uplifted by tight black straps that surround their base, and a tantalising open pattern of leather and gleaming chain is cinched around her torso to make the entire harness tight on her flesh. A single, somewhat heavier chain runs between her legs, bisecting her sex and buttocks, then fastening to the body harness at the rear.

Kaitlyn is shy, but she steps away from the discarded dress and makes the best of it. I suppose she knows that her body is exquisitely displayed by the harness. Beautiful! I feel like throwing her onto her back, ripping the chain from her crotch, yanking the dickdo from her cunt, and burying Sir Malcolm inside her, right here and now. Sir Malcolm has only fucked her twice, come to think of it, and both times were before I journeyed to Depravity. And now I’m about to give her away to this bookish youth, who surely won’t fully appreciate her fleshly treasures. It’s a tragic but necessary sacrifice.

‘This cunt is named Kaitlyn,’ I say, turning her to face the Alchemist. ‘She is a souvenir from Venice, especially selected for you.’

I see Kaitlyn blink in surprise. I hadn’t bothered to tell her my plans, of course.

The Alchemist looks up, affecting disdain, but his gaze sweeps over the girl from head to foot. Then he nods and returns his attention to his papers. At one point, he takes a chart and uses a tri-point compass to make some calculations before returning to his scribbling.

‘Venice, you say?’ he asks. ‘How is that spelled?’

I scratch my head, perplexed. I’ve no idea how the name is spelled. Why would I?

‘If I may, Master,’ Kaitlyn says, ‘I can write it down for you.’

‘What?’ he says, taken aback. Then he pushes paper and charcoal stylus across, saying, ‘Yes, do so.’

I admire Kaitlyn’s pendent breasts and her cute bare arse as I watch her lean over the table to take the charcoal and write in large letters. Taking the paper, I glance at her glyphs.

‘Yes, that’s how it’s spelled,’ I say, handing the paper to the Alchemist. ‘This girl is educated in reading and writing.’

‘Good,’ the Alchemist says, studying the paper.

I glance at Kaitlyn, so delightfully exposed in the harness. I had assumed he would want the cunt for fucking, just like any other sane man. But, to be sure, the Alchemist isn’t like any other man I’ve ever met on my world.

‘This one is studying physicals,’ I say.

‘Physics,’ she corrects me.

‘What kind of physics?’ the Alchemist asks, clearly interested.

‘How many kinds are there?’ I say with a shrug.

‘I’m studying Atomic and Molecular Physics,’ Kaitlyn interjects, tempting me to smack her pert arse for her impertinence. The little cunt must read my mind because she glances sheepishly at me, and then says in a whisper: ‘Obviously, that’s the study of the structure and characteristics of atoms and molecules.’

‘Quite obviously,’ I say, glaring at her.

‘Excellent!’ the Alchemist exclaims, throwing down his stylus. ‘You have done well,

Slaver Starr.'

'Would I ever do less, young sir,' I say, risking a rebuke, because I know he doesn't like being reminded of his tender age.

However, he totally ignores that and turns to the girl: 'Tell me, Kaitlyn, do you know of others on Earth who is studying the various branches of physics?'

'Of course,' she says.

'Quantum mechanics?' he asks, his face brightening even more.

'Yes, Master,' she says, blinking in surprise. 'You only need to visit the major universities...'

I smack her Kaitlyn's bottom sharply, partly to regain attention. She gives a small yelp and glowers at me. I've wanted to smack her arse for the last few minutes.

'Mr Starr, pray leave my cunt alone!' the Alchemist admonishes. He then asks Kaitlyn: 'Which Earthy universities are considered foremost for this subject?'

'I study at Cambridge in the UK, Master,' Kaitlyn says, rubbing her buttock, which is now showing the nicely reddening imprint of my hand. 'Yale in the USA is highly-regarded, as are Princeton, Stanford and Cornell.'

The Alchemist is making notes as she speaks. He seems well pleased.

Eventually, he looks up at me and says, 'Ah, Slaver Starr, you're still here... Your next trip Across will be scheduled in a couple of days. I have some other arrangements to make first. Await my instructions. Fare thee well.'

'I need to travel to London again,' I say imperiously, as if ordering passage on a clipper ship. 'I really must organise my Earthly coin arrangements, and that requires a reliable destination point. The London landing might be on a massive river estuary, but I have a group of Earthy helpers there to make my life easier.'

The Alchemist gives me a piercing look, and I have to suppress a shudder.

'I trust you haven't revealed your provenance to these helpers?' he says.

'Provenance?' I ask, thinking he's speaking of Sir Malcolm, who is shrinking between my legs at this moment.

'Your real place of origin... details of travel across Dimensions.'

I laugh but it sounds hollow in the cave-like room. I am under strict instructions never to reveal the truth of my excursions between the worlds.

'Of course not, old fellow,' I say. 'On Earth, I am just another human trafficker. The people I work with are little more than thugs but they are useful in providing transport and temporary accommodation for my new acquisitions.'

He muses on this for a few moments. It makes my blood run cold.

Eventually, though, he says: 'Very well, Slaver Starr. London it is, if all goes to plan. I will have some important matters for you to attend to on your next trip. Now, leave us. I must induct this juicy little cunt to my purpose, and prefer privacy for that.'

'Fair thee well then,' I say, giving Kaitlyn's red arse a final swat as I head out of the rock room and into the dark passage.

Then I halt, a sudden thought occurring to me. I turn and go back. Well, two thoughts strike me, actually. For one thing, I forgot to leave the key to the girl's body harness. Sure enough, as I return through the doorway, the Alchemist is plucking at the cunt's chains. I suppress a chortle. Perhaps he *is* a red blooded male after all.

'What now?' he says irritably, looking up at me.

'Does the name Igor Beren mean anything to you?' I ask (that was my other afterthought).

'The Balkan Bastard?' he says irritably, fiddling with the fastening of the chain harness at the small of the girls' back. 'Yes, of course I know him.'

He knows Beren? "*Of course*" he knows Beren? What in the Gods' ballocks does he mean by that? I can only stand perplexed, but it's clear that I'm not going to get any further explanation,

for the Alchemist is too preoccupied, trying to release the cunt's crotch chain. He seems annoyed that this simple task is defeating him, but then very clever men often aren't too clever with their hands. Don't you find that?

'I'll go then,' I say.

'Yes, fuck off. Leave me to my work. Come back in two days time.'

His work? Ha! I shrug and leave, just as he ordered, but keep the key to Kaitlyn's body harness in my pocket. Fuck him!

## Part II

### I buy some cunts

I am shocked that the Alchemist admits to knowing Igor Beren. So that confirms it: Igor's "scientist" is *my* Alchemist, they are one and the same. I had thought so, of course, but that doesn't make it any the less disconcerting. It's obvious to me that the Alchemist is somehow involved in this business of a stoolie infiltrating Depravity.

I return through the narrow alleys of the Shuffles trying to make some sense of things. Even if the Alchemist has an interest in the curious matter of Earthy spies, why would he choose to tell a criminal like Igor Beren about the paths Across the Dimensions? After all, he has always insisted that, on pain of death (at the very least) I must not reveal anything about time and space travel across the Divide, neither to people in this world nor the next. So what's the explanation for him telling Beren the Balkan Bastard, then? And why was Scobie, the pirate quartermaster summoned to Depravity? Only the Alchemist knows my particular dealings with Scobie and then pirate xebec. I smell a rat lurking in the caverns of Castleton rock!

My troubled thoughts are interrupted because some idiot has managed to get a big van jammed between the buildings in the narrow alley, effectively barring my passage. Frightened young female faces are staring out at me from the barred window at the back of the van. A slaver's carriage! Wouldn't you know it? All slavers, including me, hire the cheapest labour, and that usually means we employ the biggest oafs.

The driver is perched atop the roof of the van, cursing and snarling, and ineffectually hitting the harnessed donkey-cocks with a large whip. I wait for a minute or more, but the efforts of the straining slaves only serve to wedge the van even more securely, and it will move neither back nor forward. Only the Gods know how the problem will be resolved; the vehicle is blocking the doors of two houses now. Growing ever more impatient, I watch in exasperation as the slaver's man climbs down and unlocks the rear door of the van. Six females get out and stand nervously on the cobbles of the alley. They are all stark naked. That's hardly surprising, of course, because slaves are always transported unclothed. It's the slavers' tradition.

Still, half a dozen prettily naked cunts will undoubtedly scandalise the decent drab womenfolk of the Shuffles. The driver seems mindless of that as he scrambles over the van's roof and down the other side. I hear him arguing with some uncouth lout who is demanding that the vehicle be immediately removed. The driver is no less loutish, of course, and tells the man to go forth and fuck himself while he removes the donkey-cocks from the harnesses. Others join in the squabble. The women are more vociferous and foul-mouthed than the men, as usual. Shuffles drabs are particularly coarse, only one step up from shit shovellers, most of them.

It's little wonder that the slaves form a tight huddle, pressing together, perhaps trying to shield their nudity from the potentially hostile drab women. I wander up to them, casting my keen slaver's eye over the merchandise. They look scared, but instantly spread apart when I snap my fingers and make a gesture as if drawing a line on the cobbles.

The girls are comely enough. This is obviously a select lot, probably heading for one of the better auction venues. They are all trimmed and brushed and painted to look their very best. One in particular has lustrous long blonde hair and lovely full breasts, of a kind that men love to get their cockstands between. The very thought of that makes my own fellow, Sir Malcolm, begin to stir as I reach to cup one of her tits; she doesn't flinch, either; furthermore, her nipple stiffens perceptibly when I rub my thumb across it.

I move down the line, briefly pausing to inspect each of the young women, patting a stomach here, hefting a breast there, and stroking plump pudenda... the usual kind of thing. I'm a professional slaver, and it's my business. Every one of the cunts yields softly to my assured touches, and a couple of them even chance a seductive smile. It's only a cursory inspection, but it

tells me a lot. These cunts are trained and experienced slaves; I can tell that just by feeling them. Most of them were probably slaves from birth. Their mothers were probably cunts too, and their grandmothers before them (the Gods only know who or what their fathers might have been – slavery follows the female line).

The commotion is continuing unabated on the other side of the wedged-in van. I am glad to be protected by its bulk, because the Shuffles-folk seem to be getting more and more hostile, and I'm wearing one of my finest gentlemen's tunics. I suspect it won't be long before they start throwing things, or emptying piss pots from upper windows in the narrow street. Perhaps the slaver's man is thinking the same thing, because he is breathless and flushed when he scrambles back over the roof and slithers to the cobbles. He is carrying a bundle of leather straps and harnesses, some of which were probably removed from the donkey-cocks and the rest taken from his box seat.

One of my fingers is up the luscious blonde's moist slit as the oaf turns to look at his naked charges. The blonde's intimate flesh has oiled nicely in such a short time, and I can smell its sweet fragrance (experience slavers have sensitive noses for a cunt's sex juices, don't you know).

'What the fuck do you think you're doing?' the driver rasps, dropping the bundle of straps and reaching for the cudgel tucked in his belt.

Without removing my fingers from the girl's pussy, I calmly reach for my dagger with my free hand. I could easily slit the man from cockstand to gizzard, of course, but instead of pointing the dagger, I toss it up in the air and catch the blade, showing the hilt to him, embossed with the distinctive crest of the Slavers' Guild.

'House of Starr,' I say imperiously. 'My name is Jake Starr, don't you know.'

The blonde cunt gives a small mewling sound, and I realise that I inadvertently jerked my fingers high inside her when juggling the dagger with my other hand. I smile and then return my attention to the oaf. He seems nonplussed and scarce of word.

Eventually, gathering his bravado, he says: 'What's yer business then?'

I shrug and return the dagger to its scabbard on my thigh, and then remove my fingers from the girl's pussy and ostentatiously pass them under my nostrils, inhaling and savouring her aroma. Some men, believe it or not, have no liking for the smell of an aroused cunt. Me, I can't get enough of it. Smiling in pleasure, I offer my scented fingers to the girl's lips and wait until she begins to suck them clean. Sir Malcolm is as rigid as my dagger now, and it's good that my cloak is voluminous enough to conceal him.

'I might be able to assist you,' I say, glancing at the stuck wagon. 'Plainly, you won't get these cunts to market today, unless you choose to walk them there naked. And if you do that, it's likely you'll get lynched by the good, righteous drab women before you get them there.'

The blonde is sucking deep on my fingers, taking them to the back of her throat. I have a liking for this little succulent cunt.

'If you are trying to sell me some slave garb, I've no coin,' the disgruntled driver says.

I smile. It's common knowledge that slavers' henchmen rarely have two joeys to rub together. Besides, even if this fellow were to buy clothing for the cunts, it's a florin to a farthing that he wouldn't ever get it back from the slaver.

'As you can see, I carry no slave garb,' I say, swishing my purple cloak open with a flourish. 'But I imagine the good women of the town might sell you some rags.'

'I'm sure of that, but they'd rob me blind, even if I had the coin.'

'Who is your Master?' I ask the man, as if only vaguely interested, tugging the blonde slave under her chin as I withdraw my fingers from her luscious lips.

'Jackson Willard, House of Belvoir,' he says, pronouncing Belvoir as Beaver.

I smile inwardly but contrive to look concerned. Old Willard is a well-known coin-scrape, and his ambitious young wife is even worse. Belvoir is one of the oldest established slave houses, but Jackson Willard married into the business when the last of the male Belvoirs died. Since then

it's declined at an ever-accelerating pace. Willard is not a true slaver, y'see. A money-lender and pawn-broker, more like. He leaves his wife, Abelard to run the place, and she was never a true Belvoir either; Abelard was the young widow of the old stodge who died, and she inherited the wealth, but not the right to run the business (you can't have a female as proprietor of a slavey, don't you know). Jackson Willard is a convenient front man, and he brought some wealth to the wedding.

'So you were heading for the Leadenhall Block,' I say, knowing that Abelard Willard favours the covered slave market to sell her better wares. 'You'll need to hurry then, or you'll miss the cut.'

The slave market in Leadenhall is only held once a month, and it invariably draws in a discerning bunch of buyers who usually pay good prices. Vendors have to get their livestock into the exposition cages before noon, so that the merchandise can be viewed at leisure prior to the auction. The Leadenhall auctioneers are very strict about the cut.

'I am doing my best,' the driver snaps, grabbing up the handful of leather straps from the cobbles. 'I'm going to harness these cunts to the back of the wagon and make them pull it free, while the donkey-cocks push.'

I glance at the line of nude girls and shrug, saying, 'They don't look like heavy draught slaves to me. I fancy you'll need more brawny cock slaves for that.'

'Can you loan me some brawny cock slaves?'

'Clearly not,' I say, glancing round theatrically and spreading my hands. 'And you won't be able to whip these pretty fine-boned cunts to great effort, not if you want them to be accepted by the Leadenhall auctioneers. You know how demned fussy they are.'

'Perhaps you can lend your own shoulder to help me to pull the van clear?' he says hopefully.

I shake my head and say, 'You have as much chance of that as mighty Zeus hurtling down a thunderbolt at this very moment to ricochet from one building to another until it shoots up your arse. Perhaps the townsfolk will help you to push or pull your wagon.'

'They will demand payment,' he says gloomily.

'Undoubtedly.'

'I have no coin.'

'Bad luck for you then,' I say. 'Abelard Willard has a fast temper. She won't like you missing the auction, particularly if she's primed this lot for the special occasion and spent good money on their grooming.'

'Fuck the Gods' gonads!' the driver says, hurling the bundle of leather straps to the ground.

'But there may yet be a way,' I say carefully. 'Do you have the manifest?'

'Of course,' he says, reaching into the pocket of his grubby tunic.

I glance at the scrap of paper he hands to me. It's a list written in fine copper plate and I can't decipher most of it, but the sum against each numbered line is clear enough. Abelard Willard's slave trainers have valued each cunt separately, as you might expect for a prestigious block like Leadenhall Market. That's common practice for the better auctions. Each sum represents the reserved price for each slave, of course, although Abelard would be hoping for considerably more at auction. My eyes scan the figures - Abelard Willard's trainers know their business, even if she doesn't. The sum noted against the blonde's number is appreciably higher than the others; she is a prime specimen, as I had immediately discerned, but maybe somewhat over-valued. My mind works like an abacus: it all adds up to 8 gold and 2 silver.

'In total, the reserved price for all of these cunts is just under 5 gold talents,' I say.

'That may be so, but they are to be sold separately on the Leadenhall block,' the stupid driver says.

'Whereas it's more usual for slave stock sent to lesser markets to be valued at an aggregate price for the lot,' I say, 'and then it is up to the auctioneer to get the best price, either selling the

cunts individually, in smaller groups, or as one whole lot. It matters not, so long as the reserve price is surpassed.'

'Leadenhall is not a lesser market,' the man points out.

'But you can't get these cunts to Leadenhall,' I say.

'That's true. I'm done for!'

'What say I give you 6 gold talents for the lot of them?' I ask genially.

The man looks at me dumfounded. I can almost see his brain working behind his dull eyes. His mouth works as he thinks, but no coherent words emerge and saliva runs down his chin. He is gauging the chances of simply taking the money and running off, I imagine. But why would I care?

'The manifest will serve as a receipt for your Mistress if we both sign it,' I say.

'She ordered me to take them to market.'

'You can only do your best,' I say, taking the Alchemist's gold coins from my pocket and dropping them, one by one, from one hand to the other. 'Jackson Willard knows me well and will be grateful that I have yielded him an enhanced profit in the circumstances.'

Actually, Willard hates my guts for trying to bar his entry into the Slavers' Guild; I was unsuccessful in that, and now he is the President, although nobody has seen him in months.

'Make it seven gold,' the driver says.

'Six is my final offer,' I say.

'Mistress Willard will have the skin whipped off my back.'

'Six gold. I can't say fairer than that. What's the odd whipping here and there?'

'Very well,' he sighs, defeated. 'Take the cunts. If that's the deal, I might as well leave the wagon here and go back to Belvoir with my tale of woe. At least I've some gold to ease their wrath.'

I tear the manifest diagonally. The two separate halves will represent both receipt and invoice in the event of a dispute.

'We must both sign the two pieces,' I say, 'and you can take one of them back to your Master with the gold talents.'

The chances of Sir Malcolm fucking an octopus are better than the odds on old Willard or his wife ever seeing those coins!

## Part III

### Madam Marie's Drink'n'Drug Den

After the sale is completed I sort a long lead rein from the jumble of straps on the cobbles and loosely wrap it round the right wrist of each girl. It's just a token, really, showing that I accept responsibility for them. Then I turn back down the alley and take a detour, brazenly leading the coffle of six nude cunts in single file down the labyrinth of narrow streets, ignoring the catcalls of free drab women.

There is a drink and drugs den I know well, not far from here. Its extensive premises are discreetly located down a very narrow back alley, and the unassuming frontage is no different from any other small house in the district. Yet when I give the none-too-secret knock, the door opens and I am admitted into another world. The owner is a statuesque, large breasted beauty with long, flowing red hair, and she is entirely naked except for her large tri-corn hat.

'Welcome back,Jake,' she says huskily in my ear, counting in the cunts who follow me before she closes the door again. 'With six naked sluts too. You are choosing to live dangerously, parading them through the Shuffles.'

I laugh, saying, 'Twas a matter of circumstance, Madam.'

'Well, they'll be safe enough with me, as usual,' she says, patting the plump rump of a deliciously soft brunette.

'Thank you, Madam Marie,' I say. 'And as for myself and Sir Malcolm, we are in need of especially tender sustenance.'

She gives a throaty chuckle and plants a lingering and passionate kiss on my lips, with one of her hands ruffling through my hair and the other fishing Sir Malcolm out of my pants.

Madam Marie is a free woman, believe it or not. She owns this place. Yet Marie always parades naked, just like the bevy of lovely cunts that serve her patrons. The only visible difference between the Madam and her lovely young naked whores is that the glamorous Madam always wears the tri-corn hat perched at a jaunty angle atop her shock of red curly hair, yet it is an entirely unnecessary differentiation. Madam Marie's dominant manner and deportment is utterly different from that of her sluts.

I adore Marie but, as you might have gathered, she is by no means a submissive woman. I am very conscious of that, because her hand grasps Sir Malcolm in an iron grip as she leads me down the narrow, dark corridor. One wrong move and she could tear my cockstand out by its roots.

My newly-purchased naked sluts follow in single file as we enter a large, seemingly endless room. I say "seemingly endless", because Marie owns every building in the long alley, and the separating walls between these old, disparate houses have been partially removed in a kind of random pattern, leaving all manner of nooks and crannies as it recedes into the distance. I suppose it had to be done that way, or the whole damned lot would have fallen down, but it's made for an illogically rambling space distinctly suitable for its purpose. A band of brothers could continuously fuck and carouse in the Den for months and never run into each other.

The purpose of Madam Marie's Drink'n'Drug Den is the unlimited supply of all manner of sensuous delights. Use your own vivid imagination to picture any kind of fleshly delight imaginable and, if you can imagine it, then it will be available at Madam Marie's Den, for a price.

We have an arrangement, Marie and I. Few know of it, not even the Alchemist, but Marie provides me with one of my undercover slaving establishments. Often, rather than take girls to my own House, where they will be monitored and generally known by all and sundry, I quietly secrete them in the tender care of Madam Marie. She trains them too - I swear she's a better slave trainer than any of my paid handlers.

"Why?" you might ask. Why? Heaps of steaming Gods' dung, do I have to explain?



People watch the House of Starr all the time, that's why: rivals, law enforcers, people like Igor Beren, and only the Gods know who else. And you can bet your sweet cockstand or pussy that some of the workers in my pay are in the pay of my enemies too. It's demned nigh impossible to keep anything secret in a professional slave house.

'You have my last crop of cunts ready for moving on?' I ask Marie, Sir Malcolm convulsing in her hand as she leads me to a recess that was once probably some town drab's entire living space.

'I'll keep the best of the litter, Jake,' she says, licking my ear.

'No, they're already sold, my dear,' I say, toppling back onto a giant floor cushion and wincing as my cockstand is painfully extended in her grip. 'But you'll have to keep them a while longer, because I must make another urgent trip in a couple of days.'

'Can't I keep one or two of them, Jake?' she wheedles.

'Earthy-witches are too warm and dusty for a place like this. Sooner or later one of them will start telling her story and some fucktwot will believe her. It's best to get them safely away from here, before any dewy-eyed patron forms a close attachment.'

Marie grunts as she lands on top of me, flipping up my tunic, straddling me with her thighs and guiding Sir Malcolm to slide smoothly inside her. After a few playful bounces that leave me breathless, she leans back and looks down at me, pushing flame-red tresses aside from her eyes.

'You have the best cockstand in Castleton, Jake Starr. Didn't I always say that?'

'And you always say that to everyone you fuck,' I say dryly, glancing at the six newly-acquired slaves, who are standing around us, watching my ravishment with some interest. 'I'll tell you what, though, as payment for your services, past and present, you can have five of these cunts. None of them are Incomers, of course, as far as I know.'

Marie begins to ease up and down on Sir Malcolm in a maddeningly slow rhythm, all the time clenching and unclenching her vaginal muscles. I swear, she could open whelks with that pussy. It makes me want to grab her tits and yank her down and impale my good man to the hilt and discharge my cargo inside her, right here and now. I resist the urge, though. Delayed gratification is always the best, don't you think? Besides, she might get angry if I do that.

'Any of five of them?' she says as she clamps her cunt round Sir Malcolm like a pit-dog's jaws closing on a bone.

'No. You can have them all except the little blonde with tits on her tits,' I say, trying to resist a grimace of pain and pleasure. 'I'd rather like to keep that one for myself, don't you know.'

'And I suppose they're all warm and dusty too?' she asks, giving me her fiendishly beautiful, scarred smile that borders on a sneer as she releases her vaginal lock and then rather raises up and viciously reapplies it round the rim of my Sir Malcolm's plum-like head.

'Well, yes, in a way, they are a trifle warm and dusty,' I admit, reaching to stroke her clitoris, which is like a miniature church hat peg protruding from her pussy lips.

She moans slightly when I pinch the engorged nubbin, and her cunt muscles clamp even more tightly around my cockplum, threatening to snap it from Sir Malcolm's neck. I sigh in rapture. Oh, she's one hell of a woman, is Marie! She could unscrew steel bolts from a treasure vault with that cunt (she can certainly pull bungs from wine bottles with it - I know that for a fact).

'Just *how* warm and dusty?' she asks, releasing her grip and sliding down my greasy pole.

'Well, Jackson Willard will probably want them back,' I say. Then, when she goes tense, I quickly add, 'But don't worry, my love, I didn't steal them. I paid Willard's man a fair price for the job lot and have a proper receipt.'

'Don't "my love" me,' she says, reaching back to grasp my balls in a none too loving grip. 'So you thought it best to lodge them with me, just in case.'

'Demn me, Marie, I was just nearby,' I say, telling the truth. I like to tell the truth, when I can, especially if a fucking she-wolf has got my balls tightly gripped in her hand. 'It's all legal, I assure you.'

She yanks the top of my tunic open, easing her body down to press her gorgeous tits against my bared chest. I can feel her nipples, hard as plum stones, pressing against my pectorals.

Well, yes, there's no use my denying it. It makes no sense to take this batch of cunts back to the House of Starr and wait until Willard's enforcers come visiting. If the slaves aren't there, they can't snatch them back. I will simply say that I sold them for a quick profit. That is also partly true, of course; if Madam Marie agrees to take five of the cunts, it will clear my outstanding debts to her, so it's a sale of sorts.

'And Willard's men won't call here?'

'Why would they? They won't know the cunts are here, and they're unlikely to recognise any of them, anyway. Men like that see so many different women every day that they all begin to look alike. Believe me, I'm a slaver, and I know these things.'

Actually, I never forget a cunt, and can always recognise her later. It's a matter of professional pride. But Willard's enforcers won't be slavers ... dullards, more like, if the dumb cove in the alley was anything to go by. I employ my own enforcers who could repel them, of course, but it would be an ugly confrontation unbecoming of professional slavers.

'Very well, I'll take five of them,' Marie says, rubbing her tits against my face. 'I need mores sluts if you are moving your Earth-witches on.'

I mumble into her soft breast flesh: 'Every one of them except the blonde. They are prime flesh. They were headed for Leadenhall Auctions, no less. I paid 8 talents for them, don't you know.'

Again Marie chuckles, pulling my head into her tits, stroking my hair, and saying: 'You are quite taken with the blonde cunt, I see. Beware, Jake! All men become stupid when their cockstands start thinking for them.' As if to prove her point, she eases up and down smoothly on Sir Malcolm, who is aching-hard now, sending me into a near swoon. Then she adds, 'But you've got a deal, my sullied angel from Hades' arsehole. I'll take the five sluts, and your slate is clean.'

'Done!' I manage to say.

Ha! Whatever Marie might think, I am long past the days when a juicy cunt could addle my brain, or Sir Malcolm's either. Profit apart, my main motivation is that I want to keep my own House out of trouble. I am already regretting lodging Kaitlyn there - the girl I saved and had trained as a gift for the Alchemist - but that decision was made before I knew of the security breach at Depravity. Henceforth, I shall take more precautions with newly-acquired Earth-witches, you can rely on it. I will simply subcontract my potential problems to friends I trust, and I almost trust Madam Marie, and she is almost a friend.

Anyway, the five cunts actually cost me nothing, since the Alchemist gave me the gold in the first place. I've squared my debts with the Madam, paving the way for when I need to hide away more slaves in future. I've retained the best cunt too. All in all, it's a good deal, well worked, I reckon. See? That's how it's done.

'I might as well put them to work immediately,' Marie says, looking up from my ravishment and snapping her fingers. 'You, girl, see to his balls and arse... And you, look after my quim. And you, lovely little bitch, may kneel and straddle his face, giving him something to lick...'

In short order, the Madam has stationed all five of the new cunts to various deliciously salacious tasks, assisting her wiles as she comprehensively fucks me dry. Only my blonde girl stands looking on, like a spare cunt in a whore house - which is exactly what she is, of course. What care I? I am transported to the very abyss of ecstasy and delight, and haven't so much as sniffed a drug fume yet.

I can only sigh and moan as the plump little brunette sucks one of my balls in her mouth and pushes her finger up my arse. The sweet fragrance of oiling sex juices assails my nostrils as one of the other slaves slathers her pussy round my face. And all the time, Madam Marie's vagina is working its exquisite magic on my cockstand. We are all writhing around like eels in a wet

sack.

As I see it, with the main business done, it's perfectly permissible to let my brains become addled now. Like I said, use your vivid imagination to picture any kind of fleshly delight one adult can work on another, and you can bet your whole arse that it will be available at Madam Marie's Den.

# CHAPTER FOUR - The Alchemist

## Part I

### Aims of world dominion

**They call me the Alchemist.** That's the alias that I chose to protect my position.

I will reveal my true self to the world when the time is auspicious and I am all-powerful, but until then my alchemy labours will remain secret, known only to a few carefully chosen minions. Jake Starr is one of my puppets, but there are others.

I particularly mention Slaver Starr because he has recently unwittingly excelled in my service, bringing me a woman from Earth who might do more than merely ease the rigidity of my cockstem. Besides possessing a comely body and a willing soul, I am now the owner of this young woman's scientific knowledge. That is very valuable to me, unbeknown to Slaver Starr, who delivered the toothsome little cunt into my keep.

At a stroke, it resolves a particularly pressing problem that has been troubling me for some time. I have pushed my own

long since recognised the need for more scientific expertise, and had been agonising about how to add a science man to my crew, with all the challenges that might present. And now, quite by chance, this little cunt Kaitlyn drops onto my cockstand!

Now, in my personal polity deep under the Castle, Kaitlyn is indulging my fancy. She is kneeling in front of me, quite naked of course, with the fluid of my seed glistening on her face and flecked white in her long dark hair. Now I've known better cockatrices, I'll own to that; she performs fellatio well enough, perhaps better than most new cunts, but her constant gagging whenever I push my cockstand deep is somewhat discouraging. However, thoughts of her unexpected scientific knowledge keep circulating round my brain. That's what is keeping my cockstand hard, in truth.

'You claim to be studying Physics,' I say, grasping her ears and pulling her head onto my erect shaft. 'Atomic and Molecular Physics...'

The cunt can only mumble incomprehensibly, of course. My penis isn't all that big (certainly not as large as Slaver Starr's grotesque appendage, ludicrously named Sir Malcolm) but it effectively gags Kaitlyn's mouth, all the same. I yank her head back, and trails of viscous ejaculate cling to her full red lips as she looks up at me.

'Yes, Master,' she says, holding the shaft of my cock and then lovingly licking the glans. 'That's what I was studying.'

'It's what you will continue to study, little cunt,' I tell her, allowing her to take the plum of my erect penis into her mouth again, 'whilst you are also learning to become a more skilled cockatrix. Where did you learn to suck cocks?'

'University, Master.'

'They have courses in cock-sucking at Earth universities?' I ask in astonishment.

'Extra-curricular activities,' Kaitlyn says, licking quite expertly round the rim of my cockhead. 'Sex was a sideline to studying Physics. Most of the students indulged...'

Amazing! A slave cunt versed in Physics! Who would have thought it? I might have expected it from a slave cock, but not a cunt... no, that was entirely unforeseen. By the intestines of Isthos, it's like a bolt of lightning hitting my rod of intuition.

'So tell me, Kaitlyn, are other juicy cunts like you studying Physics on Earth?'

She pulls back and slaps my wet cock against her face a few times before looking up and saying, 'Quite a few young women study Physics, Master. It's no longer a male domain.'

'Bizarre but at the same time excellent,' I murmur, closing my eyes and sighing as her pebble-like nipples lightly brush against my thighs when she leans to rasp her tongue down the

length of my shaft.

In time, with daily practice, she will probably become quite an accomplished cockatrix - she really only needs to learn how to sheath a cock in her throat without puking.

I ask: 'Which learning institutions do these cunts attend to further their studies in Physics?'

'Oh, many different places across the world, Master,' she says, her hand softly cupping the sac of my testicles and gently rolling the ballocks together, one against the other.

'Aiiii! And which of these schools is the best?' I ask, stroking her hair as she twists her head between my legs to suck one of my testicles into her mouth.

It takes a few seconds for her to answer me and I don't really mind that. The warm sensation in my ballocks is quite exquisite. Eventually, though, Kaitlyn pulls back and looks up at me with cow eyes that glisten in the lamp light in my cave rooms.

'Well, Master, different people have different views of course. Some of the top USA universities, maybe: Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Stanford, Berkely....'

'And where do the cleverest cunts go to study quantum mechanics?'

'Oh, Harvard is regarded as one of the very best, I'd say.'

She is about to suck my cock again but I stay her head, tilting it back and asking, 'This Harvard ... if I provide accurate Earthy charts, could you pinpoint its exact location and coordinates?'

'You have modern maps of the Earth? Of course I can, Master.'

With that, I allow her to continue to suck my cock. She gags again when my cockhead hits the back of her throat. If only she could overcome that reflex, Kaitlyn would be an excellent cockatrix.

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When choosing minions, particularly in a clandestine enterprise, it's always best to choose them for their nature rather than their mind. It's easy for minions to betray their oaths, but it's nigh impossible for them to deny their own innate, primal urges. So I didn't choose Slaver Starr because he is particularly bright - he isn't and, which is more, he's blithely ignorant of that fact. Nor did I select Starr because I expected loyal, dog-like devotion from him. I chose the man to work for me on my special missions because he is a greedy, self-serving and utterly arrogant bastard who will always, unfailingly, without variation, serve his own best interests. Starr's other main attribute is a sex-drive that makes a hump-backed bonobo ape seem positively sloth-like. This man will fuck a hole in a coffin. He even gives his cockstem a name that smacks of nobility: Sir Malcolm. Sir Malcolm is what drives him, and he can only follow his nature. He also owns a long-established Slave House that is well-respected, at least as much as any slave house is respected.

Knowing all of this, I merely have to place Jake Starr in situations where his interests coincide with my own.

I find that self interest is always the best motivator. And on that point, I will tomorrow make a fleeing journey across the Divide to tempt the national self-interest of the most powerful country on Earth.

## Part II

### A trip to Earth

**‘They call me the Alchemist,’** I tell the man from the Directorate of Science and Technology, adding a long sigh that’s meant to impart my tedium.

‘What’s your real name, son?’

‘The Alchemist.’

‘Very well, I’ll call you John,’ the man says with a sigh, glancing at the uniformed man who stands by the door.

Who else is watching and listening, I wonder? We are sitting in a small white, bright room that is austere equipped with a single white desk, two chairs, and, no doubt, all manner of concealed listening and watching devices.

The air is cool in the room, but the D,S&T man is sweating in his formal and stuffy dark suit of clothes. Perhaps I should have worn different garb for my trip, but I’m quite fond of my floral shirt and long shorts and canvas shoes. But perhaps they might treat me with more gravitas if I dressed in a dark suit too? Perhaps not, though: I need to be consistent, and they have always known me wearing this comfortable apparel.

‘But what’s your real Christian name, John?’ the bespectacled buffoon ask.

‘There is no longer such a thing as a Christian on my world. You wouldn’t be able to pronounce my name, anyway. It’s expressed as a series of exaggerated glottal stops and clicks of the tongue.’

That’s a lie, of course. We speak excellent English on my world - better than the dolts do on Earth - albeit with somewhat different vocabularies and dialects, presumably due to different evolution since the Separation. It’s a moot point that rather interests me: perhaps some things slip freely back and forth across the Great Divide? Anyway, no cunt from Earth has ever had much trouble conversing with her new Masters from the moment she arrives, although, admittedly, a sharply-applied whip usually helps in that.

‘We have our own language experts, I assure you, John,’ the man says with a sniff. ‘So why not just tell me your name.’

I get this routine questioning every time I make an “official” visit to Earth - official in as much that I announce my presence to The Directorate of Science and Technology of the CIA. Rest assured, mindless bureaucracy administered by numbskulls will always reign supreme in such places, no matter which Dimension you chance to inhabit. As usual, an earnest, disbelieving clunge has been sent to ‘interview’ me. It’s the price I must pay for deciding to play in the highly-charged political playground of the most powerful nation on Earth.

‘So who are you, John Doe, and what do you want?’

‘I merely want to exchange knowledge,’ I say.

*Two hours later...*

‘So you want to exchange knowledge, John.’

I sigh wearily and say: ‘I’ve told your superiors oft-times when I’ve visited before: I need the services of a specialist in quantum mechanics’

‘A specialist in quantum mechanics!’ he says, glancing at the man near the door, and then up at the small red light is glowing in the corner of the room.

‘I’ve said before, I would prefer a comely young female with the requisite knowledge, skills and attributes.’

‘I bet you would, buddy.’

‘Can you find one for me, preferably educated at Harvard?’

‘A “comely” young female specialist in quantum mechanics who was educated at

Harvard,' the man repeats. Then he mutters, 'God help us!'

I smile as the man mops his brow again.

'And I need to acquire a suitable scientific research facility on Earth. You asked for assistance in identifying a suitable target,' I say. 'How many more times must I make these reasonable requests? Finance is no object, of course. I have money.'

'Somebody will carefully consider your requests, no doubt, John,' the security man says, rising to his feet and walking towards the door, indicating that our meeting is concluded.

The uniformed man opens the door. I sigh. It seems that I have got nowhere again.

'I need affirmative answers before I leave this time,' I say, looking over my shoulder. 'I must go in two days time.'

'That doesn't give us much time,' he says, pausing by the door.

'Actually, it's only a couple of hours in my own world; there's a vast disparity in the relative time of the two Dimensions.'

'Is that a fact,' he says flatly, obviously not believing a word of it.

'I'm assuming you're superiors have already done some work on my previous requests. Tell them again: I urgently need an expert in quantum mechanics, and a suitable research enterprise to base my studies.'

'Much good may it do you,' he says, leaving the room, and the uniformed man smirks.

## Part III

### Natalie Carpenter

*The next day...*

‘**I am the Alchemist,**’ I tell the comely young woman who is ushered into the small white room.

‘Hi, my name is Natalie Carpenter,’ the young woman tells me, sitting on the other side of the grey-topped desk. ‘I understand that you want to talk to me about quantum mechanics?’

She is left alone in the room with me. Usually there is a guard goon lurking beside a wall trying to look solemn. A full day has elapsed since my meeting with the security drudge, and I am running short of time to complete my mission for this trip.

‘How much have they told you about me?’ I ask her, looking at her finely-chiselled features and long, dark hair scraped back into a horse-tail.

Her bright blue eyes flit across my wrinkled floral shirt, which I rinsed in the sink of my cell and allowed to dry overnight (they don’t provide a laundry service here, and the alternative orange jump suits they offer aren’t appealing). Then Natalie glances uncertainly up at the tiny red light that glimmers high in the corner of the room, as if she’s not quite certain what she should say.

‘So why have you come, Natalie Carpenter?’ I ask.

Finally, her pretty face a mask of indecision, she says, ‘I was told that you are an important person who is keen to discuss quantum mechanics, nothing more than that. They asked me to talk to you’

‘They..?’

She gives a shrug and says, ‘The guys at DS&T... this place.’

‘And you know about quantum mechanics?’

‘I’m just completing my doctorate at Yale,’ she says, tossing her hair with a flick of her head.

‘I would have preferred Harvard.’

‘Yale is better.’

‘Tell me what you have learned about quantum physics.’

She blinks, saying. ‘How long have you got?’

‘A brief summation will suffice.’

‘Okaaaay,’ Natalie Carpenter says slowly. ‘Well, quantum physics is a branch of science that deals with discrete, indivisible units of energy called quanta as described by the Quantum Theory.’

‘Not that brief,’ I say.

‘There are five main ideas represented in Quantum Theory. Firstly, energy is not continuous, but comes in small but discrete units; secondly, the elementary particles behave both like particles and like waves; thirdly, the movement of these particles is inherently random; fourthly, it is physically impossible to know both the position and the momentum of a particle at the same time. The more precisely one is known, the less precise the measurement of the other is; and, lastly, the atomic world is nothing like the world we live in.’

‘Fuck, enough already!’ I say, holding up my hand. ‘Your fourth premise is incorrect, but otherwise...’

Natalie Carpenter is warming to the task and apparently unstoppable: ‘It’s even more important than relativity in the grand scheme of things - if any one thing at that level could be said to be more important than anything else. Furthermore, it describes the nature of the universe as being much different than just the world we see—’

‘How old are you?’

‘I beg your pardon?’



‘It’s a simple enough question.’

‘I— I’m 25 years old,’ she stammers.

‘And are you a virgin, Natalie Carpenter?’

‘How dare you?’ she snaps.

With that, she leaps to her feet, her blue eyes flashing with anger. Despite her dark suit, which approximates the formal garb worn by men on Earth, I can see that she has a trim and lithe body. I am no Slaver Starr, but I know an attractive woman when I see one.

The door immediately opens, unbidden, and she walks out with one last, disparaging glare in my direction.

‘Natalie Carpenter is the best we can come up with,’ a woman tells me.

They have sent another officer to me. This one, though, wears a mantle of authority - invisible, but nonetheless obvious.

‘I may take her back to my world?’

‘Christ, no,’ the woman says. ‘She’s a US citizen. You may employ her on earth, that’s all. That’s what you asked for. She has the attributes you seek.’

I smile to myself. Natalie Carpenter would be their spy, reporting back on my activities.

‘It would be better if I took her across the Divide,’ I say, thinking of Katilyn.

‘If she is harmed in any way, your life won’t be worth living, on this world or any other.’

This woman is in her sixties, with a piercing stare. She reminds me of my grandmother, and it doesn’t seem appropriate to foul-mouth her.

I just shrug and say, ‘So it seems I will travel back alone.’

‘We could send an astronaut volunteer with you,’ she offers.

I look at her, taken aback. ‘An astronaut?’

‘An expert in space travel...’

‘You don’t understand,’ I say, anxious not to be offensive. ‘I must decline your kind offer. It isn’t that kind of space. But I am still very interested in Natalie Carpenter... I would like to employ her, somewhere, somehow, to assist my studies.’

The woman smiles slightly, and it changes her face. She could even *be* my grandmother!

‘Your studies are important,’ she says kindly. ‘We can help you with that. As you asked, we have identified a corporation that specialises in research. We can transfer it to your ownership.’

‘Excellent!’

‘Its name is Emissions Strategies Inc.’

## Part IV

### More of my people on Earth

‘**The Alkchemist himselfk!**’ Horace Muknkee tells me with a broad smile, patting the small monkey that is wanking on his shoulder. ‘This must mean you’ve perfkected the travel calckulus. Oh, happy, happy day! Dokn’t you agree Sam?’

Horace Muknkee is speaking to Samuel Lemon, not to the furiously masturbating pet monkey, of course. Lemon sits opposite at a table in a dimly-lit café of sorts.

‘I’ll be glad to get back home, right enough,’ Lemon says happily.

Lemon reaches across to pat my back as though I am his long-lost brother, although I’ve only ever met him once, or perhaps twice before. That was four Earthy years ago, but only six months in my time.

Muknkee gestures to a half-nude woman who is perambulating between the tables, serving drinks.

‘We’re downk to our last fkuckinkg bonkobo... Let me get you a drink.’

The woman smiles brightly and sashays across to the alcove where we are sitting, her large breasts jutting out, seemingly sculpted from rocks. Lemon grasps her wrist, making her lean down so that he can whisper into her ear, and I notice that her tits remain static as she bends, despite their weight and size. She smiles and nods, and I watch her bottom sway as she walks away.

‘Well, you both seem to have made yourself at home,’ I say, squinting in the lights that reflect on the glass of my spectacles as I watch a naked girl writhing round a steel pole on a dais.

We are meeting in a drink’n’d rug by the docks in New Jersey, not far from where my timber raft is safely beached and hidden. The establishment is called “Muknkee’s Fkuckinkg Place”, because Horace is the owner (ownership is a moot point, since I provided the funds, but I won’t quibble). I say it’s a drink’n’d rug because that’s the closest approximation I can think of to similar establishments on my own world. And like most of those raffish bolt holes, Muknkee’s Fkuckinkg Place is in the seedier part of the city and patronised by rakes, libertines and ne’er do wells. Inside, though, it’s rather different from the rustic and battered appearance I’d usually expect to find: the main room is garish, with thudding music, and flashing electric lamps that make my eyes water.

‘Life is tolkerable,’ Muknkee agrees. ‘But it will be good to go back home, wokn’t it, little fellow.’

That time, Horace *was* speaking to the monkey, and he takes a badly-misshapen hairy fig from his pocket and feeds it to the animal.

‘And the fig plants aren’t doing well, either,’ Sam says mournfully. ‘It’s the air, or the water, or both.’

‘The authorities allow this kind of thing?’ I ask, gesturing at another naked woman who is walking past, trailing a man behind her.

‘It’s stakndard fare for a knude bar,’ Muknkee says with a shrug. ‘But the rooms at the back are rather more ... illikcit.’

‘You may fuck her if you wish,’ Lemon says, gesturing at the pole girl, who is now hanging upside down, like a bat, looking out at the audience.

So Muknkee’s Fkuckinkg Place is *exactly* like a drink’n’d rug! I suppose that’s only to be expected, knowing these two twerbets. I briefly wonder what Natalie Carpenter might look like hanging naked from a pole, and shake my head to rid myself of the image.

Then I get to the point, and say, ‘Look, I have another mission for you, Horakncukle.’

Muknkee’s real name in our world is Horakncukle Muaknk. He is a Lowlander with has the typical Neanderthal brow, hunched shoulders remarkably like a hump, jutting lower lip, and

receding chin (and, like that entire dull breed, he litters his words with aberrant k's). My remarks bring a frown to his sloping forehead and the bushy eyebrows knit together in displeasure.

'I waknt to go home,' he says belligerently. 'I've been straknded on this iknferknl worlkd for 2 years.'

'You promised!' Lemon says, like a brattish child. 'We're down to our last bonobo.'

'I'm still trying to find a solution to get you safely back home,' I say. 'You know how difficult it is, and I wouldn't want to lose you both in time and space.' I pause to gesture towards the nude waitress who is bringing a tray of drinks o the table. 'Besides, it's better being stranded here for a couple of months with a few creature comforts, than spinning between the dimensions for an eternity, screaming in agony.'

'But it's been four years,' Sam protests.

'Only six months on our own world,' I say. 'Just consider all the extra experience you're cramming into your lifetimes.'

I take the bottle proffered by the young woman with the rigid breasts. She doesn't give me a tankard; a length of hollow sucking straw protrudes from the neck of the bottle. Barbarians!

'Hakve more poor souls beekn lost in time and space thekn?' Muknkee asks, wincing.

'Some,' I say, sipping through the straw and grimacing at the foul taste of the liquor.

Actually, I *have* lost a few travellers since this all started, and I haven't the first notion of what happened to them, or where they might be now (it stands to reason that there must be more Dimensions than the two that I know about, after all). But those mistakes were in the early days, just after I had stumbled across the torn fabric between the worlds. I've perfected my methods and calculations since then, but see no reason to tell Horace Muknkee or Samuel Lemon that.

Muknkee and Lemon were subjects of my earlier experiments. As such, they were regarded as expendable; but, nevertheless, I tried to look after their welfare, ensuring they had ample resources of Earthy coin, and even providing a few bonobo monkeys and some hairy fig plants... all the creature comforts of home. After the first few disasters, transports ceased for a Time while I resolved the erroneous equations, and Muknkee and Lemon had to remain on Earth. In truth, though, it suits my purposes to have some dupes like these as temporary settlers. And what better way to keep them here than to let them think that I can't get them back to their own world?

'It's not fair!' Lemon is saying petulantly, and I think he might be about to weep. 'It must be safe now, if you dare to travel yourself.'

I shrug and suck the intriguingly foul liquid from the bottle, and say, 'Not entirely safe, Sam. I prefer to test the method myself before subjecting others to risk.'

Actually, travelling across the Great Divide is now statistically safer than walking home through the narrow back alleys of Castleton - but then Castleton has some particularly dangerous denizons. From what I have seen, though, it's probably *much* safer than walking through the streets of Newark, New Jersey.

'Aknd the Leaders of State accept your strateggy, riskikng their topk makn?' Monkey asks with obvious alarm.

It takes a moment for me to decipher that: "... risking their top man" is what he means to say, I think.

'Oh yes,' I say, blithely neglecting the fact that the Leaders (my employers) have no idea whatsoever of my nefarious Earthly activities; they know nothing of the Dimensions, in fact, other than from incoherent tidbits gleaned from hapless Incomers. 'I need to personally confirm certain factors, and then it will be safe to ship you home. It's all a question of quantum physics, and you two gentlemen can help me to hasten your homecoming.'

The booming music in the room has changed, and it is now appreciably louder. The naked woman hops wearily off the stage and is replaced by another dancer (who also seems to have concrete tits).

‘How cahn we heklp?’ Muknkee shouts against the music. ‘I know knext to knothing of quakntum physics, except that eknergy comes in small, sekparate kpackets...’

‘I’m surprised you know that much,’ I shout back, leaning closely to his hairy ear to make myself heard.

‘I’ve beekn stukdying to see if I cahn find my owkn way back,’ Muknkee shouts sheepishly, making me splutter with laughter and spit liquor into his ear.

He’s been studying quantum physics to try to make himself into an alchemist? The strange things people will do when they’re desperate!

I sit back as Muknkee’s wanking monkey licks the liquid from his ear. The loud music seems to thud against my ribs from the inside. Another woman walks across to the table, smiling in greeting, her hips seeming to sway in time with the beat. She is wearing a tightly-cinched red corset that leaves her breasts and sex bared, with long dark stockings hooked on stretchy red and black frilled straps, and shoes with very high, thin heels.

‘You remember Miss Potts?’ Lemon asks genially.

It takes me a few moments to recognise her. I’d quite forgotten about Mistress Amelgine Potterheim, who shipped to Earth with Lemon and Muknkee.

‘Gods’ gonads,’ I say, turning to Muknkee, ‘it’s Mistress Amelgine. You’ve turned her into a cunt?’

‘It was Lemokn’s knotion.’

Amelgine ignores that remark and says: ‘The Alchemist! Welcome, sir. Did they tell you about our bonobos dying? Horace’s pet is the very last one.’

I glance at the monkey on Horace Moknkee’s back - it’s still wanking away - and look back to Amelgine and shrug. I remember Amelgine Potterheim as a young and haughty, well-born free woman back in Castleton, on our own world. She is one of the few women I have ever actually sent to Earth.

‘Miss Potts is no cunt,’ Sam Lemon says. ‘But, as you can observe, neither is she posing as a fine free woman... not as you might know it, anyway.’

‘Om to that!’ I say.

Less than a couple of years ago, Mistress Amelgine would have died rather than bare her breasts and pudenda in public. Now though, she plants her bare backside on the spare chair at the table and nonchalantly crosses her legs with a hiss of hose.

‘Does this mean we are going home?’ she says to me, smiling broadly as I ogle her tits.

‘No, it doesn’t,’ Lemon retorts acidly.

I ignore Lemon’s resentful remark, smile, and raise my bottle to the lady, saying, ‘You’re a veritable sight for the blind, Mistress Amelgine. Felicitations! But when you eventually go home, what will be your status, precisely?’

She seems momentarily surprised by my question, but then follows my gaze to her tits, and says, ‘Oh, I see... Of course, I will return as a free woman, sir. I have learned in my time on Earth that it’s not only slaves who flaunt their intimate flesh. The young women you see in the room aren’t slaves. They volunteer for the work.’

‘As did Miss Potts,’ Lemon says quietly, glaring at Muknkee and taking a swallow of his drink.

‘I supervise the girls here,’ Mistress Potts blithely explains, and then, after a pregnant pause and a meaningful glance at Lemon, she continues, ‘among other things.’

‘Miss Potts is *very* popular with the patrons,’ Lemon says.

I raise my eyebrows at that but make no comment. How can this woman possibly imagine that she can return to our world as a demure and icy free woman? Surely, the very best she could hope for, if she escapes immediate enslavement, would a role as a madam in a backstreet drink’n’drug. That, it seems to me, is Mistress Potts’ current function in Muknkee’s Place, and she appears to be utterly comfortable with her gloriously degraded role. Not for the first time, I

reflect that, although I can do the most complex mathematical equations, I simply cannot calculate what any woman might do next.

Anyway, to business...

I say: 'I have acquired the capital of a legitimate scientific enterprise to accommodate my research projects on Earth. It goes by the title of Emissions Strategies Incorporated. Conveniently, there are two major centers - one in New York and the headquarters in London, and employs 800 people. I require Horokncuklas to become the Chief Executive Officer and take command.'

Muknkee exhales in rasp and says, 'You want *me* to take charge? I have no experieknce of such things.'

'And he can't even talk proper,' Lemon points out.

'You run this place well enough, Horace,' I say.

'It's hardkly a sciekntific establkishmenkt,' he says.

I shrug and say, 'You only have to make sound decisions based on advice. Samuel will be your main man, and Mistress Potts will become... oh, I don't rightly know, in truth.'

'Cakn she be my shadow?' Muknkee ask eagerly.

'No, she cannot!' Lemon says sharply.

'Aye, your shadow, Horace,' I say, not really understanding his meaning. Then I add, 'I will be sending another man too, on a fleeting visit from our world. His name is Jacob Starr, and he will be your Human Resources Director. He won't be with you for long on this trip.'

Samuel Lemon almost erupts and says, 'By the Gods, you say you can't safely return us home, and yet now tell us this Starr fellow will be paying a fleeting visit.'

'You're getting tiresome, Sam,' I say with a sigh. 'Much more from you, and I'll leave you here forever. I merely use Starr and the slaves he brings back Across to test my transport mode between the Dimensions. If I should chance to lose them...' I let my sentence trail away with an eloquent shrug and a spread of my hands with upturned palms.

Lemon glowers at me.

Muknkee says, 'This makn Starr must be mad to assay such a riksky eknterprise.'

'Slaver Starr has successfully completed a few trips, perhaps more by luck than my judgment. He doesn't know that he is an experimental subject, of course. So I'll thank you not to disabuse him.'

'A slaver!' Mistress Potts growls, with obvious distaste.

'Jake Starr will have a mission to recruit a certain Natalie Carpenter as Head of Quantum Mechanics at Emissions Strategies Inc. You must do everything in your power to assist him. Natalie Carpenter will undertake a research project for me, but you must on no account reveal any of our secrets to her.'

Muknkee gazes at me dolefully for long seconds. 'Very well,' he eventually says, 'but what about my monkeys? Likfe isn't worth livikng without them.'

'Alright, I'll send another pair across with Jake Starr.'

'And some hairy fig trees too,' Lemon demands.

'Yes,' I sigh, 'and a hairy fig plant too.'

# CHAPTER FIVE - A NEW MISSION FOR SLAVER STARR

## Part I

### The Alchemist's Wiles

**‘Slaver Starr, you look like shit,’** the Alchemist tells me when I return for my meeting in his suite of dark cells under the castle.

Where does he get these lurid sayings? How can anyone resemble dung? Still, it accurately describes how I feel. In truth, I’m struggling to remember much of what went on in the past 48 hours of my life.

I had to drag my weary body back to his absurd hell hole in the Castle Rock. It’s not surprising, I suppose. My, those cunts I purchased from Willard’s man in the street proved to be a handful. What with their eager efforts, and those of a few other women slaves, and at least one male, not to mention a goodly supply of mind-bending opiate, I am utterly betwattered. My bones jar with every movement, as if likely to crumble, and Sir Malcolm feels as though he’s about to abdicate to a more sensible owner.

‘I’m feeling fine, thank you for asking,’ I say, glancing round the murky cell for a chair upon which to collapse, and finding one behind a potted fig tree that’s taller than me.

Potted plants now? That’s a woman’s influence for you! There’s a monkey cage too, fully a pace cubed or more in size, perched on a nearby bench, and it’s rocking precariously as the two little monkeys inside it fuck like, well, like bonobos, because that’s precisely what they are.

‘I had a night like that,’ I say to the little male monkey, who has a remarkably large cockstand for his miniscule size, and he’s using it to ream his mate’s arsehole. ‘It does you no good in the end.’

‘Your excesses will kill you one day, Slaver,’ the Alchemist says primly.

Peering past the fig leaves, I see that Kaitlyn’s body is totally unadorned, so the Alchemist obviously removed her body harness somehow, which is a surprise because it was made of best Andover steel. Kaitlyn is on her hands and knees, energetically scrubbing the bare stone floor with a hard-bristle brush. As she kneels to her work with her arse facing me, her quim seems reddened and somewhat swollen, like a split, over-ripe hairy fig; I’m a professional slaver and notice these things.

‘Oh, you forgot to take this,’ I say, tossing him the small key to the body harness.

He grunts as he glances at the key, and drops it onto his bench, saying: ‘You could have saved me the expense and trouble of a locksmith, you idiot.’

Ha! I’m the idiot, am I? He’s the one who spent hours extracting the dildo plugs from the Kaitlyn’s cunt and anus so he could fuck her, when he only had to ask me... I’m a very co-operative kind of fellow, if properly approached, don’t you know.

‘What about my next crossing of the Divide?’

‘Yes,’ he says, reaching through the fig foliage to pass a small leather satchel to me. ‘These are the details of your next mission. I have been busy since our last meeting and acquired a new business enterprise...’

‘Really?’ I say, surprised. ‘I’d have thought you were busy enough, what with one thing and another.’

‘...a business enterprise on Earth,’ he finishes.

I am flabbergasted. The shock even rouses me from my torpor.

‘How in Gods’ ballocks could you do that in so short a time?’

‘It was a couple of weeks in Earthy time,’ he says with a shrug. ‘All the details are in there.’

The Alchemist gestures to the wallet, which is bound with a leather thong, and watches as I open it. There are various documents inside, none of which mean much to me. However there is a

large picture of a young and attractive woman, naked but for large spectacles; and a small card with my picture on it particularly takes my attention.

‘What’s this?’ I demand, waving the card.

‘It’s an official pass for an enterprise called Emission Strategies Inc., based in London and New York. I purchased a full stake in the company. You’ll find some printed calling cards too.’

‘Emissions?’ I ask suspiciously.

‘Not your kind of emissions, Slaver Starr,’ the Alchemist says with a sniff.

Sometimes, the Alchemist acts towards me like he’s a moral priest at the altar of Hestia, yet we both know he’s been fucking like a buck rabbit all night (witness the state of Kaitlyn’s quim), albeit probably not on the epic scale of my own recent debauchery. I drop the card back into the wallet and flick through the other documents.

But he’s continuing: ‘Earth scientists are greatly preoccupied by global climate warming, and Emissions Strategies Inc. is addressing that concern. So the company has priority backing by Western governments on Earth. I’m expanding its interests to include cosmic exploration.’

‘And what has all this got to do with the price of cunts?’ I say, looking through the fig fronds.

‘Ah, you come to the very point... Slaver Starr. I view the company as a means of acquiring suitable talent. You are the Human Resources Director.’

Well, I can only stare at him askance. He never ceases to surprise me.

‘Human Resources Director... is that a euphemism for slave trader?’ I ask. ‘If so, it’s illegal on Earth at the present time, don’t you know.’

The Alchemist sighs and snaps, ‘Kaitlyn. Explain things to Slaver Starr.’

Kaitlyn drops her scrubbing brush into the pail with a splash, and stands up, wiping perspiration from her brow with the back of her hand. She smiles slightly and says, ‘I’ll do my best, Master.’

For the next hour or so, I’m subjected to a lecture - and from a slave, mark you. It’s all damned annoying, in truth. Nonetheless, I affect to listen carefully, because the Alchemist is watching me, even if he pretends to tinker with some strange instruments on the nearby bench, where the fucking bonobo monkeys are now locked in a post-coital embrace.

I’d struggle to raise the energy to make a fuss, anyway. Also, I’m quite intrigued by Kaitlyn’s nipples, each of which has two small blue ink marks on it, and her pert tits bob up and down as she makes expansive hand gestures while she talks. It doesn’t take much to keep me amused, and I know what I like. So I keep gazing at her pert bubbles as she tells me about how business enterprises work on Earth, explaining their structures, the formal behaviours, and so on. As it turns out, judging from what Kaitlyn tells me, Human Resource Management is exactly like slave trading, except they describe it differently.

‘So I’m the Top Whip of this Emission Strategies?’ I say to the Alchemist when Kaitlyn has finished.

‘They don’t have Top Whips on Earth, you twerbert. Haven’t you been listening to a single word? The Chief Executive Officer of Emissions Strategies is one of my men, a Neanderthal named Horakncukle Muaknk - or Horace Muknkee, as he prefers to style himself on Earth. He has been on Earth for a few months, or for a few years, depending how you want to look at it. Muknkee will be managing my day-to-day affairs at Emissions Strategies. He’s expecting you.’

I blink blearily in surprise. I’ve always known there were others who cross between the dimensions for the Alchemist, but it’s the first time he’s actually *told* me about another traveller. How many of us are there, I wonder? I might well have met some of them before, without realising it. The trouble is, I never know who I’m dealing with when on Earth. After all, the Alchemist dictates where I land; for all I know, the little fucktwot might already have people in place there, waiting to monitor my activities.

‘Your trip is arranged for tomorrow, Slaver Starr,’ the Alchemist says, peering into a looking glass and squeezing a small spot on his chin, before reaching for another leather document wallet and passing it to me. ‘I just want you to pay a visit, and make yourself known to Muknkee. Oh, and you are to recruit a young woman named Natalie Carpenter, who specialises in quantum mechanics. There’s a picture of her in your file.’

I glance at the glossy coloured picture of the young woman, who has a trim body and black hair, worn long. It looks suspiciously like an Earth photograph to me, but it’s unposed, and it looks as though she’s been pictured unawares.

‘I thought we weren’t supposed to bring anything back that smacks of Earthy technology for fear of disturbing the Dimensions,’ I say accusingly, waving the photograph. ‘What’s this second wallet for, anyway.’

‘Don’t open it! It is for Muknkee’s eyes only. You are to deliver the wallet to him with the seal unbroken. They are confidential instructions for him.’

So that’s it! An errand! It’s small wonder that he doesn’t ordain that my hands be tied atop my head, and the wallet strapped to my stomach by a chain harness, with the key secure in a hollow anal plug, as is common practice with errand slaves.

I reach for Kaitlyn’s nipples and squeeze and twist each one between my forefingers and thumbs, making her squirm.

‘Has the cunt developed a strange rash?’ I ask, examining the small blue dots on her very pretty, honey-coloured nubbins.

‘I am going to have her ringed,’ he says. ‘The dots indicate the piercing points.’

I see Kaitlyn wince again at the spotty little fucktwot’s words. I chuckle. Only someone like the Alchemist would personally select and mark the exact piercing sites on a slave; most people happily leave such things to the butchers, who surely know their trade better than any layman. But, like most scientists in my experience, the Alchemist is loathe to trust anyone.

‘Good idea,’ I say, giving the nipples a final tweak and then bending a branch of the fig tree plant to lightly tickle her tits with a hairy leaf. ‘You are satisfied with the cunt, then?’

‘Tolerably so, yes,’ he says, but looking very pleased. ‘You may fuck her if you wish.’

Fuck her? In my present state? Gods’ gonads, I couldn’t raise an objection just now. Perhaps sensing that, Kaitlyn reaches under my tunic and squeezes Sir Malcolm, an artful grin playing on the corners of her mouth.

‘You’re very kind, sir, but no,’ I say, pushing the cunt’s hand away. ‘I need to get some rest if I’m to travel tomorrow.’

Kaitlyn sighs in exaggerated exasperation and kneels back, obviously disappointed. She’s a needful little package, and I don’t suppose the Alchemist’s cockstand can match Sir Malcolm.

‘Very wise,’ he says. ‘Take the monkeys and the fig tree with you, and deliver them to Horace Muknkee, along with the wallet.’

‘What?’ I say, astounded. ‘How am I supposed to carry a monkey cage and a tree?’

‘I’m sure you’ll find a way,’ the Alchemist says, coming to lift the cage and taking it to the corridor outside his den. Standing beside the open door, he gestures me to leave, saying: ‘Be off with you, Slaver Starr. I have business with Kaitlyn.’

I sigh and pick up the huge potted plant, and the tree’s upper branches scrape against the rock roof, as I carry it to the door.

‘You really ask too much,’ I say in complaint.

‘Just fuck off,’ he replies.

The door slams on me and I hear the bolt clank across. I plonk the plant on the worn granite floor next to the monkeys, who are already at it again. My head is spinning. When I lean on the rough-hewn rock wall outside the closed door, I hear the Alchemist and Kaitlyn laughing together. I swear to the Gods, next time I visit here, I’ll fill Kaitlyn’s arse with a giant figger plus a finger of juicy jack ginger, and Sir Malcolm will fuck her until her brains rattle - let’s see how



she laughs then!

Now, though, I have just about enough strength to lift the potted plant and the cage, and stagger the short distance back to Madam Marie's Drink and Drug Den ... not to fuck and frolic anew, you understand, but to sleep the sleep of the almost, but not quite innocent.

I must rest, in preparation for my next journey to Earth, don't you know.

## Part II

### Fucking and Frolicking

Suffice to say, when I roused myself to make ready for my trip across the void, I had hardly slept for more than half an hour at a time. Ah, the best intentioned plans of fucking rats and rogues!

When I returned to Marie's Drink and Drug, I fully intended to sleep like a hibernating dung mole for a full 24 hours. Instead? Well, I decided that it would be pleasant to have a cuddly, naked cunt lying next to me while I slept, so I took the lovely new blonde slave into my bed, and one thing just led to another.

'You don't have to go,' Bo wheedles, licking Sir Malcolm as if he's a stick of hard rock-candy.

She fucked me like a fucking bonobo all night, that's what why I've named her Bo. In fact, the horny little cunt wore Sir Malcolm to a drooping drongle (fully justifying my decision to keep her for myself from the job lot I fairly purchased from the Willards's oaf). Bo's other cofflemates are already lustily earning their keep among Marie's small army of whores, and no doubt getting their orifices amply stuffed by stiff and eager cockstands every waking hour.

'Yes, I do have to go, Bo,' I say firmly, looking for my tunic. 'Oh demn me, my clothes...'

Here's a small problem, don't you know: I haven't got any Earthy clothes with me, and there's no time now to go to my house to collect some. I can hardly land in the Thames estuary wearing a cloak, a thigh-length tunic and open leather sandals with silver buckles. That would take some explaining if I got apprehended.

So I decide to call at the Alchemist's lair on my way to the docks. He might have something a bit more suitable for me to wear. I'm fairly certain that the little fucktwot travels himself on occasion, so he must have a stash of Earth clothing somewhere; the stuff he habitually wears in his rat hole is some kind of peculiar Earthy style, in fact. He's not much smaller than me, rather thinner though, but I'll ask him for the loan of suitable apparel for my journey across the Divide.

'But what about me, Master?' Bo wheedles, licking her lips provocatively, holding my cockstem with one hand and gently stroking it with the other, as if it was some pet. 'Can't I come with you? I could keep you and Sir Malcolm entertained. I'd watered your plant, just like I did last night.'

I glance at the potted fig tree plant beside the bed. It's drooping already, and there's a damp patch on the floor beneath the earthenware pot. Only the God's know what she's been watering it with.

'No, Bo, you most certainly cannot come with me,' I say firmly, slapping her hands away from Sir Malcolm. 'I shall stable you with Madam Marie until I return in a couple of days' time. You can pay for your lodgings on your back, like the rest of the cunts here.'

Although Bo pouts her beautiful bee-stung lips, I think she's secretly quite pleased by that. These conditioned cunts become insatiably hungry for sex, and Marie will certainly make sure that Bo gets her full share of tumescent cockstands. What the little cunt doesn't know is that, besides running an infamous brothel and drug parlour, Madam Marie is one of the most demanding slave trainers on the New Continent. The price of Bo's board and lodging will also include a rigorous programme of dominance and submission. Juicy little Bo will be even more submissive and dripping for Sir Malcolm when I return.

## CHAPTER SIX - Emissions Strategies Inc.

### Part I

#### A shit landing

##### **‘Taxi for Jake Starr?’**

I am on a lonely slip road outside a huge oil refinery somewhere near Gravesend, and never has a place been more aptly named. It was necessary to cut through the wire fencing to get out of the industrial site and, what with the monkey cage and potted fig tree, it had to be a big hole.

‘Yes, in the flesh,’ I say, opening the door of the black London cab and loading the monkey cage in first.

‘Oi, we don’t normally take fucking monkeys,’ he says.

‘Oh, they’re always fucking - try to ignore them,’ I say, bending the tall fig plant so it will fit in. ‘Charge me quadruple fare, if it makes you any the happier.’

I brandish a large roll of paper money from my leather shoulder bag (I always keep a few essential Earthy items stashed in the bag, hidden at the refinery, including a goodly amount of paper money, for just such an eventuality). That does make the driver considerably happier, I have to say, and especially when I tell him I want to go to the centre of the City of London.

‘That’s a lot of bangers and mash to be carrying around, guvnor,’ he says as I climb past the tree to sit next to the cage.

‘Bangers and mash?’

‘Bangers and mash ... cash. Got it?’

‘Yes, it’s in my bag. It’s just Earthy money.’

‘You look a complete dork, if you don’t mind me saying,’ the taxi driver says, glancing over his shoulder at me as I settle on the rear seat.

‘Thank you,’ I say, feeling as though I’m sitting in a jungle, what with the tree fronds and the monkeys’ chatter.

‘It ain’t no compliment, you cunt. And try not to soil my upholstery. Why are you, wearing that shit anyway?’

I look down at the drying grey-black cake of mud up to the knees of my long, lime green pants and say, ‘I’m certainly not a cunt, my good fellow. And it’s not shit, either, it is good wholesome river mud.’

‘No, the shit clothes, I mean,’ he says.

Shit? The clothes I’m wearing, courtesy of the Alchemist, would be strange dung indeed: my shirt is multi-coloured in a lurid floral print, and my pants are so clinging they could be tights, and they leave half of my arse exposed. I didn’t choose the demned, outfit, it was the only apparel the Alchemist offered. If that doesn’t make me look odd enough, he commanded me to deliver the monkeys and the fig tree plant to Horace Moknkee, in the centre of London.

‘Take me to this place, and be quick about it,’ I say primly, handing forward one of my new calling cards.

He glances at the card. ‘Yeah, that’s in the City, alright. Don’t count on it being too quick, mate. It’s going to be painful progress, believe me, matey.’

True to the driver’s words, the cab is soon inching through a long tunnel at snail pace. I sigh. The civil engineering on Earth is often impressive, but more often than not it is congested and at a near-standstill. Like now! A long trail of various vehicles and trucks blocks our path to London town.

‘It ain’t no use fucking sighing, mate. Why the fuck did you arrive at this time in the morning, anyway?’ the driver grumbles through the glass dividing window. ‘It’s the rush hour, innit. You know the Tunnel is always shit at this time.’

There it goes again. More shit!

‘I didn’t have any choice when I arrived,’ I say peevishly.

He glances at my card again as he waits at the wheel in the stationary traffic.

‘Emissions Strategies Inc., Director of Human Resources... Jacob Starr.’

‘It’s just a euphemism for Head Slaver,’ I say, taking the card.

‘No shit,’ he says with a chuckle, handing the card back over his shoulder to me through the small window.

I give up! When on Earth...

‘Lots of shit,’ I say, giving the card to the male monkey, who immediately rolls it up, sucks it a bit, and then shoves it up his mate’s arse.

Traffic chaos in the Dartford Tunnel apart, it was an uneventful journey across the Great Divide, really. I landed a couple of hours earlier at the edge of a marshy bog in the wide, industrial landscape of the estuary. The raft finished up some feet from firm land, and I had to leap to a hard standing, but I didn’t leap far enough and sank to my knees in stinking black mud. The tight pants protected my skin from the filth, but the damp grey-black mud certainly spoils their vivid lime green colour.

Large circular, tower-like structures on the shore were spewing out noxious fumes when I arrived, and no ships were passing in the centre of the river, so nobody saw my arrival, as far as I am aware. Anyway, the security in these estuary places is abysmal, and I was easily able to squelch my way through the complex of twisted pipe work and hissing steam faucets, safely heading to where I hide my little horde of Earthy accouterments. After using an emergency power pack to revitalise my mobile device, I contacted a fellow at the Colonial Club, and he promised to send the cab immediately; typically, I had to wait two hours or more for it to arrive, of course (I know Earthy time passes slowly, but his idea of immediate is clearly ridiculous). And now, sitting in the stationary vehicle in the electrically-lit tunnel, I have to wait again! Time is precious, don’t you know. It’s a wonder anything gets done on this choked planet.

## Part II

**‘Thank you, my good fellow, and never let it be said that Jake Starr is mean with his emoluments,’** I say, alighting from the cab and giving the driver a pellet of fresh monkey shit.

I know of places where people would kill for that, but the ungrateful oaf responds by throwing it back at me; the pellet hits me on the forehead and bounces onto the pavement, where a pigeon greedily gobbles it up.

The Headquarters of Emissions Strategies Inc. occupies a huge glass tower which sparkles in the bright morning sunlight by the river. Awkwardly carrying the monkey cage and fig tree, I walk across the paved yard, through the glass doors, and into a spacious area where all the surfaces are clad in polished black marble.

‘Oi, you...’ a large black man in a black uniform says, stepping directly into my path, peering suspiciously at the copulating monkeys. ‘Where d’you think you’re going?’

Another strong-arm gatekeeper is standing beside the door, carefully watching new arrivals, all of whom are allowed to pass without question, unlike me. They obviously draw the line at monkey cages and hairy fig trees.

‘Step aside, good fellow,’ I say amiably, peering at him through the fig fronds.

‘Piss off,’ he says, pushing me back towards the door. ‘Go and find somewhere else to kip. And take your fucking monkeys with you.’

I have a notion of what he’s trying to say from his tone, but it’s a strange choice of words. Piss off? Earthy people seem to have a preoccupation with animal waste, and yet, judging by the cab driver’s reaction, they don’t like monkey shit. Barbarians!

The guard is intent on hustling me back through the door, but the cage presents him with a problem, and when I drop it, the monkeys howl and chatter in protest. I have the presence of mind to reach for another calling card.

‘Unhand me, you oaf, or find your ballocks chopped without the benefit of witchbane,’ I say nastily, kicking the cage to quieten the bonobos.

He grasps my shirt with one huge mitt and looks at the card held in the other, holding it at arms length, presumably to correct his eyesight. Then he raises his brows, saying, ‘Jacob Starr, Director of Human Resources. Why do you want to see him then, you little shit?’

‘Now that’s taking things too far. I *am* Jake Starr, you dolt,’ I snarl, already imagining him dressed in pretty silks, speaking with a high-pitched voice, and having to piss through a straw. Still hoisted on the tips of my toes by his grasp, I fumble to open the leather wallet and show my letter of accreditation and the small plastic card with my picture on it. ‘See? That’s me!’

He lets go of my shirt pretty demned quickly, don’t you know, and then unaccountably tries to smooth the floral fabric against my chest, mumbling, ‘I’m sorry, sir, but I thought...’

‘What’s your name, fellow?’ I snap, slapping his hands away.

‘Parkinson, sir,’ he says. ‘Winston Parkinson.’

‘Well, Parkinson, I will rename you Hyacinth, and you shall wear your balls round your neck as a keepsake.’

He looks at me in astonishment, bewilderment and resentment etched on his ebony features. Then his face relaxes into a large smile and he laughs. He dares to laugh!

‘Whatever you say, sir,’ he says as I pick up the cage and fig tree and turn to walk towards the black marble reception desk, where three pretty young women are sitting and dealing with visitors.

‘And I’ll take great pleasure in fucking your arse repeatedly,’ I call to Parkinson over my shoulder as I go.

I hear the other strong-arm ask, ‘Who the fuck is the guy with the monkeys and the house plant?’

‘It’s the Human Resources Director,’ Parkinson says weakly.

I approach the young women at the desk, and dump the fig plant on the counter; they all look up at the leaves towering over their heads and glance at each other, stifling giggles. This time, I am smart enough to produce my plastic picture card by way of introduction.

‘What?’ one exclaims, glancing at the card in amazement before passing it to the woman who sits beside her.

‘*That* is the new Human Resources Director,’ whispers the first young woman, big breasts straining at her cream blouse. ‘We were told to expect him today’

The women all look at me and my monkeys, eyes widely agog. I suppose I am something of a fright sight, what with my soiled and lurid clothing.

‘Aww, look at them cute little monkeys,’ says the third girl - an oriental judging by her almond eyes - as the female bonobo hungrily sucks the erect cockstand of her mate.

‘Nice gear, sir,’ the middle one says, giggling even more. ‘Is that going to be the new dress code then?’

‘But maybe rubber boots would be better,’ says the one with big tits.

They all collapse into fits of giggles again. My patience is being stretched beyond snapping point by these cunts, don’t you know.

‘Perhaps the dress code will soon change for you, my large-breasted beauty,’ I tell the young woman nastily. ‘You’ll soon be parading those big tits pulling a cart with a dildo up your arse. What is your name, dumpy little cunt?’

She seems to go pale. My sternest glare can have that effect on women, whether they’re free or otherwise.

‘I am Melody Brooks,’ she says tartly. ‘And nobody talks to me like that.’

‘Melody Brooks, I shall remember that,’ I say, reflecting that Earth people have a liking for strange names. ‘How will you like it when you find yourself dancing sensuously on the end of my cockstand, Melody?’

‘I’m not putting up with this sexist shit,’ Melody says coolly. ‘I’ll report you to the agency.’

The other two women are still trying to stifle their giggles, but the yellow-skinned one spits a spluttered laugh from between tightly clenched lips.

‘Your name?’

‘Allegra Lee’ she says, wiping a hand across her mouth and looking at me sheepishly.

‘And yours?’ I demand of the other girl, who is trying to hide behind my fig tree.

‘It’s Kylie Martin, sir.’

‘Are you both temps too, whatever that might mean?’

‘No, sir, me and Kylie are on the payroll,’ Allegra says, and all three burst into fits of laughter again.

I glance from one to the other of the three women. They will all look pretty enough with their bare tits hanging out from a chain slave harness, I suppose.

‘Tell Mr Moknkee that Jake Starr has landed,’ I order, as imperiously as one can when thoroughly discombobulated, and dressed in a floral shirt and muddy, lime green tight pants.

‘Mr Monkey?’ Allegra asks, her mouth agape.

‘The Chief Executive?’

‘The new CEO arrived on the rooftop helipad this morning,’ Melody says. ‘I believe his name is Horace Monkey.’

The other two, already undone with irrepressible fits of giggles, now burst into hoots of laughter.

‘Horace Monkey!’ Allegra says, tears running in unsightly black streams from her slant eyes as she points at the two fucking bonobos in the cage. ‘Oh my God!’

But Melody remains tight-lipped and glares at me disdainfully.

## Part III

### Questions

**‘By the gonkads of the Gods, Jake Starr, are you utterly demenktd?’** Horace Moknkee rages, pacing up and down his incredible office on the very top floor of the Emissions Strategies tower.

I smile at the dark-haired young woman who is sitting beside Moknkee’s large desk. She gives a hint of a smile in return. She is very presentable and presumably chosen for her looks. I find myself wondering if she is a cunt disguised as a free woman, for the sake of Earthy propriety. That wouldn’t surprise me, because Moknkey is an ugly middle-aged ape-fellow, although he seems to have fully adopted the styles and mores of Earth.

Moknkee is heavy-set, like all Neanderthals, and his thinning grey hair is carefully combed across his head, as if in a vain attempt to hide his bald pate. He wears spectacles perched on his broad, flat nose, and his charcoal grey business suit looks as if the tailor threw it on him. Despite that, he’s not the kind of fellow I’d like to meet in a dark alley on a dark night in the Shuffles. And he certainly has ill intent toward me at this moment as he whirls round to confront me.

‘Have you nkothing to say for yourselkf, you conkfounkdtd idiot?’ he demands, breathing foul hot breath into my face.

Moknkey has the Alchemist’s irritating habit of always asking a question. Someone, somewhere on my world, must be teaching people to do that, but I was never invited to the class. To negate this annoying tactic, I always respond with a query, in such a way that it’s difficult for the other to answer with yet another question.

‘What is your complaint, exactly?’

‘Do I have to ask?’ he yells, spluttering spit onto my cheek.

Another question. Demn the fellow’s gonads!

To escape his fetid breath, I turn and look out through the large window at the beautiful view across London and marvel at the hotch-potch of strange buildings. Judging by the shape of some of the structures, their architects must have been opiate-doped when they designed them. On my world, we never let an architect loose until he can draw a straight line. Here, though, it seems that drug-induced madness is celebrated.

‘An incredible sight,’ I say, gesturing at the city-scape.

‘*You* are the inkcredible sight,’ he thunders

I’m not sure, but I think I hear the woman beside the desk give a small chuckle.

‘I’ll take that as a compliment,’ I say, looking down at my floral shirt and lime-green slinky pants with river mud caked up to the knees. ‘The Alchemist himself provided these clothes, don’t you know.’

That seems to muffle Moknkee’s thunder for a few moments. His hairy cheeks, I notice, have a rather florid look, with networks of small purple veins threatening to erupt. His face really does have the look of a well-spanked arse.

‘Did you knot get a briefinkg for this job?’ Monk blusters.

‘I received very thorough lecture, as a matter of fact,’ I say, carefully inspecting my grubby finger nails (which is a sure and recommended way to further infuriate any angry adversary). ‘However, I wasn’t really listening to the cunt.’

‘Wow!’ the young woman says, slapping her notebook onto the desk and crossing her legs again. ‘Really, Mr Monkey...’

‘Thankk you, Miss Groves,’ Moknkee snaps, ‘I’m dealing with this? Go and finkd Miss Potts and senkd her to me.’

‘But he is the HR Director, sir? What kind of Diversity policies are we likely to have?’

‘Miss Groves!’

The girl hurries away, giving me one last angry glance. Perhaps her attitude will be

rectified when the colour of her arse matches Moknkee's flushed features. On my world we have a saying: a sore arse is a sharp remedy for a woman's rebellious spirit, but a striped back can break her soul. I like my slaves to be feisty but submissive. That's a rare mix. I think little Miss Groves would be a very suitable candidate for the arse-slapping variety of spansks, alongside Melody Brooks from Reception.

Almost immediately, another woman strides into the room; she must have been lurking outside the door. This one is somewhat older, and a fine figure of a female she is too.

'You wanted me Mr Moknkee?'

'Inkdeed I do, Miss Potts. This is Jake Starr, the Alchemist's man.'

'Why is he dressed like that?'

Ah, so this Miss Potts also has the habit of speaking in questions. I ignore her totally, and continue with my previous conversation.

'Anyway, I was more interested in inspecting the cunt's bare tits rather than listening to her boring lecture. What did I miss?'

'What did you miss!' Moknkee screeches, apoplectic now.

Ha! A small victory. That time, it was an exclamation rather than a question.

'May I take Mr Starr in hand, sir?' Miss Potts asks with smile

'Do you thinkk it's worth your time? Is he capkable of learnking? Or should I just senkd him back from wenkce he came?'

'When do you think my raft is scheduled for the return voyage?' I ask calmly.

'You're asking me?' he blusters.

Happy to answer my own question, I blithely continue: 'Seven days from now, that's when, Monkey old fig. So you and I will be bedfellows until then.'

Horace Moknkee sighs. After a few seconds he gives a snort of surrender and his shoulders slump. 'Very well, Miss Potts,' he says. 'Cank you at least attempt to reform Mr Starr?'

'What about his clothing, sir?'

'Buy some suitable business outfits for him. Get rid of those bizarre and filthy garmenkts. Think try to ekducate him in the requirements of his job, and make sure that he listenks. Can you do that?'

'Oh, I think I can ensure that Mr Starr gives me his full and undivided attention, sir,' she says with a sly smile at me. 'May I use your playroom for his induction, sir?'

Moknkee grunts and says, 'Very well. But that's more thank he deskerves.'



## Part IV

### Inducted by Miss Potts

‘And this, Mr Starr, is our Equal Opportunities policy,’ Miss Potts says, swinging a whip and catching me smartly across the shoulders. ‘Tell me you understand.’

‘Yes, yes, I understand,’ I yell.

Miss Potts is wearing a parody of the clothing that Madam Marie sometimes wears when she’s tired of going naked. Her tightly-cinched corset is of a shiny crimson satin, edged with black lace, and it leaves her breasts and delightful, smoothly-shaven cunt completely exposed. She has retained her dark stockings and high heeled shoes.

‘Mistress...’ she says, coming to stand in front of me, her pert naked breasts sitting prettily on the half-cups of her corset. ‘You must call me Mistress.’

I’m damned if I’ll call her that!

‘Oh, I shall enjoy teaching you my unequal opportunities policy, whenever I get the opportunity, Miss Potts,’ I say, twisting a bit as she now lashes her dancing thongs across my thighs and genitals, making Sir Malcolm twitch along his erect length.

Miss Potts hits me again with her puny whip. I growl and yelp, all at the same time.

How on Earth did I allow myself to get into this scene? There’s the clue: I *am* on Earth, and so I decided to play along with the domineering Miss Potts. Besides, I’m not too certain what lines of communication Moknkee has with the Alchemist, but I’m pretty sure that his report won’t be too favourable unless I start winning some plaudits. So I felt that it was politic to allow the delectable Miss Potts to strip off my clothes and tie me, spreadeagled, on a frame that miraculously rose from the floor at the touch of a button.

Now, naked as a boabong parrot, and as helpless as a jack bobbit, I can only writhe in my bonds as she intersperses her lecture with blows from her whip. Thank the vitals of the Gods that she doesn’t know what a real whip is! This is a sorry excuse for a scourge, with multiple soft lashes of some treated leather, but it stings a bit, all the same. My pride is hurt more than anything else. And Sir Malcolm is positively fuming, I can tell you.

‘It is the policy of Emissions Strategies Inc to treat all employees fairly and equally regardless of their sex, sexual orientation, marital status, race, colour, nationality, ethnic or national origin, religion, age, disability or union membership status,’ she says, pausing with her flogger to fondle my balls.

‘How can that possibly work?’ I ask, aware that Sir Malcolm is slobbering on her hand.

Miss Potts squeezes my balls nastily, making me yelp in pain, and her eyes are only inches from mine as she goes on: ‘Furthermore the Emissions Strategies Inc will ensure that no requirement or condition will be imposed without justification which could disadvantage individuals purely on any of those grounds. Have you got that, Mr Starr?’

Now she is slowly masturbating Sir Malcolm while trailing the thongs of her flogger over his bulbous head.

‘Yes, I think I’m, getting it,’ I grunt as I look down and see her wonderfully slender fingers, with their long and perfectly-manicured, vermilion finger nails, caressing my man.

‘Oh, I think you can do better than that,’ she says, sinking to her knees and licking a kittenish tongue up my rock-hard cockstand. Then she looks up with sultry eyes and says, ‘Emissions Strategies Inc is committed to the implementation of this policy and to a programme of action to ensure that the policy is, and continues to be, fully effective.’

‘Indeed,’ I pant, as she wraps her red lips about the plum of my cockhead.

She spends some time easing her head back and forth, taking Sir Malcolm ever deeper into her mouth. I think Miss Potts would look better with her blue-black hair loose, but she wears it pinned up in a harsh style. When she pulls back and looks up at me again, a string of viscous fluid

connects her lips to my cockstand.

‘The overall responsibility for the policy lies with Jacob Starr, HR Director.’

‘Ow! That’ll be me then,’ I yelp as she sharply sticks her taloned finger up my anus to emphasise the point.

‘Yes, that’s you,’ she says sweetly. ‘However, every member of staff is required to comply with the policy and to act in accordance with its objectives so as to remove any barriers to Equal Opportunity.’

I am, quite literally, in Miss Pott’s slender and perfectly-manicured hands. The undeniable pleasure is therefore intermingled with a certain amount of unease. When she goes back to fellating Sir Malcolm with gusto, she somehow contriving to keep her finger jammed up my arse and cups my balls in the palm of the same hand. Miss Potts is certainly accomplished at this exquisite form of torment. Sir Malcolm has had far worse handling from superbly-trained whore slaves on my own world.

‘Forgive me, but aren’t you transgressing the Equal Opportunities policy at this very moment?’ I ask, closing my eyes against the pleasure.

‘Some of us are more equal than others,’ she says, wriggling her finger in my anus, and pausing to fully pull back my foreskin with her other hand to closely examine Sir Malcolm’s glistening head. ‘Now we come to our Disciplinary Procedure...’

She rises to her feet and wanders over to the table which holds all manner of implements.

‘More whipping?’ I venture, hazarding a guess.

She chuckles throatily and says, ‘There are various stages in dealing with transgressions of the rules, but the full force of the procedure may be implemented at any stage if the employee’s misconduct warrants this.’

‘I thought so,’ I say miserably.

When she returns, instead of holding a whip, as I had expected, she carries a small black bowl of irregularly-shaped pebbles, each of which is no larger than half the size of the nail on my small finger. I smile in bemusement as she lowers herself in front of me again and places the bowl between her knees. She intends to throw stones at me?

My amusement swiftly turns to dismay when she reaches for Sir Malcolm and fully eases back his foreskin until it’s strained tight. I can only watch as she holds me thus, and uses her other hand to reach into the bowl of black beads and carefully poke them, one at a time, under the exposed rim of the mighty glans. My eyes goggle.

‘Gods’ gonads, what stage of the procedure is this?’ I demand in alarm.

‘Action short of dismissal,’ she says, allowing the foreskin to nestle back over the beads for a second, and then pulling it back again and adding more of the infernal objects. Then, evidently considering me suitably packed, she smoothes Sir Malcolm’s foreskin back over the pebbles and wraps her hand around him, twisting the skin back and forth. It’s damned painful, I can tell you, and yet...

Ignoring my writhing, Miss Potts goes on: ‘In ancient times, the Earthy people who lived in the eastern portion of Maritime Southeast Asia, inserted pebbles under the skin of the glans, just like this.’

‘I’ll try to remember that,’ I say, wincing in pain and perverse pleasure.

She licks her tongue over the Sir Malcolm’s eye and says, ‘It is still done these days to certain circumcised males in Malaysia and Indonesia, but stainless ball bearings are inserted into cuts in the glans instead of pebbles. The cuts are then stitched so that the ball bearings remain forever as “pleasure lumps”.’

I don’t like the sound of that! ‘I am not circumcised,’ I point out.

‘No,’ she agrees, squeezing her hand more tightly over the infernal pebbles, ‘but that can easily be arranged. And while we’re at it, we could follow the practice of the Dyaks in Borneo: when circumcising their adult males, they pierce the glans with a silver needle and insert small

rods perforated at both ends to hold little bundles of stiff bristles, the better to satisfy their women.'

'I think we'll stop at this juncture,' I say sharply. She rises to her feet and takes the bowl of pebbles back to the table. When I see her toying with what looks like a sharp steel blade, I add quickly, 'That's quite enough, thank you.'

She smiles and dangles the blade between her finger and thumb, and her painted brows are arched in amusement. I'm getting angry now... and quite frightened too, if the truth be told. Demn the woman!

'Stop, I say!' I say.

Miss Potts continues to toy with the blade and then reaches for a piercing gun, hefting it experimentally. I give an involuntary jerk in my bonds when the gun emits a sharp hiss and a terrifying click as she pulls the trigger.

'Stop that!' I order. 'Stop it right now.'

'Oh,' she says with a smile, licking her lips, 'it would be such a pity not to pursue this stage of the procedure through to a natural conclusion.'

She reaches to very deliberately press her long, slender index finger on a button that's mounted on the side of the table. I yelp in alarm when the frame slowly sinks back to a horizontal position, settling flush with the polished wooden floor, with me still firmly attached to it, spread-eagled, and looking up at the ceiling. This is beyond a joke. The woman is clearly deranged.

I am relieved that she isn't carrying the steel scalpel when she returns to look down on me with a disdainful look on her face. Then, though she raises her right knee and places her foot on my chest, and I can feel the tiny tip of her tall shoe-heel pressing against my nipple.

'Shall I assure Mr Moknkee that you have thoroughly assimilated my lesson?'

'Oh, yes, please do,' I say earnestly.

'And you will henceforth apply those policies and rules to the best of your ability?'

'Untie me and let me rid my man of these infernal pebbles.'

Those pebbles are indeed causing me some strange discomfort. And, despite my mental urging, Sir Malcolm is still fiercely upstanding and harder than I can remember him ever being since I was sixteen. I can't help but gaze up at Miss Potts' bare quim, and that doesn't help me to control Sir Malcolm's base urges, either. It's worse when she moves her foot and carefully arranges my ballocks with the spike of her heel before settling the heel tip lightly on top of the tightly bulging sac, pinning it to the floor.

'From now on, you will act and dress as befits the HR Director?'

'Yes, damn your eyes,' I growl, straining my neck to look down at my threatened nether regions.

'Mistress...' she says, pressing her foot down ever so slightly but ever so meaningfully upon my balls. 'Call me Mistress. Tell me you've learned your lesson.'

'Yes, Mistress,' I gasp, preferring to keep my gonads spherical and enclosed in their bag.

Mistress Potts chuckles derisively, maintaining the foot-on-ballocks stance for long seconds to prove her point. Then, in triumph, she moves her foot and stands with her feet straddling my prone body. I stare agog again at her cute quim. After a few seconds, she sinks slowly down and, with only a brief pause to grasp Sir Malcolm and guide him into the hungry mouth of her vagina, she sinks down and impales herself to the hilt.

Oh, Gods' gonads, those infernal pebbles...

'Excellent, Miss Potts. A wonderful show,' Horace Moknkee enthuses when he enters the playroom and stares down at my prone, sweat-soaked and utterly spent body.

'Thank you, Horace,' she says, as she removes the pebbles one at a time from my half-flaccid penis. After she has removed the final stone, she grasps Sir Malcolm and waggles him back and forth, as if he was a dead bull's pizzle. 'I think you will find that, from now on Mr Starr,

will be utterly compliant.'

'You'll pay for this, Moknkey,' I promise nastily, pulling feebly at my bonds.

'Nkow, nkow, Mr Starr,' he says, taking the steel blade from the table and expertly balancing its needlepoint tip on the pad of his forefinger. 'Donk't tempt me to set Miss Potts loose with this.'

'A pox on you,' I say wearily. 'Do your worst.'

'Oh, my worst... Well, I could allow the doorman to wreak his retribution on you. He's made a formal complaint. You remember Mr Parkinkson? Or Hyacinkth, as I believe you intend to nkame him?.'

Horace Moknkee is clearly enjoying this. I can only glare venomously up at him from the floor.

'I could loank him this surgeonk's scalpel, but I rather think that Mr Parkinkson might a prefer a dull edge for the shearinkg.'

'Enough!' I snarl. 'Untie me. I have things to attend to.'

He chuckles and ambles from the playroom, his knuckles dragging on the floor.

# CHAPTER SEVEN - Jake Starr – Human Resources Director

## Part I

### A new scribe

‘I need a scribe,’ I tell Horace Moknkee. ‘Only a scoundrel writes for himself.’

Moknkee gives me that thin smile of his, the one that stretches right his face laterally and makes him look like a gorilla.

‘I presume you meakn a seckrektary or a PA,’ he says with a snide air of superiority.

‘Yes, an HR Director needs a PA,’ Mistress Potts says from her chair beside Moknkee’s desk.

These people speak in capital letters! Have you noticed that?

‘PA, HR... Can’t you use actual words?’ I say, bemused.

Mistress Potts’ smile is sickly sweet, like stevia juice on a lemon. She says: ‘Horace is saying that you need a Personal Assistant... someone like me, Mr Starr.’

‘I shall be delighted to add you to my coffle, and happy to repay past debts.’ I say maliciously.

Mistress Potts still smiles steadily but I sense that she’s suddenly gone a little pale under the excellent cosmetics immaculately painted on her face.

She says: ‘You are the Human Resources Director, Mr Starr. You can take your pick of the secretarial staff at Emissions Strategies ... anyone except me.’

‘Excepting you,’ I say.

‘Miss Potts belongs to me,’ Monkey says gruffly. ‘Her aside, grab whatever resources you need.’

Now that’s an invitation I’m not likely to refuse. Perhaps working with the odious Moknkee might not be such an imposition after all.

‘I should warn you, Mr Starr, managers tend to become quite attached to their PAs,’ Miss Potts says, scribbling on her note pad.

‘I wager they do,’ I say, glowering at her.

She tears the page from her note pad and hands it to me, saying: ‘To avoid upsetting other managers, contact Sam Lemon in Recruitment and check which secretaries have newly started with the company. Take one of those.’

‘Lemon is one of us,’ Moknkee says.

I suppose Lemon is another of the Alchemist’s travellers, then. And the fact that Moknkee speaks openly about it with Mistress Potts right beside him makes it plain that she, too, is yet another ‘one of us’. By the Gods, how many travellers are there in this place?

I glance at the scrap of paper, roll it into a ball, and then stuff it into my mouth. As I masticate, Miss Potts looks at me as if I’m some kind of alien being.

‘I’m perfectly capable of utilising my own resources, thank you,’ I say, making an exaggerated show of chewing the paper. Then, turning to Monkey, I add: ‘I am interviewing Natalie Carpenter this very week. She is travelling from the USA.’

‘Excellent,’ Horace Monk says, giving me that ape-like grin.

‘Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to resource some humans.’

I leave Moknkee’s office and, once in the annexe next door, plop the moist ball of paper from my mouth and careful smooth it out so that I can read the writing. It’s just a name: Samuel Lemon. I might as well have swallowed the paper after all.

## Part II

### Samuel Lemon

Sam Lemon is an obliging fellow, as it turns out. Alright, he doesn't treat me with the deference I might have expected, given that I am his liege lord, so to speak, but he is pleasant enough. And Lemon is resourceful too, as befits a man with the legend 'Recruitment Manager' emblazoned on his door.

He sits at a desk dominated by a sleek black viewing panel. I've seen things like this before, of course, on my previous visits to Earth. They are ubiquitous, these viewing panels, and no longer impress me. It's amazing how quickly one becomes blasé about miracles.

'So, Jake,' Lemon says, spreading three large, glossy colour pictures on the desk in front of me, 'these women all commenced employment this week. They are all certified as competent, with excellent secretarial and interpersonal skills. Which one would you like?'

'Excellent interpersonal skills... that's what I need,' I muse, poring over the pictures. 'These portraits are somewhat formal. You should hire a more sympathetic artist.'

The pictures tell me very little, in truth. They are head portraits with each of the women looking straight out, stony faced.

'They are the photographs for their official passes,' Lemon says. Then he turns the viewing panel so that I can see the front of it. Immediately, the magic frame lights up, as if by magick.

'These photos are more revealing,' he says.

The picture of a naked woman has miraculously appeared on the panel.

'By the Gods, as I live and breathe,' I say incredulously. 'That's truly amazing.'

'She's barely passable, I'd say,' Lemon says, craning his neck to glance at the picture.

'I was referring to the viewing panel. You can instantly conjure likenesses that strip the subject naked?'

'The images are stored on my computer,' Lemon says with a chuckle, cycling through more pictures. 'They are candid videos.'

'Candid, indeed,' I say, looking at the naked woman on the screen.

'I meant that the video was shot without the subject's knowledge. The women were secretly filmed during their medical examinations. It's a new measure I've introduced.'

I trace my finger over the shiny surface of the viewing panel, leaving a trail of greasy marks, and ask: 'Is that within the Equal Opportunities Policy?'

'Who gives a bonobo's fuck?' Lemon says with a shrug.

The moving picture is of a rather attractive, if rather plump black girl wearing her hair in dozens of beaded braids; yes, she is passably promising, I suppose, and some enforced exercise under the whip would soon get her into trim. Her large breasts sway with delightful fluidity when she walks to step on a scale, but her posterior is quite big too.

After a short time, Lemon taps his desk instrument and the picture changes, and this time it shows a tall rangy blonde woman, stark naked except for a pair of spectacles. She is tall and somewhat angular for my tastes, with a face like a sack of tripe. 'No, I think not,' I say, imagining how disdainfully Madam Marie might view the woman.

A third moving picture suddenly illuminates the panel. It portrays a young woman with long sleek black hair, small and very pert breasts, a slender waist, delightful apple-like buttocks as pert as her breasts, and a cunt slit that's nicely delineated by a very thin strip of silky jet-black hair. She is certainly a neat little package. I recognise her as one of the young women who were at the reception desk when I arrived. Helpfully, the pictures show her repeatedly bending from the waist and straightening, touching the floor with her fingertips, supervised by a man in a white coat.

'Have you a preference between this one and the black girl?'

‘Can I examine them naked in the flesh?’

‘That wouldn’t be regarded as proper. They are free women, after all.’

‘Oh, very well, I’ll take the dark-haired yellow girl then,’ I say, turning the panel back to face Lemon. ‘Of the three, and on looks alone, she displays the most promising potential.’

‘I agree,’ Lemon says. ‘Her name is Allegra Lee. She is 23 years old, 5 ft 4 inches tall, Eurasian and Chinese mixed race. ‘I’ll make the necessary arrangements. But, please take care how you introduce her to the Colonial Club. We don’t want to attract any undue publicity and attention.’

I am taken aback. How does he know about my Colonial Club?

God’s gonad! Can’t a simple slaver have *any* secrets anymore?

## Part III

### Recruiting Allegra Lee

‘So you are Allegra Lee,’ I say as the girl sits, prim and proper, with knees pressed tightly together, in front of my desk with a notebook on her lap and pencil poised. ‘I hope you will enjoy belonging to me’

‘Belonging to you, sir?’ she says, with a hint of a smile flickering at the corner of her lips. ‘What a strange way to put it.’

I can see the Oriental in her. Allegra’s skin is the colour of mild honey, her long hair is straight and sleek, like black silk; and there is a hint of a slant in her otherwise wide, almond-shaped brown eyes. She is quite, quite beautiful. However, her skirt is too long, her shirt is buttoned to the neck, and her shoes are much too homely.

‘I hope that you will enjoy me,’ I correct myself.

Once more, I am reminded of the difference that a single word or even a slight change in emphasis can make. Working for me, belonging to me... It amounts to the same thing doesn’t it?

‘I’m chuffed to bits,’ Allegra says. ‘I hadn’t expected to be promoted so quickly.’

‘I have a keen eye for fresh talent, Allegra,’ I say, ignoring her odd vocabulary. ‘You *are* unencumbered, of course?’

‘Am I, sir?’ she says, doubt clouding her eyes.

‘You have no husband or children?’

She trills a light and somewhat irritating laugh and says, ‘Cor, not likely, Mr Starr. I like to be free, I do.’

‘Do you now,’ I say, ‘odds bodkins on your accursed luck then.’

She laughs again and says, ‘You are funny, sir.’

‘Yes, anyway, you shall be my personal assistant. Do you know what that entails?’

‘It means that I’ll assist you with whatever, I suppose. I’ve never been a Personal Assistant before. Thanks for picking me; I’ll do my very, very best.’

Oh yes, I shall enjoy owning Allegra Lee. She has all the makings of a fine little cunt. Madam Marie will enjoy training her, I’ll be bound.

‘Now, little sweet, you must create my schedule. There are a number of things I need to do. Firstly, arrange for me to see my banker to sort out my finances. His name is Ashley Charteris of Anchor Finance.’

Allegra makes notes as I speak.

‘Any particular time?’ she asks, crossing her knees.

There is a hinterland of dark promise between her legs under her knee-length skirt. She must shorten that skirt.

‘My appointment with Charteris must be within the next few days. I have to travel back next week, and need to sort out my coin before that. Which reminds me, Allegra Lee, do you like to travel?’

‘Cor, do I,’ she says eagerly, her dark eyes wide and gleaming like wet puddles in a peat bog. ‘I love going to new places and meeting people and things.’

‘You shall accompany me on my journey next week,’ I say.

‘Next week? Wow, that’ll be cool. Where are we going?’

‘Somewhere that’s somewhat warmer than here,’ I say. ‘But I digress... my schedule... I am to interview Natalie Carpenter on Thursday of this week. Set aside the full day for that.’

‘A full day for one interview, sir..? Blimey.’

‘Yes,’ I say. ‘I need time to ensnare her.’

‘If you say so,’ she says with a shrug. ‘It’s your time, innit. Miss Carpenter must be important though.’



‘She is very important. She is a quantum mechanic, whatever that might be.’

Allegra giggles, as if I’ve made a joke.

‘Also,’ I go on, ‘I have to invoke the Disciplinary Procedure in respect of the two young women who are currently deputed to meet and greet people in this building. I shall interview them.’

‘And who might they be, sir?’ she asks.

‘The two women who were stationed with you at the front entrance when I arrived?’

Allegra Lee looks mystified for a second and then her face brightens. ‘Ah, you mean the receptionists, sir.’

‘Do I?’ I ask doubtfully. ‘Their names are Melody Brooks and Kylie Martin. Those two little cunts are in for a very rude awakening, I can tell you.’

She giggles again and says, ‘Okay, I’ll book them in. Do you want them one at a time or both together?’

I think on that for a blissful moment and smile to myself.

‘There’s a pleasant prospect to muse upon,’ I eventually say. ‘But no, I shall see them individually. And Winston Parkinson, one of the gatekeepers... I want to see him too.’

‘You’ll mean the Security men,’ she says, making a note and then looking up expectantly. ‘Anything else, Mr Starr?’

‘Yes. Stand up, Allegra,’ I order and, although she hesitates slightly, she does as I tell her. I frown a little at her hesitation, but then nod and say, ‘Good girl. Now unbutton your shirt.’

Indecision is mirrored in her face but she slowly unfastens the top button and then the second. I nod again and she unfastens the third button, revealing a hint of creamy-ochre décolleté. That’s evidently as far as she wants to go because she drops her hand to her side.

‘Now, raise your skirt,’ I say.

‘Ere, what’s your game?’ she asks.

‘I merely want to see more of your legs. Raise the hem of your skirt up your thighs.’

She hesitates but then drops her note pad and pencil onto the chair behind her and reaches down to grasp the hem of her skirt, slowly inching it up her legs. I sigh, and indicate with a gesture of my upturned palm to raise the skirt further. She reluctantly does so, lifting the hem until I catch a glimpse of the dark bands of her stockings.

‘It’s as I thought, you have excellent legs,’ I say, and she gives a nervous little giggle. I go on: ‘This afternoon, Mistress Potts will take you shopping for some new clothes.’

‘Really?’ Allegra says, in surprise. Then she asks suspiciously, ‘Here, who’s paying?’

‘Don’t worry your pretty little chump about that,’ I say, surprised she feels the need to ask (but then she doesn’t yet know that I own her).

‘Wow,’ she says happily, raising the hem of her skirt a bit more, until I can see the honey-toned flesh above her stocking tops.

‘And tomorrow, you will accompany me to lunch at my club in Mayfair.’

‘Whew, a lunch-time meeting in your club, that’s totes fab!’ Allegra Lee says. ‘Shall I put it in your diary, sir?’

‘No need, I won’t forget,’ I say.

## Part IV

### Properly inducting Allegra Lee

*The next day...*

‘Have you arranged for me to meet the financier?’ I ask Allegra, surveying her appearance.

Well, I must try not to gainsay Mistress Potts in future. The woman might be a total arse but, if Allegra Lee’s new appearance is anything to go by, Moknkee’s personal assistant certainly knows how to dress a young woman. The improvement in Allegra’s appearance is dramatic, to say the least.

‘Yes, sir, the meeting is scheduled for 10.30 this morning.’ After a moment, she says, ‘Can I go home and get changed now?’

I glance at the new gold timepiece on my wrist. It’s only just gone 9 o’clock, so that leaves me plenty of time to get in some early preliminary training of the slave-to-be.

‘Get changed?’ I ask, bemused.

‘Change my clothes,’ she says.

‘You don’t like them?’

She stammers: ‘They’re hardly suitable for business, are they?’

‘That depends on the business,’ I say, taking my nifty little stripping blade from my pocket.

Mistress Potts’ shopping jaunt with Allegra in Oxford Street was inordinately expensive, of course, but I don’t care about that. It’s only Earthy money, after all, and I’m awash with the stuff; I might feel differently were Mistress Potts spending my own hard-earned doubloons. Anyway, my own suits of Earthy clothes cost a small fortune (Mistress Potts purchased those too - she has evidently acquired some expensive Earthy tastes).

Anyway, Allegra Lee stands in front of my desk now, a vision of loveliness and style. She looks embarrassed as I inspect her. I twirl my finger in the air, indicating that she should turn. She does so, albeit awkwardly (a couple of minutes with Madam Marie will solve that bashfulness, I’ll wager).

‘Exquisite,’ I say, looking at the tight trim of her arse, which is only just wrapped by her short black skirt.

‘Blimey, I can’t wear this, not for work at any rate,’ she says over her shoulder, reaching back to tug at the hem of the skirt.

‘Nonsense,’ I say, admiring the cut of her plain black fitted jacket and the black shoes with slender, stilt-like heels. ‘Turn to face me again.’

Her jacket is fastened by a single button midway up her belly, and the cut of the garment follows the curve of her trim waist. It’s a fine piece of tailoring, it seems to me.

‘Perhaps if I wear a top under it..?’ Allegra says anxiously.

‘A top?’

‘Yeah, a blouse, a jumper, or something,’ she says, glancing down at the plunging expanse of her cleavage. ‘Or at least a bra... I can’t work properly with my tits hanging out, can I.’

I smile. How coy these young and pretty Earthy bitches are when forced to expose their charms. And yet they are ever-ready to tease by wearing next to nothing when it suits them. Admittedly, Allegra’s jacket is worn over her bare torso, revealing honey-toned flesh to her navel, but her small, pert tits are concealed well enough... well, most of her breast flesh is covered, anyway. She looks perfectly presentable to me; but then I’m a slaver and my cunts would usually be considered over-dressed wearing so much as a hair-ribbon.

‘Still,’ I say, ‘If you don’t like it...’

I rise from my seat and wander around the desk to circle her, toying with the stripping knife. She remains still, but watches me nervously.

This handy little blade has been my companion ever since becoming a slaver. I take it

everywhere with me, even on my trips to Earth. Especially on my trips to Earth, in fact... it's cunningly designed to slit away clothing from a woman without damaging her skin, and it always comes in handy. The razor-sharp hook-shaped blade is fashioned from finest Andover steel, and it's nicely sheathed inside a polished wood handle.

'Here, what are you doing?' Allegra asks uneasily as I move behind her and insert the collar of her jacket into the slot of the stripper.

'You don't like your new clothes,' I point out, effortlessly sliding the razor-sharp slotted blade through the fabric of her jacket, watching as it falls aside to fully reveal her back..

While she's still gasping in shock, I slide the flat jaw of the stripper beneath the waistband of her skirt and then similarly slit that garment too from top to bottom. As it happens, partly due to my skill, and partly due to the design of the stripping blade, her strange little panties are sliced too. Within two seconds Allegra Lee has been stripped almost naked. I can do that to any woman, regardless of what she is wearing, unless it is chain mail. I am a professional slaver and I know these things.

'What the fuck?' Allegra says as her ruined skirt falls to the floor. 'Blimey, do you know how much these things cost?'

I reach to pull away the small triangle of black silk that is dangling uselessly across the top of one of her thighs, but have to yank it to break the cord. When I walk to stand in front of her she has one arm crossed over her chest, holding the remnants of the jacket to her body, and her other hand is attempting to conceal her cunt. I chuckle at her coy naïveté.

When she sees my smile, she drops into a crouch and reaches for the ruined skirt, pressing it between her thighs. She looks exquisite as she cowers there, a tawny-skinned young Ishtar of Babylon. We are both transfixed in the moment - Master and slave, each gazing at the other. I well know that Allegra isn't a sophisticated girl, of course. But she was born to be a slave, even though she doesn't yet know it.

'Stand up,' I say quietly. When she doesn't respond, I bark, 'Now!'

Galvanised by my tone, she scrambles to her feet. Her eyes are wide with but she says nothing. I nod my approval and then reach to push her hands away and slide the remnants of her jacket from her body.

Then I properly examine her, as any half-competent slaver would, running my hands over her flanks, teasing her tight up-tilted nipples, which are delightfully over-sized when compared to the small neat breasts that carry them. Allegra stares at me as if hypnotised, and she moves instinctively under my expert touch, turning and flexing her body to my will. That is the skill of a slaver, learned under a long apprenticeship; I am an expert in moulding a woman to my hands; if I choose, by touch alone, without uttering a single word of command, I can bend a woman double with her toes pinned behind her ears. When I trail my hands over Allegra's firm belly, I gently circle the dimple of her navel with the pad of my fingertip, and she shudders when I continue on down to her neat pudenda.

'Are you still a virgin?' I ask, already knowing from her medical report that she isn't.

She shakes her head in reply, her eyes still wide. My fingers probe between her vaginal lips, which are clothed in a narrow strip of black, silken hair. Her cunt is already nicely moist, of course; her clitoris is small but as hard as a pebble. The hands of a skilled slaver have this effect on a woman. She gives a small, almost inaudible sigh when I remove my fingers from her honey pot.

Turning Allegra half-circle, I brush my fingers down her spine, and then run both hands down her flanks and allow them to rest lightly on the flare of her hips. She is delightfully still and quiet, and her breathing has not quickened discernibly. When I turn her back to face me, she stands with her arms hanging loosely, gazing at me with limpid, brown, doe-like eyes. I am pleased. She is an excellent acquisition, and in good condition.

'Are you still looking forward to working under me?' I ask.

She nods as if not trusting herself to speak.

‘I am not concerned about your lack of lady-like airs,’ I say. ‘They are neither important nor appropriate for what I have in mind for you.’

I take a grip on one of her large turgid nipples and twist it, watching her wince. But she doesn’t complain, and I feel the teat stiffen even more in my fingers. I smile and release the long nubbin, flicking it experimentally with my forefinger. Then I walk round her again, casually inspecting her, trailing my finger slowly over her body as I go.

When I return to face her, I ask, ‘Who was he first lucky man to fuck you?’

She seems shocked. Allegra Lee is standing stark naked, rudely examined, and she is shocked by a mere question! Her mouth opens and shuts without words for a few awkward moments.

‘It was just some boy,’ she says at last.

‘Just some boy,’ I repeat sternly. ‘And who else? How many other men have enjoyed your hungry little fleshpot?’

‘Not that many,’ she says defensively.

‘One dozen, two dozen, three..?’ I demand to know, picking up a long plastic ruler from the desk.

She closes her eyes in embarrassment and says, ‘Seventeen.’

‘Seventeen!’ I say, swatting her tits with the flexible ruler. ‘You Earthy sluts are all the same. You are just a little whore.’

So, Miss Allegra Lee has serviced seventeen different cockstands in her young life. That’s disgraceful! All right, I know that fucking seventeen different men is considered a light night’s work for the slave cunts at Madam Marie’s Drink and Drug Den, but that’s not the point. On the other hand, it is almost certain that a free and unmarried woman in my world will never have been fucked, not properly; it’s a calamity if she accidentally breaks her hymen on the ridge of a horse saddle; which is good for me as a slaver, because a newly-enslaved and unsullied free woman is worth her weight in copper on the auction block. For that reason, when first despatched to Earth by the Alchemist I dreamed of great wealth, considering the abundance of young nubile females that I found, but now I despair of ever acquiring a comely virgin on Earth.

I bend the plastic ruler almost double and release it to slap the end sharply on one of her upturned nipples, which have now thickened to the size of the end of my third finger. Lovely nipples! She mewls in pain, but doesn’t complain.

‘I will show you how I discipline little whores,’ I say, gesturing towards my desk. ‘Bend over.’

She looks at me and then at the desk and then back at me again. I can see her anxiously considering the matter. After long seconds, without a word, she steps forward and bends at the waist, lowering her upper torso onto the desk top.

‘Spread your legs,’ I command. ‘Let me see if the seventeen cocks have left any imprint on your juicy little fleshpot.’

I chuckle to my own humour. She shuffles her feet apart, aided by the toe of my polished black shoe. Presently her legs are so widely splayed that the muscles in her thighs and buttocks are rigid, and her lovely little pussy is nicely exposed. Which is more, she has the kind of arse that exposes the rose of her anus when her legs are widely-spread. Quite delightful!

I smack the plastic ruler sharply across her buttocks, making her gasp, more in surprise than in pain. It’s a pity that I haven’t got my whips or canes to hand. This flat strip of plastic is barely serviceable for the task. Nevertheless, I belabour her arse with it until her buttocks are beginning to glow. When I step back, I see that her quim is flushed cherry-ripe and her sex lips are nicely filmed with moisture. More delightful still!

I fumble to release Sir Malcolm from my trousers. The garment is unfamiliar to me and unlike the blue jeans I usually wear for my Earthy travels there are no buttons on the opening. After some frustrated moments, I release the waistband and tear the damned trousers aside. Then I

push down my nether clothing, grasp my raging cockstand, and plunge him deeply into Miss Lee's fleshpot. She gives a little grunt as Sir Malcolm impales her to the hilt, and her hot inner flesh tightens like a wet glove round him. Ah, that's even more delightful!

The telephone on my desk begins to ring and I casually sweep it aside, dashing it onto the floor. No time for nonsense like that!

Allegra is soon gasping and grunting as Sir Malcolm slides back and forth. The unmistakable fragrance of aroused female sex flesh wafts upwards past my twitching nostrils. Some men, quite inconceivable to me, dislike that smell, but I never tire of it. It's like a potent intoxicant, and always arouses me to greater virility. So my hips slam against her arse, time and again, making the desk shudder. She is lost in the event too, and her right hand is frantically rubbing her clitoris, until Sir Malcolm senses the first rigid ripples of her vaginal tunnel announcing her orgasm. The little whore! She will do well at Madam Marie's place.

That does for Sir Malcolm though. He gets lost in the event, and abandons all self-control. I fuck her wildly in an incandescent rage of lust, bludgeoning my cockstand inside her, jumping from the ground with each thrust, lifting her bodily. As for Allegra, she squeals and grunts like a stuck pig, one hand scrabbling at her clitoris and the other scraping fingernails on the leather desk top. It is soon over, of course. I eventually pull back, propped on stiff arms placed on either side of Allegra's shoulders. She is panting and inert, slumped, spent.

'Fuck me!' she mumbles.

'What, again?'

'Ooh yes, please,' she says.

Then I hear the slow clapping of a pair of hands. Turning, I see Mistress Potts standing there, a disdainful look on her face.

'Well, it didn't take you very long to induct Miss Lee,' she says.

'I decided to make it a functional fucking,' I say defensively, pushing Sir Malcolm back into my shorts. 'I can go on for hours, if I choose.'

Allegra scrambles to snatch up her ruined garments and dashes to crouch behind the desk. Mistress Potts laughs at that.

'Don't be bashful, my dear girl,' Mistress Potts says, kicking aside Allegra's ruined clothing. 'It was fortunate that we bought a few new outfits for you.'

I pull up my trousers and fumble with the nether closure. Mistress Potts steps forward and reaches for my crotch, making me flinch, but she merely grasps the fastening and pulls it upward.

'Amazing!' I say, glancing at the now-closed front of my trousers.

'It's called a zip, Mr Starr,' Mistress Potts says. 'They are very common here. How did you get dressed this morning?'

'The tailor...' I say.

I know these zips are ubiquitous on Earth, of course, because I've often seen them on the clothes I've cut from women. But I've never actually opened or closed a garment with one of them.

'A zip,' I say, 'truly amazing.'

I might even import the design back to my world, despite the Alchemist's insistence that he personally controls all things to do with the transfer of technology.

'Anyway, what can I do for you, Mistress Potts?' I ask.

'I simply came to tell you that a Miss Charteris is waiting to see you. Unsurprisingly, the receptionist was unable to contact Miss Lee.'

'Who is Miss Charteris?'

'That's your finance broker, Mr Starr,' Allegra says from her hiding place under the desk.

## Part V

### Meeting Ashley Charteris

‘Well, hello,’ I say to the very attractive young blonde woman who walks into my office and shakes my hand, ‘and who might you be?’

She is blonde and svelte, with a smile that brightens the room. Her hips flare nicely and she has a nice high shelf of tits.

‘My name is Ashley Charteris,’ she says. ‘I’m your finance broker, from Longton, Longton and Foulds.’

Well, there’s a surprise! I’ve met an Ashley Charteris before, but he was a man in his early fifties, with salt-and-pepper grey hair and a pot belly. This young woman is stunningly beautiful. I’m a professional slaver and notice these differences.

‘I thought I was dealing with Anchor Finance,’ I say, somewhat wrong-footed. ‘A senior *man*, named Ashley Charteris...’

‘Ah, that’s my father and he recently retired,’ *this* Ashley Charteris says smoothly, flashing a wonderfully winning smile. ‘Longton, Longton and Foulds took over Anchor Finance with all its accounts and employees, including me. I’ve been nominated to manage Anchor’s existing customers, including you, Mr Starr.’

‘Longton, Longton and Foulds?’ I say in wonder, gesturing her to a seat at the coffee table near the window that overlooks the old Royal Stock Exchange. ‘Your father seemed rather young to retire, don’t you know.’

‘Finance is a very stressful business,’ she says (she ought to try slave trading). ‘He was simply burned out, poor lamb.’

As she sits on the low chair and crosses her legs, I catch a glimpse of snowy white at her crotch. The nostrils of her pert nose twitch as she scents the air. Perhaps the animal aroma of Allegra’s sex juices still permeates the air? I can’t tell myself. One’s senses become inured to the fragrance after a time, don’t you know.

‘Anyway,’ she says, ‘both you and I got a good deal with the takeover, Mr Starr. Longton, Longton and Foulds is one of the very best brokerage firms in the world.’

‘Ah, but which world?’ I ask, settling in the opposite seat at the coffee table, from where I can better assess her assets.

She gives a trill little laugh, humouring my humour. Little does *she* know!

‘I thought I’d be dealing with a man,’ I say again bluntly.

This time, her smile doesn’t quite reach her flashing blue eyes.

She says with sickly sweetness: ‘That’s a typical response when potential clients meet me for the first time. It comes from having a unisex forename. Moreover, I am only 25 years old, which makes some people even more wary of entrusting their wealth to me. But I can assure you that I know my business, Mr Starr.’

‘As do I, Miss Charteris,’ I say, watching with hidden amusement as she slowly, and very deliberately, recrosses her legs, allowing her skirt to ride high on her thighs. ‘I am an expert in my business, as a matter of fact.’

She nods and casually unbuttons her jacket, allowing it to swing open. The little minx must know that her nipples are poking at the silk of her white blouse and the dark shadows of their aureoles are vaguely visible under the thin material. She obviously isn’t wearing anything under the blouse, probably for her own calculated reasons.

‘Well, I hope to make you feel that I am the right person for you, Mr Starr,’ she says with a disarming smile.

I ogle her thighs as she treats me to another sight of her snowy-white crotch.

‘I’m already thinking that you are *just* the kind of person I want, Ashley.’

She gives another assured, cool smile. Miss Ashley Charteris obviously thinks I'm a fool for a beautiful young woman. Maybe I am, but not for the reasons that she thinks.

'Oh, I'm very confident I will fully meet your requirements,' she says, batting her long eyelashes.

'Oh, I'm sure that you will, given time,' I reply.

## CHAPTER EIGHT - Ashley Charteris

### Part I

#### Meeting Jake Starr

**My name is Ashley Charteris** and I am a senior finance broker at Longton, Longton and Foulds, a major company in the City of London.

Jake Starr, the HR Director of Emissions Strategies Inc, smiles and says, 'I am confident that you will *fully* meet my requirements.'

Another sucker! I give a small gracious nod but inwardly glow with satisfaction. It always makes me smile. Any woman with a half-decent body and a smidgeon of common-sense can get anything she wants from a man if she knows what she's doing. All men are gullible, and most are transparently naive. I'm not sure which category applies to Mr Starr.

Jake Starr is in his mid-thirties maybe and, although he wears an obviously expensive business suit, he looks nothing like a billionaire (but then so few of them ever do). Starr is a faintly exotic man. He speaks good English, even if it's a bit stilted and archaic at times, but with an accent that I can't quite place. One thing I do know, though, is that he is absolutely loaded! The sums listed on his scrawled piece of paper are simply astronomical. If I win this account at the usual commission rates, I might never have to work in Finance again.

Sitting in a low chair opposite him in his City office, I consciously allow the skirt of my Ralph Lauren business suit to ride high on my thighs. I've already unbuttoned my jacket. I usually go without a bra on occasions such as this, when sex appeal might tip the balance in my favour. And why not? I have to compete in a man's world, after all, so I'm not ashamed to use my looks and feminine wiles to gain an advantage. I do pretty well, as a matter of fact.

Starr ogles my legs, wolf-like.

'May I call you Jake?' I ask, noting that he freely uses my first name - another good sign.

But he insists that I address him as 'sir'. These precious, high-flying businessmen, so conscious of their status! I don't really care. It's his money I want, not his social graces.

'I'd like you to handle my Earthy coin,' he says. 'I believe you call it money?'

I undo yet another button on my half-transparent blouse and flutter my eye-lashes, as if blinking from the sunlight that streams through the window.

'Oh yes, I would very definitely call this money, sir,' I say huskily. 'May I ask what kind of business are you in?'

'Exports,' he says with a foppish wave of his hand.

I don't know how he generates such wealth, but it must be highly illegal, of course... drugs or arms, maybe. Who cares? I'm a business-woman and, no matter what the authorities might say, it's none of my damned business how clients make their money. But Christ, if these figures are correct, Jake Starr is a multi-millionaire several times over. And he's got it all invested in half a dozen basic accounts with two-bit foreign banks?

'These seem to be low-interest current bank accounts, sir,' I say, trying to mask my incredulity.

'Really?' he says airily.

Now I'm accustomed to handling large amounts of accumulated wealth, but the funds are usually scattered across obscure investments and off-shore tax havens. My particular expertise is in efficiently unravelling and rationalising my clients' deliberately complicated finances. They pay me well to reorganise their funds and discreetly reinvest them without attracting undue attention, and to achieve the highest returns and lowest tax liabilities. However, Jake Starr seems to have only six bank accounts, each of which harbours an enormous cash sum. It will require little financial acumen to handle his business, but it might take some explaining to the money-laundering watchdogs.



‘It’s a wonder the police aren’t crawling all over you, having this sort of cash lying about.’

‘I haven’t told them I’ve got it,’ he says.

I blink at his words and wait for the punch line, but none comes. Is he really so disingenuous?

In the end, I settle for saying: ‘If you don’t mind my saying, sir, you seem very unworldly.’

‘Ah, I don’t mind you saying, Ashley,’ he says, ‘but I’m probably the worldliest person you have ever met. I’ve got more worlds than I can manage sometimes.’

‘But you must be losing an awful lot of money in interest...’

‘Usury is immoral,’ Starr says with a dismissive wave of his hand. ‘My biggest problem is getting access to my coin whenever and wherever I happen to be in the world. These wealth merchants often refuse to supply me with the large amounts I sometimes require, and they ask many awkward questions.’

There’s a surprise!

‘You travel a lot, sir?’ I ask, seeing that the accounts are with banks in New York, Venice, Rio de Janeiro, Copenhagen, Durban and Monte Carlo.

‘Yes, and I never really know where I’m going to land next. The visits rarely last more than a few days in your time. I just need to have enough Earthy coin to spend, instantly available, in any part of the Earth. The exact details I will leave to you, Ashley.’

‘I will need your power of attorney,’ I say, handing him a pre-prepared form and a pen, anxious to seal the deal. Then, I add carefully: ‘There are specific regulations about money laundering, so my commission rates will necessarily be rather high...’

‘I am happy to double, or even treble your usual fee,’ he says airily, signing the forms. ‘It’s only Earthy money and of little consequence. Shall we say one tenth?’

Ten per cent? I only just manage to stifle another gasp.

‘Ten is perfectly acceptable, sir,’ I say silkily, as if that rate is absolutely normal (which it most certainly is not.)

‘The whole business must be completed by this evening, Ashley. I am due to leave in the next few days and want all the arrangements in place for the next time I return.’

I offer to have the investments and accounts ready for future collection from my office, whenever he is next in town. But, Starr is adamant - it must all be completed this very same day. In normal circumstances, I would refuse such a demand. But ten per cent of zillions is, well, zillions.

‘Leave it to me, sir,’ I say, rising to my feet.

It won’t be easy to rearrange all his finances in a few hours, but then there are only six separate and unencumbered funds to deal with. I will have to satisfy the various regulatory authorities and counter-terrorist agencies, of course, but the world-respected name of Longton, Longton and Foulds will facilitate that. Moreover, I have several excellent contacts and know many off-shore brokers who aren’t too particular about the source of the wealth they shelter. It should be a doddle.

‘I think we might have a deal, Ashley,’ Mr Starr says, standing up.

‘You won’t be sorry that you chose me, sir.’

Starr doesn’t offer to shake my outstretched hand. Instead he reaches to grasp my elbow and guides me a few feet away from the coffee table, into the centre of his spacious office. Then he stands back and spreads his hands expectantly. I cock an inquisitive eyebrow and smile.

‘Very well, let me see you,’ he says.

‘When would you like to see me, sir?’

‘Right now, Miss Charteris, remove your clothes, all of them.’

I take a sharp intake of breath. I’ve often been propositioned by wealthy clients, of course, but never quite so bluntly. He wants me to strip naked in his office with undraped windows overlooking Cornhill?

‘Right now?’ I repeat, half to myself, gazing around me like a hunted rabbit. How the hell can I get out of this and still retain his business? I’ll dangle the bait, that’s how. ‘Perhaps we could have dinner this evening. And afterwards ... well, who knows.’

Jake Starr shrugs and waves a hand of dismissal, turning back to the coffee table to retrieve his piece of paper.

‘You’ve wasted my time, Ashley,’ he says flatly. ‘I’ll bid you forever farewell.’

Forever? That’s it? I visualise the lovely commission, millions of pounds, floating away from me.

‘No, wait,’ I hear myself saying, shrugging off my jacket.

He pauses and then turns to me with a disarming smile, giving a gesture of his hand and saying, ‘Proceed.’

I feign a smile and attempt to be seductive, licking my lips and slowly beginning to undo buttons of my blouse, pausing between each of them.

‘Halt!’ Starr rasps, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a small, wooden-handled object. Then he moves behind me, saying, ‘I’ll help you, it’ll be much quicker.’

I feel something cool at the nape of my neck, and then shudder as it slides down beside my spine to the small of my back. I feel a slight tug on the waistband of my skirt, and then the object passes over the swell of my bottom, and down between the divide of my buttocks... Then all my clothes simply fall off! Even my knickers and are in shreds. I gaze in disbelief at the garments at my feet, literally cut from me, with incredible alacrity. I am quite naked!

Jake Starr eyes my body and the sight of it seems to make him catch his breath for a moment, but he swiftly regains his composure. He lifts my long, honey-blond hair to expose my neck, and then suddenly grasps my face with his finger and thumb, pressing hard at the hinge of my jaw and forcing me to open my mouth.

‘Keep still!’ he orders sharply as I squirm and try to protest.

Then Starr has the brass nerve to tilt my head back and look into my mouth. He actually runs the pad of his forefinger over my teeth, for God’s sake. And when he pushes his fingers deeply to the back of my throat, I gag and gurgle in protest again. I have never, ever, been handled in such a way, even by a doctor or dentist.

He growls: “Don’t bite my fingers if you value your pretty teeth.”

He withdraws the detestable digits and releases his grip on my jaw. Then he traces his fingers, dampened with my saliva, over my cheek bone and casually pulls at the flesh to see expose the lower rim of my eye.

He orders, “Look up at the roof until I tell you otherwise. Do NOT look at me!”

I find myself doing as he tells me, raising my chin high and looking up at the high ceiling with its ornate cornice, trembling slightly as his fingertips trail down my neck and trace idly across my shoulder blades from one side to the other. His breath catches a little again.

“Nice,” he murmurs, “very nice.”

‘Thank you,’ I hear myself saying stupidly, still looking at the ceiling.

“Cup your breasts and lift them!”

I seem quite unable to disobey the man, but dare to lower my chin and he doesn’t object. He strokes the underside of my breasts, and I inhale sharply and hold my breath as he taps the very end of each nipple.

“Hard cherries, each with a stone,” he murmurs.

It is true. My treacherous nipples have stiffened.

Starr pushes my hands aside and his own hands cup and lift my breasts high on my chest. When he lets them go, he watches intently as they fall and bounce slightly, and he repeats that a couple of times. Like many men who have known me, Jake Starr seems to have a thing about my tits, but he handles them with remarkable assurance. I try to steel myself, determined to keep some self-control. He rotates the palms of his hands against my nipples with the lightest of

touches, something between a tickle and a caress, and the treacherous little bastards tighten even more.

Then he abruptly smacks my tits with both hands, simultaneously, ensuring that his whipping fingers sting the soft flesh. I squirm and gasp at his sudden change of mood and shield my tits with my hands.

However, he merely smiles and nods, and then walks behind me, kicking my ruined garments aside as he goes. I am breathing heavily now, and heavier still when he reaches round to cruelly pinch the underbelly of my right breast.

“Spread your legs,” he murmurs into my ear. “I shall explore the parts that are most important to me.”

“Yes, sir,” I hear myself say in a trance as I widen my stance.

“Wider.”

He rubs his fingertips down the curve of my back until he finds the point of my spine, which he tickles in a tight circle. I can only shudder at the incredible sensation. Then he traces a line downwards, from the small of my back, very slowly, with brush-like strokes, softly back-brushing the flesh after each forward caress, advancing very gradually along the groove of my bottom. I hold my breath again. What is happening to me? I make a kittenish mewling noise - I think from pleasure, but can't be sure.

Anyway, regardless of my feelings, he spreads the cheeks of my bottom and twirls his fingertip round and round against the rim of my anus. I gasp. He withdraws his finger and waits, and his breath is warm on the side of my neck. I stand like a statue, hardly daring to breathe, expecting his finger to push into my rectum. Some men like to do that, as you know.

“Easy, Ashley,” he murmurs, as if soothing a skittish filly and, inexplicably, I am instantly reassured.

Then his hand brushes between my legs, reaching right under, and his palm closes round my sex, holding my cunt as if he owns it, with the second finger pressing between the fleshy lips until he finds the tight engorged nub of my clitoris. I give another little gasp

“Hmmm, a veritable rosebud, firm and swollen,” he says, and then withdraws his finger a little.

My breathing is ragged when he touches my clit again, even though he applies only a slight friction, exactly at the tip, before pressing together the puffy lips and moulding them around the nubbin, squeezing in steady rhythmic pulses, massaging my cunt as if milking a cow. I can smell the aroma of my arousal. I am ready for him to fuck me now. Right now!

Then, though, he pulls back and abruptly smacks my arse.

“Oh, I shall love to take you,” he says.

“Do it, sir, please,” I say, suddenly turning and placing my arms around his neck and leaping to wrap my legs tightly round his waist.

He laughs, perhaps scornfully, but I don't care. I have abandoned all pretence of coy reserve now. His handling has left my body tingling. After a few seconds of fumbling with his zip, he impales me with his cock and I sigh with pleasure, melting against him. He remains standing, carrying me pinioned on his cock with his hands cupping my buttocks, and my breasts smother his face as I frantically bounce up and down. I see a red London bus stop in the traffic right outside the window, and vaguely wonder what the passengers on the upper deck might be seeing. But I don't care. If this is what I need to do to win the best contract of my life, then I'll do it. Hell, I'd do it without the fucking contract.

“I am lodging at this place,” Jake Starr says, handing me an embossed card as I make ready to leave his office.

I have already showered and dressed, brushed my hair and reapplied my make-up. A woman brought a new set of clothes and they are very stylish, I must say. She seemed totally

unsurprised to find me naked in Jake Starr's office and I handled the awkward moment with the best aplomb that I could muster.

I raise my eyebrows as I look at the card. He is staying at the Ritz.

'Lovely lodgings,' I say with a smile.

'I require you to have dinner with me this evening, Ashley. Then you may elaborate on the financial arrangements you have made.'

'Dinner at the Ritz, wow!' I say, already thinking what I should wear for the occasion.

'No, we will dine at my club, which is near to the Ritz,' he says, dashing my hopes. 'But I require that you first deliver my new portfolio to the hotel. Is that clear?'

'Yes, sir,' I say meekly. 'I'd better get back to my office right away and get on with the work.'

## CHAPTER NINE - Human Resourcing

### Part I

#### All in a day's work

‘Yes, this is Jake Starr,’ I say into the cell phone. ‘Who else would it be? This is my communication device, after all.’

‘There’s a Miss Carpenter in Reception to see you,’ a disembodied voice says. ‘She says she had an appointment for 10.30... like ten minutes ago?’

I frown at the handset. I doubt if I’ll ever get used to these damned newfangled instruments. I can hardly hear a word from it, what with all the noise that Allegra Lee is making. Although these mobile devices are frequently useful, often they’re just a damned nuisance. Like right now. Can’t they see that I’m busy fucking Allegra’s arse?

‘Who is this?’ I demand, one hand keeping the instrument to my ear and the other trying to pull Allegra’s hips back onto Sir Malcolm as she squirms and yelps.

‘It’s Reception, sir. We’ve been trying to get hold of your PA...’

‘Me too,’ I say irritably, as Allegra squeals and tries to squirm away, and I have to smack her arse really hard to keep her quiet. ‘Is that Melody?’ I say into the device.

The female voice gives a giggle and says, ‘No sir, this is Kylie. Melody left yesterday.’

‘She left?’ I say, pausing mid-stroke in astonishment. ‘Who gave her permission to leave?’

‘Melody went back to the agency, sir. What shall I do with Miss Carpenter?’

‘Miss Carpenter will have to wait until I’ve finished what I’m doing,’ I say, tossing the cell phone aside, ignoring that it clatters across the polished wood floor.

Regaining the use of both hands, holding Allegra firmly by the hips, I continue to ream her rectum with gusto. She is bent over my desk, squealing in protest, as if no man has ever fucked her arse before. For all I know, perhaps she *was* an anal virgin until a few minutes ago. She’s not now. Her back alley is deliciously tight and hot round my erect cockstem. Actually, there are signs that she’s beginning to enjoy it too, despite herself.

It’s not as if I’m raping her, although you’d think so, judging by the noise she’s making. No, Allegra was willing enough to hoist her skirt and bare her arse as she bent over the desk for me, but I suppose she thought Sir Malcolm was going to fuck her vagina again. She certainly got quite a surprise when he roughly invaded her arse. She’ll have to get used to that though. It’s all part of her conditioning.

As the tell-tale tingle in my loins rises, Sir Malcolm pulls out and quickly offloads his breakfast onto her back, spattering her business suit with viscous white blobs. Allegra remains supine on the desk, sobbing and panting. I slap her arse sharply again.

‘Quickly, off you go, little cunt,’ I say.

She straightens wearily, gingerly reaches one hand back to her arse, scowls, and says, ‘It’s not my cunt I’m worrying about. That hurt, you know. Nobody’s ever done that before to me. I’ve a good mind to tell my Mum about you. How would you like having a cock rammed up your arse?’

‘I quite like it, on occasion,’ I say honestly. ‘Go and take a shower and put on another suit of clothes: you’ve got Sir Malcolm’s jism all up your rear, don’t you know.’

Allegra tries to look over her shoulder at her own back, saying, ‘Gawd, that’s another of my outfits you’ve ruined. And you’ve stained your trousers too.’

‘Shit!’ I say, looking down at the ugly mark on my pants.

‘Yeah, it probably is,’ Allegra says, straightening her skirt. ‘It’s lucky that Miss Potts buys stuff in half-dozen lots, ain’t it.’

I allow Allegra to share the small shower cubicle in my changing room with me, and she soon cheers up, soaping my body with her tits. I have to push her away when Sir Malcolm begins

to respond hungrily again. After all, I might need my renewed ardour for Miss Carpenter, if I'm lucky.

I don another of the business suits and fresh white shirts that hang in the wardrobe, and Allegra also puts on some new clothes too.

'Cor, I've only got three outfits left,' Allegra grumbles.

'That's alright. You'll only need them for another three days,' I say, attempting to knot my necktie.

Allegra Lee sighs, as if I'm the biggest fool she has ever known, and pushes my hands away before expertly tying the slip-knot for me and straightening the lapels of my jacket.

'You do say some funny things, Mr Starr,' she says, brushing imaginary dust from my garment. 'It's a wonder they don't lock you up, what with one thing and another.'

'One thing and another?'

She giggles and says, 'Well, now it turns out that you're an arse-bandit, as well as all them other things.'

I give her a bemused smile, not quite understanding what she means, but have a vague idea. She laughs and reaches up to plant the peck of a kiss on my lips. I shrug. She's a strange girl.

'Instruct Kylie of Reception to tell Winston Parkinson of the Gate to escort Miss Carpenter to my office,' I tell Allegra. 'Oh, and discover where that cunt Melody disappeared to. Also, remember that you and I are going to my club this lunch time.'

'Yes, sir,' she says, hurrying off, giggling as she goes.

## Part II

### Interviewing Natalie

I'm waiting with Allegra Lee in the annex to my office when Winston Parkinson escorts Natalie Carpenter into the room. The big black man looks distinctly nervous to see me, as well he might.

'Ah, greetings, Winston,' I say. 'How are your gonads keeping?'

'This is Miss Natalie Carpenter,' he says, gesturing to the young woman at his side.

Natalie is looking cool and aloof, and carrying a black canvas shoulder bag. She is wearing a green floral dress that reveals the merest but nevertheless delightful hint of her breasts; I approve of that, even if her skirt is rather too long for my liking.

'Welcome, Miss Carpenter,' I say.

'I'm here against my better judgment,' she says icily. 'Shall we get this over with? We're nearly half an hour late as it is.'

'Are we really?' I say affably, looking at the expensive gold timepiece on my wrist. 'Shit. Please, Miss Carpenter, come with me.'

Allegra Lee pulls a wry face to me as I usher Natalie Carpenter into my office, and I find myself chuckling. I quite like that little cunt, Allegra. She is bright and chipper again, only minutes after having her arse fucked for the first time.

'Does something strike you as funny, Mr Starr?' Natalie Carpenter asks.

'I find humour in all manner of things, Miss Carpenter,' I say, gesturing towards the coffee table by the window. 'Please sit down.'

She looks round, surprised, saying, 'Is nobody else to be present at this interview? I thought perhaps a scientific specialist to discuss my professional credentials...'

'No, just me,' I say, picking up a folder from my desk and then going to sit opposite her in the bay of the window. 'I am already quite taken with your credentials and just need to complete your acquisition.'

She looks nonplussed at that, but opens her canvas bag and takes out a portable machine, which she unhinges and balances on her thighs.

'But how will you know whether my particular branch of quantum physics matches your Company's research needs?'

'I don't care, frankly,' I say. 'The Alchemist specified his requirements, and you are the best match they could find. It's just my job to secure you, which I intend to do.'

She gives me a weird look and says, 'Your terminology is somewhat odd. The Alchemist... I presume that's a nickname, right?'

'He is our hidden major stakeholder.'

'Hidden,' she says flatly, as if there's something wrong with that. 'Will I get to meet him?'

'Oh yes, there's absolutely no doubt about that, after you've joined us.'

'If I agree to join you.'

'When you have joined us,' I correct her, but she just laughs at that and gives a flap of her hand. The gesture makes her tits wobble fluidly; I shall enjoy lacing a chain harness round them and allowing Sir Malcolm to give her a good fucking. I just smile and say, 'The Alchemist seems to think that quantum mechanics hold the answers to the mysteries of time, space and other dimensions.'

She just chuckles and says, 'He's got more faith than me then. I sometimes think there are two super beings, probably kids barely into their teens, sitting at a super X-Box somewhere, playing us like a video game; one is an asshole and the other is indifferent to people's pain; and the universe might end when their Moms call them to tea.'

'Really?' I say, leaning forward with interest, and not just to get a better look at her tits, although that's a bonus. 'That's a truly amazing theory. What's a super X-Box?'

‘It was a joke,’ she says icily.

‘Oh,’ I say, disappointed, leaning back in my seat again. I will whip her and fuck her arse at the first opportunity! I attempt a smile and say, ‘Very well, let’s talk about your contract as a quantum mechanic with Emissions Strategies.’

She sighs and immediately closes her hinged instrument and pushes it back into her bag, and then she stands up and slings its strap over her shoulder.

‘I couldn’t possibly join a company without knowing what their programs are, what kind of job I’d be expected to do, or even what my role might be,’ she says, taking a couple of steps towards the door, ‘And I’m not even tempted to discuss those things with an HR Director who doesn’t know the difference between quantum and washing machine mechanics.’

A washing machine mechanic! I wonder if the Alchemist has considered hiring one of those too. She speaks the truth though: it’s all hotch potch and ring-a-ding-dong to me. I haven’t the faintest interest in finding out about it, either. But I know what I’m good at! I’m a professional slaver, don’t you know.

‘Wait!’ I say. ‘Let’s discuss your initial joining fee.’

‘No, thank you,’ she says. ‘I’ve rather set my heart on joining NASA.’

‘Who’s he?’ I say. She looks askance, gives a shrug of astonishment, and takes a couple more steps towards the door. So I quickly add: ‘I’ll guarantee that he won’t pay you the same as me.’

‘Really,’ she says sardonically over her shoulder. ‘Money isn’t everything, Mr Starr.’

‘Five million, payable immediately upon joining,’ I say as she places a hand on the door-knob.

Natalie Carpenter halts, half-turning, and saying, ‘Dollars?’

‘I suppose so,’ I say. ‘Five million dollars.’

That makes her hesitate for a few seconds, but then she smiles acidly, turns the doorknob, and says: ‘Congratulations, you had me going for a moment there.’

‘Ten million,’ I say.

She doesn’t open the door, but instead turns to face me. ‘Are you serious?’

‘Absolutely.’

‘You’ll give me 10 million dollars just to join Emission Strategies... What salary will you pay me?’

‘Oh, I don’t know,’ I say, speaking the truth, because I haven’t the first notion what she’s talking about. ‘Oh, shall we say the same amount again?’

She gasps and shakes her head in amazement.

‘I don’t believe this!’

‘Alright, alright, 15 million for the salary then,’ I say. ‘The initial payment will be transferred to your bank account before the end of the day. It’s only Earthy money, after all.’

‘Wow! You’re very profligate with someone else’s money, Mr Starr.’

‘Indeed, I am,’ I say happily

Her eyes widen, and she walks back across the office to the coffee table beside the window, slips the bag strap of her shoulder and sits down again, ready to talk business.

‘A 10 million dollars joining fee and 15 million dollars a year salary?’ she says, her eyes shining like diamonds in a slurry pit. ‘There must be some strings attached, obviously.’

‘Strings?’ I say, sitting opposite her again. ‘Chains, more like.’

She laughs lightly, saying, ‘Ah, the dreaded golden handcuffs. I can understand that. Very well, if you are crazy enough, so am I. I accept your offer.’

I clap my hands in delight. Mission almost accomplished!

‘There’s just the small matter of a medical examination, but you seem perfectly healthy to me, so that should be a formality. As a matter of fact, I’ve already reserved a space for you in our physician’s itinerary.’ I pause to look at my gold wrist-clock, and then add: ‘By the gonads of the



Gods, your body inspection was scheduled for 10 minutes ago. You'd better get down there quickly.'

She raises a quizzical eyebrow and says, 'You were very sure of yourself to anticipate my agreement. Do you always get what you want?'

'I usually do,' I say with a happy smile, pressing the bell-button on the side of my desk. 'My personal assistant will escort you to the physician's chambers.'

When Allegra enters my office, I see that she has refreshed her make-up and made herself presentable. 'You are looking very cool and composted,' I tell her.

That seems to please Allegra inordinately for some reason. Perhaps I have unwittingly paid her a compliment.

'I think you mean "composed", so thank you, sir,' she says with a smile.

I shrug, and go on: 'Natalie Carpenter has agreed to join the company, subject to an inspection by the physician. Pray, escort her to his chambers.'

Allegra suppresses a giggle and winks to Natalie, saying, 'Welcome the madhouse, Miss Carpenter. I'll take you to the Company doctor.'

'And don't forget, Allegra, we must leave for my Club very soon,' I say as the two women walk to the door.

## Part III

### Afternoon session

I am somewhat jaded when I return to the HQ building after a somewhat protracted and energetic lunchtime session at my Colonial Club. Allegra Lee is still there, of course, and I have no personal assistance whatsoever. So I'm a bit nonplussed when I find a pretty young woman waiting anxiously in the annex to my office

'Who are you, and what do you want?' I ask.

'My name is Kylie Martin?' she says nervously. 'I was sent to see you.'

Ah yes, Kylie Martin... I recognise the name rather than her face. She is one of the young women from the reception desk who were so impertinent to me when I first arrived. She's certainly more pertinent now, as she quakes before me. Hah!

'Yes, yes, this is a disciplinary matter,' I say brusquely. 'Accompany me into my office, girl.'

I stride on, without giving her another glance, but sense that she's scurrying along behind me. When I sit behind my desk, she stands uncertainly in front of me with pin toes, twisting the fingers of her hands together, as if wringing a handkerchief dry. There is a chair next to her, but she makes no attempt to sit on it. I stare sternly at her, and see her trembling.

'Do you like working for Emissions Strategies, Kylie Martin?' I ask.

'Oh yes, sir,' she says.

I give a harumph (my harumphs are renowned for their eloquence in Castleton).

Glancing down at my desk top, I see that somebody has placed a handwritten note there, instructing me to telephone Samuel Lemon (URGENTLY!!!), and there is a number written there too.

As I am reading the note and puzzling over it, Kylie Martin says, 'I was told to tell you that Melody Brooks works as a temp for Creme d'la Crème d'la Creme, sir.'

'Creme de la Crème de la Creme?' I say without comprehension, laying the note aside.

'It's an agency, sir. They've already placed her with another company.'

'Have they indeed,' I say angrily. 'How dare they?'

'I- I suppose that's how it works, sir,' Kylie says with a helpless shrug.

I glare but, as she speaks, the infernal telephone on my desk begins to chime and burble. I hesitate, sigh, and then snatch up the speaking piece, only to hear the strident tones of Samuel Lemon.

'Gods' gonads, Starr, are you fucking mad?' he asks by way of greetings.

'Who truly knows their own sanity?' I answer tartly. 'Now, Creme de la Crème de la Creme...'

'Gods to ballocks with Creme de la Crème de la Creme,' Lemon snaps. 'What's this about the initial joining fee of £10 million for Natalie Carpenter. Gadszooks, I can't possibly authorise a payment like that. Moknkee would kill me.'

I sigh impatiently and say, 'Don't fret, man. I'll pay the fee myself.'

That takes him aback, I can tell. I hear a sharp intake of breath.

'You will personally pay her 10 million British pounds?' he says incredulously.

'No, 10 million dollars,' I say. 'Is that more or less? I'll tell my finance broker Ashley Charteris to transfer the sum to Emissions Strategies this very day.'

'You *are* mad,' he breathes.

'It's only Earthy money,' I say equably. 'I wouldn't stuff one copper of real coin up her arse.'

'And her 15 million annual salary... Is that dollars or pounds?'

‘Either,’ I say cheerfully. ‘Better still, Samuel, don’t give it another thought, because it’s not relevant either way. Now then, as I was saying before you rudely interrupted me: Creme de la Crème de la Creme...’

‘What’s that supposed to mean?’

‘It’s an agency...’ I look at Kylie Martin enquiringly, and she nods her affirmation. I nod and say into the mouthpiece, ‘Yes, it’s an agency. They own a girl named Melody Brooks. She was recently returned to them after they loaned her to us - although what we’re doing loaning cunts is beyond my comprehension. Anyway, get her back immediately. I expect Melody Brooks to be in my office tomorrow morning, first light.’

In keeping with his general demeanour during this conversation, Lemon is somewhat obfuscating about this, and he raises several objections I can’t even begin to understand.

‘Gods’ gonads, you are the Recruitment man,’ I say. ‘Just do it!’

With that, I sweep the whole phone device from my desk top and onto the floor, cursing loudly, ‘The damned numbskull and fucktwot.’

Kylie gives a nervous little laugh, and then hurries to stoop and pick up the pieces of the telephone. I step from behind my desk and look down at her crouched form. She gazes back up at me with both parts of the wrecked telephone device in her hands, smiling in embarrassment, making to get up.

‘Stay!’ I say sharply, taking the communication devices from her.

‘I beg your pardon?’ she says.

‘Absolution,’ I say with a slight flick of my hand as if giving benediction, as we always do on my world.

‘What?’ she asks.

‘Oh, forget that. I forgot where I was momentarily.’

I take my stripping knife from my pocket, and reach to slot it over the back of her blouse. Then I slowly slide it down, making sure to keep the guide close to her skin, so that it slips under the strap of her bra. The thin white fabric of her blouse parts easily and the stretch-strap falls aside too, exposing the bow of her back. I then cut through her pencil-slim skirt and the scanty string and satin confection that passes for a pair of drawers (free women on my world would be scandalised at being asked to wear such a parody an undergarment, and prefer solid calico drawers or nothing at all).

Kylie looks up at me and trembles like a doe rabbit caught in a trap. She pushes the remnants of her blouse and bra from her arms, leaving herself naked except for her high, sheer stockings and heeled sandals.

I smile, kiss the trusty stripper blade, and then slip it back into my pocket. Did I mention that the blade was a gift from my father to mark my graduation from the Guild of Slavers’ apprenticeship? I mentioned that before..? Oh well, I’m very proud of my little stripping blade. It’s both symbolic and a valuable professional tool. It defines who I am, in a way, and I need that knowledge when my worlds are constantly in a state of flux.

‘Mr Starr!’ Kylie gasps in shock. ‘I thought I was here for a disciplinary hearing.’

‘Yes, you are,’ I say. ‘I prefer you to be naked for that.’

‘Crikey,’ she says.

She looks beautiful, crouching fearfully amidst the ruined rags of her clothing. Kylie has blonde hair and smooth skin the colour of creamed coffee, and her small breasts are firm cones which taper to sharp little pink nipples. Why was she wearing a bra shelf? Her tits certainly don’t need a shelf. On the other hand, I can see the polished boards of the floor through the remnants of her blouse, so perhaps the garment was a matter of decorum. All being well, she can bid farewell to such niceties.

‘How old are you, girl? I ask.

‘Nineteen, sir.’

‘You reside with your husband?’

‘Good God no, I’m not married.’

‘Ah, then you are still in your father’s home,’ I say, stroking my chin thoughtfully.

‘N— no, my father is in Australia with my mother. I live in Earls Court.’

‘Ah, you’re under the protection of an earl!’ I say, my spirits sinking. I hadn’t expected that she might have been already claimed by an aristocrat. ‘Yet he sends you to work for Emissions Strategies.’

Her eyes widen with obvious confusion and she says, ‘There is no earl, Mr Starr. It’s just called Earls Court, where my apartment is... well, it’s a bed-sit really, with hardly enough room to swing a cat. Still, it’s okay, until I find my feet.’

‘Find your feet? They’re on the end of your legs, like everybody else’s, damned fool girl.’

She laughs nervously.

So little Kylie lives alone, and has nobody who might immediately notice her absence. Excellent! She’ll be worlds away and sucking cocks in the Depths of Depravity by the time anyone raises the alarm.

I snap my fingers and imperiously gesture for her to rise, and she leaps to her feet, as if of her own volition. It’s all in the confident and assured use of my hands, of course, designed to bring an immediate, unquestioning obedience. Kylie again stands before me, with her big toes inwardly pointing; she wrings her fingers, even more nervous now that she is naked. I clap my hands sharply, making a sound like the crack of a whip, and she gives a start and instantly straightens her shoulders, raising the line of her lovely conical breasts.

See? Primal fear of a whip is instinctive in a woman, even if she’s never seen, heard or felt the lash before. Every female inherits this innate fear at birth, passed down by her mother. It’s much like the instinctive fear of snakes and spiders, automatically donated by the Gods to all humans and apes to help keep us afraid and, perhaps, safe.

I clap my hands sharply again, and Kylie immediately removes her hands from her groin, unwittingly participating in the ancient choreography of Master and slave. This arcane knowledge is first nature to a trained slaver, but it’s largely been lost on Earth, as far as I can tell.

I reach with both hands to grasp her nipples between my fingers and thumbs, stretching the cones outward. She murmurs the merest hint of a protest, but nothing more. I look into her blue eyes, keeping her tits distended by the paps. She looks at me bright-eyed. I am impressed. This girl must have been shocked to find herself stripped and so rudely handled, yet she remains calm and unresisting.

‘You are discomfited by your nudity?’ I ask.

‘It’s a bit ... unusual. But I was brought up to think it natural,’ she says, wincing as I pinch her lovely little nipples. ‘Living at an isolated place on the coast of Oz, Mum and me were often nude for days on end. My father kept my mother naked most of the time, and I just followed suit - or birthday suit, you might say.’

‘Birthday suit... might I say that?’ I ask, making a mental note.

‘Yes, it means being as naked as the day you were born?’

That accounts for her body being evenly tanned by the sun.

‘Excellent,’ I say. ‘My compliments to your father; he obviously knows how to treat a woman. I would like to know your mother, I think.’

‘Well, I’m sure that could be arranged,’ she says, wincing even more as I twist her nipples. ‘She’s always saying how she’d like to visit the old country but can’t afford the air fare.’

‘Perhaps on my next trip,’ I say, releasing her paps and going to grasp the cane that’s propped in the corner of the room. ‘Bend over the desk.’

‘Crikey, you’re going to give me the cane?’

‘I can’t give it to you. It’s the only one I have, and I’ve only just acquired it. Now bend over to get your arse striped, there’s a good girl.’

‘Oh jeepers,’ she moans, slowly leaning forward over my desk on stiff arms and spreading her legs. ‘I thought I was through with all that when I left home.’

I can see from her stance that she is accustomed to this, and she arches her back and pushes her arse back without being instructed.

‘Your father thrashed you?’ I ask, giving the cane an experimental swish.

‘Too right,’ she murmurs. ‘Me and Mum too, sometimes both of us at the same time. Mum was on the phone moaning about having a sore bum only last night. Please, don’t give me too many and not too hard, Mr Starr. Remember I’ve got to sit at the Reception Desk...’

I halt my stroke mid-swing, not perturbed about her having to sit at the reception desk (why would I care if she has to fidget a sore arse?) but by her reference to talking to her mother on the previous day.

‘Your mother speaks with you regularly?’

‘Yeah, she Skypes every day. She worries that I might fall in with the wrong kind of people, see.’

‘She’s right to worry about that,’ I muse thoughtfully, flexing the cane.

What a fool I am! Only now do I realise that the advanced technology of Earth represents a major threat to me, now that I have an identifiable base at Emissions Strategies. Guard my gonads! I angrily bring the cane down on Kylie’s cute arse.

‘Owwww!’ she yelps.

I pause, tapping the cane against her buttocks, where a thin, angry red line has emerged on the tanned skin.

‘How often do you speak with your mother, you say?’

‘We phone every day and— Oooooow! Ooooh, nooo, oh my God, that hurt! Please, Mr Starr, it always hurts too much there.’

Her yelped protest came because I sharply stroked the cane down across the sweet and tender skin between her thighs and the swell of her bottom. But I’m not really listening to her pleas, because I’m still considering the ramifications of my own plight.

Nearly everyone I’ve met on Earth, including an aborigine-type fellow I came across in the rainforest of Borneo, carries one of the infernal cell phones, and they all communicate with each other obsessively, usually about nothing of any consequence. This is serious though, at least to me! It could even lead to my apprehension by the police, and there’s the small matter of the body I left in a hotel room in Venice a couple of weeks ago. God’s gonads, they would surely chop my chump off for that!

Fear of discovery has never been a factor on my previous trips to Earth. I simply spirited the acquired slaves and myself away, carelessly leaving a trail of mayhem behind me. I never even bothered to disguise my traces. Why would I?

‘Mr Starr, is that the lot then?’ Kylie asks hopefully, looking back over her shoulder.

I raise my arm high and slap the cane down across the globes of her buttocks, twisting my wrist at the last moment. That is a trick I learned from a merchant slaver in Arunchai: when done correctly, it makes the cane quiver at the point of contact, rendering exquisite pain. Kylie’s shout of shock immediately subsides into a long, protracted sob, and I realise that I got it just right.

‘Oh my God!’ she yelps (I’ve noticed that Earth females have a peculiar instinct to appeal to their God when they’re being comprehensively fucked or cruelly whipped).

‘Shush,’ I tell her. ‘Stay your orgasm. I’m trying to think.’

In the past, I haven’t had to consider Earth’s advanced communications technology. It didn’t concern me in the least whether my victims contacted their husbands, fathers, suitors, brothers, cousins, the police, the military, or even the news criers. It’s not that I was careless about people pursuing me, but simply that I couldn’t have cared less. Pursuers can hardly follow me into thin air, after all.

Now though, because of the Alchemist’s meddling, I have a constant base to protect. I

can be traced back to Emissions Strategies. The authorities could be waiting for me when I reappear. And, in the meantime, I imagine that Horace Moknkee will have some awkward questions to answer. This won't please the Alchemist at all. Only now do I understand the dire warnings issued to me by both Moknkee and Sam Lemon, urging me not to attract unwelcome attention to Emissions Strategies and all who sail in her.

Well, it's a trifle late for that, what with Allegra Lee already in the bag, Ashley Charteris and Natalie Carpenter almost netted, and Melody marked for the snatch (in more ways than one). Now there's little Kylie... And all of these cunts can easily be traced back to Emissions Strategies. Damn! And you can bet they have each left some magic message or other that will implicate me.

'Push your arse out more,' I order Kylie abruptly, suddenly angry, as if it's all her fault. 'And keep on your fingertips.'

She moans and sticks her bottom up, but remains leaning on the flat of her hands.

'Fingertips!' I command.

She immediately raises up a little higher, her fingers splaying on the desk under her weight, and says, 'They are my fingertips. Owwww, Jesus fucking H!'

I smile thinly at the strange oath that accompanies her screech. Her bottom is wriggling like a bag of eels, and she keeps raising her right foot. That stroke was just a conventional backhand sweep, designed to lay weight and pain across the furthestmost buttock (remember to do that occasionally when you're caning a woman - it's best to even things out).

## CHAPTER TEN - Allegra Lee's Story

### Part I

#### Allegra at the Colonial Club

**'My name is Allegra Lee,'** I tell the guy who tries to bar my way. 'I am with Mr Starr.'

Jake Starr is handing his coat to a half naked woman at the cloak room, and I stand waiting, with two goons eying my legs. Beyond the double doors they're guarding, I can hear old men's jazz music playing over the sound system. It's that kind of place is it?

The bouncers step aside when Mr Starr comes. Then I am ushered into the club room, which is dimly-lit, even at this time of day, early-afternoon, and it's got lots of alcoves grouped around a central, open area. I am frozen with shock as I glanced round. Blokes are all sat in the alcoves, drinking, eating and chatting. Most of them are dressed in smart City business suits, like Jake Starr. But it's the sight of the young women that shocks me: some of them are completely starkers, except for high-heeled sling-backs.

'Surprised, eh?' Starr says, amused at my wide-eyed surprise.

'It's...unusual,' I say, not wanting to seem unsophisticated.

A lovely-looking girl, naked as the day she was born, dips in a curtsy to Jake Starr. When she leads us to an empty alcove, I can't tear my eyes away from her bare bum as it sways from side to side with every step. Her glossy-midnight hair falls in dark waves about her shoulders, and I can smell her perfume.

'Good to see you again, Anjali,' Starr says as he sits at the table in the alcove. 'How are you?'

'I'm being very good, sir,' she says with a bright, plastic smile that displays her perfect teeth. 'I'm fine, Mr Starr, really.'

'Anjali was once a PA, just like you,' Starr tells me as she pulls a chair out for me to sit down.

I glance at the young woman in shock, but her smile doesn't slip. She's got a small red heart, like on a playing card, tattooed above the slit of her bare pussy. Not wanting to be rude and stare, I look round at the Club. This, quite obviously, is a special place for the powerful and wealthy at play, and I'm not particularly surprised that women should be happy to serve them. I mean, I come from the East End of London, and lots of the girls I went to school with are on the batter. Some women are like that, happy to trade their bodies. So what if Anjali decided to use her looks? Good luck to her, I say. Thousands of women have made that choice since Eve bit the blinkin' apple. It's always been the way of things, hasn't it? Women have always been attracted by power and money. And here in the City of London, there's shedloads of it. No wonder that good-looking girls swarm round here, banging out their tits, is it?

'I am waiting for friends, Anjali,' Starr is saying, waving away the menu she's offering. 'Bring me champagne, and a bottle of the special punch.'

Anjali curtsies again, her tits bobbing more than the rest of her body, with brown nipples sticking out like chapel hat pegs, as my Grandad used to say. Then she turns and smooches away across the room, as though she's wearing a Versace gown or something.

'When did she decide to do this job?' I ask casually, as I settle back on the chair and arrange a napkin over my thighs, as if I do this kind of thing every day.

'About 6 months ago, if I remember rightly,' Mr Starr says, glancing after her. 'It was nothing to do with me, but I suppose she got an offer she couldn't refuse.'

There is no time to enquire any further, because yet another nude girl, this one with long auburn hair, is escorting two men to our alcove, and Mr Starr gets up to meet them. Each of the men glances at me as they sit at the table but they don't say hello.

'The curtains...' one of them says with a gesture to the girl.

The auburn-haired bird curtsies and then draws red velvet curtains around the alcove, just as Anjali comes back with an ice bucket, a big bottle of champagne, and a green bottle of Perrier water.

‘A magnum of Bollinger La Grande Année 2004, sir,’ she says, showing the champagne label to Mr Starr, nestling the green bottle between her tits.

‘Satisfactory, I suppose, Anjali,’ Starr says with a wave of his hand at his two guests. ‘Pour three glasses. The lady will have the special punch.’

As the nude red-haired girl curtsied and hands menus to the men, Anjali carefully opens the champagne bottle and places the cork, wet side up, on the snowy-white table cloth. Why do they always do that? Then she holds the bottle in a towel, stands very straight with one hand behind her back, and leans from the waist to fill the champagne flutes; after filling each glass, Anjali curtsies, and then moves to the next. The naked waitresses at the Colonial are big on curtsies

‘Can you picture yourself doing that?’ Mr Starr asks me.

That’s a strange question. After all, it can’t be hard to pour champagne. But nude? No thank you, very much. But I don’t answer.

Anjali smiles at me, and pours milky-white liquor into my glass from the Perrier bottle; it must be a new brand or something, because it’s like no water I’ve ever seen. Then she steps back, standing with her hip turned, hands behind her back, and ankles crossed, high-heeled shoes forcing her up onto the tips of her toes.

I sniff at the liquid in my glass, saying, ‘What is this then?’

‘It’s just a non-alcoholic fruit drink,’ Mr Starr says.

That seems reasonable enough, seeing as I am technically working - I don’t want to get pissed, do I - and the fruit punch tastes pleasant enough. The men ordered their lunches, and the red-haired girl walks off.

‘Anjali, you may dance,’ Mr Starr said.

‘Yes sir.’

Unabashed, she steps forward and begins to sway her hips to the music, her blue-black hair swishing and glowing in the subdued lighting, shamelessly caressing her dark nipples with one hand and the soft swell of her belly with the other.

‘What do you think of my Allegra?’ Starr asks his guests, gesturing with his champagne glass towards me. ‘She’s my latest find.’

I blush slightly as the two men look at me, and take another gulp of my drink to hide behind the glass.

One of them says, ‘Well up to your usual standard, I’d say, Jack... without the advantage of properly seeing her, of course.’

Anjali continues to dance as the food arrives. I am a bit taken aback when no meal arrives for me. I mean, working or not, I’ve still got to eat, haven’t I.

‘Here, what am I having then?’ I ask.

‘You’ll be sharing mine,’ Mr Starr says.

I am going to say something, but am amazed when the red-head falls to her knees and crawls under the table. The man who’s sitting opposite me fidgets to changes his position as he begins to eat, and sometimes the arse of the girl under the table brush against my legs. She’s only sucking his cock as he eats his meal! Even if I hadn’t realised it before, I am suddenly aware that the Colonial Club is just an upmarket knocking shop. And, for some reason I can’t explain, this makes me giggle.

Mr Starr seems to read my thoughts, and he says, ‘Anjali, lick Allegra’s pussy.’

Anjali instantly stops dancing, drops to the floor and scurries forward on hands and knees, crawling under the table and pushing her head between my legs.

‘No, really...’ I say with a silly laugh, reaching under the table to push Anjali’s head away.

‘Allegra!’ Mr Starr says sharply, wagging his finger from side to side.



I sit numbly, scarcely believing what's happening, but not daring to complain as Anjali's tongue licks inside my thighs, wraps round my knickers, and then pushes past my pussy lips. It must be crowded under the table, with the red-head and Anjali both jostling for space. I raise my bottom slightly to allow Anjali to pull my knickers down, sliding them over my thighs and leaving them around my ankles. She strokes my pussy, and I shift uncomfortably as the tongue dabs at my clit, sending little shock waves over my belly.

'Good afternoon, Mr Starr. It's a pleasure to see you again, sir.'

All flustered, I looked up and saw that a man had come to the table, and he was bowing like Uriah Heep. I can only sigh in pleasure as Anjali laps expertly at my pussy, her hands on my thighs, keeping them apart.

'Glad to be back, Giovanni,' Jack Starr says. 'This is my new girl, Allegra.'

I squirm as Anjali, thankfully unseen under the table, licks at my quim, and watch as the oily manager bloke reaches for the bottle of special fruit punch and refills my glass.

'She seems eminently suitable, sir,' he says, stroking my hair, before he puts the bottle back on the table.

'Of course she is, I chose her,' Mr Starr says, making me blush even more.

Giovanni smiles and bows again, and says: 'Every journey begins with a single step, sir. In the meantime, you seem to be under-supplied here... I shall send another two girls to your alcove. Enjoy!'

Then the manager leaves, giving me one last once-over. I blush hot as Anjali thrusts her face into my wet pussy, her tongue pushing up deep inside me, making my knees tremble. Also, I'm suddenly feeling light-headed.

Two more nude girls arrive at the table. I don't look too hard at them, not while Anjali is eating my pussy. Who am I to judge them, after all? I see Mr Starr beckon to one of the women and whisper in her ear; she listens, nods, and then smiles at me. I watch suspiciously as Mr Starr cuts a morsel of steak on his plate, picks it up in his fingers, and holds it up to the girl's lips. She leans forward to take the meat delicately in her teeth. My sudden gasp makes Mr Starr glance at me and smile, probably because he thinks I'm panting at Anjali's tongue, but I was gasping at the thought that of him feeding the girl from his hand, as if she were a dog. I hope he doesn't want me to do that.

I should be so lucky! The girl comes up to me with the meat clenched in her teeth, don't she. If she thinks she is going to feed me from her own mouth, she's got another think coming! It's totes gross.

OMG! Her hand goes into my hair and pulls my head between her tits. Then she stoops down and pushes the meat against my lips. I try to clench my mouth shut and twist away, but Mr Starr gives a sharp clap of his hands, like a whip-crack.

'Allegra!' Starr says, shaking his finger from side to side again. 'Take your napkin and grasp it with both hands behind the back of your chair.'

I do as I'm told. It's hard to say no to Jake Starr. It makes me helpless, though, with my hands behind the chair, pulling my shoulders back and making my tits bulge out over the Stella dress.

Anjali nibbles on my clitoris and sucks hard, making me mewl slightly, and my lips open in a moan. The girl takes that as a sign that I want the meat, and pushes it into my mouth. Then she kisses my lips, full on, like a butch lezzie. As I swallow the meat, she goes back to get another piece from Mr Starr's hand.

That's how I get my lunch on my first visit to the Colonial Club, fed from the lips of a naked slut. God only know what my Gran would say. The girl makes a production of it too, caressing and kissing me each time she pokes a bite into my mouth with her tongue. And she undoes the top of my dress, pulls out my tits and strokes and fondles them as she feeds me. Every so often, she girl raises the glass to my lips and insists I drink more fruit punch. And all the time,

Anjali is working her magic on my pussy. It is simply awful. And my head is spinning like crazy.

‘She’s a natural, Jack,’ I hear one of the men say. ‘I don’t know where you find them. When will she be ready?’

‘I’ve got my own plans for her,” Starr replies.

As he says that, a lovely orgasm rolled over me and makes me even dizzier. I hear Mr Starr talking to the men, but don’t really hear what he says, if you know what I mean. I’ve completely lost it. Anjali crawls from under the table, job done; her face is glistening with my sticky pussy juices, poor cow, and she brushes her hair aside as she steps back and crosses her hands behind her again.

## Part II

### Allegra's Induction

I am just putting my tits away when Mr Starr reaches across to push away my hands. The other two men laugh and I blush like a virgin.

'It seems that she's a bit slow on the uptake, Jake,' says the man who had had his cock sucked by the red-head.

'It's merely a matter of training,' Mr Starr says. 'She is very eager to please. Aren't you Allegra.'

'I- I don't understand, sir,' I say, all flustered, and they laugh again.

I glance at Anjali and the red-head, who are both standing with their ankles crossed and their hands behind their backs, and they both look down at the floor and avoid my glassy eyes.

'You have been inducted to the Colonial Club, my dear,' the third man says, sounding like my granddad (although Gramps, God rest him, wasn't as posh as this bloke). 'It is conferred only on the most desirable of young women.'

Jack Starr nods and says to me: 'I thought you realised that when I introduced you to Anjali, you stupid cunt. Each woman you see in the Colonial is some sort of special assistant to one or other of the members. Welcome to the Club, Allegra.'

'What?' I say, the room seeming to sway.

Am I hearing this correctly? Jack Starr has introduced me to some swinger scene for the rich? And who's he calling a cunt?

'You are a trifle over-dressed for a female member,' the older man says, gesturing towards Anjali and the red-head, who are both naked, of course. 'It's tradition...'

'Yes, strip,' Mr Starr says.

I can't believe my ears, and yet it makes some perverse sense. All the more so as the red haired girl is put to all fours, presenting her bottom to the older of the two men; as I watch, the man fishes his cock from his trousers and, with surprising flexibility, crouches down with a leg on either side of her bottom, and then smoothly slides his cock into her pussy. And this happens scarcely 3 feet from my eyes as I sit here! It's like some weird sexy dream.

The other man snaps his fingers, and Anjali steps forward and kneels at his feet, carefully undoing his pants and leaning forward to take his limp cock into her mouth. He's already had one blow job from the red haired girl, for Christ's sake, and now Anjali's tongue is stroking him to an erection again. I though I liked my nookie, but are these people sex mad, or what?

I am suddenly shaken from my thoughts when Mr Starr makes me jump with a clap of his hands, and says, 'Allegra, strip!'

In a trance, I stand and allow the dress to fall away from my shoulders and pool at my feet. My knickers are already round my ankles, so I kick my feet out of everything, leaving myself wearing just stockings and heels. Excitement shivers through my body. How can that be? It must be the fruit punch.

I look to Mr Starr for guidance and on his nod I kick off a shoe and raise my right foot onto the chair seat, slowly rolling the stocking down my thigh and off my foot. He smiles, and takes the stocking from me. Encouraged, I remove the other stocking almost completely from my left leg, before sitting on the chair, kicking off my shoe, stretching my leg straight and high and pulling the stocking taut from my big toe before it flirts free. I learned that from an article written by a stripper in Cosmo, "How to Please Your Man", and I've tried it a couple of times in private with great success.

Mr Starr smiles and I'm pretty proud of myself, standing and posing with my one hand on my hip and the other under my hair at the back of my neck. I might be a bit lightheaded, but I'm not stupid: I realise they've spiked my drink, it is certainly potent. I don't even move when

the curtains are pushed aside and Giovanni the manager reappears. He pauses to look at my nude body without even pretending that he's not.

'Very nice, Mr Starr sir,' he says. 'May I?'

'Of course, Giovanni, carry on,' Jake Starr says.

Then, to my astonishment, Giovanni only goes and examines me! He handles me like I'm an animal at some livestock show. The best is, I seem don't seem able to resist. The bleedin' fruit drink has taken away my ability to protest, with my inhibitions an'all, and I stand like a lemon as the oily little shit runs his hands over my body. And this is certainly unlike any medical examination that I've experienced, I can tell you that.

Giovannui cups my breast and runs the pad of his thumb over my nipple, running his other hand down my side and then reaching round to squeeze my arse. I can only gasp when he trails his fingers over my pussy, which I know is still damp and smelly from Anjali's attention. Do I resist? Do I fuck! In fact, worse, I find myself wriggling on his hand.

'She'll be an asset, Mr Starr sir,' Giovanni says, finishing his inspection and stepping back. 'Very responsive and in excellent condition. I'll be pleased to assist in her development.'

'I'm afraid this is probably the only opportunity you'll get on this world, Giovanni,' Mr Starr said.

'Ah, that's a pity, Mr Starr sir' he says.

After the manager has bowed obsequiously and left the alcove, Mr Starr pushes aside the remains of his lunch and tells me to bend over the table. Without questioning, I lean forward and flatten my tits on the white table cloth, resting my cheek near the dinner plate, which still held the remnants of Mr Starr's main course, most of which I have eaten. I let out a low, very unladylike grunt as Sir Malcolm (we're on first names terms now, me and that big cock) sinks smoothly into my wet cunt.

For the next few minutes the smells and noises of fucking fill the air in the curtained alcove, as Anjali and the red-head and me are comprehensively fucked. When lovely Sir Malcolm withdraws from my hungry pussy, I am left panting, half-lying on the table with the crockery and cutlery, with my arse up, cream-pied, dripping cum, and my lower legs splayed from the knees. I hear Anjali squealing loudly as she reaches an orgasm.

'Take Allegra and get her cleaned up,' Mr Starr instructs after a few minutes, when everybody seems to be well and truly done.

The red-head and Anjali help me get up, and then they pull me through the curtains that surround the alcove, out into the main club room, all of us stark naked and covered in cum.

'My name is Siobhan,' the red head whispers with a Northern Irish accent. 'Walk as if you mean business and remember to swing your tush, or it might get spanked harder than you'll like.'

Anjali chuckles throatily at this, saying, 'Or well-stripped with a cane, more likely.'

Actually, nobody seems to pay us any attention as we walk across the floor and thread through the tables on the other side. Despite being totes starkers, I try to walk well. I suppose anybody looking will just think I'm another naked Colonial slut, anyway, so why should I care?

Anjali and Siobhan lead me to a mirrored room behind the main club area. This is obviously a changing room, because a few other women are getting dressed or undressed. There are mirrors everywhere - on the walls, on the front of the doors, on triangular pillars, on the ceiling... I can't avoid seeing my naked body, or the women around me. I giggle. It is like a flesh-fest in here.

Clothes pegs are fixed at head height, running in a single row round three of the walls; each peg has got a white plastic label lotted into a chrome frame, and all of them with some girl's name in red block letters. I reckon there must be at least 50 name labels in here. Identical natural canvas bags hang from the pegs, every one stencilled with the same name as the one on the label above it, and some pegs have got coats and dresses hanging from them too. And, on the benches along the mirrored walls under the pegs, there are shoes and piles of neatly-folded clothes too.

Siobhan leads me to a peg. I have to blink and wipe me eyes, thinking I'm seeing things: the label has got my name on it. Anjali goes to another peg and returns with a canvas bag.

'You can borrow this,' Anjali says, giving me the bag. 'You'll find make-up, perfume and all the essential items you need in there. You'll get your own soon.'

I flip open the flap of the bag and see a whole jumble of stuff: a powder compact, lipstick, eye shadow, deodorant, a can of hair spray, baby wipes, false eyelashes, Diva cups, shower gel, shower cap...

'Don't worry, take what you need. Our kits get frequently checked and replenished.'

'Leave your shoes here and take a shower, Allegra,' Siobhan says. 'Wear a plastic cap.'

Anjali and Siobhan are already pulling shower caps onto their heads as they lead me to a door at the end of the lockers. I quickly understand why, because jets of water come at us from all angles as soon as we enter the 3 meter square stainless steel room, making me yelp in alarm.

The other girls laugh and cavort about, allowing the sudsy sprays to smack against them. It makes me gasp though. It is all so involuntary, and the jets are so powerful that they sting my bits. My tits are tingling so painfully that I have to shield them with my hands. Still, I can only walk around the stall, turning this way and that, as if in a car wash. An automatic body wash! What will they think of next? It's noisy and steamy in here too, like being in a fucking rain forest, or something.

'We must do this each time were are used,' Siobhan says, raising her voice against the torrent, and taking a flexible steel hose, spreading her legs and aiming the spray up her hairless pussy.

She passes the hose to me, and I aim it at my pussy too, and squeal as the flow hits me: icy-cold water is sluicing up my cunt ain't my idea of fun. Anjali and Siobhan laugh.

'I quite like it,' Anjali says. 'It tightens you up.'

'Well, I don't,' I say with a shiver, feeling as if somebody has stuck a popsicle up me.

Siobhan reaches into a recess in the wall and pulls out an electric wet-razor. When she hands it to me, it's already purring. 'There you go. You'll need to shave off the all your pubic hair,' she says.

I pout, because I quite like the landing strip on my pussy lips.

'They don't like hairy pussies here,' Anjali says. 'Besides, it'll have to come off for your tattoo'.

I shudder, saying: 'I aint having no tattoo.'

They both laugh. I know that they've both got pretty little red hearts just over their pussy lips, but I don't want one, thank you very much. Still, I shave all the hair from my pussy. It don't look too much different, in truth, because the landing strip never hid much.

After a short time, the jets of water suddenly stop, and then we get streams of warm air that are just as powerful. It's like standing in a giant Dyson blade hand dryer. Within a couple of minutes I am totes dry, without a towel in sight.

When we go back to the changing room, another young woman is just stripping off her clothes, and another is already nude and applying her makeup with cosmetics taken from her canvas bag, looking at her reflection in the wall mirror.

'Waitresses come and go at all hours here,' Anjali said. 'It's a pity you won't be joining us at the Colonial.'

'Your boss obviously has other plans for you,' Siobhan says. 'Do you know what they are?'

'I'm his PA,' I say, and they both laugh again.

I am surprised to see that my dress is hanging on my peg. There is also a pair of very high-heeled sandals, neatly standing beneath the bench, replacing my own shoes.

A black man wearing a turban and green waistcoat claps his hands and glares when he hears us talking.

Siobhan pulls off her plastic shower cap and says: 'That's one of the valets, so we must hurry. Anjali and I have to go back on the floor, and they're awful if we're late.'

'Good luck with your boss,' Anjali says, already brushing her hair.

I dress, brush my hair, and put on my make-up, with the black man standing only a couple of feet away, watching me. Perhaps the fruit punch is wearing off, because I get quite a shock when the valet suddenly claps his hand and orders me to wipe off my eye shadow and put it on properly. Cheeky sod! Rather than argue, I do as I am told, this time taking more care, and I'm stupidly grateful when he nods his approval.

Eventually, the black man leads me to the lift, pushes me inside, uses a key card to set it going, and leaves me to it. When the lift doors next open, I find myself in an underground car park. It seems I've been left to make my own way back. The new shoes are uncomfortable - like walking on stilts - so I hail a cab as soon as I get near Oxford Street.

As I sit in the back of the black cab, I find myself unaccountably giggling to myself. Perhaps the fruit drink is still working, after all. I still feel a bit light-headed, but happy too.

'You had a good lunch, Miss?' the cab driver asks, eying me through his rear-view mirror as he steers through the busy traffic near Green Park Tube station.

'Oh yes, it was lovely,' I say, giggling again.

I've never had a lunch-break like it in my life.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN - Earthy Matters

### Part I

#### Soho, London

**‘Well, Slaver Starr, what do you think of this then?’** Sam Lemon asks as we thread our way through the teeming midnight streets of Soho.

I am too busy to answer him, fending off the attentions of a young woman standing in a doorway.

‘No, my persistent cunt, I do not want to do business,’ I tell her. ‘I am a professional slaver, don’t you know.’

‘Suit yourself, weirdo,’ she says, turning her attention to someone else.

I am intrigued by the night sounds and sights as Samuel Lemon gives me a guided tour of the seedy district. I feel at home here. It’s like the Shuffles with electric lights.

Mistress Potts is supposed to be accompanying us, but she keeps stopping and peers into neon-lit alleys, speaks with people, and generally pokes about. She is certainly a very inquisitive woman. Twice, we’ve had to go back for her. On one occasion, a dubious cove with a scarred faced was trying to persuade Mistress Potts to accompany him somewhere, and she looked half-inclined to agree until Sam Lemon intervened. The fellow swore volubly at Lemon, little knowing the fate with Amelgine that he had just escaped (unless he’s one of those rare men who actually *likes* having the butt of a whip rammed up his arse).

‘What do you think you are doing, woman?’ Lemon snaps at Mistress Potts as we walk away.

‘I’m merely trying to find a certain style of establishment,’ she says airily.

‘Oh, Gods’ gonads, not again!’ Sam moans. ‘You risk getting snatched, dressed like that, and what would I tell Moknkee then?’

I chuckle. Mistress Potts has indeed chosen strange garb for the occasion. She disports a pair of very short, tight black pants that are cut off at the very juncture of her upper thighs, with high-heeled boots of soft black leather stretching right up to her crotch. For the rest, she merely wears a black and silver strap arrangement that scarcely covers her tits. The woman would surely get enslaved and raped within seconds if she dared to wander the Shuffles in such attire, and she certainly attracts attention in Soho, too. Lemon is uncomfortable with that. He is wearing a staid outfit that’s akin to his set of business clothes, and doesn’t appear remotely relaxed or at ease. As for me, I’ve reverted to my floral shirt and lime green trousers, which Mistress Potts kindly had someone launder for me.

‘Getting snatched might be quite interesting,’ Mistress Potts says, licking her carmine lips artfully. ‘I wonder what they might do to me.’

‘You are a sinful and incorrigible woman, Amelgine,’ Sam says.

‘And you, sir, are an old curmudgeon before your time,’ Mistress Potts retorts.

I quite like Samuel, actually. He has warmed to me somewhat too, after the initial shock at Natalie Carpenter’s emolument. But then why should he hold a grudge about that? I supplied the money, after all, and his mood lightened considerably when I slipped an extra million to him for his own use. In any event, Sam Lemon duly transferred my 10 million dollars to Natalie’s bank account, and she happily signed to join Emissions Strategies within the hour.

Indeed, this very day, I treated Miss Carpenter to lunch at the Colonial Club. And she is still there. I intend to return later tonight to help keep her properly entertained. There is no need for Lemon or Potts to know where she’s gone though.

‘Do keep up with us,’ Lemon is saying irritably to Mistress Potts. ‘This is a raffish place, full of rogues.’

‘That’s why I like it,’ she says.

‘Me too,’ I agree.

‘Perhaps we can open another Moknkee’s Place here?’ she asks Lemon.

‘I prefer to make plans for a return to our world, thankee kindly,’ Sam says. ‘Hopefully that time can’t be too far away, if the Alchemist is to be believed, which I very much doubt.’

‘Oh yes, you can certainly believe the Alchemist, I can attest to that,’ I say blithely, and they both exchange sniggers that border on guffaws.

So what is that all about then? The remark didn’t seem funny to me.

‘When are you due to cross back over, Jake?’ Lemon asks.

‘I shall be gone by this time tomorrow.’

‘Then let’s hope we see you again sometime,’ Sam says. ‘You are a humorous cove to have around, but it’s a dangerous business traversing the Dimensions.’

‘Yes, despite all appearances to the contrary, you must be a very brave man,’ Mistress Potts grudgingly concedes.

This puzzles me somewhat, but just as I am about to respond something catches my eye on the corner of the street, where the paved alley gives onto a broader street, with all manner of motor vehicles passing by.

There is a man - a man pedalling a strange kind of passenger cart in which three young women are sitting. As I watch, the vehicle comes to a halt and the three women climb out unsteadily, cackling with laughter. The driver seems to slump wearily as one of the women, who seems rather overweight, hands him some money; now, if things were aright on this world, it would have been her who was pulling the cart and not the man, who is relatively slight of stature.

‘Would you look at that wondrous thing,’ I breathe.

‘They call them rickshaws or pedicabs,’ Lemon says without much interest. ‘They’re common sights in the Southeast where Moknkee and me first landed. You’ve never seen one before?’

‘Never,’ I say, intrigued. ‘It’s utterly incredible, is it not?’

‘It’s just a light metal frame on wheels,’ Lemon says with a shrug.

‘I swear to the Gods, Samuel, you’ve been on this infernal planet so long that you are beginning to sound like a blasé Earthy man. Doesn’t the very idea strike awe into your vitals? Can you not imagine that contraption operating in the alleys and narrow streets of the Shuffles?’

‘There are many modes of Earthy transport that fill me with awe, but this...’ He pauses to glance after Mistress Potts as she wanders off again, and then says in exasperation: ‘Where is that damned woman going now?’

‘So the slave sits at the front and steers with the handle,’ I say, not particularly caring what happens to Mistress Potts and all who fuck her. ‘But where is the engine?’

‘There is no engine. The driver generates locomotive power by pedalling that sprocket. And he isn’t a slave... not that he knows, anyway.’

‘No engine!’ I say, astounded. ‘I must make closer inspection of that contraption.’

‘Look, I really have to follow Amelgine,’ Lemon says, looking worried. ‘Do you have your mobile phone with you, Jake? I’ll contact you later.’

With that he scampers off, threading through the crowds in the general direction that Mistress Potts has wandered. I shrug and walk up to the rickshaw and squat down to inspect it. The driver is perched on a small saddle, a cigarette clenched between his lips. He looks down at me curiously.

‘Want to buy some ad space, guv?’ the fellow asks.

‘Ad space? I haven’t the first notion what you are speaking of. Are you plying for hire?’

He takes a deep inhalation on the cigarette and shakes his head, saying, ‘Nah, not just now. I’m just getting me breath back.’

Smoking tobacco seems to me to be a very strange way to recover one’s wind. I tried it once out of curiosity, on one of my earliest trips to Earth, and it damned near choked me. It strikes



me that if you're going to indulge your senses with herbs, then you're better served having some cunt stuff them up your arse. (The girls at Madam Marie's Drink'n'Drug are expert in reaching round and inserting a smeared finger into your anus, just as you make the lemon lunge, and it's an experience to be recommended, if you've never tried it. On the other hand, I have known cunts to use figs of root ginger, or even hot peppers, which isn't so good; even if it does make you fuck like a bonabo on a mission, it hurts to shit for days after. These are just my passing thoughts, of course.)

'Are you okay, Guv?' the driver of the cart says.

'Yes?' I say with a start. 'What what?'

'Nuffink, you seemed miles away then,' he says, exhaling a cloud of blue-grey smoke.

'Indeed I was,' I say, stroking the smoothly-painted tubular metal frame of the strange cart.

'Tell me, fellow, where might I obtain a design drawing for this contraption?'

'Dunno,' he says, flicking the remains of his cigarette in a shower of sparks under the wheels of a car.

'Maybe I could make a sketch of it then,' I say doubtfully, knowing that I'm not the best artist in the worlds.

'Take a piccie, if yer like,' he offers. 'Yer've got a mobile, ain't yer?'

'A mobile..? You mean my communication device?' I say, fumbling in my pocket and showing the small instrument to him. 'How might I take a picture?'

The man sighs, slides from the saddle, and takes the device from my hand.

'Cor blimey, guv, where've you been hidin' away?' he says, holding the device in front of him as he turns to face the wheeled contraption.

There is a flash of light. Then he grunts his satisfaction, and shows me the small screen, where there is the perfect picture of the cart. It is amazing. I have never seen a picture painted so quickly in all my life, nor one so accurately detailed.

'Simple! There y'go,' the man says, handing the cell phone back to me.

'That's truly remarkable,' I say, gazing in awe at the image. 'I had no idea... How heavy is this machine?'

'What, the mobile phone?'

'No, the rickshaw.'

'Too bleedin' heavy for my liking,' he says. 'Do yer want a ride, then?'

'No, you have been more than helpful, good fellow,' I say, reaching into my hip pocket and struggling to extract the large wad of Earthy money I'd secreted there. I have simply no notion of what these scraps of paper are worth, and care not one jot. I peel two from the bundle, hesitate, then add another, and give them to the man, saying. 'There you are... for your trouble.'

He looks at the money in astonishment, his eyes wide.

'There's 150 smackers here, Guv,' he says.

'Is that bad?'

'It's fuckin' brilliant!' he says. Then, eying the roll of money in my hand, he asks, 'Do yer want to buy the trike? I can do yer a good deal...'

'I'm afraid not,' I say. 'I am not permitted to export goods of any kind. Cross-contamination, the Alchemist calls it, don't you know. The best I can hope to do is plagiarize the design, and even that is dubious.'

The driver looks at me askance as he carefully folds the money and slips it into the pocket of his brown shorts. Then he climbs back onto his small saddle (which must be hell on his arse).

'That's me done for the night then,' he says, suddenly cheerful. 'Thanks, guv.'

'You're most welcome, my good fellow,' I call after him as he heads off into the night without a backward glance.

I look wistfully after the rickshaw contraption. Ah, if only I could transport it back to my world. It's probably light enough for the crossing, but I'm already pushing my weight limit by

planning to take 4 cunts back with me. Not only that, the Alchemist utterly forbids me from importing of any Earth machines or artefacts. I can't take back as much as a spoon or a button (both of which would find a ready market on my world), much less a newfangled transport contraption with wire-spoked wheels. Wire spokes! Whoever thinks of these things in the first place?

The Alchemist insists on stringent transport hygiene, as he calls it. I must strip myself naked for each crossing. And the women I acquire have to be stripped completely for the journey too; in the early days of our exploration, the Alchemist was even concerned by the metal amalgam in their teeth, but there was little we could do about that without disfiguring the cunts.

"Why go to all the trouble, anyway?" you might ask, as do I.

Well, the Alchemist claims that cross-contaminating cultures and technology can send the whole thing awry, and leave me and my cargo spinning in space forever. Frankly, I find that hard to believe, because most Earthy-Incomers who arrive by accidental cross-over are clothed and usually afloat in vessels containing machinery and artefacts unknown on my world, yet they make it across the Divide alright. Besides, what about all the Earthy stuff in the Alchemist's lair under the castle?

I dare not defy the Alchemist, though. After all, one "accidentally" misplaced dot in his equations would see me cart-wheeling in eternity forever. That thought keeps me honest. Otherwise, I would most certainly have already imported certain things that took my fancy: one of the violet sex wands frequently used on cunts at the Colonial, a bread toasting machine, a small motor cycle, and a coffee grinder, amongst other things. But the very best I can hope for is to steal Earthy ideas and reproduce the contraptions on my world, as if I'm the inventor. That's not as easy as it sounds, of course. For example, a violet wand and a toasting machine both require some form of power, and I can't even grasp the concept of electricity. Which is more, I've haven't the first notion where to get the smelly oil to drive a motor cycle engine, even if I could find someone on my world competent enough to make one. Indeed, most of the Earthy contraptions that catch my fancy all require supporting technology and skills I can't hope to replicate.

The rickshaw, though, is something else... I have visions of whole squadrons of Starr-cars plying the streets of Castleton and similar cities, propelled by the svelte legs of comely cunts who ride on saddles fashioned with large upstanding dildos. I could be the rickshaw mogul, don't you know.

I gaze at the picture on the small pane of my mobile device. The question for me now, though, is how to get the plan of the strange vehicle transcribed in a form I can take back to my world. Even paper is a banned substance (we use goat skin and pressed grass matting for writing materials on my world).

The mobile device suddenly leaps to life in my hand. I give a start of alarm, and find myself juggling with the infernal thing. Eventually, I put it to my ear and Sam Lemon's unmistakable voice comes through.

'Jake, I need your help. Mognkey will kill me. Miss Potts is running amuck again.'

'Again?' I say.

'Aye. She's flogging twenty different colours of shit out of one man, while sitting on the cockstand of another.'

'Oh, that kind of again,' I say.

'Yes, that kind of amuck,' Lemon says. 'You have to get down here and help me extricate her.'

'Fuck the Gods' anuses, Sam. I must go to my Club to finalise preparations for my crossing tomorrow. I have to make the best use of my short time on Earth, don't you know.'

A ragged woman, pausing to search in a refuse container, obviously hears my comment and says, 'Quite right, dearie. Enjoy it while you can, I say.'

I think to kick the old hag's arse, but then, in a fit of uncharacteristic kindness, reach into

my pocket and pull out a bank note and hand it to her, waving her stench away.

‘Please, Jake, you have to help me,’ Lemon says in my ear.

The old woman tucks the money into the waistband of my lime green pants, saying, ‘I can’t possibly take this, young man, we haven’t been formally introduced.’

Then the old biddy returns to carefully searching through the disgusting detritus in the waste bin. There are some very strange Earthy people.

‘Jake?’

‘Yes, this is I, none other.’

‘Please, it’s urgent...’

‘Gadszooks, Sam, can’t you get Mistress Potts out yourself?’

He is silent for a moment and then says, ‘I’m tied up ... and fully occupied.’

‘As am I,’ I say. ‘I have important things to do at my Club.’

‘No, I’m actually tied up, Jake... with ropes. And it’s my cockstand that Miss Potts is sitting on, impaled to my ballocks.’

May the pox Gods grab the man’s genitals! Sam sounds as if he’s about to start weeping, though, and I hate it when men cry.

‘Oh, very well,’ I say crossly, ‘but I can’t stay for long. Where is this place you’re at?’

‘It’s called the Rope and Grope, in Ardath Alley,’ he says. ‘I’ll never be able to thank you enough, Jake. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you!’

## Part II

### The Colonial Club

I was going to go to rescue Sam Lemon and Mistress Potts from the Rope and Grope in Ardath Alley ... Honestly, I was. I even started to walk there. But I got hopelessly lost in the labyrinth of streets and alleys.

By the Gods, were it not for the presence of garish electric tubular signs, and the aromas of fast food instead of the stench of raw sewage trickling the gutters, I could have imagined that I was already back in dear old Castleton Shuffles. Indeed, just like the Shuffles, the buildings in the more remote alleyways of Soho are so cramped that the residents could reach out of their windows and shake hands or, more likely, strangle one another. Like the Shuffles, the area is well-populated with all manner of whores and brigands, all of whom are out to part wandering males from their coin. Indeed, I got propositioned countless times by assorted females or their barkers. On one occasion it produced a rather distasteful scene.

‘Hello handsome, come with me and I’ll blow your fucking brains out,’ one overweight, painted whore had promised me. ‘I’ll give you a blow-job better than any you ever had before.’

‘I very much doubt that, fat cunt,’ I had cheerfully replied. ‘And should I ever wish to blow my brains out, I shall use a flintlock pistol.’

‘Cunt? Fat cunt!’ the harridan loudly bridled. ‘And what about you, you dumb looking bastard? We’ll see who’s the cunt, alright. My feller will shake the shit of you, he will.’

Her tone was so hostile that, in truth, I was likely to shit myself without any aid from her strong-arm pander. So I hastened away slowly, as if I unconcerned. When I had rounded the corner, I broke into a sharp trot, and then a gallop, anxious to put some distance between myself and the fat sack of tripe. Before long I was dashing headlong from one alley to the next, going I knew not where. Indeed, I was thoroughly disoriented, and there was a danger that I would run full-circle and find myself stumbling straight into the arms of the fat cunt.

Eventually, quite breathless, I ran out onto a wide, brightly-lit thoroughfare. Suddenly, it was altogether more staid and safe - more like Castle Run in Castleton Main than the Shuffles.

‘Thank the Gods,’ I muttered, recognising the black cab that was approaching and thinking it the same vehicle that had brought me from the Estuary when I landed a couple of days ago. ‘Now there is a stroke of providence, if ever there was one!’

I hailed the cab down. However, it was a different fellow entirely behind the steering wheel.

‘Take me to Ardath Alley, fellow,’ I panted, leaning into the open pane at the front.

‘Where’s that?’ the driver asked.

‘Over there,’ I said, vaguely waving behind me. ‘Or back there somewhere.’

‘That’s no good to me, mate, I don’t do South of the river’ the driver said.

South of the river? The fellow must be mad. And he was about to drive away with my head still pushed through his window.

I made an instant decision, and said, ‘No, wait, my good man. I’ve changed my mind. Take me to the Colonial Club in Poland Street.’

‘Hop in,’ he says. ‘It’s only a stone’s throw.’

So that was it. All thoughts of Samuel Lemon and the wayward Mistress Potts entirely left my head. Besides, the infernal and over-sexed woman is entitled to take her pleasure where she may. As for Sam, well, he’ll just have to lie back, or curl up, or hang upside down, whatever... and try his best to enjoy it.

That’s all far behind me, anyway. It’s more than an hour and a half since I arrived at the Colonial Club in Mayfair. I haven’t been down to the basement yet; instead, I enjoyed the facilities of the

main club room.

Now, after a satisfying repast, I am in a satisfied post-prandial mood, sipping fine brandy from a balloon glass, with a very pert young woman sucking Sir Malcolm under the table. Another naked cunt is standing behind me and massaging my head, with her ample tits muffing my ears. I liked Soho but this place is much more salubrious than anything you'll find there, I'm sure you'll agree.

'I trust that you enjoyed your meal, Mr Starr sir?'

The speaker is Giovanni, the toadying little wretch who manages this place on my behalf (meaning that he will take the fall if we ever get into trouble).

'You may convey my best regards to the proprietors, Giovanni..'

'Thank you, Mr Starr sir. The proprietors will be most pleased.'

Haha. You see, Giovanni isn't even aware that I own the Club. He most certainly knows that I am an important personage, however: he found out the hard way when my thugs broke one of his arms. That was over a year ago, just after I acquired the Colonial Club (established in 1898, and hitherto a bolt-hole for elderly buffers to exchange unlikely stories). When the starchy old coffin-cobblers were evicted to make way for a clientele more suited to a select bordello, Giovanni refused point-blank to get rid of his "gentlemen members". I think it was his left arm, or it may have been his right... anyway, it's healed now and nearly as good as before. So all's well that ends well, eh? Besides, he must be the best-paid scapegoat in the history of brothels.

'Yes, everything was wonderful, Giovanni,' I say, stroking the girl's head under the table as it bobs up and down on Sir Malcolm.

'Your... colleagues advise me that all the arrangements have been made in accordance with your instructions, Mr Starr, sir. Your guests are in the basement.'

'Excellent,' I say. 'Are they suitably accommodated and readied, d'ye think?'

'Indeed they are, Mr Starr sir. All but one, a very late arrival, but she is being prepared as we speak, Mr Starr sir.'

Now I fully appreciate that Giovanni must have painful memories of his smashed arm, and doesn't wish to repeat the experience - that's what punishments are for, after all - but there's surely no need to address me as "Mr Starr sir" in every other sentence he utters. It's a trifle irksome, in truth. I'm sure you find that too.

'How many guests are there?' I say, pulling the girl's head forward until my Sir Malcolm's cockplum nestles deeply in her warm throat.

'There are six young ladies in total, Mr Starr sir. Rather more than your usual...'

I look up sharply. Six? Gadszooks! I count on my fingers: Allegra, Natalie, Ashley, Kylie... and who else? It should only be four by my reckoning. Space is tight on the demned raft, don't you know.

'You are certain there are six?'

'Oh yes, Mr Starr sir. They are all in the basement, awaiting your pleasure.'

I frown in bemusement. I've never known captured cunts to multiply like yeast in a jar. Still, I'm sure the Colonial can accommodate any I can't take back with me.

Another thought occurs to me, just as the cunt throating Sir Malcolm begins to get some heavy results. Indeed, his ejaculation arrives suddenly, just as I am reaching into my pocket for the mobile communication thing. Quite undone, I have to pause and close my eyes for a few moments as the liquid harvest spills down the woman's throat. The large breasts that cradle my head are very welcome, I can tell you, because I lean back and bite one of the soft fleshy pillows to stifle an unseemly cry (I must keep up appearances, after all).

Eventually, Sir Malcolm's jism well-spent for the time being, I regain my compost and show Giovanni the recently-made picture of the rickshaw on my mobile device.

'Have you ever seen anything like that before?' I ask.

'Yes, indeed I have, Mr Starr sir,' he says. 'It's a cycle rickshaw.'

‘I prefer to think of it as a Starr-car,’ I say. ‘Could you make a simple ink diagram to show its construction?’

A frown furrows his forehead as he studies the picture.

‘I doubt that very much, Mr Starr sir,’ he says, as if afraid to admit it. ‘I’ve still not quite recovered the full use of my hand since...’

‘Blast your cockstand and ballocks, Giovanni! Do you know anyone else who might be half-way competent with quill and ink?’

‘I’m afraid not, Mr Starr sir,’ he says glumly, cradling one arm in the other. Then, brightening, he says, ‘Ah, maybe there will be something online and, if so, I could print it out for you.’

I’ve not the first clue what the idiot is talking about and wave him away, saying, ‘Do as you will.’

‘Rest assured, Mr Starr sir, I shall do my very best.’

Giovanni is just another lickspittle! He might be useful but, in truth, I can’t abide the odious fucktwot. I might have one of his legs broken next time, just to see the look on his face. In the meantime, though, I’ll allow him to enjoy the benefits of the cunts at the Colonial. That’s the kind of fellow I am.

Ah well, I suppose I’d better see what’s happening in the basement, and find out why I’ve got two more cunts than I expected.

## Part III

### Unexpected cargo

‘**How dare you, Starr,**’ Amelgine Potts screeches above the whine of the tattooist’s needle-gun, which is cocked ready to start work on her pudenda again. ‘Unbind me immediately so that I might cut off your ballocks, you little heap of boabong parrot shit.’

‘Well, that’s not the most attractive incentive to untie anybody,’ I say, stooping to peer at the design that is developing nicely on her cat. ‘Besides, it’d spoil the art, leaving it unfinished. How did you get in here anyway?’

As you may gather, Miss Amelgine Potts is incandescent when I confront her with some surprise in the basement of the Colonial Club. Much good raging and ranting will do her, though: she is strung up naked on a rack, and the tattooist is already half-way through etching my slave mark on her freshly-depilated pussy. Her nipples have already been pierced with large fish-hooks too, with my new and shiny tags depending nicely from them. That’s not surprising because the tattooist is charged to do both the piercing and the marking, and he usually sees to the tits first. The man, who wears a sleeveless vest to show his own impressive array of tattoos, is sitting on a stool between Amelgine’s thighs, and he glances back at me and shakes his head wearily as she explodes and splutters with wrath.

‘I came here to see you, you dolt. Samuel Lemon told me where to find you, and said to quote your name and ask to be taken to the basement. Whereupon, I was seized, stripped, hosed down, strung up, and my nipples skewered with fishhooks. Oh, you’ll pay dearly for this outrage, Slaver Starr.’

I smile to myself. Perhaps Sam Lemon decided to wreak his retribution?

The fishhooks? I hear you ask. Ah, that’s just one of my little subterfuges. The pirates of my world traditionally label their new catches with fishhooks and coins - tags of ownership. Seeing that I am reliant on pirates to recover me from the sea on my return, it’s politic to mark my property before I land, don’t you know.

‘Why did you want to see me anyway?’ I ask her.

‘I came to ask you to take me back with you tomorrow. I’m prepared to risk it.’

Risk it? What is the woman talking about? The greatest risk of the whole trip is the journey from Mayfair to Gravesend on the A2 road.

‘It seems I am obliged to take you back now, since you carry my tags on your tits and my slave mark too,’ I say stroking her flank, and then pinching the flesh of her hip. ‘You are carrying a few pounds overweight, my plump cunt, but that will be rectified with some rigorous exercise and training.’

‘Cunt? You dare to call me a cunt?’ she splutters, and then she howls, like a she-wolf in heat.

I shrug. That’s the second time tonight my using that word has caused a strong and inexplicable reaction.

‘She’s been making a fuss ever since I hooked her tits,’ the tattooist says, stretching the puffy flesh of her pussy taut between the splayed finger and thumb of his vinyl gloved hand. ‘Her cunt flaps could do with trimming, an’ all.’

‘That’s not surprising, because they’ve had some hard wear,’ I say, reaching between her spread thighs to pluck at the loose and flaccid labia minora which protrude beyond her fleshy outer lips.

Alegine wrenches her body and tries to escape my fingers. She might be on the chunky side but the taut muscles and sinews of her stomach are in sculpted relief as she tries to tear herself free from the rack. She has no hope of achieving that, of course, given that my men use steel chains on the cuffs and anklets (I have trained them well), and the rack is bolted to the granite

floor.

The tattooist sighs and withdraws his needle a few inches from her skin, saying, 'See, she just won't keep still. Maybe it will be best if you drug her. I can trim her lips back then, and tighten her cunt up a bit too, nearly as good as new. Labiaplasty, we call it.'

'I can see your point,' I say to the man, stretching the floppy flesh until I can almost see through it.

'Yeah,' he says, glancing at his needle.

'Don't you dare drug and cut me, you degenerate sewer rat!' the former Mistress Potts screeches. 'I'll castrate you and have your ballock stones sewn into the skin of your throat to make a new, triple-ball scrotum.'

I have to laugh. That's an old insult on my world but it always makes me chuckle. Mind you, I've little doubt that she would try to do it, given half a chance.

'Have you ever trimmed a cunt's nether lips before?' I ask the tattooist.

'Well, no,' he says.

I laugh and cup Amelgine's right breast, my thumb brushing over the freshly-pierced nipple. 'Would you like nicer, tighter pussy lips, my little cunt?' I ask her teasingly.

She responds by spitting full into my face. Gadszooks, she has raised my dander now! I take her long dark hair and wipe the spittle from my countenance.

'Have you got some sharp clippers with you?' I ask the tattooist casually.

'Nah, I'd use a sterilised scalpel, I reckon. Then I'd seal the cuts with a hot iron and sew 'em up with thread. Her cunt might be out of action for a while, but you can always fuck her arse instead.'

Hmmm. That thought isn't so attractive then, because I'll need to move her on very quickly once I return to my world, given the fuss she's bound to make.

Eventually, I pat Amelgine's pubic package and say to the tattooist: 'Let me tell you, good fellow, there's no such thing as the perfect vagina, and I can attest to the fact that this one is perfectly serviceable as it is. So just complete the etching of my slave mark. And afterwards, you may fuck her comprehensively.'

'Fuck me?' the new slave Amelgine shrieks. 'No man fucks me. It's me who fucks them.'

'I recommend that you don't release her from the rack, not if you value your ballocks,' I tell the tattooist, patting his shoulder. 'Now where is the other new-arrival?'

'In the third alcove, back there,' he says, gesturing over his shoulder.



## Part IV

### More cargo still

‘Oh, it’s you, the cunt from Reception,’ I say, peering into the gloom and seeing Melody straining her neck to gaze helplessly up at me. ‘I’d quite forgotten about you.’

‘Please, let me go,’ she sobs.

She has been cruelly tied to a short beam welded across two trellises, and her head hangs from one end, unsupported, and her legs are splayed widely at the front. My coins are hanging under her arms from the big barbed fishhooks that pierce her nipples, and my tattooed mark is fresh on the inflamed skin around her naked fleshpot.

‘Ah, you find her, Meester Jake,’ a harshly-accented voice says over my shoulder. ‘I find her and you find her. We all find her. All ees good, huh?’

It’s Vlad the Impaler, one of my men at the Colonial. Melody whimpers in fear when he appears, and I can’t blame her. Vlad looks appropriately sinister in the half-light of the basement, even to me, with his black greasy hair scraped back into a horsetail, and a deep blue scar traversing his face from eye to mouth, giving him the appearance of a perpetual scowl. I wouldn’t want to fall foul of the fellow on a dark and dismal night in a dungeon. It seems to me that he has the same murderous glint in his eyes as Beren the Balkan Bastard on my world.

Fuck! I had managed to put thoughts of Beren out of my mind for a while, but now I’m thinking of having to meet him again, in the next week or so.

‘Yes, it’s all good, Vlad,’ I say wearily.

Like me, Vlad the Impaler prides himself on being a trafficker of slaves, but he operates clandestinely on Earth, whereas I usually trade visibly and legally, albeit elsewhere in the continuum of time and space. Like me, Vlad systematically fucks his stock to break them in. It’s part of the job, after all. He comes from Moldova, and keeps offering me an endless supply of fresh, young and beautiful cunts from his homeland, but I always politely decline. I’ve never been to Moldova, of course, but if Vlad the Impaler is to be believed, the most beautiful Earthy girls can be readily harvested there with hardly anyone raising an objection. According to Vlad, all Moldovan women yearn to be enslaved, so he’s providing a social service.

‘We get girl, like you said, Meester Jake. Eet cost you veeery much extra, of course.’

‘Yes, yes,’ I say absently, wondering what in the Gods’ ballocks I’m going to do with Melody, as my cargo inventory is full already.

‘I tell agency: “We have veeeeery good job for the good girl Melodee”,’ Vlad goes on, stretching out the word “very” to give it eerie emphasis.

‘Yes, but the thing is....’ I begin.

‘Thees agency, they say no. They say, thees Melodee she veeery seek and not work, so we geev another girl.’

He’s demned hard to understand sometimes. What does “very seek” mean? She’s sick, I suppose.

‘Look, Vlad old chap, if the woman was ill...;

But Vlad goes on: ‘We say no, no, no. Next time you geev another girl maybe, thank you, but we only take Melodee today. It ees an order. They steel say no, she seek. So we find leetle girl at her home, and take her without the ask. Seemples. I deed good, uh?’

‘You did just fine, Vlad,’ I say wearily, rolling my eyes.

Of course, I remember now. I ordered my Earthy traffickers to trace and kidnap Melody, the receptionist who insulted me on my arrival at Emissions Strategies HQ. That was all in a fit of pique, though, when I was bent on revenge (my temper is rather like that, up and down - one of my virtues, I think). This makes it dashed awkward for me now.

‘She fine tight girl,’ Vlad says, reaching to stick his finger into the slit of Melody’s fuck-

hole, causing her to whimper again. 'I fuck her good, and she veeeeery tight. You feel how tight, Meester Jake.'

'I will, I will soon,' I say, still wondering what to do with her, and noting that the girl's body is covered in angry-looking spots.

Vlad laughs, adding another finger into Melody's vagina, saying to himself, 'I good fellow! Yes, veeery fine good fellow, huh, leetle girl?'

'Can her kidnapping be traced back to Emissions Strategies, d'you think?'

'Who the fuck care?' Vlad says with a shrug. 'They not follow here.'

I shrug too, but without much conviction. The unpleasant oaf makes a valid point, of course: the Colonial Club remains safe. But I already have four other cunts - Natalie, Kylie, Allegra, and Ashley - all of whom can be directly traced to Emissions Strategies. Still, hey ho, I won't be there when the tipstaffs arrive to ask awkward questions, so it's Moknkee's problem, not mine.

Pure logistics are *my* problem, though. The raft simply won't accommodate six women and me, all at the same time. I'm not sure which would be worse: sinking in the filthy waters of the Thames estuary, or cart wheeling through Space forever.

Oh well, I'd better keep up appearances and fuck Melody Brooks, I suppose. Sir Malcolm is beginning to twitch in my pants at the sight of her, his ardour already revived (yes, that's Sir Malcolm for you - he's ready and raring to go again, so soon after getting sucked dry in the Colonial restaurant - the demned fellow is insatiable). I lower my zip with practised ease one with one hand and push Vlad aside with the other. Melody lets out a long, low sigh when Sir Malcolm sinks into her.

'Have all the other cunts been tattooed and tagged?' I ask Vlad over my shoulder, as Sir Malcolm thrusts in and out.

'Yes, Meester Jake. One tattoo guy he work on new beetch, who scream and shout to fuck. Other tattoo guy, he work on Natalie. All teets tagged with feesh hooks, just like you say.'

I sigh and nod, and keep fucking Melody. Vlad was certainly correct: her vagina is certainly tight, but that will soon change. I halt Sir Malcolm momentarily and glance down at Melody as she squirms. She's the logical one to leave behind. Demn, but I haven't used a condom, as I usually do with Earthy girls who aren't going Across. Oh well, it's too late - if she gets the fucking bonobo rage, as she surely will, that's just one of those things (it'll be tough on her without the bonobo shit, I admit, but there you are). It's too late now: Sir Malcolm has plundered her fleshpot, and that's it.

I don't even mind losing Melody, in truth; although she's comely enough, her large breasts are somewhat loose, now that I see them without their cunningly engineered support. She has two or three angry looking postules on her shoulders too, like tiny carbuncles.

'What are these spots?' I ask, sheathing Sir Malcolm deeply inside her, and leaning forward to peer in the gloom. 'I hope it's not something infectious.'

'She eat bad food, ees all. You geeve her no food, they go.'

'It's chicken pox,' Melody gasps. 'I keep trying to tell you.'

Sir Malcolm recommences his steady thrusts, but I shake my head doubtfully: unexplained skin eruptions are another reason not to take her Across. On the other hand, if the spots heal, she would make a fine sight running with her heavy tits flapping as she desperately tries to evade the whips in a game of Snatch. It's just not possible, though.

'Vlad, I would like to present the girl to you as a gift,' I say, panting for breath as Sir Malcolm commences a thundering gallop.

'No! Please, not that!' Melody moans, as I reach round to jam my finger up her arse to coincide with my ejaculation.

Sir Malcolm isn't bothered in the slightest that I'm not using a cock-sheath, as I usually do when fucking Earthy women (that's another of the Alchemist's strictures, to avoid cross-

contamination of the worlds and, pointless though it might be, I usually comply).

‘You not want thees spotty beetch, Meester Jake?’

‘You may have her, my good fellow,’ I say, withdrawing Sir Malcolm and pushing myself up from her. Adjusting my zip with a flourish, I say: ‘Replace the fish hooks with cheap rings or simply let the piercings heal. My tattooed mark is neither here nor there.’

The Moldovan thug traces his fingers over the new mark on her pudenda, and says, ‘Tattoo ees right here, see? You geev me the money you owe me for getting thees beetch? I get expenses, and no cancellation. Terms and Conditions, they apply. Dollars, not Breeteesh pound sheet.’

Gadszooks! The man wants me to pay for snatching a woman I am presenting to him as a gift. The nerve of the rogue! But what choice do I have? It’s a demned good thing it’s not real money.

I sigh and say: ‘Very well, I’ll pay dollars. Just take her off my hands, my friend. It’s important that she’s not free to make a fuss’

‘You weesh I keel her? I keel!’

‘No, no, don’t kill her. I simply want you to spirit her away to some place where nobody will find her.’

‘Okay, Meester Jake, I sell her on eenternet and send her off in a sheep,’ Vlad says with a shrug. Then he stoops down to look into her face, crooning: ‘You no make fuss in a reech man’s dungeon, huh, leetle girl?’

Vlad seems to know what he’s doing. So I leave him to it, and turn to wander to another alcove in the gloom of the basement. I really must check on the condition of Natalie Carpenter, who most definitely will accompany on my raft tomorrow.

## Part V

### The Starr-car

‘Mr Starr sir, I’ve got it for you,’ Giovannie says, breathlessly hurrying into the basement area and waving a piece of paper.

‘Got what?’ I ask the odious little toady.

‘I’ve got the blueprint for the cycle rickshaw, Mr Starr sir. Here it is.’

He stands beneath the glow of a bare electric bulb in the gloom and shows me the sheet of paper.

‘By the fetid entrails of all the Gods,’ I murmur. ‘You did this for me, Giovanni? I simply had no idea you are so talented.’

I am not laving on the lard when I say that: it is truly an impressive piece of work, a detailed diagram of the rickshaw vehicle, with its various components separately labelled, and with measurements too, albeit calibrated in strange Earth scales. With this piece of paper, I am confident I can commission the construction of a functional Starr-car on my world, perhaps 50 of them, or a hundred even. I’m certain I could find some competent smiths to manufacture the various parts, without them really knowing the true purpose of the bits they make, and then perhaps I’ll get a sworn-secret armourer to cobble the whole thing together.

‘You are indeed a genius,’ I tell Giovanni.

‘It was nothing, Mr Starr sir,’ Giovanni says, positively glowing. ‘I just used Google.’

‘Well, give Mr Google my compliments,’ I say, handing the paper back to him. ‘Regrettably, though, I cannot possibly take it with me.’

Poor Giovanni’s face drops, as if I’ve just told him that his daughter has contracted syphilis in her gums. ‘Why can’t you take it, Mr Starr sir?’ he asks in dismay.

Of course, I could try to explain that carrying Across any Earthy technology, even a single sheet of printed paper, is strictly forbidden. Even if such a transgression didn’t disastrously change the quants and leave me spinning in the ether, the Alchemist would have my ballocks for it. But there are some things that you just can’t explain to ignorant minions; like the rest of my people at the Colonial, Giovanni has no notion that I regularly travel across the Dimensions.

‘It’s simply too heavy, Giovanni,’ I say, wandering back to the arch where the tattooist is finishing off etching my mark on Amelgine Potts’s fleshpot.

Giovanni scurries after me, saying: ‘A single sheet of paper is too heavy, Mr Starr sir? It’s as light as a feather. I thought that you really wanted this plan of a cycle rickshaw.’

‘My good fellow,’ I say wearily, ‘you have no idea how much I want that plan. However, it is quite impossible. I shall simply have to try to memorize the details of the design.’

‘But it’s only a picture, Mr Starr sir.’

I am about to respond to that, but something in Giovanni’s words triggers a flash of inspiration in my agile mind. He is right: it *is* only a picture. Gods’ gonads! I snatch the paper back and tap the tattooist’s shoulder.

‘Can you exactly replicate these schema on the cunt’s buttocks?’ I ask the fellow.

He squints at the paper for a few moments and then nods.

‘More or less,’ he says.

‘I’d prefer more rather than less,’ I say. ‘Will the drawing be accurate?’

‘It’s just a line drawing, right?’

‘A drawing of lines,’ I agree, not really understanding what other kind of drawing there is.

‘Yeah, I can do it. I’d just trace the design onto her skin and then ink it over. The curve of her backside has to be taken into account though. I could foreshorten a few lines to allow for that, if you like.’

‘Horuncula was right, you are utterly insane, Slaver Starr!’ Amelgine Potts wails, giving

me a start (I'd quite forgotten that she is listening). 'I beg you not to direct this dolt to draw a diagram on my arse, sir.'

Ah, "sir" and "beg" now, is it? That's rather different from when she had me at her mercy and was driving the butt end of her whip into my rectum, regardless of my pleas for mercy.

I ignore her protests and tell the tattooist: 'No foreshortening of any lines. I need an exact facsimile.'

'You're going to fax her arse? That's too weird, man, but I like your style. Why not just fax this paper and be done with?' he asks.

'Not many places have faxes any more,' Giovanni points out.

I've long since stopped trying to understand some of the strange things Earthy people talk about.

The tattooist straightens up from his crouch. He yawns, stretches his body, rubs his back, and then takes a sliver of paper from a small packet and expertly rolls a small quantity of dry herbage inside it. The fellow strikes a light from a pocket tinderbox and his craggy face is briefly illuminated by the flare. He inhales deeply on the roll, and I prudently step back to avoid the vapid fumes. It's a disgusting habit, but I've found it best not to object.

'If you want the drawing exact, it might be best on her shoulders, y'know,' he says, staring intently at my piece of paper, the flame of his tinderbox still spluttering in the dimly-lit dungeon. 'The flesh on her arse and belly is likely to expand or shrink some. If she gets fat, this rickshaw could look like the London Eye in no time. You'd be surprised. I tattooed a leaping dolphin on my missus's belly when she was younger, and then watched it grow until now it looks like a blinkin' whale trying to get out of her knickers.'

I sigh wearily and say, 'Look, be a good fellow, and just etch the design on her skin somewhere... anywhere.'

'Y'know, come to think of it, it'd be best to shave her head and tattoo the design on her scalp. Her head won't change size, no matter how fat she fets.'

My eyes widen. 'Do it!' I tell the man with no little excitement. 'What a brilliant plan! Nobody will ever know that the tattoo is even there, once her hair has regrown.'

'Please, sir, don't shave off my hair!' Amelgine screeches plaintively.

The stupid cunt! How could a tattoo be applied to her pate without shaving off her hair? Women, even formerly fine ladies of my world, are impractical creatures, don't you know.

Turning to Giovanni, I say, 'I am in your debt, my good fellow. I shall ensure that a sum of a million dollars is transferred to your bank account forthwith.'

'My God, Mr Starr sir!' he gasps.

Strewth and stones, he thinks I'm a god now! That's what comes of bestowing a little kindness on a man after breaking his arm. The fat and oily little oink staggers and reaches out to steady himself against the arch. For a moment, I think he's about to faint.

'I'm no god, good fellow, just infinitely superior,' I say modestly. 'I'll make that two million.'

'Fuck me!' the tattooist utters.

Seeing the tattooist's shocked and envious look, I smile and slap the man's back, saying, 'And I shall gift the same to you, my man, if you render a fair copy of the schema. It's only Earthy money, after all.'

'Fuck me!' he says again, the herb roll dropping to the ground as his jaw gapes open.

Actually, I'd prefer not to fuck him right now, thank you, but never say never. After all, I can tell you from experience, one never knows when one might be desperate for the want of a warm fleshy hole when the monkey inside is raging.

Even as I head off to the archway where Natalie Carpenter is incarcerated, I realise that I won't be able to gift money to Giovanni and the tattooist. Ah well... as always, my thoughts were well-intended, and I would give the money, if I could, but Ashley Charteris, my erstwhile financial

manager, is in no position to transfer any more payments on my behalf. Ashley is tied to a rack, stark naked, with my tagging coins dangling from her nipples; she will be starting her new life as a slave on my world tomorrow.

Putting such mundane thoughts from my chump, I wander in search of Natalie in the rambling Colonial dungeon. Unlike the other cunts I acquire on Earth, including Amelgine Potts, I won't have the luxury of repeatedly fucking Natalie at my leisure once the crossing is completed. She is destined to become the personal property of the Alchemist. They are made for each other, him and her. So I intend to fully enjoy her good orifices while I can. I'm sure Sir Malcolm and my inner monkey can rise to the occasion, yet again.

# CHAPTER TWELVE - Natalie

## Part I

### Natalie's Story

#### **My name is Natalie Carpenter.**

I graduated from Harvard with a prestigious Physics degree and am now completing a PhD in Quantum Mechanics. All very impressive you might say. Except now, it all counts for nothing. I find myself in a dungeon somewhere in London, England, kneeling in a wire cage that is little more than 2 feet x 2 feet x 18 inches in size.

I've been locked in the cage for less than an hour, but my body is already screaming for relief. I am completely naked, and my head is protruding from a padded aperture in the wire mesh at the front of the cage, while my feet protrude through the panel behind me. My body is cruelly compressed and confined in the tiny space, and my freshly-pierced breasts are flattened hard against my thighs. My buttocks were recently scorched by a viciously-wielded plastic cane, and there is no way that I can prevent them from pressing painfully against the rear mesh panel of the cage. Worse, though, my ass is plugged by an inflexible rod that is too stout for comfort, and it painfully stretches my anus; another large dildo fills my vagina.

I don't scream or beg, though. I wouldn't give them the satisfaction. Also, of course, I know that it would be useless. I screamed until my throat was hoarse when I was first dragged into this pit, and it was a complete waste of time. Even the other nude women who are incarcerated in this dungeon were disinterested in my screeches for help, but I suppose they've got their own problems.

These women know what's good for them, of course. The tiny cage of ill-ease is my punishment for assailing Jake Starr with verbal abuse and attempting to kick out at him. He merely stepped back and laughed at me. Then one of his huge henchmen simply hoisted me over his shoulder, holding me firmly, while Starr caned my bare bottom. I kicked my legs and screeched with each stroke, to little avail. The men hugely enjoyed themselves, of course. Their only concern came from the guy who held my squirming body over his shoulder, and he kept telling Starr not to hit his face with the cane.

Then, when I had been reduced to a sobbing, compliant wreck, Starr ordered me to enter the tiny cage. It seemed incredibly small to get inside it. However, the threat of the cage made me try to comply with their wishes. As soon as my head passed through the aperture at the front, a small panel slid down, effectively trapping my neck. Then a couple of strokes of the cane on the exposed soles of my feet encouraged me to huddle up in the cage. I was made to hunch my body even further, and then a hinged door panel at the rear - three-quarter length to allow its lower edge to pass over my protruding feet and ankles - was compressed with some force against my ass and latched shut.

I could only gasp, finding myself so tightly-caged. The wire mesh is of a fairly thin gauge, but it's certainly strong enough to hold me. For their convenience, they lifted me, cage and all, onto a low stool. Then, while I was in that helpless confinement, each of them fucked me comprehensively.

Jake Starr took me first, and I was beside myself with anger and anguish as his cock slid smoothly into my handily presented vagina. My God, he was massively erect and, by my estimation, he must have fucked me for 10 minutes or more, and I could only mewl and groan with each strong thrust. Mercifully, he eventually withdrew and stepped back.

If I had any thoughts of relief when Starr stepped away, they were certainly misplaced. Starr's Moldovan brute fucked my anus and my cunt and my mouth. I was helpless to resist. It seemed to go on forever, and then Starr joined in again. First one and then another of my orifices was plundered. I had no option but to swallow their ejaculate and accept it in my vagina and

rectum. By the time they were finally spent, I felt like a limp vessel for their cum. Ludicrously, I found my self worrying about the possibility of STDs, for neither of them wore a condom.

I didn't even protest when they inserted the dildos into my anus and vagina, and I realised they had affixed plugs to the mesh of the rear door. Compounding that, they forced a phallus gag into my mouth and secured it with a harness buckled tightly under my hair. My chin was forced painfully high when they clipped the face harness to the mesh behind my head. I am thus totally immobile, crated, and pinned at mouth, anus and vagina. I could only look up at them with wide, piteous eyes. What kind of people are they?

Then Starr left the dungeon, followed by the awful Moldovan with the bad ponytail hair cut. Starr did not deign to give me one sentence of explanation. Then the lights suddenly went out, and it is inky black in here now. I can almost feel the dense darkness touching me. Even if I could put a hand in front of my face (I can't, because they are folded by my sides and I can't move them), then I wouldn't be able to see it. The occasional female sobs and murmurs seem all the more eerie in the blackness.

The moans of the other five women aren't surprising. One poor girl is covered in chicken pox spots - what a time to get abducted! - but they ignored her when she told them what they were. Like me, the other women are all fastened in or on various pieces of bizarre bondage furniture, the like of which I have never seen before. I am the other women's witness: even while Starr and his men were so brutally abusing me, I made an effort to carefully note each one of the women, taking in any details that I might remember, in case my evidence is ever needed. They are all of a similar age to me, as far as I could see - I doubt if any one of us is older than 24 or 25, or perhaps one of them might be slightly older.

A blonde girl is straddled with her legs widely splayed and standing on the balls of her feet over a tripod, atop which a large phallus object nestles against the mouth of her vagina; her hands are held above her head by a chain and wrist cuffs, preventing her from moving too far, although the chain has enough slack to allow her to sink down 8 or 9 inches to give her feet a rest... It is her moans and groans which mainly permeate the dank, dark air from time to time.

Another brown-haired girl, somewhat plumper than the rest of us, is continually walking on a treadmill, and has been since I arrived here a couple of hours or more ago; electric wires protrude from the clips on her nipples and pussy, and occasionally she gives a sharp squeal of pain. I suppose the sensors on the terrible device administer electric shocks when her efforts slacken.

One of the women is tied face up over a steel contraption that resembles half of a barrel; she is tightly spread, with her hands and feet widely spread and tied, and her head hangs back so that her dark hair brushes the floor; from the small red sore on her shaven pudenda, it seems that she has been recently tattooed or branded there; a dark stain on the granite floor between her splayed feet indicated that she had urinated.

Then there is little me, the supposed clever lone, crated and plugged! The thought of that woman's urine gives me another jolt. How long will Starr keep us here? Must we all urinate and defecate where we are, tied to their fiendish implements? All of us are gagged, so we cannot talk to each other in the darkness.

If I was worrying about sexually transmitted diseases before, that is the least of my concerns now. I realise that Jake Starr can't possibly let me go. I was sent to London to quietly investigate what was happening, and boy have I found out! I know far too much about Jake Starr now. I know all about Emissions Strategies Inc., of course, and now I even know the address of this place: it is the dungeon of the Colonial Club in Curzon Street, Mayfair, London.

This must be one of those horror stories that we get to read about. Starr could be a crazed mass killer, or a pervert who keeps women chained in cellars for years... there have been numerous lurid news reports of such things over the years. But why would he go to the trouble of luring me to London from my home in Connecticut, with air tickets and luxurious hotel accommodation?



Surely, for a pervert, any conveniently available pretty young woman will do. And why would the CIA be interested in a mere pervert? It's hardly their thing, after all.

Hunched in my tiny cage, all of my orifices cruelly plugged, my own occasional grunted sobs and moans mingling with those from the other women, I can only fear about my fate, and hope that the Marines will storm in to rescue me. Somehow, though, I very much doubt that.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN Preparing to Leave

### Part I

#### Altercation with Monkey

‘Where is Amelgine Potts?’ Sam Lemon demands as he paces Moknkee’s office at Emissions Strategies, waving a skein of dark, glossy hair as if it’s a fly whisk.

‘You lost her?’ I ask, as if astounded. ‘I thought she was with you.’

There is a sharp retort and the handgun in Lemon’s hand seems to leap. Moreover, something hisses above my head and zings off the wall, causing Horace Moknkee to duck beneath his desk.

‘I say, have a care, Sam,’ I say. ‘Was that a bullet?’

‘Aye, and there’s a bullet in this gun that’s got your name on it, Starr,’ Lemon warns.

‘Really?’ I say, blinking. ‘How can that be?’

‘It’s Sam’s idea of a good joke,’ Moknkee says drily, reaching to take the gun from Lemon and emptying the bullets from it. ‘He watches too many Earthy films.’

‘Ah, like a jolly jape, you mean?’

Monk takes one of the bullets and throws it to me with a wild wide leer, saying, ‘Here, that’s the bullet with your name on it. It can’t kill you if you keep it safe.’

I catch the metal object and inspect it minutely, but I can’t see my name anywhere on the dull metal. All the same, I think I might hang it round my neck like an amulet, just to be safe. Moknkee’s ghoulish smile isn’t reassuring though.

An altercation is the last thing I want. I am about to leave Earth, after all, and can do without having to contend with all this fuss. However, Lemon is raging and almost beside himself with anger and worry over Mistress Potts. He evidently has some feelings for Amelgine.

‘Where is Miss Potts?’ Moknkee asks me evenly.

‘How would I know where she is?’ I retort. ‘Perhaps Sam knows.’

I glance at Samuel Lemon, who is sitting simmering beside the window now. He looks away angrily.

‘No,’ Lemon says through thin lips, his eyes restlessly scanning the city street below. ‘The last I knew, she was heading off to the Colonial Club to find you.’

‘Then she might have been kidnapped along the way and sold into slavery,’ I suggest with a shrug. Turning back to Moknkee, I say, ‘Simply replace her, my good fellow. There are plenty of women.’

Moknkee seems to growl and the short hair on his cheeks stand on end. Talk about Neanderthal! His brow is heavier than any I’ve ever seen.

‘You’re saying you haven’t got her?’ Moknkee demands.

I take a backward step and say, ‘Why would you ask me that?’

Lemon hurls the skein of dark glossy hair at me. It lands at my feet, and I peer down at it, asking: ‘What’s this then, a dead rat?’

‘It is human hair, you dolt. It looks and smells like Miss Pott’s hair. It was delivered to me here this morning.’

I nudge the skein of hair with the toe of my shoe. ‘Demned interesting,’ I say.

Lemon looks up and says, ‘The hair is tied at one end with a pretty pink ribbon, you’ll notice. It is the same pink ribbon that Miss Potts was wearing last night.’

‘Really?’ I say. ‘In that case, she’s probably dead.’

Moknkee seems as though he’s about to leap at me, so I take a backwards step nearer the door. I’m demned glad I’m holding the bullet with my name on it.

Now I know what you’re thinking. And yes, of course, it *is* wrong to tell barefaced lies. The Gods might have my gonads for it, one day. Right now, though, it seems the expedient thing

to do. Sam Lemon is quite obviously besotted with the woman, which is never a good thing. And Moknkee is as angry as a twist in a twot, too. I'm inclined to believe that there will be a Potts-shaped hole left in Moknkee's BDSM playroom. Like Lemon, the poor old stooge is likely to miss her! Ah well, there's life and there's dung, and that's all there is to it.

'And what about the Carpenter woman?' Monkey ejaculates. 'Lemon tells me you procured her with a payment of 10 million.'

'Dollars - and it's only in Earth money,' I say.

Monkey sighs and rubs a hand over his perspiring brow, asking: 'What in the Gods' names am I supposed to do with her?'

'Do with her?' I ask. 'Do with her? You will do nothing with her. That particular cunt is none of your demned business, sir. I should point out that the 10 million dollars was paid from my personal funds. Isn't that so, Sam?'

Lemon looks up and nods, saying begrudgingly, 'Aye, true enough.'

'And her salary of 15 million per annum?' Monkey asks. 'That's *my* business. It's absolute madness, I tell you. The whole company is only turning over 6 million. I warned the Alchemist that you'd be totally unsuitable for this purpose.'

I step rather closer to the door. You can never tell what a Neanderthal might do next if he's angry, don't you know.

When I'm safely out of immediate striking distance, I say, 'Ah, that's where you were wrong, Monkey. I've proved myself utterly suitable for the Alchemist's purpose. And to prove it, on the morrow, I shall deliver Miss Carpenter to him wearing a chain body harness, a pair of dildos, and naught else.'

'No!' both Monk and Lemon ejaculate at the same time.

'No?' I say, utterly astonished by their venom.

'She's to remain here and work on the solution to our travel problems, you dolt,' Monk says.

'I should have shot him, Horace,' Sam Lemon says. 'Natalie Carpenter is our only hope of returning home.'

'The Alchemist is using her Earthy research to refine and confirm his own calculations,' Moknkee growls. 'Return her forthwith!'

I've simply no notion of what they're talking about. The Alchemist doesn't need any assistance in crossing between the Dimensions. Surely, their own eyes can attest to that. I myself am the living proof, don't you know.

I sigh and glance at the gold timepiece on my wrist.

'Well, time for me to go,' I say, backing out of the door. 'So long, farewell, adieu, toodle pop, my friends.'

'No, wait, you can't take Miss Carpenter,' Monkey roars.

'And what about Miss Potts?' Lemon yells.

'I have to be on my raft in 2 hours time. Goodbye.'

With that, I dash from the office and into the elevator. Monk follows and very nearly catches me, but the lift doors close just in time. Ha! I relax somewhat as the elevator car descends. Then I sprint across the marble foyer, sliding on the soles of my shoes as I pass Winston Parkinson, the gatekeeper.

'Fare thee well, Winston,' I call over my shoulder. 'You may keep your ballocks.'

My black cab is waiting outside with its engine running, and I pile into the rear seat. As it roars off into the traffic, I look back and see Horace Moknkee and Sam Lemon running from the building. I chuckle to myself. They're too late now, anyway.

Natalie Carpenter are already be at the Crossing, along with Ashley, Kylie, Allegra, and the freshly-bald Amelgine Potts. That's my cargo. They were transported to Dartford at dawn this morning. By now they should be trussed together head to toe, lying cozily supine on the raft,

blissfully senseless to this world or the next. Were they to be conscious for the crossing, it could drive them insane. Also, the Great North Sea is likely to be rough when we arrive, so it's best to tie them down. That's the kind of caring cove that I am. Besides, even though I've lightened my cargo by gifting Melody and her big, spotty breasts to Vlad the Impaler, it will still be a tight fit on the small raft, so they need to be closely packed. I'll shall ride Across the Dimensions sitting on a living carpet of cunts.

'Where to now, guv?' the cab driver asks as I kneel on the seat to peer anxiously through the back window of the cab.

'To the Dartford Crossing,' I say, 'and don't spare the horses, my good fellow.'

As we round the corner, Monkey is using his mobile communication device, and I suppose he's trying to organise some transport to pursue me. However, to my surprise, my own device suddenly chimes in my pocket. I turn to sit squarely on the seat, ignoring the persistent tone of the infernal phone.

'You gonna answer that?' the driver calls through the small window in the partition. 'It could be important.'

# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## Part I

### The Landing

Fuck! That was one hell of a landing. The raft hit the pitching waves nose first and disappeared into a huge wall of green-grey spume. For a moment back there, while I was cart-wheeling arse over tit in the seething sea, I thought the Alchemist had fucked up (how would I know what it might be like to be lost in space?).

Then though, when we surfaced, less than a half minute ago, the storm abated with unnerving abruptness. One second the raft was pitching about like a cork in a drunkard's piss pot, and the next it is gently bobbing on a spookily calm sea. The last rolls of thunder recede into the distance and now everything is eerily still, but I'm alive and back on my world.

So the Alchemist has hit the schedule, yet again! What can I say? Rapture and rejoice, my man, rapture and rejoice!

I unstrap myself and rub water from my eyes before checking each of my limbs, one after the other. They're all there. Then I crawl over the cargo, checking that it's all there too. Everything seems to be intact and undamaged, but you never can be sure after a crossing like that. Before I left Earth, I diligently roped the unconscious women so tightly together that they might have been quintuplets sharing a single womb. I think they are all still blissfully sleeping ... at least, I hope they're not dead. I quickly check the blood-beat of each woman, resting my finger on neck after another. Yes, they're all alive and breathing.

I survey my surroundings. Sea, everywhere... ah, but looking into the sun, I see a vessel out there. Squinting and shielding my eyes, I see that the low-slung pirate xebec. That's my recovery vessel. Thank the Gods' gonads!

I'm too far away to make out its banner, but I know the lines of that xebec and, unlike most that come across her on the high seas, I'm demned glad to see it. The Shaytan is becalmed sideways-on to me, some 5 furlongs distant. Perhaps the crew are busy repairing damage after the tempest? Of course, ideally, I'd want the ship to be nearer but, remember, it's just endured the storm of all storms, and it takes a pirate captain to keep a ship on station in seas such as that.

I smile to myself and scramble over the women to get to the paddle I keep roped to one side of the raft. I also collect the sabre that's hidden behind the paddle - you never know with pirates...

Tucking both the paddle and the sabre under my arm, I carefully negotiate my way to the aft of the raft, crawling over the women's soft, inert bodies (as I told you, room is tight on the raft). It might be easier to drop into the sea and haul myself round in the water, but I don't like getting my hair wet. So I just scramble over the naked cunts who are lying face up, tightly-packed on the raft. The women can't object, of course, even if they regain consciousness, because they are all gagged, as per my usual practice. On every time-trip nowadays, I always fit them with ball gags fashioned of polished wood and attached to straps which encircle their heads; that's a kindness, because it removes the risk of the cunts biting off their tongues in terror; besides, as I found to my cost on a very early expedition, it's no pleasure having a raft of naked and hysterical women screaming to the heavens once they realise what has happened to them. For the same reason - to maintain their safety (and mine) - I never untie the cunts until I've transferred them to larger accommodation, where they can wail and hurl themselves about to their hearts' content.

Ashley Charteris groans and stirs somewhat when my knee sinks into her belly. That signals that all of the cunts will be regaining consciousness very soon. The drug I use to befuddle them doesn't keep them under for too long. Allegra is snoring, because her mouth is propped open by the ball behind her teeth, so I flick her nose with my forefinger. Kylie tries to roll over on her side when my limp cock trails over her face as I scramble over her, but the ropes bind her too

tightly for that; she murmurs, as if in sleep, and settles back again. Saliva is running down Natalie's chin, secreted from behind her gag, and I pause to wipe it away with the palm of my hand. Amelgine, the former Mistress Potts is murmuring softly, as if in a dream, but she grunts a sleepy protest as I lay my wet sabre on her belly and crawl behind her head to sit at the aft of the raft. To achieve this, I must prop her bald head on my crotch and arrange my bent knees on either side of her shoulders. Then I start to paddle awkwardly, and attempt to steer towards the becalmed xebec.

Gods' gonads, it's demned slow progress. The sun is beating down fearsome hot too. Although I am naked as a billabongo bird's arse, sweat soon begins to pour from my every pore. I am not made for heavy-draught work - we have slaves for that. Worse, for all my efforts, it doesn't seem that the heavy timber raft has moved more than a light lob. Demn and fuck the Gods! I suppose I should have furnished the raft with a sail, but then, there is no wind. Ah well...

I relax, panting, and nearly fall into the sea when I lean back, forgetting that there is nothing behind me. Amelgine stirs in my lap, and I place the paddle aside to life her head with both hands, manoeuvring it this way and that, studying the tattoo of the Starr-car blueprint on the shiny white skin. This really was a stroke of genius! I will arrange for the intricate design of the Starr-car to be copied onto parchment at the very first opportunity, I assure you of that. The very thought of it brings Sir Malcolm to attention.

Perhaps roused by the rising cockstand against her ear, Amelgine's head suddenly jerks in my hands, and she looks up at me with wide eyes. I must look very odd to her from that inverted viewpoint, and she grunts behind the gag.

'Good morning, Amelgine,' I say, shading her eyes from the sun with palm of my hand. 'Welcome back to your world.'

She grunts again, her eyes widening even further. It's hard to tell with the ball-gag, but I think she's smiling. Some inexplicable tenderness causes me to reach down to stroke her right breast, and I idly flick the fishhook that pierces her turgid nipple. That seems to engender memories of her rough treatment at the hands of Vlad the Impaler in the Colonial Club dungeon, for she gives a start and tries to fight her tight bonds.

'Shush,' I murmur, stroking her breast to quieten her. 'You're safely back across the Divide, Amelgine.'

She makes a series of guttural noises, as if trying to say something. Not understanding, I shake my head and smile, shifting my arse slightly to allow Sir Malcolm to spring forth and nestle against the side of her bald head. Great Gods' gonads, that's a strange and erotic sensation I've never experienced before! Amelgine continues to grunt incoherently.

'If I remove your gag, will you be sensible?' I ask her.

She nods and her eyes are wide with a silent plea that it melts my heart like butter up a pig's arse. Even so, knowing her, I hesitate. But then I relent and raise her head to unbuckle the gag-strap, and Sir Malcolm's moist cockhead smears across her shining pate. It's necessary to widen her jaw a click to remove the heavy wooden ball from behind her teeth.

'What the—' she begins to blurt, until I put my hand over her mouth.

'Must I refit the gag?' I ask. I wait until she shakes her head before removing my palm and saying, 'Very well, but be a placid cunt, or else...'

'Am I really back on our own world?' she asks, craning her neck to look round at the sea.

'Yes, we're adrift on a raft somewhere in the centre of the Great North Sea. But there's a pirate xebec out there.'

'Oh, by the tits of Aphrodite, we are all lost then,' she says, slumping down and closing her eyes. 'How can you say we're safe?'

I smile. She cannot know that my returns and departures are always at watery and inhospitable places such as this. The Alchemist must have changed his methods since her own cross-over, all those months or years back (depending on which world's time you're using). I

stroke her head, relishing the smooth bare skin on the soft palm of my hand. It's as if she's got a third tit, don't you know.

'Oh, I think that I am safe enough,' I tell her, 'but I don't know about you.'

'If you are safe, then we're all safe,' she says, her eyes opening to look up at me.

I shuffle back so that my arse is hanging over the edge of the raft, nestling her head between my thighs, and say: 'That all depends on your definition of safe, don't you know.'

She is about to comment but Sir Malcolm daubs his head across her lips to silence her prattle. I put my hand under her chin to tilt her head back.

'If you bite Sir Malcolm, he'll make me cut your tits off,' I warn her, nodding towards the saber.

Amelgine shudders visibly. Sir Malcolm nudges his one-eyed head against her lips. She tries to resist, clamping her mouth shut and twisting her head from one side to the other. The bother of it! I grasp her nostrils between finger and thumb and squeeze tightly. This both steadies her head and soon forces the cunt to open her choppers and gasp for air. I am a slaver, I know these things!

Without further ado, Sir Malcolm slides into Amelgine's mouth and, making use of her supine and helpless position, I pull her head back to make for his straight passage and the cockhead pushes right down her throat.

'There,' I say in satisfaction, massaging her bulging and exposed throat, and Sir Malcolm shudders in delight. 'Isn't that nice? It's rather like when you were forcing me to lick your pussy, don't you know.'

Amelgine grunts angrily on my cock but doesn't close her teeth - she values her tits too highly for that. So she settles quiescently to her usage. On the whole, I suspect that she'd rather have the ball gag in her mouth, but it's not a cunt's place to choose these things, is it. So Sir Malcolm wiles away some pleasant and otherwise idle minutes by slowly stroking in and out of her throat.

One after another, the other cunts gradually rouse from their drug-induced slumbers. They each give a start and wrench against the ropes when they first awake, but then slump back. Then they can only lie silently and watch me with cow-like eyes as Sir Malcolm plunders Amelgine's mouth and throat.

A slight cooling breeze has arisen from the still air, and it is most welcome under the searing sun. Even so, we have no shade on the raft, and it briefly bothers me that the rays might sear the cunts' flesh before we are plucked up. Still, there's nothing that I can do about that now (it occurs to me that, in future, I might usefully equip the raft with a canvas sheet that could double as both a sail and a shelter). Right now though, I am busy... and I really should concentrate on what I'm doing. Sir Malcolm eases back from Amelgine's throat, just as her face is going blue.

'Ahoy there Cap'n Jake!'

The cry gives me a start. I look up and see that the galleon is only a lob away. Faces are looking down at the raft from the rails of the boat. Nearly all of the galleon's sails are tightly stowed on the spars - presumably they were roped against the raging storm - but a small aft spinner is billowing in the breeze, and that was clearly enough to propel the vessel towards me.

'Ho there, Cap'n Smith,' I shout back, squinting up, but still keeping Amelgine's head in my hands and Sir Malcolm in her mouth. 'What kept ye, ye salty old rogue?'

## Part II

### The pirate xebec

‘Gruntled Gods’ gonads, Cap’n, ye must be the unluckiest skip-jack, or the worst jonty that ever sailed on a swell!’

I take the sabre from between my teeth and chuckle at the disparaging opinion of the ginger sea-thug who has just hauled me onto the deck of the xebec. An incompetent ships’ captain is often referred to as a “jonty” on my world, after the notorious admiral, Sir Jonty Joppenheim, who managed to sink three whole fleets of warships in three years, all of them belonging to his own side.

‘And we always find ye on a timber raft with a bevy of cunts as naked as newborns,’ the red-haired rogue goes on. ‘What kind of luck is that? The Gods’ own luck, I say.’

I always use the same pirate ship as my recovery vessel, and this is the fifth time this pirate cut-throat has plucked me from the sea, supposedly shipwrecked after a violent storm. So I can understand the cut-throat fucktwot thinking that I am a very bad jonty indeed. Not that I care what he thinks. My bigger worry is that pirate scum are notoriously superstitious, and they would slit the gizzard of anyone who’s suspected of being an Earthy-witch.

‘Haul the raft up with the cargo still attached, my good fellow,’ I tell the ginger cut-throat. ‘Pilot it safely, keeping the cunts undamaged, and there’s a whole coin in it for you.’

The man glares at me under his mop of red hair. Using an Earthy analogy, he reminds me of a sinister Ronald MacDonald (perhaps I am visiting Earth way too often for my own cultural well-being). Turning from his hostile stare, I glance anxiously to Henry “Scallop” Smith, the pirate captain, and Scobie, the quartermaster, both of whom are standing watching nearby.

‘Hail, Scobie,’ I call, waving my saber in what I hope is a jaunty maritime manner.

Quartermaster Scobie answers my greeting with the merest inclination of his head and a half-amused smile that flickers above his neat black goatee beard.

Only the pirate captain and the quartermaster are party to my arrangements, of course. It was necessary to include them both, because the captain is in sole charge of seafaring matters, while the quartermaster deals with all other business affairs and is in overall command. My dealings are always with Quartermaster Scobie.

‘Ho Cap’n Jake, as big a man as ever, I see,’ Scallop says with a laugh.

I respond by cupping my free hand over my ballocks. Arriving naked isn’t good for a man’s dignity, don’t you know. But nudity is a necessary condition for my cross-over, so there it is, hanging out for all to see. Indeed, it is only on occasions such as this (and *not* when I’m fucking a woman, as you might think) that I am *really* glad that Sir Malcolm has such immense proportions: he, at least, confers some status upon me among the pirate rabble, all of whom, including Scallop, would have your arsehole as soon as look at it.

‘A stormy passage then, Cap’n Jake?’ Scallop says.

‘Aye, you can say that again,’ I answer, lapsing into dubious Earthy argot, recently learned from Allegra Lee.

‘A stormy passage then, Cap’n Jake?’ Scallop repeats obligingly, removing his frock coat and tossing it to me, leaving him bare-chested.

I catch the coat and flip it over my shoulders, despite its smell of stale sweat and vomit.

‘Thankee, Cap’n,’ I say sincerely, not so much for the coat but for his seamanship in keeping the xebec on station during the terrible storm.

‘Tis my pleasure, Cap’n Jake,’ he replies (we always maintain the fiction that I’m another pirate captain).

Phew, what a stench! Does he ever wash this demned coat? I very much doubt it, for the wretched garment is so fouled that the colour is indeterminate... I suppose it was once either blue or green. Anyway, as I’ve noticed before, pirates get so accustomed to their own stink, they no



longer notice it. That's why a pirate will fuck anything, moving or not, even a pox-raddled old hag with yellow puss dripping from a cunt that smells like a dock full of rotting fish.

Thank the Gods' gonads that I thought to leave a stash of decent clothing on the boat pending my return; hopefully it's awaiting me in a half-clean cabin. I shall arrange for a tub of hot water from the galley stove too.

I watch as Ronald MacDonald clammers down a net to where my raft is bobbing against the side of the xebec. He is nimble, to be sure, given his size. I've learned that few pirates can swim, and they all think water is bad for the health, whether immersed in it or drinking it. So it's no surprise to me when he leaps the last few feet to land squarely in the centre of the raft, right on top of Natalie Carpenter.

'Oi,' I call out, leaning over the ship's rail, 'don't damage my cargo, fellow. Have a care.'

He looks up, surprised, and then cocks a snoot at me with his raised third finger before bending over and pulling down his loose drawers to flaunt his bare arse. Even at this distance, despite the lapping of the sea and creaking of ship's timbers, I hear his loud fart. The uncouth swine! Give me the chance and I'd take a dong donkey's dick and whop that chalky-white arse until it's as red as his head. However, this is no time for conflict and, besides, the scoundrel probably won't need much further encouragement to shit and piss all over my bound women, just to show his contempt for me. So I slap my hairy thigh and throw my head back and laugh and laugh, as though it's the best arse joke ever cracked.

'You have them all hooked and properly tagged, Cap'n Starr?' the Scobie the Quartermaster asks, peering over the rail at the row of bound women, as the red-mopped brigand catches a rope tossed down. 'If not, he'll claim them as his own, ye know that.'

'Aye, the cunts are all hooked and tagged with my coins,' I say.

This is the reason for the fiction that I am a pirate captain. It is also the reason that I had each of the women's nipples pierced with large barbed fish hooks attached to my marked medallions. Pirates are commonly supposed to be lawless, and yet they fiercely uphold their own simple laws. Under Pirate Code, any plunder must be immediately tagged with the capturing brigand's medallions (or those of the ship if fair shares are agreed) and that sign of ownership is unfailingly respected. Barbarous though it might seem, but pirates' female captives are always tagged with medallions attached to big barbed fish hooks threaded through their nipples; the same applies to males, but they are hooked through the foreskin if they have one or, if not, through the loose skin of their scrotal sacs. Nobody likes being captured by pirates, don't you know.

This simple and widely-recognised convention protects the slaves, believe it or not. Were my newly-arrived Earthy-Incomers to be taken aboard a pirate xebec without tags, then they'd be instantly seized and fucked by any scally who could grab them, and rights of ownership might be fought over for days. But now, with my tags on their tits, the women will still be instantly seized and fucked by any scally who can grab them, and then they'll be returned to me. See?

More to the point, though, my pretending to be a pirate captain is all that prevents the salty scum from dangling a coin from a fish hook through Sir Malcolm's foreskin, before taking me to some shit-hole of a port and making me peddle my arse to anyone who'll pay a copper to reem it.

Eight brawny, bare-chested buccaneers heave the raft from the sea, hauling on ropes slung over pulleys usually used to hoist up the mainmast. The men heave in unison, their muscles bulging, and they sing some loutish ale-house song that passes for a sea-shanty. How jolly!

A sudden loud thud against the side of the ship causes me to peer down anxiously.

The raft is now hung perpendicular, a good man-span above the waves. It is swinging to and fro with each heave of the ropes. The pilot pirate, he of the red hair and fish-white arse, his pants approximately back in place, is hanging onto one of the ropes and pretending to be an ape - he doesn't need to pretend too much, in truth. Luckily, the cunts are bound flat to the raft are facing seaward, or their skulls would have been crushed like eggshells against the side. Scallop comes to look over the side too, although his concern is different to mine.

‘Blast your scabied hide, Copper-knob’ Scallop Smith shouts to the would-be ape. ‘Don’t hole the planks, ye dog’s divot. Fend it off with your feet.’

‘Aye aye, Skip,’ the red-haired lout calls (I notice he doesn’t show his arse and fart at Cap’n Smith), and he agilely swings between the raft and the ship, plants his feet flat against the ship’s timbers, and uses his flexed legs to buffer and steady the raft.

‘Five fresh cunts this time, Jake,’ the Quartermaster says. ‘They’ll keep the lads happy for a couple of days.’

‘The crew can have four of them to play with, Scobie,’ I say. ‘The black haired witch must stay with me.’

Scobie looks up at me sharply; his black eyes glint like shards of glass. ‘That’s not the arrangement, Jake. You know how it is under the Code... what’s yours is ours, at least until we reach the port. This is a fair share ship.’

Demn the Pirate Code! It’s true what he says, of course. Plunder is treated as communal property until landfall. I will have to throw Ashley, Kylie, Allegra, and Amelgine to the tender mercies of the pirate crew, of course. That’s no skin off my arse. It’ll serve to break them to their new life - once a cunt has survived a few days of being fucked all ways and backwards by a pirate crew, everything else comes as nothing. And if any of the hens don’t survive, well, I’ll get compensated by Quartermaster Scobie. So that’s alright, then.

But I can’t risk Natalie Carpenter getting killed, or going mad, or shipping any other kind of lasting damage; the Alchemist chose her personally, and he will take my ballocks and Sir Malcolm too if I lose her. Demnation, I’m not even supposed to have brought her Across.

‘Can’t the men be satisfied with their own ill-gotten spoils without spoiling mine?’ I grumble. ‘How many slaves have you already got in your hold?’

‘A fair few,’ Scobie admits.

I’ll wager there’s more than a few white and ebony beauties chained below decks. I know Smith and Scobie well enough to know that the corsair xebec will have been raiding the Dark Coast on its round trip to reach our rendezvous, nabbing young and nubile women at every landfall. Most of those captives will be black, and I’m very partial to a juicy black cunt.

Then, on the way back, the xebec will have hit the Makenon Isles to reap the famous slave harvest there. The Makenons are non-aligned with any power, so they are prey to all. Many of the island men are little more than pirates themselves, and the rest are poor farmers who scratch a meagre existence from steep, rocky slopes. But they raise another valuable crop there too. It’s a known fact that the prettiest girls of the islands are especially reared and trained to be slaves, until they are ripe for harvesting. It’s common for girls to be lined up naked and ready on the quays when a ship is sighted. Pirates and slavers pay the families for suitable girls - it’s easier than trying to capture them, and ensures a readily available fresh crop next year. I always like to harvest a few Makenon women each year, because they bring a good price.

‘But they’ve been in your slave hold for a few weeks,’ I say.

Scobie nods and says, ‘Aye, they’ve all been well-used and the lads are growing twitchy. There were signs of mutiny when Cap’n Scallop steered into the eye of the storm. Your fresh cunts will serve to keep the crew occupied. All of them...’ He pauses as the raft reaches our eye-level, and then reaches out to spin it on the ropes so that the naked women are directly facing us, albeit a couple of them are hanging upside down. Then Scobie, evidently impressed, turns to pierce me with those coal-black diamond eyes, and adds, ‘Yes, all of them... they will all serve, without exception.’

I sigh inwardly. There is no point in arguing.

‘Very well, my good fellow,’ I sigh wearily with a foppish flap of my hand, ‘chain all of them in your hold with your own captives. It’s no skin off my arse.’

## Part III

### The cruise to port

‘Ye look like a foppish clown, Cap’n Starr,’ Cap’n Smith tells me with a huge grin when I emerge back on deck, freshly bathed and suitably clad in a fine town suit

‘I look, sir, like a gentleman should,’ I say starchily, handing him his fetid frock-coat and looking at the inevitable scenes of mayhem and rapine on the deck.

‘It all seems to be going well, Cap’n Jake,’ chirps Sunny Jack, the Captain’s clerk.

I growl an incoherent reply. The impertinent youth follows Smith around like a shitty tail on a scabied dog. My knuckles are white as I tightly grip the hilt of my sabre. I wouldn’t dare to use the blade on the clutch of cut-throats, but I might well lop the head off the little twot of a bum-boy, because he unfailingly irritates me. I can’t abide his scowling grin. Moreover, the little bastard actually had the nerve to stick his cock into Allegra Lee *and* Natalie Carpenter before I went off to bathe.

I am still concerned about Natalie, to tell the Gods’ truth. She is tied face down over the ship’s rail with her head hanging towards the sea, loose long black hair dangling, with her legs tied wide apart and her pert arse exposed to the pirates on deck. Semen soils her thighs and there are a couple of livid red stripes across her buttocks. At least the pirates have left her alone for a while, which is a mercy to me because she’s all but exhausted. Natalie Carpenter has had more than her fair share of fucking from unwashed pirate cockstands today... all a bit of a shock for a quantum mechanic, I’ll wager.

Talking of cockstems, I’m a trifle worried about Sir Malcolm. He is rather sore, don’t you know. When I bathed, I discovered that he had single spot, right under the shaft at his base, where it’s impossible to ordinarily see when I’m pissing. I was jolted at first, thinking it might be the clap, but was reassured when viewing the postule with a hand mirror; I know what clap looks like, and it’s certainly not that. I’m a professional slaver, and I know about these things. Hey ho, the joys of crossing the Divide, I suppose.

A few feet away from Natalie, the bald-pated Amelgine Potts is laid back over the same rail, her legs kicking akimbo as she is ravished by a large and monstrously hirsute man. Talk about a bonabo - this fellow is a match for the ape in every respect. Amelgine’s spine is bent back precariously, and it seems as though only the embedded cockstand is keeping her from toppling over into the sea. She grunts loudly with each thrust.

‘I’m a free lady, I keep telling you. My sister will pay a handsome ransom,’ Amelgine pleads, to no avail whatsoever.

This orgy has been going on ever since the women were untied from my raft. Elsewhere on the deck, my other Incomers are still in use, and the pirates are taking their turns on them, which is fair enough. There aren’t nearly enough of them to go round the rampant rogers, so it’s fair fucks for all. It’s good training for the new cunts, anyway. Indeed, I am pleased to see that Kylie, Allegra and Ashley seem to be coping very well with the pirates’ rapacious rapture. The three girls have long ceased screaming and fighting, and now they only moan or grunt as cockstand after cockstand is pushed into one or other of their orifices. Allegra is writhing beneath a heap of naked men locked together in a kind of communal fuck, presumably using her every fuckhole. Ashley is lying atop a fellow, with his cockstand up her, while at the same time reaching back with both hands to obligingly prize her buttocks apart, availing her anal penetration by the man who crouches over her; I instantly recognise the cut-throat rogue who is about to push his cockhead into her rectum – the fellow has a huge steel hook instead of a right hand, and he’s never slow to use it, so I’m glad that Ashley is obliging his baser desires.

And Kylie ... well, here’s a turn up. She is perched on a pirate who is lying on his back by the mainmast, and she is vigorously bouncing up and down on his cockstand, while masturbating

two other bold buccaneers who are kneeling on either side. Her small hands are moving in a blur. Kylie's countenance is rapt with lust, and she is lost in the moment as two spurts of creamy corsair cum pump over her body. She laughs, and the disks dance merrily on her tits as she bounces up and down on the cockstem that impales her.

'Oh, God! God!' she keeps crying out, and not in terror either, but in obvious lust, and she's not even been figged yet.

I've often seen this amazing conversion in a newly-enslaved woman. Whether it's brought on by shock, or by the release from inhibitions imposed by freedom, I do not know. My theory as a professional slaver is that many free women secretly crave to abandon themselves in orgies of crude sex. Be that as it may, I can only report that, often, at one instance there lies a protesting and tearful free woman, and the next she is a panting cunt avid for cockstands to be stuffed into her. Kylie is obviously one such woman.

Scobie sees me watching Kylie and says, 'Aye, like I always say, Jake, once you've uncorked the bottle and let the genie out, there's no getting it back in. They get lost to their own lust and enslave themselves.'

It's a crude point, but broadly true.

'Aye, sir, she has quickly embraced her new station,' I say with a nod..

The same goes for Allegra, and I've no fears for Ashley, the way she is humping. I am by no means convinced that Natalie is of the same ilk, however. Her pretty vulva is a much more fragile flower. Looking across to the rail, I see her struggle against the ropes that bind her as a man kneels and pushes his nose into the divide of her arse. Oh well, that's the life of a slave hen... She's got to learn, and now is as good a time as any, I suppose. But perhaps I should have left her at Emissions Strategies Inc., as Horace Moknkee demanded?

## Part IV

### Dancing the slaves

*A few hours later...*

“We dance the slaves every day,” Scobie tells me. “It’s a regular feature of their routine. I bring the cunts on deck and make them dance a lively reel. No exceptions, no shirkers.... They protest at first, but it keeps them supple, and after a while it even raises their spirits.”

Dusk is fast approaching, and oil lamps are being lit and hung from the rigging. The sea is still as calm as a duck pond, and the pirate crew are taking a well-earned rest. They know how to enjoy themselves too, those rogues, and the Captain has broken open a few kegs of ale.

Blind Fiddler, the Shaytan’s resident musician, is standing at the centre of the main deck, his foot stamping a rapid rhythm as he scrapes a screeching tune on a battered old violin. Two lines of naked women are prancing around him, with each line moving rapidly in the opposite direction to the other, weaving in and out. Black and white breasts of all kinds and sizes bounce in unison as the slaves step out to the racy reel. It’s a fine sight, if only Blind Fiddler could see it.

I’ve seen this dancing routine before on the pirate xebec. As Scobie says, it’s a way of keeping the slaves fit, for there’s no profit in landing a cargo of near-cripples. Some of the women - those with ebony tits tagged by coins that bear the Shaytan ‘Devil’s Head’ - have been on board for several weeks now. Others, the fair-skinned beauties from the Makenon Isles, have been in the hold for a shorter time. My own new Earthy cunts have been on board for less than a day, and they have been put to rutting with the pirates for most of that time. Nevertheless, all the slaves are set to dancing. No exceptions and no slackers, as Scobie likes to say. So there must be more than thirty naked women dancing round the deck, including my Incomers, all of them anxious to avoid the whips strategically stationed to hurry the tardy.

Occasionally, some of the pirates join in with the dancing. Anything to allay the monotony, I suppose, but I can’t say I’ve ever been tempted to shake a toe. I quite like watching the spectacle, though. It’s a good way to assess the form of a slaves, don’t you know. I cast a practiced eye over my Earthy women as each prances past with her tagged tits bobbing.

Natalie is doing her best to dance, but she moves awkwardly without any concession to rhythm. She is distinctly embarrassed to be danced naked like this, of course, but the pirate’s whips keep her at it. Her body has been bruised somewhat, of course, but otherwise she seems healthy enough.

However, Ashley skips by on her toes, directly in front of a gaily prancing seaman, guided by his rough hands on her hips; the coins on her nipples jiggling merrily as she swings firstly to the inner circle and then out again. I can’t even see any bruises on Ashley’s flesh, despite her earlier exertions.

Even Amelgine has learned to keep pace with the wild dance, obviously mindful of the pirate’s ever-ready whips, and she is moving as well as any. Each time Amelgine completes a circuit of the deck, her eyes bore hatefully into me as she passes. “For shame,” they seem to be saying. Ha! She won’t like what I’ve planned for her when we land. A laughing black girl with large swaying breasts dances past the formerly proud free woman, pursued by a clumsy clod-hopping thug, and Amelgine jumps to keep her bare feet away from the lump’s heavy boots. .

Kylie is actually laughing as she prances round a hatch at the foot of the mast. I wonder if she knows that the slaves will again be available for fucking when the fiddler was finished? She must know it, I suppose, for two pirates are already carousing with a couple of black girls on heaps of nets nearby. Sooner or later, Kylie and my other Incomers will be grunting and humping on the corsairs’ cockstands again.

Ah well, we’ll make landfall tomorrow, I hope. My damned nerves are on end with all this, don’t you know.

‘Have ye made a selection for the night, Jake?’ Scallop Smith asks, coming up behind me.

‘Aye, I have, Cap’n,’ I say, recovering my composure. ‘I will take my blond cunt Natalie to my hammock. And you?’

‘Any one of your Earthy witches will suffice,’ he says. ‘I shall question her... at length.’

I chuckle. He will question her *on* his length, more like.

‘With my compliments, of course,’ I say. ‘But the bald bitch isn’t an Earthy-Incomer, don’t you know.’

‘Which do you recommend then?’

‘The high-yellow is intelligent,’ I say, crossing my toes against the lie. ‘Allegra... she will spin you a fine tale. And she fucks like a bonabo, too.’

This is cunning on my part. Whenever Cap’n Smith fucks an Earthy woman, he always makes her tell him fantastic tales of impregnable steel ships with mighty guns that spew fire and damnation across huge distances of ocean. I know that, because I’ve been told so by several captured women he’s used. Smith is fascinated by tales of Earthy naval might, much like the Alchemist is intrigued by all military things of Earthy provenance. Indeed, Cap’n Smith’s avid fascination with Earthy naval technology is the main reason why I am able to persuade him and Scobie to risk the Shaytan in the terrible storm that always precedes my landings. He knows right well that I will invariably be carrying a cargo of Earth-witches when I return.

However, I’m not sure how much sense he’ll be able to get from Allegra Lee in between her primal squeals as he fucks her. I smile to myself. At least I have kept Natalie Carpenter safe for a while.

## Part V

### Bedding Natalie

‘You are a loathsome monster,’ Natalie tells me, her blue eyes flashing angrily as she sits precariously on the swaying canvas hammock in my cabin.

‘There’s gratitude for you,’ I say, running a long length of thin rope through my fingers. ‘I’ve rescued you from a night at the hands of lecherous thugs who would fuck you all ways and backwards, and you do nothing but complain.’

‘I’ll make sure you rot in jail as some murderer’s bitch when they catch you,’ she says bitterly.

Natalie glowers and hunches her knees against her gorgeous tits, wincing at the pain it causes to her hooked nipples. I smile to myself. There’s one thing about a pirate orgy: it always makes the newly-captured women forget about the fish-hooks and tattooing for a while.

‘I warn you, Starr, I have connections in high places,’ she says darkly.

‘But your connections are all on Earth and you are here,’ I point out.

Actually, little does she know it, but Natalie Carpenter has a very highly-placed sponsor on this world too. The Alchemist personally chose her to assist his studies of the Dimensions, so he obviously regards her as valuable to his research. Mind you, I think he intended to keep her on Earth for a while, and it was solely my own idea to bring her across the Divide. That’s initiative for you.

‘You’re persisting with this nonsense about another dimension?’ she asks with a sigh.

I measure the rope against my own height, doubling it over and trailing the ends on the floor. ‘I’d have thought you would have been the one to more easily accept it, being a quantum mechanic,’ I say.

‘What do you intend to do with me?’ she asks.

‘I intend to fuck you right royally, of course,’ I say, snaking out the rope.

She gives me a withering look. ‘And when we reach land?’

‘I shall deliver you to your new Master,’ I say blithely. ‘I believe that you have met him already, as a matter of fact.’

Well, she perks up at that all right. Her eyes widen and she sits up with interest, her feet dangling, causing the hammock to sway.

‘What’s his name?’ she asks.

‘I haven’t the first idea,’ I say truthfully.

Her shoulders slump and she says, ‘You’re full of shit, Starr.’

Now *that* is probably true, given the swill that the pirates count as food. I just refuse to eat the slurry of fermented flesh. The meat has probably been rotting in the comestibles hold for weeks. But a man has to eat something, so I’ve filled up on hard pemmican and ship biscuits that are raddled with maggots. That has left my bowels distinctly stodged and constipated. So yes, I suppose I am three parts full of shit, at the very least.

‘Have you been fed?’ I ask.

‘They give us disgusting gruel and force-feed those who won’t eat it.’

Actually, the slaves are probably better nourished than the pirates themselves. Scobie always lays in good stocks of plain meal to make a gruel mixed with mashed root vegetables; the meal is imported from the North, packed in the body cavities of dead sheep frozen in blocks of ice for the passage; the ice has long since melted away and the sheep have all been eaten, but any bugs in the flour were probably killed by the frozen ice.

The profit-minded Quartermaster insists on keeping the slaves in good condition so he can demand the best prices for them: hence their diet and exercise. Mind, I’d sooner starve than eat the slave gruel. It’s small wonder that Scobie has to pump the foul muck into some slaves’

stomachs via a rubber pipe.

‘And what of the other women you have kidnapped?’ she demands.

I take her right foot, wrapping the rope a couple of turns round her ankle. Natalie watches without resistance as I tie a knot, and then she allows me to arrange her flat on her back in the slump of the hammock. I run the rope through a small ring on the bulkhead, slightly to the right of the hammock anchorage so that her foot is drawn to the side.

‘It’s none of your business what is going to befall the other cunts,’ I say, running the rope through the stout ring that supports the other end of the hammock, above her head.

I pull on the rope until her right leg is drawn up and bent at the knee. Then, keeping the tension on, I loop the rope through a ring near her feet on the left hand side, before giving it a couple of turns round her left ankle and tying it off. This has the effect of leaving Natalie with one leg bent at the knee and the other stretched out.

I stand back to survey my handiwork, and say, ‘But, as a kindness, I will tell you my plans. Kylie and Ashley will live on a beautiful tropical island paradise. Allegra will find a home with a good lady friend of mine in the town of Castleton. And as for the former Lady Amelgine Potts, she will run in a new business venture.’

‘Just my luck to draw the short straw then,’ Natalie says sardonically, craning her neck to curiously examine the rope arrangement.

I smile as I watch her test the tie. When she straightens her right leg, the tension of the rope naturally forces her left leg to bend at the knee, and vice versa. She experiments a few times, pulling this way and that; this tie leaves a woman relatively free to move; however, when she balances the tension on both legs, they are held invitingly apart, feet up, with knees half-bent, as if she is waiting to be fucked (which she is, of course). I have to chuckle at her look of hopeless rage as my purpose dawns on her.

‘You are a fiend, Starr,’ she says angrily, trying to sit upright but finding herself defeated by the sway of the hammock and the height of the rings which keep her feet up.

Besides perfectly presenting Natalie Carpenter for Sir Malcolm’s impending invasion, the tie keeps the hammock steady too (I’ve been known to tip arse over tit out of a swinging hammock when there’s a heavy swell).

‘I am good at these things,’ I tell her proudly, shucking out of my breeches. ‘I’m a slaver, don’t you know.’

‘Yes, I do know,’ she says bitterly, lying back in the hammock and throwing one forearm across her eyes.



## Part VI

### Allegra's heat is raised

**My name is Allegra Lee.** It seems strange to say that, because I don't feel anything like the Allegra Lee that I used to know in Lambeth, a couple of short weeks ago.

I scream, gurgle and thresh about like a puppet on a string as the fourth orgasm in as many minutes takes hold of me. There's barely enough headroom for a man to stand in the slave hold so, although my arms are strung above me to the ceiling, I am kneeling on the floor with my thighs as wide as they'll go. I mean, I can actually see the fucking tendons straining.

Sunny Jack smiles cheekily at me as he dips the big, round-headed brush into the wooden bucket again, and I moan and watch the lovely soft bristles dripping as he lifts it out. Then he slops it over my cunt and I squirm my hips, shamelessly trying to get more of it.

'That's it, little cunt, let it all go.'

I try to ignore the creepy kid sitting in front of me on a three-legged milking stool, but he's painting my pussy with some sort of goo from a bucket. He looks about fourteen years old, but reckons he's gone twenty. Who knows? They call this loon Sunny Jack, and he's the Captain's bum-boy.

Oh my Gawd! Here I am, strung up in the slave hold of a pirate boat, apparently on a world that isn't even Earth. Some of the other women I came with don't believe we're on another world, but I'm ready to accept it alright. For one thing, there's a different feel to the air. For another, I spent the night with the Captain in his cabin, and he was cumming all over me while I told him about navy frigates and what like (I made most of it up, but it was the strangest sexual experience I've ever had, I can tell you - he actually shot his load when I told him about nuclear submarines).

So, yeah, I think we're on another planet, alright. I mean to say, where do you get pirates sailing round in bleedin' galleons on Earth, other than in Disney films? And this certainly isn't like any Disney film I've ever seen. So it's either another world, or one hell of a theme park.

There're all sorts of women kept down here in the slave hold. We're all bollock naked: black, white, plump, thin, tall and tiny... I'm the only yellow one, though, and that's meant I've had lots of fucking over the past couple of days (thanks Dad! whoever you are). Not many of the women speak English, and them what do took some understanding at first. Mind you, I'm used to that polyglot stuff, living in Lambeth. It don't look as though I'll be seeing dear old London again any time soon, though. There's been general excitement among the women, because they reckon the ship is getting near port, but I don't think any of us expected this treatment before we get there, least of all me.

God only knows what Sunny Jack's got in his bucket. It looks like wallpaper paste but, whatever it is, they could bottle the stuff and make a fortune selling it online. And the last time I saw a Turk's Head brush was when one of my uncles was painting our fence with creosote (I've had a few different "uncles" over the years, because Mum is a slut, basically - like mother, like daughter, I suppose). Anyway, for the past hour or more, this little twat has been painting the goo all over my little twat, and driving me mad with it.

I can smell warm sex juices, and not just my own. All around me, other girls are being heated up to screaming point, just like me. Lucky them! They get big sexy pirates playing with them, while I get a spotty-faced youth who looks like a Milwall fan! Women's moans and groans fill spookily dim space, besides the constant creaking of the ship's timbers. It's like being in the middle of one big orgasm.

I suppose I should think myself lucky, because Natalie, Amelgine, Kylie and Ashley are just sitting, ignored, chained with their backs against the wall, and they all look pretty pissed off. I suppose it's like being sober at a party, when everybody else is stoned.

Sunny Jack suddenly drops the brush into the bucket with a splash and gets off his stool. The cheeky sod runs his fingers over my pussy and gives my clitoris a tweak that makes me squeak.

‘This one’s nice and warm now, Master Scobie, and she’ll be panting like a bonabo, rubbing her cunny against the auctioneer,’ he says, wiping his hands on his pants (which are bulging with an erection, I notice).

Quartermaster Scobie, standing some feet away in the centre of the hold, glowers at Jack and says, ‘Ye damned fool youth, that’s one of Cap’n Starr’s sluts. We won’t be selling her.’

Jack just shrugs and gives me a gawky, gap-toothed grin.

‘The ship is coming into port, lads,’ Scobie calls, clapping his hands. ‘I want the fine ladies ready for all to see when we dock. Time to give them a rest.’

There are a few guffaws. We are anything but fine ladies, not after being endlessly fucked by one pirate after another for days on end. Some of these women have been in the hold for weeks. If you were a lady before, you ain’t going to be one after that, I can tell you. Most of the women are abject sluts now, panting for sex. That’s because of Scobie’s training. I’ve only had two days of it, but it’s already sent me into la-la land, and I reckon the same can be said for Kylie, Ashley, and even Amelgine. At first, it all just seemed like casual fucking, but then I realised that it was deliberately stoking us up, and meant to keep our clits throbbing. Every woman down in this hold has been repeatedly brought to shattering orgasms. Despite the regular fucking we all got - the pirates are a randy lot - they stuck some strange capsules up our arses and cunts. God only knows what was in them, but they drove me mad. What with the fucking and the suppositories, all the girls time are begging for more fucking, all them time.

That goes for me too. I’ve always liked sex, but now, after only a couple of days with the pirates, I only have to think of an erect cock and my pussy is creaming. So even a pimple-faced twat like Sunny Jack can make me gag for it (I wouldn’t have looked twice at him in Lambeth). My whole body is tingling from the strange paste that Jack painted all over me, and he took care to probe every hole, nook, crease, cranny and fanny, believe me. Alright, I won’t pretend, I shamelessly begged him to swirl the brush on my clit. My pussy, anus and nipples are pleasantly throbbing now.

A shrill whistle suddenly pierces the air, coming from the deck above.

Scobie looks up, as if he can see through the planks, and he claps his hands and shouts, ‘That’s it, lads, leave the hens be, and get to your stations. Make the ship ready for port.’

The pirates are a disciplined lot when needs must, I’ll give them that. Some run up the narrow steps that lead up to the deck, while others hurry to finish whatever they’ve been doing to the women they’ve been seeing to.

Sunny Jack unhooks my wrists from the ceiling and re-chains me to a big, square pillar so that I can sit down. That’s good, because I’m knackered, having spent two hours groaning and pleading for his fucking creosote brush. Jack wanders off, giving me a last stupid grin. I scowl. He knew darned well that I belong to Jack Starr, and probably just wanted the chance to play with me and make me squirm again, I reckon.

Some of the slaves are already resting on the floor, flat out and sweating like pigs. Others are sobbing quietly. Scobie’s got lots of ways to make a woman cum until she loses it altogether. We are presently left alone in the hold with our own thoughts, breathing heavily. A couple of the Makenon Island sluts are shamelessly bringing themselves off with their fingers. A black girl is chained to the same pillar as me, lying on her side, her head buried in the crook of her arm. Alongside her, another of the dark haired island girls is sitting with her legs wide open, shamelessly showing the pink slash of her pussy - which is going a bit far, I think.

‘What are they doing to me?’ the black girl asks without looking up, her body all of a tremble.

‘They’re turning you into a whore,’ the Makenon girl says with a shrug.

‘You too, I heard you screeching for more,’ the black-skinned woman says.

The white girl could be a model for a shampoo advertisement; every time she turns her head, waves of naturally glossy chestnut hair brush her shoulders. Most of the Makenon girls are like that, with lovely big breasts, smouldering black-brown eyes, and skin like white marble. It makes me sick, what with my straight black Chinese hair, small tits and half-yellow skin.

‘Yeah,’ I say spitefully, ‘You were moaning and cumming... you’re no different from the rest of us.’

‘I’m not different, just better at it, and always aroused. I’ve been brought up to it. That’s just how it is.’

I nearly ask how a girl can be brought up to be horny all the time, but I don’t want to feed her vanity any more. So I just sit back against the pillar and push a lank lock of my straight black hair from my face. Familiar warmth glows in my belly, and my nipples are hard as nuts, despite the horrible fish-hooks that skewer them.

‘I reckon they’re putting herbs and stuff in our porridge, you know,” I say.

‘Of course they are,” the Makenon girl answers, with a know-all toss of her hair.

The only food any of the women has received on the ship is an almost tasteless porridge with lumps of potato and stuff in it. Yet we all seem in surprisingly good health, for saying. I suspected from the start that the porridge was loaded because after I’d eaten it all up and licked the bowl clean, I got the same feeling as I did once when a bloke spiked my drink in a pub down the Old Kent Road.

The Makenon girl says: ‘It’s not just the herbs they put in the food that makes you so sluttish. It’s the monkey shit. Dried pellets of bonobo dung are always mixed into the porridge. It helps with your lust – but you can’t help yourself. You will never be the same again. You have never heard of the bonobo monkey that’s loose inside you?’

‘No,’ I say. ‘We don’t get a lot of that kind of thing down Lambeth way.’

‘It’s well-known,’ the girl confirms, obviously keen to show that she knows more than me, which isn’t hard, seeing as her family raised her to be a slave, while mine didn’t, not so you’d notice. She’s banging on: ‘Slaves are always aroused to fever pitch immediately before they are sold at auction. They deliver us dripping onto the sales block, so that we can’t help but beg to be bought and used. That’s what’s awaiting us when we land.’

Her eyes are glistening like the moist folds of her pussy.

‘Not me, mate,’ I say. ‘The Quartermaster says I’m not to be sold because I belong to Jake Starr.’

‘So what will happen to you?’ the girl asks scornfully. ‘You’re probably with child, like the rest of us.’

‘Not me,’ I say, this time with some surprise, ‘not unless my bleedin’ implant has stopped working.’

Actually, I hadn’t even thought about the women captives being up the duff, but it stands to reason, don’t it. I mean, it would be a miracle if they weren’t, with all the shagging they’ve had. Nobody seems to have heard of condoms here, and even Jake Starr has stopped using them.

I don’t know for sure, but I reckon that the Earth girls won’t be getting buns in the oven, not just yet anyway. I’d be surprised if the others don’t have contraceptives of some sort in their bodies. Still, it’s something else to worry about, because them what use pills haven’t got a supply with them, and my implant will run out sooner or later.

‘A slave who is carrying a child in her body brings more coin on the sales block,’ the dark-haired girl says with a sniff. Then she pats her taut belly and says, ‘I’m fairly sure I’m carrying a little pirate baby.’

‘So what’ll happen to your bleedin’ kid?’ I ask, amazed that she can be so offhand about something like that.

She just shrugs and says: ‘They’ll take it to a slave farm. Or if it’s a girl, she might be

returned to the Islands to be reared there, until she's grown and ready to be harvested. That's probably what happened to me.'

Harvested! Fancy talking about your own unborn daughter like that!

'You won't see your baby again? That's obscene!'

There is suddenly a sound of banging and clattering that makes the timbers shiver, and then the ship shudders in steady rhythmic lurches

'We must be very near to a port,' the Makenon girl says, changing the subject, 'or they wouldn't be rowing.'

'They're rowing?'

'They only use the oars when they are going to make land,' the ebony-skinned girl says, looking up with very wide, white eyes.

She must know, I suppose. It stands to reason, don't it. The oars are rattling and banging like nobody's business, and the ship is creaking and moaning as if it's ready to come apart. I haven't seen any galley slaves on board, so the pirates must be doing the rowing themselves. They usually just rely on the sails.

After a while, the glugging noise of the oars stops, followed by an almost spooky silence. We all sit up and wait, knowing something is going on up top. I glance nervously over towards the other Earth women. Natalie, seeing my glance, gives a shrug, as if to say "How would I know?" She's a snooty cow, that one! You wouldn't know from looking at her that she's spent the last two days fucking like a rabbit, like the rest of us.

After a few more minutes, there is another lurch and the boat seems to be going forward again, judging by the sound of water moving against the boat. Then Sunny Jack slithers down the steps again and looks round. His eyes light on my pillar, and I think he's coming for me again. But it's the Makenon Island girl he unchains.

'You'll do, my pretty,' he says, stroking her hair.

She smiles at him seductively, and I think she's likely to cum all over his boot as she licks her lips and says, 'Yes, young Master. How may I serve you?'

When Jack leads her out, the bitch looks triumphantly over her shoulder, like the cat that got the cream. Well, she's bleedin' welcome to him, that's what I think.

The boat still seems to be moving slowly, and I can hear Cap'n Smith shouting his orders, and boots are stomping about up top. Then a couple of pirates leap into the hold with a clatter. This time, the men hurry to unchain all us women, and then smack our arses to hurry us up the steps. I nearly fall over in the rush to get out.

When we get on the deck, the boat is already inside a busy little harbour, slowly inching past other wooden sailing boats. The dock is less than fifty yards away and, squinting under my hand, I can see a bunch of brawny blokes straining at a massive wooden winch, hauling us in on a big rope. The men are chained to the spokes that jut from the winch, and they are all as naked as jaybirds. The man in charge of them isn't exactly slow with his whip either. I gasp. So they have male slaves here, as well as women! What kind of a fucking place is this?

A crowd has gathered on the dock, and more are arriving at a run down the steep town roads leading to the water. Their clothes all look... well, old-fashioned. It seems that the arrival of a pirate ship is pretty special here.

The pirates have got into the spirit of things too. They've dressed the ship for its landing. Tattered bunting of all colours has been strung out between the masts, and a big banner is fluttering with the Shaytan's grinning devil's head in red and white. Men are hanging from the rigging and generally showing off to the town's people on the dock. I have to stifle a gasp when I look forward to the pointed end of the ship. I thought nothing could surprise me now, but this does: they've only gone and strung a bed under the bit that pokes out, and laid it out with rugs, and the Makenon girl is now kneeling on all fours, sucking a pirate's cock, while another fucks her from behind. That's some decoration, ain't it? Danny Boyle missed a trick with that one at the

opening of the Olympics.

Cap'n Smith and Jake Starr have dressed up for the party, standing proud on the top deck, where they can be seen. Mr Starr is dressed like one of them Beau Brummel types, and you'd think he owns the boat by the look of him. Cap'n Smith is wearing a big plumed hat, and although his coat has seen better days, it's now got a pair of shoulder epaulets that don't match, and it's hung with shiny medals; he's even thought to wear a grubby white shirt under his coat.

Blind Fiddler has already begun to play on the deck and the screech of his violin makes me shudder.

'Dance m'beauties, and show the fine gentlemen what ye've got,' Scobie cries, clapping his hands.

Oh no, not the fucking country dancing again! I hate being made to prance around naked. And now there'll be loads of townspeople are watching too. It seems that we are to be part of the ship's decorations. The pirates are obviously keen to display their booty, and mine too. I don't like it, but look at it like this: it'll be just like a raunchy scene from a Paris night club cabaret, and I always fancied myself being on stage as one of them bare-tit Folies dancers.

A whip cracks and a girl squeals in pain. All us women jump into action at the same time, as if somebody has pressed a button. There's no escape. I skip like a good'un into the line of dancing women, before I get my arse scorched.

## Part VII

### Jake Starr Disembarks

**‘Well, Slaver Starr, it’s a sight for sore eyes,’** Scallop Smith says to me, watching the slaves disembark from his pirate xebec.

The naked women are nervously moving in single file down the shaking plank that flexes under their weight.

‘Aye, Cap’n. They should do well on the auction block, and add even more coin for your communal coffers. I’m surprised you don’t retire with your ill-gotten gains.’

He just chuckles and tilts back his ridiculous hat - worn specially for the people of Castleton port - and says: ‘I’m about as likely to retire as you, Mister Starr, and that ain’t likely any time soon.’

I smile and nod, standing at the boat’s rail and watching the young women being lined up in ranks of two on the cobbles of the quay, forming a double file, with each pair holding hands, like children on a school outing. Brawny weapon-wielding pirates flank the naked slaves.

Slaver Scobie strides back and forth, checking the appearance of his charges, calling: “Stand prettily, fine ladies, bellies tight and tits thrust out. When you walk, take care to sway your arse or you’ll soon find it well-whipped. You are under the eyes of men. I’ll flog any whore who slouches.”

Scobie snaps his whip, and the professional slaver in me notes that all of the slaves visibly clench the muscles of their stomach and raise their rib cages to accentuate their breasts. Scobie’s training sessions on the Shaytan have ensured that they instantly, unthinkingly respond. The women all stand with their hips turned, right knees flexed and toes pointed, just as they have been taught.

‘Blind Fiddler, where are you, blast your eyes,’ Scobie yells.

Sunny Jack scampers down the plank, yelling: ‘He’s trying to find his fiddle, Scobie - somebody’s hidden it.’

“Coming, Scobie, coming,” Blind Fiddler calls down from the side of the ship, feeling his way along the boat rail to the gangway.

Captain Smith cuts a foppish figure as he strides nimbly down the plank. His long, wavy black hair is brushed to his shoulders beneath his ridiculously large wide-brimmed hat, which has a large ostrich feather drooping to his shoulder. Smith’s usually unkempt moustache and beard have been newly-trimmed. A large sword dangles ostentatiously from his belt, and a fine pair of pearl-handled flintlock pistols is on show too. He certainly looks the part of a dashing pirate captain.

Smith looked to the assembled women and then to the quartermaster. “A fine turn out, Mister Scobie.”

“We’re ready to parade, Cap’n, as soon as the fiddler finds his own arse.”

I push past Blind Fiddler, who is still trying to find the gap in the boat rail, and I prepare for the hazardous walk down the plank

## Part VIII

### Dubious Greetings

#### **‘Well it’s Jumping Jake Starr, I do declare!’**

I stand at the top of the boat plank and look down at the woman who is calling up to me from the crowd on the dockside. I recognise her immediately: Abelard Willard, the harridan wife of Slaver Jackson Willard! I don’t like her tone, either. Sometimes, I almost feel sorry for Slaver Willard. Imagine being wed to a sow such as that!

The dockside is certainly crowded for the Shaytan’s arrival at Castleton, but then word always spreads through the town like a plague when a homecoming pirate is sighted. Merchants pay dock-urchins to carry such news. So it’s no surprise that a gaggle of slavers are looking on with interest, eager to see the newly-enslaved women who will shortly be offered for sale. My own men are quietly waiting in a small group under the shade of a canvas awning.

‘Yes, Mistress Willard, it is indeed I, *Master* Slaver Jacob Starr, in the very flesh,’ I say, cocking a snook at her with the upraised third finger of my right hand.

I am gratified by a ripple of applause. Of course, it wouldn’t do to make such a rude gesture to a fine free woman in ordinary circumstances, but everybody knows that Abelard Willard is a slaver’s wife, so anything goes. I bow theatrically for the crowd.

‘I want to see you, Jake Starr,’ Abelard Willard calls back.

‘I have no wish to see you, my good woman. I’d sooner look at the pee-hole in a frog’s flange, or at a pile of camel dung.’

‘You always were a better judge of shit than of females,’ she answers, and this time it is her turn to get the applause (crowds are demned fickle, don’t you know).

Before I can respond again, Blind Fiddler barges me aside, evidently having found the gap in the rail by moving towards the sound of my voice. He then trips assuredly down the narrow plank, arms spread like a tightrope walker, violin in one hand and his scraping-bow in the other. I wait until he’s jumped onto the quay, because I don’t much care for the short walk down the narrow plank while it’s shaking, especially when I’m unsteady on my legs after two days at sea. It would be demned embarrassing to fall into the filthy dock water with all these people watching.

I glance down at the line of women again. It’s a sight calculated to loosen the purse strings of would-be buyers; old Scobie knows his business alright. My own Incoming Earthy-witches - Natalie and Kylie, and Allegra and Ashley - are in the line too, doubled together, one pair behind the other (arriving on a pirate boat is a good way to conceal Incomers, hiding them among a general cargo of slaves, so that nobody knows any different).

However, Amelgine Potts is nowhere to be seen in the coffle on the dock, because I have ordered that she be separately smuggled ashore later, gagged and hooded. There are two reasons for this: firstly, I don’t want the former haughty Mistress Amelgine Potterheim to be recognised by the good people of her home town; secondly, I am anxious to protect the design of the Starr-car that’s tattooed on her head. After a while, neither of those things will be an issue, because the passage of time will legitimise Amelgine’s slave status - custom and practice, don’t you know - and by then her hair will have grown back to hide the drawing on her pate. In the meantime, I shall hide Amelgine away, and ensure that she receives some training at a pony stable run by a friend of mine, ready to pedal the first Starr-car ever to ply for trade in Casteleton.

‘Cap’n Starr,’ Scobie calls up. ‘Are ye thinking to move your arse any time soon?’

There’s more laughter from the crowd. I scowl down at them and then step gingerly onto the plank, arms spread, following Blind Fiddler’s example. However, I’m not nearly as foot-sure as him, and have to take careful, hesitant steps, making little whimpering noises as the plank bends and bounces under my weight. I am glad to run the last few steps and leap onto the quay, even though I stumble in a heap on landing. Ignoring the ribald shouts from the riff-raff, I gather my

composture, dust imaginary specks of lint from my coat, and stroll to talk to my men.

‘You have a cart nearby?’ I ask, without waiting for a greeting.

‘Aye, sir, we left it out of sight, some way away though, just like you said. How many have you got this time?’

‘Four Incomers,’ I say in hushed tones, gazing furtively about me. ‘Go to the Slave Jail and quietly separate them out when they arrive there. Then deliver them to Mistress Marie’s Drink’n’Drug Den.’

‘Earthy-witches?’ one of them blurts, his eyes widening in fear.

‘Hush your lips, you fucktwot, or I’ll have them cut off and fed to the cats,’ I say.

I don’t think anyone heard him, which is just as well: the four Incomers and I could have been lynched by the mob. It just goes to show that hiring uncouth, ill-educated oafs might be cheap on the purse, but it can be fraught with problems, as the Willards will no doubt attest.



# CHAPTER FIFTEEN - Delivering the Stock

## Part I

### Back at Marie's Drink'n'Drug Den

‘**Jake Starr!**’ Madam Marie says flatly, her green eyes flashing like malevolent marsh frogs in a swamp.

Something is demned odd, because she doesn’t shimmy her magnificent naked breasts at me like she usually does when I arrive.

‘Indeed it is I, Slaver Jake Starr, my loveliest lady,’ I say, reaching to tip her tri-corn hat back on her flood of red curls, expecting it to lighten her mood. ‘And I’m demned glad to be back, I’ll tell you.’

I though she would smother me in kisses as if I’m her long lost lover (as she habitually does to every gentleman who makes it through her front portal). Instead, though, she just glares at me, hands on her hips. Ah well, it must be the wrong time of the month... I’m not feeling too good myself, as it happens, and running a slight fever.

I inhale deeply and draw in the atmosphere of the Drink’n’Drug. Anyone entering Marie’s front passage is always greeted by the strange smells of very special herbs and strong drink, the sounds of laughter and lascivious groans, the occasional screech of perverse pain, and a shimmy of tits from the Madam herself. Today is no different, except for the tits, which are certainly not shimmying.

‘So where did ye go this time, Jake?’ Marie demands.

‘Oh, nowhere, here and there, hither and thither... you know how it is, Madam,’ I say. ‘It’s nowhere that many people know of, unless they live there. I chanced to meet the pirates on my way back.’

Marie reaches out to grab Sir Malcolm, whom she usually fondles when I first arrive (again, probably like she does with the cockstand of every gentleman patron). As usual, my man immediately begins to stir, proud of his immense stature. This time, though, Marie isn’t very friendly to him; instead of fondling, she gives a sharp tug on his roots.

‘And what have you brought for me?’ she demands, wrapping her fingers tightly round the growing shaft through my breeches and threatening to throttle him.

‘Odds-bods, have a care for Sir Malcolm, Marie. I’m not feeling too well. This is a demned odd way to treat a valued patron and dear friend. Had I have been able, I would have brought things to amaze and delight you, Madam: magick slates that tell stories with moving pictures, instruments to whisper messages in your ear from admirers afar, diamonds fit for a queen, perfume to anoint the fairest princess of hourridom... But alas, I couldn’t bring you anything.’

Madam Marie sighs in exasperation and looks up towards the ceiling, saying, ‘Jake, you are a wall-eyed, raddle-knackered, lying fucktwot.’

‘Yes, I am full of shit,’ I admit sadly, using an expression I learned from Natalie Carpenter. I glance round, alert for snoop ears, and then whisper, ‘You received the special consignment I sent to you for safekeeping this morning?’

‘Oh, I did,’ she says, waggling Sir Malcolm and causing me some discomfort. ‘I most certainly did. The four Earthy-witches are resting in an attic and licking their wounds.’

‘And Amelgine Potts?’

Madam Marie grows even more serious, and she pulls me aside from the door, leading me by my cockstand to her private room at the side of the hall.

‘I need to speak to you about Amelgine Potttrheim,’ she hisses nastily, as soon as she has kicked the door slammed-shut.

‘What of her?’

‘You *do* know who she is, Jake?’

‘Well, I certainly know who she *was* ... a former fine lady of this town, Amelgine Potterheim, that’s who. Now she is just a cunt I chose to name Amelgine. Did you notice the interesting etching on her head, by any chance?’

‘Fuck a frog’s flange, Jake!’ Marie blurts, ignoring my question and nearly tearing Sir Malcolm from his moorings. ‘Didn’t you know that Amelgine Potterheim is the sister of Abelard Willard?’

‘Really?’ I blink. ‘She is Abelard’s sister?’

‘Yes, she is sister of the wife of Slaver Jackson Willard, the very same slaver who is after your ballocks for snatching his batch of prime cunts only a couple of days back. Remember?’

That sets my head aching even more than it was before. I blink again. I hadn’t the first notion that Amelgine and Abelard Willard are blood-related, although there is a certain resemblance, come to think on it. Still, what difference does it make to me? It’s no skin off my arse.

‘Ah yes,’ I say, easing Marie’s hand off Sir Malcolm, where the inflamed spot on his end is hurting somewhat, ‘the bevy of beauties I purchased from Willard’s man. I recall that I gifted them to you. They have performed satisfactorily, what?’

Marie angrily slaps my cockstand with the flat of her hand. Thank the Gods I’ve still got my brecks on.

‘Don’t slide away from the issue, Jake. How could you send Amelgine Potterheim here and endanger the safety of me and my place? You know the penalties for unlawfully enslaving a lady in her own city.’

Hmmm, demn me, she has a point there. Historically, a conviction of unlawfully enslaving a free person of the same town, or even the same State, results in the perpetrators themselves being lawfully enslaved, with the forfeiture of all property and assets to the victim. But it’s an antiquated law and rarely used nowadays. Mind you, it might well be invoked when the victim is sister-by-marriage to a leading professional slaver and a big ballock in the Slavers’ Guild.

‘Oh tosh and tweddle, Madam,’ I say airily. ‘There’s not a coddle-catch of concern here. But I’ll own that I’d never have lodged Amelgine with you, had I known her family affiliation. I’ll take her away and put her somewhere else.’

‘And I’ll still be doomed by association when she gets free to tell the tale,’ Marie says grimly.

‘Then she must never tell the tale,’ I say blithely. ‘Twould be a demned pity to kill her though - she’d make a fine cunt, and she fucks like a bonobo. However, cut her throat and be done with it, if that pleases you. Let me have her head back, though, so that I may copy the design that’s etched on it.’

Madam Marie sighs in appalled exasperation. She grabs my ballocks and squeezes them hard, saying, ‘You would kill a lady? You know the penalty for that! Mark me well, Jake Starr: I - have - NO - intention - of being - impaled - alongside - YOU.’

She shakes my ballocks to emphasise every word. It fair makes my eyes water, don’t you know. ‘Have a care with the tackle, Madam,’ I say, dancing on my toes and wincing.

‘You’re not going to kill a lady in *my* Drink’n’Drug,’ Marie says emphatically, twisting my scrotal sac. ‘And you can’t set her free either. Where do you hide your Incomers when they leave here?’

‘Oh, I tuck them away here and there, don’t you know,’ I say, trying to sound nonchalant, but raising up on the balls of my feet to ease the pressure on my ballocks.

‘Where, exactly?’

This is dashed awkward. I have no intention of telling Madam Marie of my connection with Depravity Island. God’s gonads, if she ever got arrested and tortured, she would tell all in an instant. Worse, if she gets enslaved, she’d have a legal duty to tell the truth to her owner, on pain

of death. Either way, the word would be out, and Beren would have my intestines slowly drawn out through my arsehole.

‘A friend of mine takes them, let’s just say that,’ I offer. ‘Have no fear, dearest lady, I’ll smuggle Amelgine and the Earthy cunts away before anyone knows they’re even here.’

Madam Marie lets go of my ballocks, thank the Gods. But she drops to a chair and slumps her shoulders so much that her tits touch her knees. Then, for the first time, I see this tough old boot weep like a child with her arse on fire. It’s quite refreshing, to tell the truth, thinking she has some tears left in her, after all she’s seen.

‘It’s too late, Jake. We are undone. If the word isn’t already out that she’s here, it soon will be. You remember Bo?’

‘Who?’

‘Bo, the girl you retained from the batch of slaves you stole from Willard?’

‘The coffer I *purchased* from Willard’s man,’ I say archly. ‘I have the manifest.’

‘It makes little difference,’ she sighs. ‘The slaver’s man had no authority to sell the slaves. It took them three days for them to catch him, by which time he’d spent the coin you gave him. You’ll find him toiling naked as a donkey cock, with his slave name tattooed on his forehead and a dildo up his arse, hauling heavy wagons by the docks. Anyway, the girl Bo...’

‘Yes, I remember her vaguely. A cuddly little slut...fucked like a bonobo. I lodged her here, pending my return, as I recall.’

Marie looks up and tears stain her face. She looks quite vulnerable, don’t you know, and I have to resist the temptation to fuck her. On the other hand, in her present mood, she would probably knee me in the ballocks. Most certainly, the wrong time of the month is approaching for her! I’m a professional slaver and I know these things about women.

‘Have you thought of chewing some bog root?’ I ask helpfully. ‘That would improve your womanly mood.’

By the Gods, she looks up as if ready to leap at me. I step back, daunted by the fire in her eyes and the fury that makes her tits tremble.

‘The girl Bo was present when I removed the hood and gag from Amelgine Potterheim,’ Marie says. ‘She heard every vituperative word that woman spat out.’

‘So where’s the problem? Bo is just a cunt. I’ll make sure she disappears too.’

‘It’s too late for that, you dog’s divot,’ Marie snarls. ‘The Slavers’ Guild sequestered her. They are holding her, pending a judgment on rights of ownership. Jackson Willard lodged a complaint against you, of course, and Bo was traced to my place, reported by a patron. I’m in trouble already.’

‘Oh, I don’t think you need to worry,’ I say, clenching my buttocks to avoid shitting in my breeks.

## Part II

### An Auction

'How much then for this beautiful piece of black flesh, fresh from the darkest Dark Coast and certified in pup?' the auctioneer is intoning as he displays a panting black girl on the block.

A cock slave is behind the girl, holding her upper arms. She is breathing hard and her eyes are very wide and white against her black face as the fat auctioneer lifts each of her tits in turn, displaying their size and tone. Then he pulls on her nipples, both at once, distending the freshly-ringed teats till she winces and moans.

'What am I bid then,' the auctioneer asks the crowd, sliding his hand down towards her pubic mound.

I am standing disconsolately in the stumps of the auction house near the docks, holding a leash attached to Amelgine, who is standing sightlessly beside me. I came here straight after picking myself up from the cobblestones outside Marie's Drink'n'Drug. I am anxious to form some sort of escape plan.

Well here's a pretty pot of piss if ever there was one! I was thrown out on my arse from Madam Marie's Drink'n'Drug, treated like a ne'er-do-well. And poor Sir Malcolm didn't even get a fuck to ease his itch. Marie's ruffian gave me a few nasty punches and kicks too; I'd bet the old ballocks are black and blue, when I get the courage to look at them. It doesn't help that Sir Malcolm was already a bit sore as it is, with an angry red spot on his knob-end. I've not been feeling too good, either, with a headache and running a fever, and now this! What a way to treat an old, loyal friend!

Madam Marie threw Amelgine out too, like a sack of turning turnips she couldn't get rid of fast enough. Amelgine had been freshly hooded and couldn't see where she was going, but her fall was broken when she landed on top of me in the alley, which was fortunate for her but not so good for me. It fair took the wind out of me, I can tell you. Which is worse, Marie has still got my four new Incomers, Natalie Carpenter and all. I'd actually planned to gift Allegra to Madam Marie, but she's gone and kept the lot.

I think it was something of an over-reaction on Marie's part, all things considered. I mean to say, I've been a demned good friend to that woman over the years. Yet she turned on my like a rabid rabbit with a sore flange.

Amelgine is stark naked apart from the hood, and I thought to fasten her hands behind her, just to be on the safe side. She persists in making strange, muffled noises behind her gag. I've already boxed her ears soundly on two occasions, but she keeps grunting like a sow in rut. Whether she desperately needs to piss, I cannot tell - if so, she'll have to dance on her toes until I'm good and ready for a piss too. On the other hand, Amelgine might be agitated because she can hear the general sounds of the auction and thinks she's about to be sold.

Amelgine is a smart woman and will have worked out that they are selling the slaves who arrived on the Shaytan. There is a big crowd here, some of whom have come to buy, and many more that've come to gawk. Things seem to be going well enough though.

The auctioneer inserts a couple of fingers into the black woman's cunt, and then pulls them out to display the glistening digits as evidence of her arousal (perhaps the crowd don't know that the cock slave has been playing with the cunt for half an hour behind the block).

'Turn her,' the fat fellow orders the cock slave.

The brawny and well-endowed donkey-cock turns the woman to present her black arse to the crowd, and in so doing displays his erect cockstand that's jutting out like the jib of a dockyard crane. I've seen this beast before, and it's even bigger than Sir Malcolm. Auction houses keep a stock of big donkey cocks for this very purpose, of course.

When the girl's rear is facing the buyers, the auctioneer squeezes her buttocks and prizes them apart. She's got a big arse, like many of the black girls from the Dark Coast. Some men like

a big arse on a cunt, but it doesn't seem to excite much interest in the buyers here. So the fat fellow takes his cane and swatches her globes a couple of times, hard enough to raise purple welts. When he has the weeping girl turned sideways-on and bent forward at the waist, her tits hang pendulous like ebony melons, and her face is only an inch away from the donkey cock's hugely tumescent cockstand. The fat fellow certainly knows how to put on a show, I'll give him that.

My thoughts are jolted by a woman's voice in my ear: 'Well, Jumping Jake Starr again, I do declare!'

I turn and see Abelard Willard looking up at me. Her poisonous smile makes my bruised ballocks tighten in my breeks.

'Madam Willard,' I say, making an attempt at jauntiness, ostentatiously waving a hand under my nose against her cloying perfume. 'Buying replacement stock, are we?'

The auctioneer puts the black girl to her knees and sets her to sucking the male slave's colossal cockstand.

'Hot as the pits of Hades, these Dark Coast women,' the Auctioneer calls.

There are a few bids, but most serious buyers will stay their hand until they've seen how the cunt fucks. I've witnessed this spectacle too many times before, of course, and it's boring for a slaver.

'Not bidding?' Abelard Willard says, poking my ribs.

'Abelard Willard! Be gone with you, woman, go and sour some milk somewhere,' I say.

'But then it seems you have already purchased.'

For a moment, I think she's making reference to the disputed coffle of cunts. But no, she is referring to Amelgine, for she reaches out and tweaks one of her ripe nipples (which are no longer adorned by my tags). Amelgine gives a start, and makes more growling noises from under the hood.

I push Abelard's hand away from Amelgine, saying, 'Have a care, Madam. Her tits are still sore from the pirates' fish hooks. Unhand my property.'

Abelard gives me that viperous, acid-sweet smile again, and reaches to probe Amelgine's bare pussy to demonstrate her insouciance, while saying: 'Oh, I'd be glad to unhand her, Jake, if only you would unhand *my* property.'

Ha! If only the odious woman slaver knew that it is her own sister she is fingering so vulgarly in public. Slaver's wives are known for being crude and beyond the pale, of course. It's why I don't get married (that, and because I haven't found a woman with sufficient fortune). I can't help to compare the sisters' tits though. Albeit, one set is clothed and the other is bare and bouncing, but the pairs of breasts seem well-matched, from what I can see of them. I wonder if Abelard shares her sister's predilection for dominant fucking?

I pretend to watch the auction.

'The recovered slave is being questioned by the Guild, and squawking truths like a poxed parrot,' Abelard is going on, whispering into my ear.

'I don't know what you mean, Madam,' I bluster, knowing only too well. 'Now go away. The stench of your perfume fair urges me to puke.'

Her smile is like a razor blade as she gives a small, courtly nod of her head, and then wanders off through the crowd in the stumps.

The voice of the fat auctioneer wafts over the arena: 'I'm bid three guineas and ten, sir, thank you, but she's worth far more than that.'

'Mmmmmfff....' Amelgine says, stamping her feet.

My thoughts turn to my own perilous situation again. What's to be done about this conundrum? My mind is racing as I think of all the unpleasant possibilities that might occur, most of which seem more like terrible likelihoods.

'Three and fifty...'

The Slavers' Guild men will indeed make Bo talk, of course. They will tell how I illegally

purchased the coffle from Willard's crooked manservant. The Guild's judgement will undoubtedly fall in the Willards' favour, and I will have to recompense them at twice the slaves' undoubtedly over-blown valuation. That's bad enough, but Bo will also tell them about Amelgine's presence at the Drink'n'Drug Den, and that will implicate both me and Madam Marie in the unlawful enslavement of a free lady. Oh, fuck a frog's flange!

I hear squealing and squalling from the auction block. The black woman is bent double now, sideways-on to the crowd, being fucked hard by the cock-slave. I try to push my fears aside, but it's hard with all the noise coming from the auction block. The black girl fair raises the roof with her screeches. That's no surprise. Slave cunts are always brought into rampant heat before they come onto the block, because the auctioneers have no time for sexual foreplay. A quick, hard fuck, and that's it. They need the girl to cum fast and have done with it.

'Four guineas fifty. Come now, good people, she has to be worth a doubloon. Five...'

Watching the cock slave fuck the woman to show off her potential gives me an uncomfortable glimpse of my own possible future. God's gonads, when they find out about me snatching Amelgine, and invoke the ancient anti-enslavement law, it'll soon be me and Sir Malcolm performing up there, made to fuck all and sundry. Demn the Gods' ballocks, being an auctioneer's cock slave would be worse than being made to pull a cart, or haul a plough, or toil on the docks until my back breaks, having my arse fucked every night by a brawny stable-mate. On second thoughts, no it wouldn't.

'Five fifty!' the auctioneer calls, his hand outstretched. 'And six guineas, over in the stalls.'

I'm not usually a murderous kind of chap, but my thoughts keep returning to slitting Amelgine's throat and dumping her body in the bay. If only that would solve the problem! It wouldn't, though. Bo's story will lead the law to Madam Marie and, in turn, Madam Marie's confession will lead them to me. It would be all the worse for me - I'd surely end up dancing like a stick-puppet on a sharp pole stuck up my arse.

Sweat drips from the black woman's swinging tits, and the fat auctioneer is warming to his task too: 'Eight. Eight and fifty. Nine. And fifty... Who will give me a doubloon?'

Bids are coming in a flurry now. Prices are good today. I glance across to where Scobie is standing with Cap'n Smith, and they both look very satisfied.

I remember a joke that Sam Lemon had cracked on Earth as he fired a handgun over my head. "Best get yourself the bullet with your name on it, and keep it safe. If it's in your pocket, it can't kill you." Lemon had laughed like a loon at that, but it makes perfect sense to me.

A plan suddenly forms in my head, like a flash of lightning hitting a tower.

'A doubloon and half a guinea!' the auctioneer yells as the black girl squeals her climax. 'Who will give me the other half?'

'Me, Slaver Starr, that's who, sir,' I call, waving my hand.

'Thankee, sold to Jumping Jake Starr!'

See? That's how it's done. There's no point in getting involved in the early bidding and driving up the price.

I wander over to where Cap'n Smith and Scobie are standing beside the auction block and say, 'Hail, sirs.'

'You're here as a buyer, I see,' Scobie says without returning my greeting. 'If ye'd spoken up afore, we could have a cut a deal and avoided auctioneers' costs.'

'A sudden change of plan, my good man. I am buying for a prestigious client on a far-flung island paradise, don't you know. Will you be sailing anywhere near the Aegean Sea any time soon?'

Scobie laughs and leans towards me as he says, none too quietly: 'Might that be an island called Depravity ye're heading for, Cap'n Starr?'

I glance uneasily at the people nearby, but nobody seems to have heard in the general hub-

a-diddle of the auction.

‘Please, Scobie, have a care and muffle your words,’ I say in a guarded whisper. ‘But, yes, it could well be place of that ilk.’

‘Fuck the God’s arses,’ Smith mutters. ‘Ye’re buying our slaves here and selling them to the Balkan Bastard for a profit! We could have taken them directly to Beren ourselves.’

That’s true, of course. All pirates know of Depravity Island, and I don’t have an exclusive sales franchise there.

I just smile and say: ‘I’m a slaver, don’t you know. Besides, I need to deliver some of my own stock there too, so best make up a coffle that’s worth the journey. What do you say?’

The pirate captain and quartermaster hesitate over my offer. This new plan of mine is fraught with difficulty. I neglect to say, of course, that I don’t currently have the said stock in my possession, for my group of Incomers is languishing at Madam Marie’s. Marie has probably got them sucking and fucking for their keep.

‘I will pay you handsomely for the passage,’ I say through clenched teeth.

Scobie chuckles and slaps Smith’s back. ‘Come Cap’n, we can head that way and it’s no skin off our arses. The lads will enjoy some time in fucking paradise.’

‘I plan to leave with the tide in two days time, with or without you,’ Smith warns.

I nod. ‘That schedule suits me well, Cap’n.’

‘This is the bald cunt, as I recall,’ Scobie says, nodding towards Amelgine, obviously recognising the cut of her jib. ‘Will she be going too? I’d like to fuck her again.’

I think on that. I suppose I really ought to ship Amelgine off to Depravity, out of harm’s way, but there’s the matter of my Starr-cars to think about.

‘I have other plans for this one,’ I say, glancing warily in the direction of Abelard Willard, who is speaking with a group of thugs near the sales block.

In the next couple of hours, I purchase half a dozen of the Shaytan’s fresh imports, including a very nice pair of Makenon Island girls. Makenons always go down well on Beren the Balkan Bastard.

## Part III

### Pony stables

*The next day...*

‘What’s this then?’ Badly Balding asks, as the boatman assists me to get two hooded women out of the small boat and onto his rickety timber river-landing.

‘Freshly caught livestock for you to train, Badly,’ I say, patting Amelgine’s arse. ‘What do you think?’

We have arrived at Balding’s Badlands Pony Stables, way upriver of Castleton. The women are both naked except for their hoods, and they make a bit of a fuss, but I suppose it must be disorienting, travelling for nearly three hours, sightless, in a small boat, being taken to heavens knows where. So I decide against whipping the shit out of them.

Badly Balding is a gypsy, but he’s a damned fine pony trainer. Badly isn’t his real name, of course. I think his given name is Toby, or some such, but everybody has called him Badly for as long as I can remember. He reminds me of Vlad the Impaler, the chap I know on Earth: slim, mean, and mad; a fine head of black-blue hair that’s usually scraped into a greasy pony tail; darkly dangerous, with an animal glint in his black gimlet eyes.

‘Get the bags off their heads,’ Badly says. ‘I need to see their faces as well as their arses.’

I turn to the boatman and say, ‘Wait here, my good fellow. I’ll be back in a root-a-toot-toot of a ragman’s trumpet.’

The women are both on leashes, and their hands are confined behind them, so it’s no surprise that they are awkward and keeping bumping into each other as I lead them away from the river landing.

‘They’ll be steadier if they can see what they’re doing,’ Badly suggests, walking behind and guiding them along with flicks of his crop.

‘Out of sight out of mind, I say.’

‘What?’

‘Tis just a saying I collected somewhere,’ I say. ‘I’ve good reason not to want the boatman to see their faces.’

I glance at Badly and see that a smirk has seeped across his dark features. ‘Oh, I see,’ he says, ‘you’re smuggling contraband stock. That’ll cost you extra, of course, but this is as good a place as any to hide them.’

It’s not much of a place, actually. The site is prime enough, in the lee of the valley with woods surrounding it and bordered by the river, but the facilities are somewhat lacking. Badly Balding has a small shack for his own accommodation, two large barns to house his stock, plus a few other, ramshackle outhouses.

But he is correct; of course, it *is* a very good place to hide the ill-gotten cunts. It’s hard to reach, for one thing, and nobody ever comes here unless they’ve got demned good reason.

‘I want the cunts Badly-trained and toned,’ I say.

‘Trained for what?’

‘To move light carts, all day and every day.’

At that, both of the women suddenly stop in their tracks and try to pull against the leashes. They obviously don’t like the idea of becoming pony cunts. Badly Balding casually slaps their arses with his crop to get them moving again, and we continue on until we get behind the barns.

There’s a grassed training ring here, some thirty or forty yards round, surrounded by a wooden plank fence that hasn’t seen a lick of tar in years. Some light carts, a heavy stone roller slung between two shafts, and a few old tin baths litter the centre of the ring, and there’s a whipping post too, but the perimeter inside the fence is clear and the grass has been worn away into a well-trodden circular track of bare mud.



You wouldn't know it by the falling-down look of his ranch, but Badly does very nicely for himself. There aren't too many in his line of business, and Badly-trained pony cunts and donkey cocks are renowned, and always in demand. He also trains galley slaves; a couple of rowing skiffs are tied to his landing stage for that very purpose. Badly makes good coin, but chooses not to spend it, it seems to me. That's a gypsy for you.

Badly Balding stops and reaches to spin the women round.

He separates one, and examines her critically, saying half to himself : 'Strong legs, proportionate to her size, not too short, a bit of fat, well-endowed tits with long nipples and big badges...'

'Good eh?' I say,

'She's a bit soft.'

He then similarly studies the second woman, hefting her pendulous breasts. She gives a 'hmmf' under the hood, evidently unhappy.

'These will flap well when she's at a gallop,' Badly says, raising one of her tits and releasing it to watch the bounce. 'Her legs need strengthening, and she's overweight. Take off their hoods.'

'Please do so, Badly,' I say. 'But watch out for an errant knee in the ballocks.'

Badly Balding laughs as he unties the hood from the first woman and whips it from the head. Amelgine Potterheim glares at him with hate-filled eyes, but she can't speak because of the wooden ball jammed in her mouth.

'Her attitude leaves a bit to be desired,' I say. 'She's demned fiery, I'll warn you.'

Badly grasps her face to turn her head and look directly into her eyes. He says, 'I like a bit of spirit and never seek to break it. The proper mental attitude is only achieved in stages, through training and discipline. Who is she, anyway?'

I smile. I'm not surprised that Badly Balding doesn't recognise Amelgine Potterheim, because he rarely goes into town. When he needs to deliver stock, he usually sends it down-river with a hired rogue.

'She's just a cunt I acquired,' I say.

'And who's been drawing pictures on her head?'

'Ah, I'm glad you mention that, sir. Tis a folly, nothing more. Do not let her hair grow to conceal it yet.'

I haven't had time to trace the design of my new Starr-car onto parchment. I'll send a scribe up here later in the next couple of days.

'I'll have to extract her rear teeth to take the bit,' Badly says, turning her face to the side. 'And I'll need to ring her tits and her cunt flaps too. It all costs extra.'

'Of course, do whatever you need,' I say, and that makes Amelgine struggle and squirm again.

Badly twists one of her teats, causing her to yelp.

He stoops to examine the nipple more carefully, saying, 'It's already been pierced and left sore by the look of it.'

'Pirates,' I say.

Stepping back, he then examines the tits of the woman who is still hooded. Her nipples are long and proud, but unsullied. Badly nods and then reaches to take off her hood.

'Why, it's Marie,' he says, as she glares at him and shakes her red curls.

I'm a bit surprised by that but quickly regain my composure, saying airily: 'Yes, she once was Madam Marie, proprietor of the Drink'n'Drug Den in Castleton, until someone bundled her away to become a cunt. You know her?'

'Aye, she's my cousin,' Badly Balding says, hefting Marie's tits again.

Fuck the flange of a frog! There's a turn up. I glance back nervously over my shoulder, gauging how far it is to run back to the boat, but decide I would never make it before he cuts me

down. This fellow is as supple as a whip and twice as nasty.

So I affect a jaunty, couldn't-give-a-fuck smile, and say, 'It happens in the best families, don't you know. Why, my own dear Aunt Maudlin ended up being owned by my father and fluffing up donkey cocks before they were sent to his auction block. She loved the job.'

After a few seconds, Badly laughs and pinches Marie's nipple, making her wince and glower. 'Aye, you're right,' he says, 'there's nothing better than keeping it in the family. Business is business and it's no skin off my arse. She'll no doubt be good on the oars with her build. How much do you want for the pair of them?'

I breathe a sigh of relief. Thank the God's for unscrupulous gypsies who would buy and sell their own cousin! Mind you, Badly is damned lucky that I thought to fasten Marie's hands behind her, or she'd have been at his throat, I'll wager. He affects not to be worried by that (even so, I notice that he always stands sideways-on to the women, guarding his ballocks).

'Oh, I've no wish to sell them at this time, my good fellow,' I say. 'I want you to train them for work. Everybody knows that Badly Balding is the best in the business.'

He nods immodestly and stands back to eye the naked women again, stroking his chin. 'You want them trained to pull light passenger carts, all day and every day,' he says. 'I'll have to fit their hardware: nipple and cunt rings. Then there's their food and board...'

There he goes again, upping the price. Gypsies are renowned for making your purse bleed, and Badly drives a hard bargain. I quickly negotiate a fee for their training and lodging for a few weeks. In the end, I pay twice as much as I should, but what choice do I have?

Bidding Badly Balding goodbye, and fondly fondling the tits of Amelgine and Marie, I turn to return to the boat, well satisfied with my day's work, despite the inflated cost. Before I've even rounded the barn, Badly has his cousin Marie bent over a bar and lowering his pants to reveal his dong donkey cockstem - nothing better than keeping incest in the family, I suppose.

The trip back to Castleton will be with the flood tide, so it'll take less time than half the time of our inward journey. As the boatman oars his way into the centre of the swirling stream, I sigh contentedly and finger the lucky amulet strung on a chain around my neck. My whole reason for having Marie snatched and spirited away from her Drink'n'Drug is that she is the bullet with my name on it. I now own Marie, and I've secreted her safely away where inquisitors can't find her, and Amelgine and my Starrcar design is hidden there too.

Well done, Jake Starr, that's what I say!

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN - Calumny

### Part I

#### Madam Marie's False Arrest

*A day before...*

**‘Yes, my name is Madam Marie,’ I said.** ‘Welcome to my Drink’n’Drug, gentlemen. What’ll be your fancy?’

The foremost of the three staid-dressed men bowed solemnly from the waist. They were sniffing round my front portal, and it seemed they needed some encouragement, as many gentlemen callers often do (men are rarely as confident as they like to pretend).

‘Madam Marie Beaver?’ the man asked.

I was taken aback. Not many people know my last name. I’m not even sure that it *is* my real name; I think it was once spelled as “de Belvoir”, but I dropped that nonsense; Beaver is the name my mother used, so it’s good enough for me.

‘Don’t be shy, gentlemen. Come in, come in, and get naked like me. I have bonobo pellets galore, and all the houries of paradise waiting to serve your every wish.’

The foremost of them stepped back when I tried to fondle his cockstem through his breeches. That surprised me, because men usually lean onto my touch, eager for more.

‘Who’s for starchy formality when I’m as naked as a billabongo bird’s arse?’ I said, reaching to pull the men across the threshold.

The foremost fellow reached into the pocket of his big coat and pulled out a short wooden staff. I immediately recognised the dreaded Crown Cudgel, and the hot blood in my veins turned to ice. Everyone fears the ornate little rod, with its red and gold embellishments: it’s the Beadle’s emblem of office, and one tap of it on the head is enough to make an official arrest. I had expected the Beadle’s man to call at some time, but this was far sooner than I expected. Very little formal business is usually done in Castleton at carnival holiday time but it seemed they’d made an exception for me.

‘I’ve come to investigate a serious matter,’ the man said stuffily, waving the Crown Cudgel under my nose.

‘And who are these fine gentlemen?’ I asked, glancing nervously at the two ruffians who stood behind him.

‘They are officers of the Slavers’ Guild, Madam Beaver. They have come to lay additional accusations against you.’

I glanced over my shoulder for my ruffians. However, there was nobody there, aside from two sluts waiting to escort gentlemen callers to their pleasures. There was nary a sign of my four door dogs - the thugs I employ to maintain order in the Den – and I realise that they have quietly melted away into the recesses of the building, perhaps already sneaking out from one of the many hidden exits. For a moment, I thought to slam the door shut and make my own getaway but, even as I think that, I know it to be hopeless.

‘I’ll put on some clothes, sir,’ I said, making to close the door, but Beadle’s man put his heavily-booted foot against the door jamb.

‘No, Madam,’ he said, ‘I’d prefer you as you are for the journey.’

‘The journey..?’ I said weakly, hand on my fast-spluttering heart. ‘You mean to take me naked, before you have even investigated the allegations against me?’

The Beadle’s man produced a leather discipline hood from his coat, shaking it open. He also took out a small wooden ball, tossing it up in the air and catching it, as if playing a child’s game. I recognised the ball as a gag, and knew it had been polished by the saliva of countless wretches who had bitten on it before.

‘Madam de Beaver, you stand accused and convicted of unlawfully enslaving Lady

Amelgine Potterheim,' he intoned.

'No!' I blurted, leaping back. 'Lady Amelgine was here, I admit, but the lady was sent to me without my knowledge, and I packed her off.'

'I further understand that you are harbouring newly-arrived Incomers,' the man went on, waving my words aside.

"That's it!" I thought desperately. "I am truly done for."

'I think not, sir,' I said.

'Being caught in possession of Earth findlings is as serious as illegally enslaving a free woman.'

'It's a lie, a spurious calumny. I only know of four slaves that Jake Starr asked me shelter for him—'

'Earthy Incomers!' the Beadle's Man said emphatically.

'I—I don't think so,' I stammer.

The Beadle's Man smiled and said: 'Bring them here this instant, Madam.'

My shoulders slumped and I turned to make a gesture to the sluts who were standing behind me. They both dashed away, giggling.

Attempting to make the best of things, I said: 'If these women are indeed Incomers, sir, then that is a major surprise to me. But it is none of my business. They belong to Slaver Jake Starr, and you will find him skulking at the House of Starr, 4 to 6 Brecondon Way, Castleton Main. He's a rogue who—'

'I am well aware of Slaver Starr's address, Madam,' the Beadle's Man said archly.

Presently the four naked incomers were ushered into the hall. One of them, Allegra, was unsteady on her feet, her eyes glazed, and she grinned like a loon. The other three stood diffidently eying the men at the door. I only wished that I hadn't snipped the fish-hooks and Jake Starr's tags from their tits.

'Look,' I said, 'see that slave mark near their pussies? That's Jake Starr's mark.'

'They're the ones then,' one of the two ruffians said, stepping forward and shoving the women through the door one after the other, where they were coffled by his colleagues. 'Then there's the small matter of five slaves stolen from slaver Willard and fenced here.'

"Great Goddess's tits! They know everything," I thought.

'No! Slaver Starr brought the cunts here to sell them. I took them in good faith. But I can give them back, with interest.' The loss of five slaves was as nothing to me at that moment, compared to the immensity of my other problems. I looked back to the two door sluts, ordering, 'Round up the other five new cunts. Bring them here this minute, no matter what they are doing.'

The Beadle's Man looked to the two sluts and said, 'Do you know who they are?'

'Oh yes, Master,' one of the treacherous little cunts said gleefully.

'Aye, bring them here, girl,' said the Beadle's Man. Then he solemnly tapped me on the head with the Crown Cudgel, intoning: 'Madam Beaver, I seize you on behalf of the Beadle. The penalty for unlawful enslavement of a free person, and for the sheltering of Incomers, is enslavement and the sequestration of all assets.'

I stood aghast. 'There's already been a trial? Why wasn't I there to speak in my own defence?'

The man smiled grimly and held the wooden ball between his forefinger and thumb, displaying it in front of my eyes. 'Open your mouth wide, Madam. There will be no further questions from you.'

'Wait!' I said desperately, shielding my mouth with my hand. 'It was Slaver Jake Starr. He's your man. Starr brought Amelgine Potterheim here and I threw them both out, as soon as I found out who she was. He took the lady with him, and she was still naked and gagged. And the Incomers belong to him, not me.'

All three men stepped forward as one, and I found myself seized. They bound my hands

behind me in a trice, and my protests and struggles were to no avail. The two ruffians held me as the Beadle's Man forced the wooden ball into my mouth; I had no option but to widen my jaws or he would have broken my teeth. Then, to my consternation, soft wax plugs were pushed into my ears and, despite my futile struggles, the discipline hood was pulled over my head. In a few seconds, I was rendered deaf, mute, and blind.

Thereafter, resistance was impossible. The men bundled me away from my Drink'n'Drug Den. I knew from the feel of cool air on my naked flesh, and by the cold comfort of rough cobbles under my bare feet, that they were taking me through the alleys. Then, though, I was surprised to be roughly fucked, and I knew from the feel of the big rough coat on my skin that it was the Beadle's Man. That seemed a strange way for an official to perform his duties. Nevertheless, he bent me forward over a barrel and subjected both my arse and cunt to a right royal fucking.

Then I was loaded into a rough cart and could only huddle disconsolately as it trundled along for hour after hour. I knew that I was out of town when I heard cattle lowing. When the cart finally stopped, I was hauled into a small boat of some kind - I could tell it was a boat by the movement alone - and felt the soft flesh of another woman against me as I lay huddled on a damp boards.

I was terrified by the sudden turn of events, of course, and shed hot tears inside the hood.

The next thing I know, my corrupt cousin, Badly Balding is fucking the daylight out of me! I was surprised to see him. The fucking doesn't surprise me at all. Not for the first time, I wonder why my mother had to give her heart to a gypsy.

I am bent over a low bar outside his ramshackle stables somewhere out in the wilds, and Badly is shafting my arse with his dong donkey penis. My hands are tied behind my back, as they have been since my so-called arrest, and the wooden ball gag stifles my declarations of vengeance. Lady Amelgine Potterheim is standing nearby, a rope leash fastening her to the same bar, but there is no sign of the four Incomer women. Amelgine is naked and gagged, like me.

'There ye are, my beauty,' Badly says, sinking his cockstand inside me up to the rivets.

Oh, it is all clear to me now of course. Jake Starr has duped me! After my hood was removed, I realised that I'd been had: that wasn't a Beadle's man who arrested me at all, and the piece of wood he was waving wasn't the Beadle's Crown Cudgel, either. I'd suspected as much when the "arresting officer" roundly fucked me in the back alley, but it was too late by then.

Now I find myself in unlawful enslavement, being shafted by my gypsy cousin! I'll have Starr impaled on the twisted haft of a monkey puzzle tree for this!

Speaking of impalement, Badly has skewered my arse to the fullest extent of his considerable cockstand. His penis isn't exactly new to me, I admit, but I was 13 years old the last time I got closely acquainted with it; that was voluntary, and it earned me a good hiding from my Ma; this time though, he is taking me as a free man takes a slave. How I'll enjoy watching Starr's legs kicking as the monkey puzzle shaft is screwed up his arse!

'Steady, my beauty, steady...' Badly is murmuring, yanking on my hair. 'There's a good girl.'

I can only grunt angrily as he ram-rogers me.

Oh, it all makes sense to me now. Clearly, Starr engaged the men to pose as Beadle's officers and snatch me away from my Drink'n'Drug Den, knowing that my door dogs wouldn't dare to intervene against the "law". And I thought Starr had feelings for me! Damn and blast his ballocks to Hades and back!

Badly Balding is mauling my tits now, squeezing and yanking hard on them as if he's developing dollops of dough.

'You always did have fine tits,' he grunts, his cockstand nestled deep inside my rectum. 'I'll soon get them fitted with some nice shiny hardware. And you'll get your first training as a pony cunt today, so stop fretting.'

I close my eyes and groan again. Badly is the best pony trainer in the State, as was his father, and his father before him. I also know that he isn't above running his own cousin between the shafts, especially if she's from the Beever side of the family.

Badly presently grunts and withdraws his cockstem to spurt cum all over my back, rubbing it in with the rough palm of his hand. 'There you are, my beauty,' he says, as if he's gifting me something worth having.

Amelgine rolls her eyes at me when I am allowed to straighten. She is in the same pickle as me, of course. Jake Starr has hidden us both away here, well out of the Beadle's reach.

After tying my leash to the hitching rail, Badly stalks into the stable and returns after a couple of minutes carrying two bundles of leather straps. He shakes them out loosely and drapes one set over the rail. I've been around Castleton long enough to recognise pony tack. Lady Amelgine attempts to struggle as he pulls a bridle over head. It's to no avail, of course, and she is helpless to resist with her wrists tied behind her back. In fact, Badly bends her over his knee and repeatedly smacks her ample arse, as if spanking a child, and he doesn't stop until she's squirming and squealing and her legs are kicking. That's no way to treat a lady!

Keen to avoid the humiliation and pain of a similar spanking, I allow Badly to fit a bridle on my head, glaring malevolently at him. Then he unties our leashes from the rail and leads us both out into the corral, to a light carriage that's upended on its arse with its trident shafts pointing to the blue sky. My corrupt cousin has to leap up to grab a shaft and pull the carriage aright.

'In you go, old girl,' he says to Amelgine, backing her between the right and centre shafts. When Amelgine resists, he gives her already very red buttock another very sharp smack, and that makes her comply alright. Badly looks at me and says, 'You next, m'beauty.'

I meekly allow Badly to position me in the left-hand shafts and then stand appalled as he wraps a leather girdle around my waist, cinching it so tightly that I can hardly breathe. He clips the rings on my girdle to the shafts, and then attaches bearing reins to my bridle, tossing the long leather straps back to the carriage seat. Amelgine, chastened now, allows him to do the same to her, and I glance at the hour-glass shape the girdle gives her. I suppose mine does the same for me. I can see why men like to watch well-endowed pony cunts in harness, and it seems that's what we're destined to become.

'We'll soon be ready to run, my beauties,' Badly says, his own pony-tail swishing.

So we are to be spared the bit, for our mouths are still distended by ball gags. I turn my head to see Badly climb onto the light carriage and pick up a long signal whip.

'Now, your first lesson, my beauties, is to present your arses for the whip, ready for the off,' Badly calls. 'Bend forward and stick them big nates up high.'

He lashes our shoulders until we obey. I eventually decide to adopt the shameful position for expediency, arching my back and presenting my buttocks to the stroke of the whip. When I glance sideways at Amelgine, I see she has done the same; she is standing with her feet together, her soft and sore behind thrust upwards and quivering. When Badly cracks his whip it doesn't touch either of us, but we instinctively step forward and the carriage drags heavily on my hips. My training has commenced!

'Your second lesson is to lift your knees with each step,' Badly calls, and the whip curls lazily around my waist, not really hurting but reminding me that it's ready to sting.

I groan inwardly. I've seen the pony cunts high-stepping in Castleton, of course. It's their standard gait, whether walking or running. But I'm damned if I'll do it. For the sakes of all the Gods, I'm already pulling his awful carriage. Isn't that shame-making enough? The whip cracks again and Amelgine yelps and immediately begins to high-step. Then a sharp pain sears my back and I instinctively raise my knee to waist height with my very next step.

'That's it, my beauties. Now walk on... keep your knees high and pay attention to the tugs of the reins on your bridles, and then I'll use the whip less on your soft behinds to control your pace and direction.'

So Mistress Amelgine Potterheim and Madam Marie Beever toil in harness together! Oh the utter shame of it!

Badly Balding makes us walk with high steps for several circuits of the corral. It is easier to comply than resist and, once the wheels are turning, it's easy enough to maintain momentum. But when he urges us into a breathless prancing trot for a couple of laps, our full breasts bounce in unison, slapping against our ribs. Ye Gods! Surely Badly will provide some support for my tits in future, or they'll end up round my knees? Thay are aching already.

## Part II

### Plans proceed apace

‘My name is Jake Starr,’ I announce at the door of the House of Belvoir. ‘Is Master Willard receiving visitors?’

‘He ain’t well and took to his bed,’ the pug-ugly face in the small sliding peep door growls curtly, piggy eyes flitting over the coffle of sack-covered cunts standing behind me, like a moth to a candle flame.

‘Well, good fellow, who is tending the shop then? I would speak with him.’

‘Woman.’

I blink, askance, looking through the small square aperture in the door at the visage with its shrivelled lips that fold inward over toothless gums. It’s a face like a mash of prunes - someone must once have hit him very hard with a shovel or something.

Affecting utter shock, I say: ‘A woman? By Hades’ arsehole, a woman slaver? That ain’t natural. Don’t see how a woman can run a slavey proper. It’s like a dog walking on its own back legs, don’t you know: it can be done, but not very well.’

I pause to chuckle, enjoying my own joke against Mistress Abelard Willard. That was one of the pithy sayings I picked up on Earth, digested and occasionally regurgitated as my own, so that I might be thought of as a great wit.

‘What?’ the ugly chump says with a grunt, without cracking as much as a smile.

I sigh and say, ‘Tell Mistress Willard I am here, my good fellow.’

‘I am not your good fellow,’ the face growls. ‘Like I told you, I’m a woman.’

Aaah, I see. A gravelly-voiced old woman, is it? It’s an honest mistake... hard to tell with a battered phizzog like that.

‘So tell Mistress Willard I’m here, you old sow,’ I say irritably.

‘Why do you want to see her?’

I am somewhat taken aback, to be sure. How dare a servant question my desires? Still, I have nothing to hide... not much, anyway. So I say, ‘I have five fine cunts to return to this house. Tell her that, and be quick about it. My time is precious, don’t you know.’

Actually, I’ve never spoken truer words. I have but a short time to fully-execute my fiendishly clever plans before carnival holiday time ends. After that, if I fail, when the Beadle’s torturers return to work and get their pliers on Bo, the cunt will spill the truth like a stream of bloody flux from a slack arsehole, including attesting to having seen Amelgine Potterheim bearing my tags on her tits and my slave mark on her pussy. That will be disastrous.

The peep door slide shut and I am left alone in the street with the five cunts, who are covered head to thigh by upended coarse sacks without holes cut for head and arms (no sense on wasting good money on dresses). I covered them for secrecy and for decency too, not wishing to risk yet another charge from the Beadle. A rope is wound over the sacks, from one neck to the other, keeping the women in coffle, but the coarse hessian weave of the sacks is open enough for them to see out though. A neat little trick, what? I am a professional slaver and know these things.

As I wait. Sounds of revelry come from the main thoroughfare as a large crowd accompanies a marching band of pipes and drums. The people of Castleton love their carnivals, thanks be to the Gods. My nerves are fair jangling, but perhaps I should relax. Everything is going according to plan, after all. What-ho!

I hired Sir Wislington Percifal, an old sot and sometime-strolling player, to act the part of the Beadle’s Man. The dreadful old fart has a penchant for expensive old liquor and cheap young women, but he can act a part with the best of them when he’s sober. Sir Wislington (which he isn’t - the title is as bogus as the fellow himself) was only too happy to oblige for a full doubloon.



That might seem a trifle expensive but it was a crucial role. Furthermore, I needed a face that wouldn't be recognised in Castleton, and Sir Wislington Percifal was the only accomplished but unknown actor I could find in the time available (he recently fled to Castleton from Newbond, way up-coast, where a crowd of angry debtors were after his arse, so he has his own reasons for lying low.) My leading actor was supported by a couple of roughnecks with non-speaking parts, and they came much cheaper.

My money was obviously well-spent, for the appalling old player gave a brilliant performance at Marie's Drink'n'Drug Den. Not only did he "arrest" Madam Marie, he also got the four Incomers *and* the five other slaves I had illicitly purchased from the Willard's crooked overseer. The pirates would have been proud of snatching a single haul like that, and all without a drop of blood being spilled.

"Bravo, Sir Wislington Persifal," I reckon. Applause, applause! He's back in his cups now, of course, fucking anything he can lay his hands on.

I tut-tut to myself and tap my toe impatiently on the gate. Why is it taking the old sow so long to convey a simple message?

Perhaps I shouldn't whittle with worry. After all, the first part of my plan was successfully accomplished without a hitch. And I am certainly making the best use of my limited time. I've already taken Madam Marie and Amelgine Potterheim upriver to be trained as pony cunts, and the Earthy Incomers are safely stowed away back in the Shaytan's slave hold. The other five cunts are covered in flour sacks behind me. The peep door slides back again and the woman's ugly-man face reappears.

'Would that be Jumping Jake Starr?' she asks.

'Yes, it would,' I snap irritably. 'Let me in, you execrable excuse for a billy goat's scrotum.'

She growls and her eyes sink even further in her sagging wrinkles as she says: 'Leave your weapons in the glory bin by the gate.'

Leave my weapons? I am affronted. It's as if they suspect me of having foul intentions. Even so, for the sake of propriety, I drop my flintlock and my sabre and my cudgel and my coiled whip in the iron flapped-bin that is let flush into the wall (I retain my small secret dagger, of course). In fairness, I have the same arrangement in my own slave house: it doesn't do to have folk walking round with weapons in a slavey, don't you know. I hear the latch of the glory bin engage and know my weapons will be there for me to collect when I leave.

The gate swings open and I glance at the bent old woman. I swear her face is so ugly that the hag would have to hang raw meat round her neck to get her own dog to play with her. She walks with a stoop and with a flat-footed shuffle, holding her back with one hand, as if in constant pain. I follow her slow progress through a door and up a flight of wooden stairs, trailing the coffer of cunts behind me. We enter a large room: obviously a slaver's office, judging by the layout and accoutrements, but it is decorated in shades of pink and lavender.

'Gods gonads,' I say to Abelard Willard, who is sitting behind a desk and looking at me expectantly, 'what kind of decor is this for a slaver's office?'

'It's the kind of decor for *my* slaver's office,' she replies smoothly. 'State your business, Jake Starr.'

'It's like I told your hag of a woman servant...'

'My mother.'

I blink. The old hag is Abelard's mother? By the Gods, hasn't old Jackson Willard heard the advice to look at the mother before marrying the daughter? Mind you, there isn't much resemblance in this case. It's amazing to think the old harridan could have pupped someone like Abelard. Indeed, the daughter, despite her unfortunate demeanour, is still young and comely, as far as I can tell with her clothes on.

'My apologies,' I say, 'she must once have been a handsome woman.'

The old hag gives a loud harumph as she shuffles from the office, and it sounds like a sow farting

‘Are these my premium slaves you are returning unsullied?’ Abelard asks, nodding her head towards the five sack-covered cunts.

‘They are indeed your slaves, Mistress,’ I say, pausing for a pregnant moment before adding, ‘subject to you suitably compensating me for my trouble.’

‘You tried to steal them.’

I reach into my pouch and produce the sales manifest with a flourish, placing it on the desk and saying: ‘Here, my good woman, as any competent *Master* Slaver will attest, is a legitimate Bill of Sale that bears the thumb print of your overseer. He cheerfully accepted my good coin in return for these barely adequate slaves. I purchased the five cunts in good faith.’

‘There were six of them, as I recall,’ Abelard says, pushing the document to one side, as if disinterested.

‘There is one other that’s kept elsewhere, beyond my reach at present,’ I admit, with what I hope appears to be a careless wave of my limp wrist.

‘Fancy that,’ she says sardonically.

The damned woman knows right well what has become of the sixth girl from the coffle. After all, the Beadle’s Gaoler is holding Bo in the name of the House of Belvoir, awaiting questioning over a slave-stealing allegation. But Abelard Willard can’t possibly know that the dubious purchase of six slaves in a back alley is the very least of my worries. I’m more concerned, even terrified, that Bo will blurt information to her interrogators about Abelard’s sister, Amelgine Potterheim and the four Incomers.

‘We can discuss the sixth slave later, Abelard. But, for the time being, let me at least return your stock that *is* in my keeping. I presume you’ll return the coin I paid to your man, plus a little more to compensate for their board and lodging?’

‘The man had no authority to sell them, of course, so you must recover your costs from him. You’ll find him hauling heavy wagons at the docks. I doubt he’ll be carrying any coins though... a dearth of pockets, you see.’

She smiles sweetly and I suppress a shudder. For some reason, I find myself wondering what has happened to old Jackson Willard. He hasn’t been seen in public for months, and Abelard handles all business for the House of Belvoir. This woman is so cool and calculating that I wouldn’t be surprised if she’s had her husband’s chump chopped off. Either that or she’s fucked him to death.

I start to unwind the rope from around the slaves’ necks, removing each sack as I go. A couple of the young women sneeze and their hair is dusty (I didn’t bother to shake out the flour sacks before putting them over their heads). The girls are a bit worn and bruised as a result of their treatment from the ruffians who were pretending to be Beadle’s men. Only the Gods know what fun those ne’er-dowells had with the cunts before they handed them over to me, and you can guarantee the women had plenty of rough rides at Madam Marie’s Drink’n’Drug too. They don’t look in the best of condition, in all truth.

‘There you are, Mistress, as good as ever,’ I say, dusting flour from a girl’s once-black hair and lightly brushing my fingers over the bruises on her breast. ‘Shall we say, oh... let’s settle on you giving me a couple of doubloons and call it a handsome deal. What say you?’

‘I say go fuck the flange of a frog,’ Abelard replies drily.

Such vulgarity! But what can you expect from the whelp of that old hag who was acting as gatekeeper.

‘Come now, good woman, at least put the matter to your husband,’ I say, piling the sacks on her desk.

‘How about *you* giving *me* two doubloons for *my* trouble?’ Abelard asks, wrinkling her nose and wafting her hand through the cloud of flour dust rising from the bags.

That is outrageous! I paid six talents for the coffle, so it'll put me a doubloon and four talents out of purse, never mind the two doubloons and six talents I paid to Sir Wislington Persifal and the two rogues. Gadszooks, that means I'm four whole gold doubloons down. It's unheard of! I might never hold my head up again at the Slavers' Guild. I am known as a hard bargainer. I am a professional slaver, after all, and I usually know how to do these things.

Mind you, the important thing is to get this demned business quickly concluded and settle the matter, but it wouldn't do for me to capitulate so easily. On no, that wouldn't do at all. It would alert Abelard Willard to my ... desperation.

'Very well,' I say, reaching into my pouch for the coins.

'You accept?' Abelard gasps.

'On one condition,' I say, taking out two shiny gold doubloons and placing them on the sacks, but keeping my fingers on top of them. 'Ah, this is a trifle delicate...'

'Spit it out, Jake,' Abelard says, her interest perked.

'Well, I wouldn't want it generally known,' I say, embarrassed. 'I'd be throwing myself on your mercy, Mistress...'

'How so, sir?'

I pull out a handkerchief and mop my brow. 'It's demned delicate,' I say.

'Get to the point, man.'

'Oh, very well ... the girl currently held in the Beadle's goal,' I say, my words faltering. 'The plain truth is ... well, the plain truth ... I've taken a liking to her. There. It's said!'

'A liking,' Abelard says, a smile flickering on the corner of her mouth.

'Not to put too fine a point on it, Abelard, it's demned important to me that I keep the girl for the sake of my heart. So, take your five slaves with my sincere apologies, and two doubloons to boot, and allow me to keep the girl who is the desire of my heart. I beg you.'

There is a stunned silence for a moment. Then the woman slaver jumps to her feet just so she can dance around and slap her thigh in delight. I stand with one hand my hip and the other on my coins, watching as she splutters with laughter until tears course down her painted cheeks

'Oh, by the Gods, well I never did!' Abelard pants when she finally gets the wherewithal to speak. 'Jumping Jake Starr, falling for a slave. Whoever would have thought it? Well, there's a turn up!'

'Have a care for my feelings,' I beg.

'I ought to seize the moment and charge you more, but who am I to stand between the unlikeliest of star-crossed lovebirds. Jake Starr and a slave cunt! I'd need a heart of stone not to laugh. And, who knows, she might even make a good man of you yet.'

Ha! This demonstrates why a female makes such a poor slaver: every woman I've ever known believes in love, and it well and truly buggers their professional judgment. You see, I'm a *Master* Slaver and I know about such things.

'You will settle for two doubloons and get the girl returned to me this very night?' I say anxiously. 'I can't bear to think of the Beadle's torturers getting their pliers on her lovely tits.'

That was probably a line too far, even for as accomplished an actor as Sir Wislington Percifal, much less for me. Abelard doesn't appear to have noticed though. Mind you, a woman slaver is well-accustomed to crudity. Anyway, she is still enjoying the moment too much.

'We have a deal, Jake,' she says, spitting on her hand and offering a handshake.

I smile through my teeth and offer my hand, resolving to wash it as soon as I get out of here.

'You will withdraw all allegations with the Beadle and arrange for my love's immediate release to me, even though it's Carnival Holiday Time?' I say.

'Aye,' she says, taking the gold doubloons. 'I know where the jailer likes to carouse, and he owes me some favours.'

You see the advantage of basing a tissue of lies on a foundation of truth? After all, it *is* my

heart's most urgent desire to retrieve Bo before the Beadle's men get to torture her, but not because I'm in love with the horny little cunt. I *have* taken a particular liking to her, of course, but only because she fucks like a bonobo. Build your lies round a strong skeleton of truth, that's my advice as a professional.

Less than an hour later, I am leading Bo towards the docks on a leash. I am well pleased with myself. Abelard Willard, equipped with her husband's proxy, went with me to the Beadle's goal in the centre of Castleton. There, she set the seal on official papers to withdraw all allegations made against me by the House of Belvoir. The jailer's man was somewhat surprised, but his cells were full of drunken revellers and he seemed glad to be rid of one body at least.

That virtually completes my cunning plans. All that remains is to put Bo aboard the Shaytan together with my Incomers and the slaves I purchased at the auction. I will be sailing off with my cargo when the pirate boat leaves on the noonday tide tomorrow, heading for Depravity Island.

Before that though, I must extract Natalie Carpenter from the Shaytan's slave hold and take her to the Alchemist.

## Part III

### Natalie and the Alchemist

**I swear, as sure as I am Slaver Jake Starr, these demned debauched pirates are utterly insatiable!** I mean to say, here we are in the Shaytan's home port, with all the doxies and slave dollies you could wish for, yet the cut-throat corsairs have been fucking my slaves back and front all night.

When Scobie and I descend the steps into the slave hold, two cut-throats are fucking a girl who is strenuously humping between them. As my eyes adjust to the dim light, I recognise her slight, tawny-yellow body and high-pitched squeals: it's Allegra Lee. In the shadows at the far end, near the bulkhead, another ruffian is having his cockstand sucked by one of my Makenon girls.

'Gods' gonads, Scobie, I left the cunts here for safekeeping,' I complain. 'Why can't your men use the women in the taverns and bordellos?'

'Pirates don't pay for their pleasures,' Scobie says genially. 'Anyway, your slaves are safe enough on this ship, look ye.'

I glance round at the women, and my snort is eloquent enough.

Kylie is hanging from chains on her ankles and wrists with legs so widely-splayed that I can see her liver, or something of the sort. Ashley is straddled over a wooden saw trestle, lying forward with her tits hanging on either side of the rail, and her feet are tied to the splayed legs of the trestle. The rogues who have Allegra sandwiched between them are fucking her arse and cunt at the same time, not that she seems to mind.

I wouldn't mind either, but my Earthy Incomers seem to have taken the brunt of the pirates' cockstands. The blacks and the Makenon women I purchased at auction seem relatively fresh.

'What does it matter, Jake? They're only slaves, after all, and you didn't stipulate special treatment.'

Scobie has a point there. I suppose it doesn't matter too much about Allegra, Ashley and Kylie. They'll have time to recover during the voyage to Depravity because the pirates will be occupied sailing the demned boat for most of the time. Natalie Carpenter is a different bag of tripe though. She is lying like a limp rag, legs akimbo, matted hair hanging over her face, with bruises on her tits and inner thighs.

'Demn and blast their gonads,' I mutter, hauling Natalie to her feet. Turning to Scobie, I say: 'Would you just look at the state of this cunt. She's a quantum mechanic, don't you know.'

'The lads have been raising her heat,' Scobie says with a shrug. 'I inserted a couple of figgers into her, just to help things along. The cunt went feral and couldn't get enough cocktsems, and she fair wore herself out. What's a quanter maniac, anyway?'

'You used two figgers on her?' I ask in dismay, holding up two fingers.

'Aye, she was a bit icy, but I guarantee that she'll never be cold again.'

I groan. Figgers are soluble pesaries, usually about the size of a blind cobbler's thumb. They contain a cocktail of herbal juices and monkey extract that makes even the most frigid woman fuck like a bonobo. It's common for slavers to stick just one figger into a reserved and inhibited slave before she goes up on the sales block; after that it's hard to stop her cumming all over the auctioneer's boots. So if Scobie treated Natalie with *two* figgers - one in her vagina and the other up her arse, presumably - then it's small wonder that she went bonobo for cocks. This is more, whilst Natalie might look exhausted now, the herbs will stay strong in her system, and she'll soon be scraping her arse on the floor in her desperation to get fucked. And even after that, for the rest of her life, she'll always be a helpless fuck-slut. A woman never gets over a strong dose of figging herbs, don't you know. Even now, Natalie's hand is reaching towards the groin of my

breaks.

‘Ring-a-ding-dong the bell of hell, Scobie,’ I grumble, slapping her hand away. ‘If I’d wanted the cunt turning into a bonobo, I’d have done it myself. As it is, I need her looking copper-bright this morning to make a favourable impression on her new owner.’

The Quartermaster chuckles and says, ‘She’ll make a dent on him right enough, if he’s got a loaded cockstem like all real men.’

I sigh. I don’t know if the Alchemist’s cockstand is fully-loaded, of even if he’s a real man, but he probably doesn’t want his quantum mechanic constantly distracted and rabid for fucking.

‘Tush, I’ll have to get her to a physic and then clean her up at a bath-house,’ I say, pushing Natalie’s hand from my ballocks again.

Scobie chuckles again and says: ‘Get your arse back here before high tide, or Cap’n Smith will sail without ye.’

An hour and a half after leaving the dock, and not a stroke less, I am leading Natalie Carpenter through the Shuffles. I’m pushed for time, and I mean to be on that demned boat when she slips harbour.

Natalie drags along behind me on the end of a leash. She’s somewhat subdued but at least her newly-found, voracious sexual appetite appears to be held in check. That’s because I’ve had her cleaned out at both ends, and she’s been heavily dosed with herbals to retard the figging drugs. The enema and emetic at least removed any remaining, unabsorbed herbals from her guts, and the physician administered a foul potion to temporarily dampen her ardour. As he explained, it’s impossible to remove the stuff that’s already been assimilated into her system. Any demned fool knows that.

Natalie was deathly pale after the physician had finished purging her. So I took her to a bath-house and dunked her in a tub of icy-cold water for a while. She looks a bit better now, thanks to my tender care, and she’s wearing a simple dress made of pale blue opaque silk, long enough to cover her thighs. It’s Natalie’s only garment but very demure ... not so much to preserve her modesty but more to hide the scratches and bruises left on her by the fucking pirates (mind, I wager she left a few scratches and bruises on the pirates in return, lost in her figging frenzy). With her hair washed and brushed to a shine and some cosmetics on her face, she looks almost presentable again, but her contrite snivelling isn’t helping matters.

Temporarily returned almost to her pre-figged self, Natalie Carpenter is appalled and ashamed at her wanton behaviour. That’s why she persists in weeping softly.

‘God’s gonads, girl,’ I tell her, pulling her past a group of scabby residents, ‘figgers always do that to a woman, and you had a double dose. Many a fine lady thinks herself frigid until she’s figged. Then she becomes a helpless fuck-slut, forever chasing her next cockstand, just like you. It’s no cause for shame. You’d best get used to it now, that’s my advice.’

‘Please, lower your voice,’ she hisses, as if she’s forgotten she’s still a slave.

I blithely continue: ‘Cock-fever gets in a woman’s blood, y’see. It’s your inner monkey and from now on it’ll always be demanding to be fed. The figging drugs leave an itch deep inside a cunt, and it can only be scratched by the head of a stout cockstand.’

‘Please God, let that not be true,’ Natalie moans miserably

‘Oh, it’s true alright. I’m a professional slaver and I know these things,’ I tell her over my shoulder. ‘Now, for the God’s sakes, put a smile on your phizzog ready to meet your new owner.’

That only sets her snivelling all the more. There’s no pleasing the cunt. I’ve a good mind to bend her over my knee, here and now in the alley, flip her dress up, and spank her bare arse until it resembles a sun-blush tomato, but that won’t improve her appearance for the Alchemist and it might set her sex juices flooding again. I can only hope that the physic’s foul brew will hold her in check until I’m safely aboard the boat and heading for Depravity.

I hurry her to the rear entrance of the Alchemist's rat hole in the rock. It's in a cul-de-sac that's usually deserted. To all appearances it looks like an abandoned and boarded-up lead mine. The timbers of the shutter are stout but cracked and warped, grey with age and devoid of paint, but some lout has daubed a large cock and balls on them with white paint. There's no external handle on the door.

I look round to see if anyone is about and then take out my dagger and upend it to hammer the secret knock on the door with the hilt-end. After a minute or so I hear the sound of a heavy bar being moved and then the door creaks as it slowly opens a crack.

'Yeeerrrs?' a creepy voice asks.

I hear Natalie give a little whimper of alarm behind me, as if she's about to enter Hades' maw.

'Tis Slaver Jake Starr to see the man,' I whisper.

This is the charade I must always play out, even though the Alchemist's aged servant knows right well who I am. The old man is an irritating twot, but it's not the done thing to rollock someone else's man-servant - had he been a slave, then I'd have had his ballocks sliced off long ago.

'What time of day is it?'

'It's long gone dawn,' I sigh wearily, giving the prescribed response, instinctively glancing down at my wrist, where my expensive gold Rolex timepiece isn't (I had to leave it with my stash on Earth).

The door swings open with more creaks. As I step into the tunnel, I feel Natalie resist and give a sharp tug on her leash that brings her stumbling forward.

'Still alive then, my good fellow,' I say to the servant.

The old man merely grunts as he leads me down the long rock-hewn passage. There's a smell of lamp-oil and soot, probably ingrained in the rock over the centuries.

'They say ghosts live down here,' I say over my shoulder to Natalie Carpenter.

'That's silly. Ghosts can't live anywhere, by definition,' she says, but I hear nerves as taut as the strings on Blind Fiddler's fiddle pulling at her voice.

'It is a series of inter-connected chambers which, legend has it, were originally occupied by the Gods. Our voices should echo, you'd think, but they don't. Perhaps the ghosts absorb the sounds.'

She snorts: 'Don't be ridiculous. Echoes are caused by sound travelling at least 246 feet and bouncing back. The passage isn't long enough or wide enough to produce an echo.'

I smile to myself. She's beginning to sound like a quantum mechanic again, I think.

The man-servant peels off into a side chamber that's hung with carpets - his living quarters - and he gestures me to continue onward to the end of the passage. It turns abruptly to the left, and the Alchemist's lair is then directly ahead.

The main room is no longer the familiar mess I have previously known. The usual heaps of scrolls, books, scientific instruments and maps have been neatly stored, and the whole place is remarkably clean. The large iron cauldron under the chimney is bubbling over a roaring log fire and there is a warm, homely feel to the chamber. The table has even been polished, if I'm not mistaken, and the Alchemist is leaning over it to intently study a large, unrolled map that's weighed down with four large polished pebbles.

'5, 32 North, and zero, 5 West,' he calls, poring over the map.

'5, 32 North, and zero, 5 West... Got that, my Master,' Kaitlyn affirms, making a note on a sheaf of paper.

Kaitlyn is still stark naked, and she has small gold rings threaded through her nipples. She is sitting at a small desk with a charcoal pencil in her hand.

'Greetings, Master Starr,' Kaitlyn says with a small smile, and I have a feeling that it was said just to announce my presence to the distracted Alchemist.

‘Greetings, my girl,’ I say. ‘I see you’ve quickly brought a woman’s touch to this place.’

‘Ah, Slaver Starr,’ the Alchemist says, looking up from the map. ‘I trust you had a pleasant journey?’

It’s the self-same question he always asks when I visit him.

‘Aye, an excellent trip,’ I answer, like I always do.

He is wearing clean shorts and a fresh white and green tee-shirt. Furthermore, his hair is cut in short spikes and styled with some kind of goo. He wears spectacles rimmed with heavy tortoiseshell. The young fellow persists in affecting Earthy fashions, and yet he forbids me from importing so much as a paper clip.

The Alchemist gives a small, dismissive wave of his hand and returns to poring over the map. Sniffing the air, I can smell a sweet fragrance intermingled with the stench of lamp oil. Perfume! Edging closer to the table, I realise the scent is emanating from the Alchemist rather than from his slave. Kaitlyn has certainly wrought a difference in her Master, as well as in the housekeeping. Why, even the pimples on his face seem to have cleared.

After a while, I cough to gain his attention and say, ‘I’ve brought you a gift from my travels. Another prize Earthy-Incomer slave.’

He doesn’t look up, but says, ‘Kaitlyn provides for all my needs. I neither need nor want another slave.’

Kaitlyn smiles smugly.

‘Oh, I think you’ll want this one,’ I say, pulling Natalie Carpenter to stand beside me. ‘She’s a quantum mechanic, just like you ordered.’

‘Him! Oh my God!’ Natalie blurts in shock.

That makes the Alchemist look up sharply. His jaw drops and he throws his stylus down on the map.

‘Natalie Carpenter?’ he asks, half-removing his spectacles as he peers at her.

‘The very same, in the living flesh,’ I beam. ‘I brought her Across as a surprise for you.’

‘You... you brought her Across? You brought her here? Ye Gods, man, are you completely mad?’

‘Why do people so repeatedly question my sanity?’ I ask archly. ‘You ordered me to recruit a quantum mechanic, and here she jolly well is.’

The Alchemist seems unhealthily apoplectic for such a young fellow. I thought he’d be pleased with my display of initiative, but instead he howls and screeches in a childish tantrum. So much for gratitude! He dances in rage round the table. When he impetuously hurls his spectacles across the chamber, Kaitlyn quickly scampers to retrieve them and checks to see if they’re unbroken.

‘You demned fool,’ he rages, squinting at me. ‘I identified Natalie Carpenter as a suitable expert in quantum mechanics for my research on Earth and cultivate my alliances. You were supposed to leave Natalie Carpenter with Horunculas Moknkee at Emissions Strategies.’

‘Ah yes, which reminds me,’ I say, ‘Horace Moknkee and Sam Lemon are rather keen to return to our world, don’t you know.’

‘You... you... you...’ he splutters, not finding his words for rage. ‘You dog’s divot!’

I glance at Natalie Carpenter and see that she’s weeping softly again. She looks nothing like a quantum mechanic at this moment.

‘Well, I must go,’ I say, dropping Natalie’s leash and pushing her forward. ‘I’ve got a boat to catch.’

With that, I hastily retreat back down the tunnel and out into the alley, leaving the door gaping. I’m glad to breathe the foul air of the Shuffles and listen to the sounds of revelry as the locals enjoy the fading hours of Carnival Holiday Time.

Then I find myself chortling with glee. I think I’ve done it, don’t you know. All of my cunning disaster-recovery schemes have been accomplished. Every demned one of them! Abelard



Willard has withdrawn all charges against me, and the four cunts are back in her slavey. So that's alright. Madam Marie and Amelgine Potterheim are secreted away with Badly Balding, and Bo is on the pirate boat: none of them will be able to testify against me. I've sent a scribe upriver to make a fair copy of the design for my Starr-car rickshaw that's inked on Amelgine's head. Genius, what? I've emerged from a shit-brimming privy pot positively smelling of lilies.

Hey ho, clever me! I permit myself a little jig of joy, jumping and clicking my heels together as I scamper towards the docks. All that remains is for me to deliver my Earthy Incomers and the other slaves to Beren the Balkan Bastard.

The pirate boat will sail within the hour, and I should reach Depravity within three days.

# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN - Back on Depravity Island

## Part I

### Pestilence and puss

*Six weeks later...*

‘At last ... thank all the God’s that ever lived or died for our safe arrival,’ Cap’n Smith says as the Shaytan creeps into the shelter of Depravity Bay, six weeks behind schedule.

‘You can say that again, Cap’n,’ I say, rubbing Sir Malcolm’s knob-end (the spot has resolved into a scab now, but it itches terribly).

‘I will. Thank all the God’s that ever lived or died for our safe arrival!’

There was no need for him to *actually* say it again (I really must be more careful when using the sayings I collect on Earth). Still, Smith’s relief is understandable, and mine too, truth to tell. The Captain is very pale, having only recently recovered from a scrape with death. In fact, it’s a small miracle that any of us are still alive. We are running perilously low on victuals and vinegar, and we all finished up having to eat disgusting slave gruel laced with monkey shit. The habitually roisterous jolly rogers have been either jolly or rogering during recent long weeks at sea.

‘The lads are more perky than of late,’ I say to Smith, watching a couple of pirates scamper to weigh anchor.

‘Aye, they’ll raise a scurry with land in sight,’ Smith says. ‘We have you to thank for our deliverance, Cap’n Starr.’

‘It was as nothing, sir,’ I say, giving a small bow and smiling modestly.

Nothing? The voyage has been hell in a piss bucket. Talk about a plague boat!

I am standing on the quarterdeck beside Cap’n Smith, gazing longingly at the white sand and palm trees less than 100 yards away. It’s all I can do to refrain from leaping into the sea and swimming ashore, but I’m afraid of getting my hair wet and the sharks.

We were unexpectedly delayed because the boat was blighted by a strange illness that defeated even the ship’s surgeon. In fact, the surgeon was struck down dog-dead by it; the poor fellow expired from a surfeit of puss pustules; he’s probably in Hades right now, with his scabs being mercilessly picked by the spirits of all the limbs he needlessly amputated over the years.

The pestilence started on the second day out of Castleton when two rogues reported ill. They were covered in brutish vesicles and scratching at themselves like foxes with mange. A few others quickly followed, and then even more, until there was scarcely enough healthy men to man the boat.

‘Tis the smallpox,’ Bos’n Mourny asserted gloomily. ‘We’re all done for.’

‘Tush and tweddle, tis nothing more than a rash and no threat to life and limb,’ the surgeon said airily, two days before it killed him.

From there, the disease descended on us like the devil’s dogs chasing an angel’s arse.

Within a week, more than half the pirates were struck down. Typically, skin lesions erupted like volcanoes on the newly-afflicted, and the sores quickly became raw and infected. A good few men expired and they were tipped into the ocean (and, as we ran short of food, a few sick men were tipped over the side even *before* they had expired).

But, as Cap’n Smith observed with a shrug, “It’s usual to lose one or two men on every voyage.”

By the time the captain himself got infected, 138 of his 253 men had got themselves covered in spots, 68 of them had died, and there was no sign of the pestilence abating. Indeed, more were going down with it every day. As for the rest of us, we were forever stripping ourselves naked and anxiously examining our bodies and checking our cavities with hand-mirrors. The only sign of pestilence on my own body was the red spot on the end of Sir Malcolm, but I kept

quiet about that and put on a brave face, even though I was feeling rough and ragged for a couple of days; and then it healed of its own accord.

So there we were, trapped in the middle of the ocean, afloat in a churning charnel barrel festering with fetid flux! God's gonads, I've probably experienced greater fear in my life, but I can't quite think when it was.

I even had to do some manual labour in place of the stricken pirates, don't you know. It was, quite literally, all hands on deck, except for the near-dead. Indeed, within three days it became necessary to clear healthy slaves from the hold to accommodate the sick and dying. All but two of my black women got diseased, and three of them were thrown into the sea, which was a great shame, since they were all with child. One of the Makenon Island girls was also infected, as were Bo and a couple of the others, but they survived.

Yet, luckily, in the midst of this carnage, none of my Earthy Incomers were afflicted. And, Sir Malcolm's one spot apart, I escaped too. Now there's a kindly stroke from the God of Fortune! I put it down to the lucky bullet I wear slung round my neck. The Incomers were remarkably sanguine about it all though.

Now, six weeks later, safely in the Bay of Depravity, I find myself thinking back on the events...

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'It's only chickenpox, for Gawd's sake,' Allegra Lee said. 'Nearly everyone on Earth catches it at some time or other. I got it when I was little, along with every other kid in our block. If you remember, Melody had it when the horrible Moldovan bloke captured her.'

'It's usually a child's illness,' Ashley said, 'You must have caught it when you fucked Melody, so it serves you right. That's why you've got a spot on the end of your cock.'

Ding dong rings the bell of hell! I didn't like the sound of that.

'I've got it?' I spluttered.

'It's usually a bit more serious for adults,' Ashley said, smiling too sweetly for my liking, obviously enjoying my discomfort.

'A bit more serious?' I said, aghast. 'A *bit* more serious? People are dying like ducks, don't you know! Aren't you terrified of getting the disease again?'

'Once you've had it, you're immune, I think,' Kylie said. 'Sometimes you can be infected without any spots showing, or maybe just one. Melody might have done you a favour.'

'Yeah,' Allegra said, 'you can only catch it once. Everybody knows that.'

When I enquired as to how long the pestilence might last, Ashley told me: 'I think it's contagious until all the spots have crusted over - about six days. As I recall, a person is infected a couple of days before any sign of it appears on the skin, but they can pass it on to others in that time.'

'So we must only endure this misery for six days?' I said in relief.

'No, it'll take much longer than that because more people are catching it every day,' Ashley said, as if speaking of a ball that's casually thrown from one to the other. 'It seems there's no immunity against chickenpox on this world. I'm no doctor, but I'd guess that each time you find a new case you'll have to add another six days, until the virus has run its course.'

'Virus?'

'The unseen enemy... a virus is too small for the human eye to see.'

Galloping Gods' gonads! A tiny hidden killer... stealthily creeping from body to body, and you can't even see him ... it fair turned my innards to jelly just thinking about it.

I admonished the Earthy Incomers to silence about their unexpected knowledge of the pestilence. There was already some dark muttering among the superstitious pirates about witchery and bad luck. It would have taken but a parrot's fart for them to pitch us all into the sea, never mind any loose talk of an invisible and malevolent little fellow jumping to take up secret residence in one man after another.

There were other things to worry about too.

‘Do ye know what they do to plague ships, Jake?’ Scobie grimly said to me when he took command after Cap’n Smith had been laid low. ‘I’ll tell ye what they do: they burn them down to the water, that’s what.’

‘They disembark the crew and passengers first, of course?’ I asked hopefully.

‘That’s just what they don’t do. They put a flame to everything and everybody, pestilence and all.’

‘But this is a pirate boat,’ I said. ‘Who would dare try to burn it down?’

Scobie was grim-faced as he said, ‘The dead and dying don’t defy anyone, matey. I’ve a mind to load them that’s still in good health into the longboats, leave everybody else, and then explode the Shaytan’s powder.’

I was fair flummoxed by that. God’s gonads, we were 3 days or more away from land, even under full sail. How long would it take to row a long boat to safety, and with hardly any food or water?

‘We don’t have enough long boats to accommodate everyone,’ I said.

‘Aye, we could take fifty, no more. The rest would have to burn with the ship or swim with the sharks.’

I blinked in horror, quickly calculating my losses - I can guarantee that my slaves would all be left behind, and I was by no means certain that I’d find a seat on a boat myself. I frantically considered everything I had learned about the disease from my Earthy Incomers.

‘You know, Scobie,’ I said carefully, ‘I’ve seen this kind of thing before. This might sound incredible, but hear me out. Our enemy is a malicious little bastard called Virus, too small for any man to see, and he can lurk secretly in a fellow for days before his pestilence shows on the victim’s face. Yet even before that, he can still leap from one man to another, hidden and unseen, quietly leaving his mark.’

‘The devil’s dangles, you say!’ Bos’n Mournie blurted in surprise, suppressing a shudder. ‘How can you know about this demon, Cap’n Jake?’

‘Oh I’m a professional slaver and I know these things, matey,’ I said, even though the bos’n and most of the corsairs still thought of me as a shipwrecked pirate captain.

‘Devil’s dangles!’ Mournie exclaims again.

‘An invisible little fellow...’ Scobie scoffs.

Undaunted by Scobie’s derision, I continue: ‘So it’s highly likely that an already-afflicted fellow would be unwittingly taken aboard a longboat and infect the rest - all the more readily, in such a confined space. So firing the Shaytan would be a futile sacrifice, y’see.’

That made Scobie think for a few moments.

Eventually, he said: ‘I suppose it would be a dutiful act to burn the ship with us all still on board.’

‘Oh no, Cap’n Smith wouldn’t like that,’ the Bos’n Mournie intervened sharply, ‘not with him still sick in his bunk.’

‘Any selfless citizen would do that, Mister Mournie,’ Scobie said..

‘But you are pirates,’ I pointed out.

‘Aye, there is that,’ Scobie agreed.

‘We could just swab the decks with vinegar,’ Mournie suggested.

‘Or mayhap you can anchor at a small uninhabited islet and separate out the sick?’ I offered.

‘Do you see any fucking islands?’ Scobie asked dismissively, waving his hand round in a full circle.

‘Aye, there is that,’ I admitted, echoing his own words. Then, I added, ‘There is another way...’

‘So what’s to be done? Surprise me, Cap’n Starr.’

‘Do nothing,’ I said.

‘Nothing?’

‘Aye, Scobie, masterful inactivity,’ I said.

‘Nothing!’ Mourney repeats. ‘What about this Virus bastard?’

Scobie glared at Bos’n Mourney, as if to tell him to butt out, and Mourney glared belligerently back at him. I took advantage of the awkward lull to elaborate my reasoning.

‘We can’t proceed to port. Beren the Balkan Bastard would set fire to us himself if he thought we were taking the plague to Depravity. The same can be said of any harbour we enter. So we might as well drop anchor and stay where we’re at.’

‘And do nothing ...’ the bos’n says, stroking his chin.

‘Aye, it’s my belief that Virus will run his race, and sooner or later he will disappear up his own arse. If I am right, we can simply wait it out.’

‘Like riding out storms at sea, you mean?’ Mourney said, his interest growing.

‘It’d be madness, just bobbing about and waiting to die,’ Scobie said.

‘Unless you have a better plan ...’ I said.

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As it transpired, Scobie didn’t have any other ideas besides burning us all to Hades and be done with.

My counsel held sway. It took six terrible weeks, but it seems that we are now clear of the dreaded disease. It’s thirteen days since any new case has arisen. Although quite a few of the pirates are still covered in unsightly scabs, Ashley assures me that they’re no longer contagious. She’s a finance broker and knows about these things.

‘I never thought I’d live to say it, Cap’n Starr, but your foresight was vital in bringing some of us here alive and well,’ Cap’n Smith is saying.

‘As I said, it was nothing,’ I say, dabbing a perfumed handkerchief to my nose against the rank smell of vinegar and vomit that pervades the boat.

‘I thought you a pompous fucktwot with nothing more than a big cockstem in your favour. It was Scobie who always insisted on accepting your commissions.’

‘Aye, and we’ve seen how flawed his judgment was,’ Bos’n Mourney avers solemnly. ‘He would have burned the Shaytan, and all of us along with it.’

‘It was a pity about old Scobie,’ I say.

Tw’as a pity, indeed! Mourney led the lads in revolt. The men who were already fearing for their lives, so when he told them Scobie was planning to burn them alive, mutiny was inevitable. The pirates strung Quartermaster Scobie from the yardarm. The pirates didn’t declare it a mutiny, because they remained loyal to Cap’n Smith, even though he was close to death at the time. So in the end it was Scobie who ended up twitching as he dangled on the end of a rope. Such is life, as they say on Earth.

With Scobie gone, Bos’n Mourney assumed command and he accepted my suggestion to wait it out and do nothing - although he insisted on repeatedly swabbing the decks with demned vinegar. Mourney had great faith in the properties of vinegar as a scour against the virus. He bathed in it, and ordered that it be wiped everywhere, repeatedly, until the last keg was empty. I could have told him it was a waste of time and good vinegar, because that’s what Ashley told me, and she seemed to know more about the chicken pox than anyone else on the boat. But I had already chanced my arm enough by revealing that I knew anything about the disease. To say more might have seen me dangling and kicking from a spar like Scobie.

So the Shaytan bobbed on the waves for weeks on end, slowed to a near stop by a couple of drag anchors.

There’s no doubting the acuity of Mourney’s old seadog’s maritime instincts. He was right when he said it would be just like riding out storms at sea, for that’s precisely what we had to do, several times. We were beleaguered and battered by seven demned storms, ranging from howling

gales to raging tempests. So in addition to the chicken's pox and the vinegar, the decks were often awash with vomit, and much of it was mine. There were times when I would have gladly died.

Now though, at last, I arrive in triumph at Depravity Island, with a profitable cargo of cunts for Beren the Balkan Bastard. I watch as a longboat is lowered into the blue sparkling sea. We are close enough to shore to see brightly coloured birds flitting between the trees that fringe the beach, and I can hear the hoots of rutting bonobo monkeys in the forest. Pony carts pulled by pairs of naked, buxom women are already arriving at the beach to transport the foremost figures of the Shaytan's crew to the Depths of Depravity. Ah, paradise indeed!

'Thank all the God's that ever lived or died for our safe arrival,' I murmur.

'So say I,' Capt'n Smith agrees, squinting to the deck where a longboat is already being lowered by eager hands. 'Mind you, I fancy that we all stink of vinegar.'

'Worry ye not, good captain,' I say, cheerfully slapping Smith on the back. 'We'll receive a warm welcome, despite our stench, I'll be bound.'

## Part II

### Untimely Arrival

#### **‘Are you fucking mad, Slaver Starr?’**

Here we go again: someone else inviting me to question my own sanity. I’m getting a trifle bogged off with it, frankly. However, this time it’s the Alchemist who is asking the question, and he is fucking in-can-dess-ent.

The Alchemist is the last person I expected (or wished) to meet here. He looks ridiculously out of place outside the Depths of Depravity, with his floral shirt and calf-length white shorts. Which is more, as evidenced by his nonsensical question, the demned fellow is quite as excitable as he was when I left him frothing at the mouth six weeks ago in Castleton. One might reasonably have hoped his humour might have improved with the passage of time, but apparently not!

‘I’m at my wits end but not entirely deranged,’ I say tersely as I alight from the pony cart and try to stand with some dignity on my wobbly sea-legs. ‘A word of welcome might not go amiss. I could have perished out there, don’t you know.’

He splutters at that and says in a screech: ‘A word of welcome? *Welcome?* It’s a pity you didn’t die, you... you fucking... you fucking stupid... oh, words fail me!’

So there we are then. The Alchemist’s foul and irrational temper has endured a sea journey from Castleton to Depravity Island. It seems that he’s made the trip specifically to vent his wrath upon me. Who would have thought I was that important, eh?

‘May I present Cap’n Henry Aloysius Smith, another very vital personage,’ I say, gesturing towards the cart behind me.

The Alchemist glances in Smith’s direction and then totally ignores him. I look around me. The murky entrance to the Depths of Depravity is adorned with naked cunts obscenely arranged and tied on towering satiric statuary, and they watch us with wide, pathetic eyes from their high, lewd perches. A few patrons wander past, curiously watching my altercation with the Alchemist, and a couple of other laden pony carts are arriving from the island’s main dock. Beren the Balkan Bastard steps out of the Depths, blinking in the bright sunlight. I suppress a shudder.

‘Ahoy there, Beren my old friend,’ I call with a jaunty wave. ‘Just arrived after a perilous voyage, don’t you know.’

The Alchemist’s foul temper isn’t to be deflected, for he rages: ‘Didn’t you stop to consider the consequences of your stupidity while representing me on... on... somewhere else?’

‘On Earth?’ I offer helpfully.

‘Hush your mouth,’ the squint-eyed youth hisses. Then he adds: ‘Well, now you’ve got me to account to, Slaver Starr. You’ll wish you’d never been born.’

‘I don’t know about that, sir, but I’m certainly beginning to wish I’d stayed on the demned death boat,’ I say prissily.

‘Yes, you might well piss yourself!’ Beren hisses darkly.

Piss myself? I glance down at my breeks and realise they are soaking wet. That’s not piss! My legs were as rubber after so long at sea, and there was an unseemly and embarrassing spectacle as I stumbled in the breaking surf and got my breeks soaked to the ballocks. It brought a few chortles as I crawled ashore, I can tell you.

‘What is the precise nature of your complaint?’ I say.

‘Hush!’ the Alchemist shouts, jumping up and down on the spot.

‘Best to discuss this in private,’ Beren says in a ghoulish croak. ‘I’ve got a place.’

That makes me shudder again. I know Beren’s idea of a good place to discuss things with someone who is out of favour.

## Part III

### A Discussion

I find myself tied to a stout timber chair, stark naked, with my ballocks dangling through a hole in the seat. Both of my ankles are strapped to the front legs of the chair and my wrists are tied to the chair arms. Which is more, Sir Malcolm is standing stiffly to attention, despite my urging him to desist. That's because of the lascivious attentions of Natalie Carpenter.

'You were warned by Horace Moknkee and yet still went ahead and brought Natalie across the Divide,' the Alchemist says, pacing up and down in the dank dungeon as Natalie hungrily fondles my aching cockstem. 'You should have known she was sent our way as a spy by Earth's most warlike power. She's carrying a device embedded in her body.'

'And yet you further endangered the security of Depravity by bring her here,' Beren says belligerently, glaring at the Alchemist.

'He's jeopardised the security of the whole demned world, you dolt, never mind your sordid island,' the Alchemist snaps at Beren. 'You may pride yourself on being a Bastard but, believe me, you are as nothing compared to the CIA bastards on Earth. They will do anything to save their dying world and won't hesitate to annex ours, given half a chance.'

Beren glowers at the Alchemist, but the young man in the horn-rimmed spectacles is apparently undaunted by the Balkan Bastard's fearsome reputation.

'Well, the Earth fellows aren't a problem if you don't bring any across,' I say, tugging at my bonds and wriggling under Natalie's unwelcome caresses. Then I add, 'Have a care, call this cunt off me, Sir Malcolm is fair worn out already, don't you know. She is becoming rabid.'

The signs are instantly recognisable. Natalie needs some bonobo pellets, or she's heading for a fucking frenzy.

'When did she last have a dose of herbals?' I ask.

'Yesterday, maybe,' the Alchemist replies airily with a dismissive wave of his hand. 'I forget...'

'Best load her up again,' I say. 'Otherwise, she'll become a frenzied fuck machine, then a jibbering wreck, and eventually she will die. You need to take care with the regular dosing of the herbals, don't you know.'

'That's another thing,' the Alchemist snarls, 'you have rendered Natalie Carpenter insatiable. She is gagging for fucking every minute of the day. I am utterly exhausted.'

'Ah, the Figgers...' I say, closing my eyes as she Natalie sinks down to fully impale herself on Sir Malcolm. 'We hanged the fellow responsible for that. Quite apart from spiking the Shaytan's slave gruel, which makes the cunts hungry enough, Scobie administered a double dose to Natalie by way of his infernal figgers.'

'Oh, no apology necessary,' Natalie breathes huskily, happily rubbing her tits around my face, despite the stubble on my chin.

She's surely ruined for anything else now, and will need regular loading of bonobo pellets for the rest of her unnatural life. That's why she is now straddling my lap, her legs threaded under the chair arms, and slowly easing up and down on Sir Malcolm.

The Alchemist is in full low: 'Natalie Carpenter's disappearance has set the dogs loose on Earth. Both Horace Molnkee and Sam Lemon have been spirited away for interrogation by the USA Secret Services, along with some entirely innocent managers of Emissions Strategies Inc. They're probably being tortured at this very minute.'

'Poor fellows, I'll endeavour to feel sorry for them,' I say, tugging ineffectually at the straps but raising my hips slightly to more effectively shaft Natalie's fleshpot.

'And I forbade you from importing Earth technology here for fear of it being discovered by spies on our own world. Yet you bring this... of all things! Why?'



I disengage my head from between Natalie's breasts and peer round her torso to see that he is dangling my bullet, swinging it to and fro on its necklace.

'Oh, that's just the bullet with my name on it,' I say. 'It's a lucky charm.'

Actually, as lucky charms go, the bullet has been remarkably unsuccessful, come to think of it.

'You damned fool! And what about Amelgine Potterheim? Horace Moknkee and Samuel Lemon were beside themselves with worry about her disappearance before their extraordinary rendition.'

'Extraordinary rendition?' I say, unsure what it means, but knowing it sounds painful.

'They have both been bundled away somewhere for interrogation, suspected of abducting Natalie,' the Alchemist snaps.

How can the Alchemist know about things that have happened since I left Earth? He must have some means of communicating with his people there. Or perhaps he's since made a fleeting journey across the Divide? He knows altogether too much for my liking.

'But it transpires you transported Amelgine back Across the Divide.'

'Oh, so you know about that too,' I say flatly, closing my eyes as Natalie bounces up and down on Sir Malcolm.

'Of course I do. She was in the Shaytan's slave hold along with Natalie, you idiot,' the Alchemist points out. 'You dare to enslave a free woman from your own city, and the sister of Jackson Willard's wife, to boot!'

'She volunteered, sort of,' I say weakly.

Beren the Balkan Bastard is holding a wicked-looking knife and its blade is glinting in the dim-light of the flickering lanterns. Which is more, he is kneeling beside the chair where I am helplessly bound. I cast a nervous sideways glance at him when he reaches under the seat to rest my ballocks on the palm of his hand.

'And what's this I hear about you having some design tattooed on Lady Amelgine's shaven pate?' the Alchemist demands.

'They were just pictures,' I say, wincing as the Bastard closes his hand around my ballocks and gives them a tug.

'For what purpose?'

'No purpose—' I begin, but Beren has rested the edge of his blade against the taut skin of my stretched ballock sac. I quickly add: 'Alright, I'll tell you, it's the design for the new Starr-car, a revolutionary form of transport.'

'A cycle rickshaw,' Natalie pants, grinding her hips in my lap.

The Alchemist stops pacing and turns to look at me in astonishment. He exhales in exasperation.

The Balkan Bastard yanks on my ballocks and I suppress a groan, saying, 'Have a care with the old onions, Beren old chap.'

'Of all the advanced technology and wonderful machinery available to steal from Earth, you choose to import a cycle rickshaw?' the Alchemist says, astounded. 'Where is Amelgine Potterheim now?'

Ah, so he doesn't know everything!

'I've no idea where she is,' I lie.

'Shall I cut his ballocks off now?' Beren asks, exerting some pressure on the blade.

I would protest but Natalie's efforts have brought Sir Malcolm to a climax and he is busily pumping jism into her clutching vagina. If the ballocks must go, then I suppose this isn't the worst way to lose the faithful pair. Fortunately for them, when I open my eyes, the Alchemist's hand is raised to stay Beren's blade.

'I have a purpose for Slaver Starr even yet and need him entire and healthy for that,' the young fellow says. 'I intend to send him back to Earth with Natalie Carpenter.'

‘Oh, really?’ I say, pleasantly surprised and thinking some time away would be a good for me right now.

‘Oooohhh!’ Natalie sighs, not at the news of her proposed return to Earth but because she is in the throes of a rolling orgasm.

‘If the cunt is a spy, then she will report everything she has seen,’ Beren says in astonishment.

‘That is my precise purpose,’ the Alchemist says. ‘Natalie will be the living proof to the Earth authorities that the Divide and the different Dimensions definitely exist. Now that the woman’s worth has been utterly compromised by this oaf, I might as well gain some advantage from it. So I’ll send her back to tell the tale. They will torture the truth from Moknkee and Lemon anyway, and Natalie - their own spy - will endorse their testimony. There will no longer be any doubts in their feeble minds.’

‘Where’s the advantage in that?’ Beren asks, obviously utterly perplexed (they aren’t the brightest fellows in the Balkans).

Natalie is slumped on my cockstem now, and her head is resting on my shoulder. ‘I’m not sure I want to go back,’ she says dreamily. ‘What about my herbals?’

The Alchemist smiles through thin lips and scratches a spot on the end of his nose. He may well be insane, you know. There is certainly a manic glint in his piggy eyes behind the lenses of his spectacles. It’s all a bit scary, don’t you know.

## Part IV

### Beyond reason

Half an hour later, and the Alchemist is still arguing with Beren, who still wants to cut off my ballocks.

‘How many times must I explain? Because, stupid, if we are serious about achieving world dominion, we need the best military technology from Earth,’ the Alchemist is saying.

Frankly, I am amazed that Beren the Balkan Bastard doesn’t tear him apart here and now. Certainly, he has that look in his eye as he kneels beside my chair and looks sharply at the Alchemist. However, he defers to the young and skinny youth and settles for squeezing my ballocks until my eyes water.

I wriggle a finger, which is all I can manage with my wrist firmly strapped to the chair arm. ‘Excuse me...’ I begin in an uncommonly high voice.

I am still tied naked to the stout chair in the Depravity’s dungeon, but Natalie Carpenter has been dragged away to be doused with a bucket of cold water.

‘I’ve no wish to hear from you, Slaver Starr,’

Undeterred, I go on: ‘If the USA on Earth is hoping to invade our world one day, then why would they gift us their military might to resist them?’

‘That seems a reasonable question,’ Beren admits in a hiss, easing his hold on my delicate bits.

The Alchemist sneers and says: ‘The USA always arms its enemies to the teeth before starting a war with them. Their rulers think it’s a sensible strategy to barter weapons in return for short-term gains. And I have something they would dearly love to get: passage across the Dimensions.’

That all seems to make perfect sense to me, so perhaps I *am* mad, after all. Not insane for power like the Alchemist and Beren, you understand, but just slightly cracked in the chump. Who wouldn’t be a tad mad after the things I’ve gone through?

‘Did you arrange for the tattooist?’ the Alchemist asks Beren.

‘Aye, I obtained a Master from Cathay... an artist in the craft. He’s waiting in the lobby to the dungeon.’

I am amazed again. Who would have thought that dungeons might have lobbies? Who might lobby whom in such places?

‘Bring the Ink Master in then,’ the Alchemist says. ‘I need him to do some rare work on Slaver Starr.’

## Part V

### Tattooed

‘God’s gonads, no more, for pity’s sake...’ I moan as I regain consciousness to find the Chinaman still sticking needles into Sir Malcolm.

‘He’s come round again,’ Beren says, slapping my face back and forth.

‘It’s no matter,’ the Chinaman says, not looking up as he continues his work with intense concentration.

‘I got the idea from you, Slaver Starr,’ the Alchemist is saying. ‘It was you who thought of transporting information Across the Divide by inking it into someone’s skin.’

I squirm in my chair, struggling against the straps that secure me. It’s to no avail, of course. I can only sit helplessly and grimace in pain as the Ink Master patiently etches strange glyphs on my cockstand. Sir Malcolm is trapped in the jaws of some kind of vice fashioned from a length of semi-spherical metal tubing; he’s held straight and supine in the unfriendly cradle, and he’s limp and docile now, which is no surprise.

This isn’t the technological wonder of the whirring electronic pens Earthy tattooists use. Oh no, this is a primitive technique, involving a bowl of black ink and sharpened bamboo needles tied with silk thread to a stylus. The wizened little Ink Master repeatedly jabs his needles into the flaccid flesh of my cockstand, waits for blood to appear, and then rubs ink into the wound. Poor Sir Malcolm! Poor me! And they call this fellow a Master?

‘Does it hurt?’ the Alchemist asks curiously.

‘He doesn’t look too happy,’ Beren says cheerfully, stooping to peer over the Chinaman’s shoulder at Sir Malcolm.

‘Try sticking a sewing needle in your own puny cocks a few thousand times, and then you can tell *me* if it hurts,’ I say nastily.

That might seem a little unwise given my predicament, but I just don’t care anymore.

‘Are you quite sure you don’t want me to cut his ballocks off?’ Beren asks genially.

I have passed out twice since the Ink Master started his work. The worst part is that the design seems to be some sort of encrypted code, and I can make neither head nor tail of it. The fellow has even paused twice to reposition Sir Malcolm in the clamp to facilitate the tattooing of the underside and flanks. I keep glancing down to see how the design is developing, but can’t even recognise the symbols that are gradually emerging beneath the needle.

The tattooist is working to a design drawn on a piece of parchment, closely supervised by the Alchemist. All I know is that, henceforth, Sir Malcolm will be forever adorned with a message that nobody will be able to understand, least of all me. It’s barbaric, that’s what it is.

Eventually, after an hour or more, the Chinaman at last pauses to straighten his back and twist his wrist, wincing as if he’s the one who’s entitled to feel pain. Then he removes the clamp from my cockstem, and dangles Sir Malcolm by the foreskin held none too delicately between his finger and thumb. The Alchemist kneels to closely examine the intricate design.

‘Errors... here,’ he says, poking my cock, grasping the parchment. He points to a symbol, and adds: ‘And here, and here too.’

The Chinaman peers at the parchment, nods and says, ‘I make him correct.’

Then he starts to work on me again!

Just as I am fainting away for the third time, I hear the Alchemist tell Beren: ‘Bring Natalie Carpenter back now. I’ll have the Master ink the other part of the equation onto her skin.’

## Part VI

### A new mission

‘Do you understand your mission, Slaver Starr?’ the Alchemist asks.

‘Not one bit,’ I reply, like a sulky child.

‘You useless twerbert!’ he says.

I shrug, beyond caring.

At least, I am comparatively comfortable now. The Alchemist, Beren, Natalie Carpenter and me are now in the Balkan Bastard’s office, with its huge window overlooking the Depths of Depravity. I am dressed in loose clothing, beneath which Sir Malcolm wears his own little outfit fashioned from bandages. The poor little fellow is still aching inordinately.

Natalie Carpenter is rather less comfortable, but then she is just a cunt, after all, so that’s alright. Natalie is kneeling prettily on Beren’s desk with widely-splayed thighs, a very straight spine, and out-thrust breasts, with her hands tied behind her in a muscle-wrenching reverse-prayer position. An opaque black bag is secured over her head with a draw-string round her neck, and her ears have been plugged with soft wax bungs, because that is how it’s always done. I’m a professional slaver and know these things.

‘Tell me again,’ I say.

The Alchemist sighs, and says: ‘It’s quite simple, even for a chowder-chump like you. I will arrange for you to cross the Divide as usual, along with Natalie Carpenter. You will land in at the usual place on the estuary, and then you merely have to deliver Natalie back to Emissions Strategies Inc.’

‘That’s it?’

‘That’s it!’

Chowder-chump or not, I smell a parrot’s fart here. It all seems *too* simple. Besides, what is the purpose of the tattoos? As far as I can make out, the marks represent some kind of mathematical formulae, and that makes me suspicious. And, besides the symbols that are etched on my cockstem, a series of strange glyphs have also been inked on various parts of Natalie’s anatomy. Compared to her, I got off fairly lightly, I suppose. She has glyphs on both of her breasts, on her belly, her pudenda, her arse, the small of her back, her shoulders, the back of her neck... it’s as if a demented schoolmaster has used her body in lieu of a chalkboard. It took the old Chinaman almost half a day to work on her, and all the while the he was pricking away at her, I sat strapped to the chair, listening to her moans and dying for a piss.

Beren, it seems, shares my uncertainty. After all, it doesn’t need a genius to know that something is missing here.

‘And when he’s delivered her to this place you mention?’ Beren asks, playing with his box of long, shiny steel bodkins.

‘He just conducts his own business, as usual, and prepares to come back, as always. Simple.’

‘So delivering the girl is my entire mission?’ I say.

‘It’s not so much a mission as an errand,’ the Alchemist says with a sniff, rubbing the inflamed spot on the end of his nose.

Natalie murmurs a little and I see her hips squirming a little.

‘Has she been loaded with herbals yet?’ I ask.

‘How would I know?’ the Alchemist asks.

Beren shakes his head towards me, and then reaches into the drawer of his desk and produces quite the largest figger I have seen for some time. He places his hand between Natalie’s shoulders and pushes her forward so that she’s bent over with her tits pressed against the desktop. Without ceremony, Beren pushes the figger up her arse until his finger sinks to the knuckle.

Natalie emits a long sigh, and remains as she is, with her arse high in the air.

‘That’s another thing,’ I say, glancing at the exposed purse of her pussy, which is opening and closing in spasms, like a hungry little mouth. ‘If you really mean to send her back, she will need a regular supply of the figging herbals. I’m not even sure if the ingredients can be found on Earth.’

‘You ruined her,’ he says again accusingly. ‘However, for my purposes, it will serve to keep her honest. You will take a limited supply of the figgers with you, and I will replenish it, every so often ... provided that she continues to do as I require.’

I blink at that, and say, ‘What about your warnings about the dire consequences of transporting native technology across the Divide? I don’t want to be spinning in the ether forever.’

‘The embargo applies to imports, not exports, you twot,’ the Alchemist says with a thin smile.

Hmmm... the little fucktwot seems to have everything planned. But why send Natalie with a supply of figgers that might temporarily assuage her rampant needs, but will ultimately only serve to inflame the money inside her? It seems that he’s intent on turning her into a raging sex machine, for his own control purposes. I resolve that I will give her a few bonobo pellets too, out of the kindness of my heart; they’re much better for her than figgers, as the Alchemist well knows. Furthermore, I happen to know where there are a couple of bonobo monkeys on Earth, if they’re still alive.

‘And what about the cunts I delivered here, Beren my old friend,’ I say. ‘Good stock, hale in wind and limb, don’t you know.’

‘Some of them are scabby,’ he says.

‘Tush, a transient condition ... they no longer harbour the disease and the vesicles won’t leave any scars once they are healed. I am a slaver and I know these things. Besides, the Incomers are unmarked.’

Beren and I haggle for some minutes until the Alchemist grows weary of our discourse.

‘Enough!’ the pimply youth eventually snaps, clapping his hands. ‘Conclude your sordid transaction. Let’s move on and make ourselves more cheerful. I want Slaver Starr and Natalie Carpenter to be on Earth this time next week.’

Demn me, so soon? I’ve only just recovered from a near-scape with death, don’t you know.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN - Back to Earth

### Part I

#### Many Happy Returns

‘Well, where are we, Slaver Starr Almighty?’ Natalie Carpenter asks, clutching the safety rope on the raft with one hand and crossing her other arm over her tattooed tits. ‘What are those things over there?’

She is peering into the driving rain at a cluster of seven massive rusty metal structures that stand above the waves on stalk-like legs, looking like fantastic huge insects striding across the water.

‘Demned if I know,’ I say, nervously looking round at vague grey landmasses in the mid-distance on either side, and then peering out at the larger expanse of heaving sea in front of us, ‘we are supposed to be somewhere on the Thames estuary in England.’

‘Oh, that’s just great!’ she says, snorting in disgust, as if it’s my fault.

This isn’t an ideal situation, I’ll admit. He we are, me and Natalie Carpenter, both stark naked and adrift on a timber raft. She is glaring at me as the howling wind tugs at her long black hair. Lashing rain is stinging my flesh, the wind is howling around us, and a very heavy swell is rocking the raft. I’ve had better landings, I must say.

Perhaps the Alchemist has fucked up again? It’s not easy to define the limits of the Thames estuary, so I suppose his calculations might have been within reasonable tolerances, but he’s delivered my raft to an inhospitable watery spot that’s nowhere near my usual landing place.

Shrieking sea rats wheel overhead. Something that sounds suspiciously like the Doomsayer’s bell is clanging ominously on a red metal conical object that’s bobbing not too far away on the heavy swell. The stretch of deserted water to the fore looks like an ocean to me, and it’s certainly a busy area too: many merchant boats – some of them huge – are sailing in the centre of the sound, coming or going.

‘Some of those vessels are gigantic, don’t you know,’ I say in awe.

‘It’s a shipping lane, you clown. I hope we’re at a safe distance,’ Natalie says. ‘I am not too optimistic, though; I’d guess that red buoy marks the edge of the navigable channel.’

Much further away, some huge white windmills are spinning in the sea breeze. On the far shore beyond the windmills, I can vaguely make out the jumbled buildings of what seems to be a town.

‘It’s your world, not mine,’ I point out. ‘Don’t you recognise any of these landmarks?’

Her response is scathing: ‘I’m an American, for God’s sake. You’re the slaver who’s supposed to know everything.’

Natalie is in a foul mood, for saying that she’s come back to her home world. She should be delighted, I’d have thought. Nobody from Earth has previously achieved that particular two-way trip, as far as I know. Many people would give up their souls for such an experience. Yet, strange as it might seem, Natalie Carpenter didn’t even wish to return. She had to be manhandled onto the raft for our departure.

‘Ring-a-ding-dong the bell of hell,’ I shout, as the bell-buoy rings over the howl of the wind, ‘as I understand it, some so-called Earthy astrologicals were glad it risk their lives being fired into the heavens perched on the end of flimsy metal tubes full of explosive liquid, and yet you complain about completing a safe return journey Across the Dimensions.’

‘They were astronauts, in space rockets,’ she shouts back, ‘and when *they* returned to Earth, they hadn’t been turned into sex maniacs and drug addicts ... neither had their bodies been covered in graffiti ... nor did they have bags of shit tied round their necks. Furthermore, we aren’t safe yet, in case you hadn’t noticed.’

She has some good points there, don’t you know, but there’s no need for her to be so

demned acid about it. Before we left, the Alchemist ordered that a there are a pigs bladder containing thirty-one figgers be hung round her neck. Unknown to the little fucktwot, I filled a smaller piglet's bladder full of bonobo dung pellets, and that is also nestling between Natalie's tits. Some folk are never satisfied.

I scramble for the oar and begin to paddle towards the nearest metal tower. Actually, the tidal current is running fast, and it's taking us in that direction anyway. Furthermore, there is a slender steel ladder hanging from a cross-strut of the lower platform of the structure. Beneath the ladder, hanging into the sea, are the remains of a jerry-rigged deck of some kind, apparently newer than rest of the structure.

'Thank the Gods of Fortune,' I yell, wielding the oar.

'Superstitious and primitive barbarian!' she says tartly, just as the wind drops for a moment and her words carry to me.

I notice that Natalie has become rather more obstreperous towards me, now that she thinks her arse is safe from a whipping, but blasphemy isn't in our best interests right now.

'Have a care about insulting the Gods,' I call, nervously looking up for a bolt of lightning.

'If a God existed, then you'd have met Her.'

Demn me, that's another good point; I've never considered it before; however, this is no time for a philosophical discussion. I am paddling with all my puny might, not so much to propel the cumbersome raft, but more to steer it. As it is, we've more than a half chance of missing the nearest pillar and being swept out to sea on the tide.

'Jump into the water to lighten the load - try to push and guide us,' I order Natalie.

'*You* jump off,' she says, clutching the bag of monkey shit to her chest.

I can see the cunt has no intention of getting into the choppy water, and neither have I (I don't wish to get my hair wet). She's out of my reach, so I can't push her off the raft. All I can do is paddle and pray.

As it turns out, we miss the damaged landing gantry by several feet; then the raft passes between the nearest pair of giant legs, swirls under the platform, and then stops with a jarring thud against one of the rear pillars. There is a corroded steel ladder depending from one of the struts that traverse above us, and Natalie wastes no time leaping up to grasp its rungs, regardless that the raft sweeps away from beneath her feet as it clatters around the stout steel leg. She dangles for a few seconds, kicking wildly, the bladders jerking around her neck, but manages to swing up like a nude gymnast, hooking a foot through one of the rungs of the ladder before levering herself upright. Clever cunt!

Aware that my raft is about to catch the current again, I hastily grab the long mooring rope and hurl it over the strut and catch the end as it flails in the wind. To my dismay I immediately find myself hoisted up to dangle in the howling wind as the raft swirls away from under me. I cling on to the rope for dear life, even though the pull of the raft causes me to oscillate like a crazy clock pendulum, and I am almost undone when my body crashes hard against the wide, round leg of the platform. I'm in dire danger of getting my hair wet here, don't you know.

'Grab the ladder and jump for it,' Natalie shouts as I swing crazily past her.

'I can't lose the raft,' I yell, desperately trying to use my legs and feet to cushion my next collision against the stout pillar. 'I need it to get back home.'

Natalie is a plucky little cunt, I'll own to that. She looks askance for a moment but then grabs the traversing strut and swings across from the ladder, hand over hand, dangling, to where the rope is stretched over it. Then she launches out into the rain-lashed wind and grasps the rope with both hands, while I desperately hang onto its end. It's amazing. Why would she do this for me? Her added weight on the rope exerts sufficient force to bring the raft back under us, and we both lower down onto its timbers again. I quickly tie off a couple of round turns and make a slip knot, securing the raft to the platform.

'That was demned close,' I say, breathing heavily. 'But what now?'



‘Climb up, I suppose,’ Natalie says, glancing up at the huge rusted structure above our heads.

‘What, up there?’ I ask. ‘It doesn’t look very inviting.’

‘I’m too cold to stay here,’ she says, already shinning up the mooring rope, which is still looped over the traversing strut.

The cunt climbs like a monkey. I have to say that I am not nearly so nimble, but when she reaches the cross-strut and begins to move across it towards the ladder, hanging inverted by her hands and crossed legs, I also begin to shin up the rope. I manage it, one way or another, despite the wind and rain and the slimy seaweed on the strut. I am blowing hard when I reach the flimsy, rusted and rotted metal ladder, I can tell you; Natalie is already ascending towards the main platform, several rungs above me.

‘It doesn’t look very safe,’ I shout into the wind, keeping my feet on the cross-strut and feeling the ladder shake in my hands with Natalie’s every movement.

‘Stay there! Let me get all the way up before you put your weight on it,’ she shouts back down.

I squint up into the rain at her tattooed backside as she climbs steadily up the rungs. There is a perfect circular diagram of symbols on each of her buttocks, one inscribed in red and the other in black, and the schematics seem to bounce in contra-motion with each step that she takes up the ladder.

## Part II

### Thames Maunsell Forts

‘This is a damned strange place, don’t you know,’ I say uneasily, glancing around at the riveted, rusted metal plates in the interior of the construction.

‘It’s like being inside my grandmother’s cookie tin,’ Natalie breathes, her eyes wide with wonder as we climb a short flight of substantial steel stairs. ‘Or a weird metal dolls house. Or maybe like the play complex I once built for my hamster when I was a kid.’

‘What’s a hamster?’ I ask, but she doesn’t bother to ask.

I shudder and pat Natalie’s bare arse as she moves up in front of me, more to reassure myself than her. It’s an odd sensation wandering naked through this tin box on stilts in the middle of the sea.

‘You must have had a demned strange childhood,’ I say.

She casts a withering look back at me. ‘Not nearly as strange as my adulthood, thanks to you,’

‘No need to thank me, I’m a slaver, don’t you know. It’s what I do.’

‘Or maybe it’s like being in an abandoned battleship,’ she says, stepping into a room at the top of the steel steps. ‘And look here, there’s evidence of recent use.’

I wander behind her into a room and see half a dozen narrow bunks, each one draped in plastic sheeting. The metal plates here are clad in some kind of board, painted cream but warped and discoloured with brown patches, decorated here and there with faded old pictures of half-clad women. There are even a couple of tattered rugs on the worn paint of the metal floor. The tall windows have grimy glass panes in them too, keeping out most of the draughts. Some thin, tall metal cupboards are scattered around the edges of the room, free standing, mostly with swung doors open or hanging off, and rust is breaking through their khaki-green enamel.

‘Gods’ gonads,’ I say, wrapping my arms about my bare chest, listening to the screeches of sea rats and the doom-laden dongs of the bell on the buoy, ‘it’s some kind of prison.’

‘This is, or was, a dormitory, certainly. But these pictures are pin-ups clipped from old magazines and newspapers – look, there’s one here dated 1944.’

‘When was that?’

She is opening and shutting the metal cupboards, most of which are empty.

‘My guess is this was some kind of war-time military installation. The beds are much more recent than that though.’

That sets me wondering if the Alchemist dropped us here deliberately. It’s just the kind of chop-chump thing he’d do in his thirst for military power. I can’t see what good this place would be on my world, though, or even how it could be built in the middle of the ocean. It’s a great engineering feat, and no mistake.

My thoughts are interrupted when Natalie lets out a sudden squeal, and I leap back in terror as half a dozen large white objects tumble from a cupboard and roll on the floor.

‘Gods protect us, they’re breeding!’ I say, clenching my sphincter, ‘What kind of creatures have eggs that size?’

‘For goodness sake!’ Natalie rasps, picking up one of the eggs and perching it on her head. ‘They’re hard hats for construction workers, and new, too. People must work here on occasion. That accounts for the damaged landing gantry.’

Still wearing the hard hat, she goes to open another cabinet, which is empty. At the next, though, she lets out another yelp, this time of delight, and pulls out some blue garments.

‘Coveralls!’ she says, shaking out what appears to be a one-piece suit of clothes. ‘At least they’re not orange.’

‘That’s a good thing?’

‘It means it’s probably not a prison, anyway - the US Military missed a trick there, because this sure beats the hell out of Guantanamo.’ She tosses the suit to one side, and then pulls a plastic sheet from one of the beds and leaps onto the grubby mattress, saying, ‘Come on, lover boy, it’s a shame to waste time and facilities. I need a sex fix!’

I watch appalled as she splays her legs wide and pats her pudenda. By the Gods, I hope Scobie is toiling in Hades - he’s made this demned Earthy-woman utterly insatiable, don’t you know.

“Oh well, Sir Malcolm,” I silently tell my cockstand, ‘it’s time for work again.’”

An hour later, Natalie Carpenter and I are wearing blue coveralls, heavy work boots and hard white hats. We are in some kind of living room: quite large and with a high steel ceiling, with chairs, a table, and a small but serviceable kitchen. A wood-burning stove is spreading gentle warmth, and Natalie is cooking a meal.

‘That smells demned good,’ I say with some surprise.

‘There’s lots of canned and dried food in the larder, a fresh water tank, and the cooker has a full gas cylinder. Someone has equipped this place for camping.’

The enticing smell of spiced meat wafts across my nostrils. If I have to be marooned with anyone, I suppose there are worse companions than Natalie Carpenter. Quite apart from her energetic and imaginative fucking, she is very resourceful. Regardless of my fearful objections, Natalie explored the metal monster and found a small room with an oily machine and some cans of fuel; now, the machine is chugging away and, miraculously, we have hot water and even electric lighting (although she insists that we reserve that for emergencies and use oil lamps instead). ‘We have to conserve resources,’ she said, ‘We might have to survive here for quite some time.’

I don’t wish to sound ungrateful, but that prospect doesn’t exactly thrill me. Still, I suppose I could just wait here until its time for me to cross back to my world, scheduled for a month hence in Earthy-time. As for Natalie though, she only has one month’s supply of Figgers... I suppose I’ll have to take her back with me.

## Part III

### Back at the Colonial Club

**‘My name is Jake Starr. You remember me, of course?’** I say to Millward, the porter at the Colonial Club, in Mayfair, London.

‘Welcome back, Mr Starr,’ the dust old chuffer says, glancing towards Natalie as if she’s something less than human.

‘It’s demned good to be safely landed, don’t you know.’

That is a small understatement, but it might have been worse, I suppose. As it transpired, I only had to endure three days in the austere comforts of the old steel fort in the Thames estuary before we were taken off by a motley group of enthusiasts who came to survey their renovations; apparently, they’ve been working on the place for years (but not so you’d notice). I apologised profusely for using their facilities, food and clothing, and explained that we’d been shipwrecked and lost everything. They were jolly nice fellows, if slightly intense and odd, and took us on their boat for the 45 minute trip to Whitstable. They even loaned me our rail fares to London which was necessary, since my emergency coin is hidden miles away in an oil refinery near Gravesend.

After arriving at Victoria Station, I dashed to the Colonial Club. Well, “dashed” might not be the right word, for we first had to search out a London branch of the Bank of America so that Natalie could check her multi-million account balance, *and we* had to buy something to wear, all of which took a small aeon of time (never go clothes-buying with a woman, is my advice).

Why did we go to the Colonial Club? Well, I feel safer here, that’s why! If I must draw a picture for you: Horace Moknkee and Sam Lemon have been seized from the HQ of Emissions Strategies Inc. and taken away for torturing; so *that*, most definitely, is *not* the best place for *me* to go right now.

‘And the young woman, sir, is she a...?’

His question trails off, but its meaning is clear enough: is Natalie a victim, or what? Millward is discrete, as ever, because this is street-side, and anyone could be listening. The crusty chuffer is an old retainer of the original Club; but he knows where the best pudding is boiled and embraces our new ways.

‘She’s with me, Millward,’ I say.

‘Hello there, how are you?’ Natalie says brightly.

Millward sniffs, totally ignores Natalie, and says to me: “An American! I’ll require her passport, sir.”

Tush, I quite forgot; it’s commonplace to be asked for your passport in London. On my world we don’t even have the demned things.

‘I left my passport with you the last time I was here,’ Natalie tells Millward helpfully.

‘You visited here before, and left again?’ he says, clearly astonished.

‘Oh yes. I distinctly remember. Let’s say it was quite a memorable occasion.’

He looks askance for a moment, but quickly recovers the clip-nosed cast on his wrinkled phizzog, sniffs his disdain, and then turns and shuffles to open the wall-safe. There must be more than 300 passports of different hues in there. Gods’ gonads, what if we are raided!

‘Name?’ he asks, peering over his shoulder.

‘Jake Starr, I told you,’ I say.

‘Natalie Carpenter,’ Natalie says, casting a wry look at me.

Millward starts to look through the piles of passports and I am about to tell him to go stripe his own arse, thinking it will take an age for him to find the right one amongst that lot. However, he comes up with it within seconds, turning and shuffling back to the counter, opening the dark blue cover with its gold lettering and emblem, and glancing at the picture inside.

‘Natalie Emma Carpenter,’ he muses, glancing up at Natalie as if surprised to see her in his

foyer laden with expensive-looking shopping bags. 'If the young woman is free to come and go, sir, she should be using the trade entrance. It's a matter of appearances.'

'I'll take that, thank you,' Natalie says briskly, snatching the passport from his trembling, liver-spotted hand.

Millward is about to protest as Natalie stuffs the passport alongside the bladder of bonobo shit in her brand new Mulberry bag, and it seems that he might try to climb over the counter.

I wave him back and say, 'I can vouch for her, my good fellow.'

With that, I pull Natalie towards the ancient gated elevator (which they insist on calling a "lift") with its flimsy metal concertina doors, polished brass fittings and dark wood panels. This so-called lift is guarded by a fat thug, who recognises me and steps aside. He seems to strip Natalie with his eyes, and she gazes back at him just as hungrily, licking her lips like a tigress sizing up her dinner.

When we step inside the small car, the chubby chump-chopper closes the concertina gates, there is a hiss and a faint smell of something burning, and we begin to rise very slowly with frequent jerks and judders. I've been meaning to have this lift replaced with something that inspires me with more confidence. Even though people protest that it lends character to the Club, I am always glad to step out of it alive. However, I admit that the quaint machine - which is apparently driven by water pressure, and wouldn't be out of place in Castleton castle - gives a convenient image totally at odds with the furnishing of the rest of the Club. When I first acquired the place, I had the club rooms gutted, and now the décor is opulent and bold, styled after a sultan's palace on the Dark Coast of my world. I suppose you might say the decorations are vulgar and barbaric, but they suit me, don't you know, and I own the place. So you can go fuck yourself with a ragman's trumpet. It is exotic. That's it!

When we safely reach the upper floor, the lift gates are pushed aside by a large, black man with a gleaming bald head.

'Good evening, Jaffa,' I say.

Jaffa looks at me with morose, piggy eyes. The fellow always seems so demned resentful; he doesn't know when he's well-off. He wears baggy blue silk pants tied with a broad yellow sash, silk slippers, a small blue bolero jacket, and his huge bare chest is hairless and gleaming with oil.

'Why, hello there, big boy,' Natalie says, reaching to stroke him, her fingertip circling one of his big maroon nipples.

I slap her hand away, saying: 'Ring-a-ding-a-dong the bell of hell, Natalie! I know you're slaver for your next fucking, but a eunuch without a cockstem will hardly be up for the job.'

Jaffa is so taken aback by her temerity that his mouth gapes but no words emerge. I quickly grab Natalie's hand and drag her to the cloaks counter, opposite the lift.

The cloak-room girl is wearing a scrap of white silk that leaves one of her tits completely bare and only partially covers her bald pudenda.

'Good eefenink, Sir,' the girl says, her bare breast bobbing as she gives a small curtsy.

'You are new here?'

'I am ... be here ... two wicks,' she says with halting words, sighing an "aah" of relief when she eventually completes the sentence.

'And how are you settling in?'

'Oh, eet fine, Sir ... really ... eet fine,' she says, taking my coat and keeping her smile fixed as she glances nervously at Jaffa, who has stationed himself by the inner clubroom doors, motionless, as if he's not listening, but we all know that he is.

'What do they call you?'

'I Tanya, from Moldova.'

'Greetings, I-tanya' I say.

The girl is quite comely, with cuddly curves. When she turns to hang my new coat on the

rack, I see that her plump posterior is nicely striped with a ladder of fiery red lines; they were probably recently applied by the ivory-handled cane presently thrust into Jaffa's yellow waist-sash (someone once told me that Jaffa vents his seething inner rage on the slaves, which is very unfair - it wasn't them who cut his cockstem and ballocks off, after all).

I return past Jaffa, dragging Natalie behind me, and enter the main club room. Two naked young women, like a matched pair, both stunningly beautiful with smouldering eyes and flowing manes of near coal-black hair, are flanking the other side of the door. This is a new development.

'Good eefenink, sir,' both the young women say together, giving a little curtsy.

'Moldovan?' I ask, tweaking the pert nipple of the nearest girl.

'Yes, we Moldovan,' they answer in unison.

Perhaps they are twins? I nod and heft the girl's breast, as a friendly kindness, before moving on. The Colonial never had naked girls stationed at the door before but I don't disapprove, if we have cunts to spare. I wander into the main room, glancing around me.

Ah, this is more like it! Near-naked women sashay back and forth, carrying trays of drinks and food. Many of the cunts are totally nude, and four of them are dancing on low round daises, wriggling their bare bottoms and shaking their tits. The room is all purple and fuschia, with dim lanterns, latticed screens, ornately tiled floors, and gaily patterned rugs. As usual, a good number of important-looking men are sitting in the discrete alcoves, chatting and eating their meals; some have pretty young women sitting by their sides but, nevertheless, they are all attended by the Club's nude waitresses, who are mainly serving on their knees. I smile happily. This is just my kind of place. In fact, it *is* my place.

A svelte waitress, sultry, with a mane of dark hair, sashays across the room towards me, her shaved pudenda waving hello with every step.

'Good eefenink, Sir,' she says in a heavily-accented voice, 'pliss, follow me, I take you table.'

Another new girl. I can tell that because she has pale marks on her otherwise tanned skin; Colonial Club cunts don't sunbathe; and, if they did, they certainly wouldn't be allowed to wear anything.

'Are you from Moldova?' I ask, hazarding a guess.

She is taken aback and her fake smile slips for a moment.

'Yes, I am Valeria Pakurar from Chisnau.' Then, quite unexpectedly, she grasps my hand and leans forward to beg in urgent, hushed tones: 'Pliss, you take me from thees place?'

'Certainly not!' I say, astounded.

'Vlad ees very bad man! Pliss, you take.'

Natalie reaches to pat the girl's shoulder, saying, 'Believe me, honey, you wouldn't want this guy to take you anywhere.'

I glare at Natalie and wrench my hand free, saying: 'Report immediately to Jaffa and ask for six stripes of his rod across your arse. Meanwhile, I'll find my own table.'

The girl looks at me, aghast. Then she gives a small, strangled sob and turns to sprint away.

'Was that really necessary?' Natalie says, watching the girl's trim arse disappear through the double doors.

'We're being over-run with demned Moldovans,' I grumble, heading for an alcove.

The moment we get there, Natalie starts to strip. I don't complain, of course, but watch from my chair with some interest until she's as naked as a bollabong bird.

'Is it wise to reveal your equations?' I ask.

She cups her tattooed tits with both hands and glances down at them - the left breast has a large blue star centred on its nipple; on the right, a red and black star; both have orange flames licking across the stars, which are surrounded by mathematical symbols.

Still holding her tits, Natalie gives a shrug, and says: 'Who'd know what they mean

anyway? I haven't managed to crack the equations myself yet.'

'Interesting,' I say, as she drops to her knees and crawls beneath the snowy white drape of the table cloth.

It doesn't take long for Sir Malcolm to leap to attention in Natalie's mouth, of course. He's avid as ever for sucking and fucking, despite his repeated mauling at Natalie's hands over the past few days.

'That reminds me,' Natalie says, suddenly poking her head from under the cloth, between my legs. 'I need a few pictures of your cock before I leave.'

'Leave?' I say.

'I have to go back to the States. People will be looking for me.'

'And you want souvenir pictures of Sir Malcolm,' I say, smiling. 'That's quite touching, don't you know. He'll stand proud with pleasure.'

'I want the pictures as evidence, you ass,' she says, looking up to the heavens before her head disappears back under the table.

Giovanni, the club manager, hurries up, and he only pauses briefly seeing Natalie's tattooed arse and the soles of her feet protruding from under the table cloth. 'Mr Starr, sir, they just told me you here, sir, or I would have been at the door to receive you. Is the cunt servicing you to your wishes, sir?'

'Oh yes, most certainly,' I say, as Natalie expertly licks under the rim of Sir Malcolm's head. 'How are things doing here, my good fellow?'

'They are going well, Mr Starr sir. Very well indeed. Except for one thing, sir... we seem to have been invaded.'

A cold shiver runs down my spine like a sliver of half-melted ice, don't you know. Have the same enemies who seized Horace Moknkee and Sam Lemon been here too, at my Colonial Club?

'Invaded?' I say, trying to sound nonchalant. Nevertheless, I glance around furtively and lower my voice when I add: 'Invaded by whom or by what?'

'By cunts from Moldova, Mr Starr sir. We have more than enough of them. I heave a huge sigh of relief. A surfeit of trafficked women from Moldova, is that all? In fairness, from what I've seen of them, they seem a sultry-looking bunch, well worth the fucking. They would certainly be good stock on my world.'

Natalie pushes her head up from between my legs. 'Hey, Bozo, Sir Malcolm has suddenly lost interest,' she says, pushing back the table cloth to reveal my suddenly limp and rubbery cockstem, and wagging to and fro in her hand like a dead snake.

'Yes, yes, he had a nasty fright for a moment there, that's all,' I say irritably, soundly cuffing her ear before pushing her head back under the table. 'Get back to work. He'll soon be up and raring to go again.'

Giovanni nods with approval at my firm treatment of Natalie Carpenter, and stoops to smack her arse soundly with the flat of his hand. I give a little jerk of shock as her teeth momentarily close on Sir Malcolm - an involuntary reflex, caused by the slap.

'Have a care, Giovanni,' I say, 'have a care. Sir Malcolm nearly took a nasty bite there.'

'It's not for me to complain about your colleagues, Mr Starr sir,' Giovanni goes on, still wringing his imaginary cloth, and apparently not giving a parrot's fart for the well-being of my burgeoning cockstand, 'but Vlad is getting out of control. He keeps bringing bus-loads of Moldovan women and demanding money for them ... *your* money, Mr Starr sir.'

I pause to consider the thought and, admittedly, to enjoy the way that Sir Malcolm is upstanding again to receive due worship from Natalie.

'Well, it's only Earthy money, after all,' I muse aloud. 'But tell Vlad we don't need any more Moldovans. French, Italian. Americans, any other cunts ... but not Moldovans.'

'I did tell him, Mr Starr sir, but he brandished a big knife and threatened to cut off my

balls. He said he'd have me standing at the door with Jaffa.'

'Perish the thought, Giovanni,' I say, not really caring about that, either. 'I'll have strong words with Vlad. Go now, Sir Malcolm needs my full attention.'

Galloping Gods' gonads, my nervous cockstand almost went limp again there as Giovanni spoke about Vlad's threats. I had a nasty flashback to when Beren the Balkan Bastard held my ballocks in his hand and shaved a razor-sharp blade over the wrinkled sac, threatening to slice it open and spill my sphericals.

'Oi!' Natalie calls another complaint from under the table.

'Yes, yes, I know,' I say. 'Carry on.'

As I have observed before, there are some very nasty parallels between Beren and Vlad – the two rogues are of the same ilk, even if worlds apart, and I don't care for either one of them; but the crucial difference is that, on Earth, it's me who holds the chopper, so to speak. On that pleasant thought, Sir Malcolm begins to stretch his sinews again under Natalie's tender, loving ministrations.

'That's better,' Natalie calls, licking along the length of my shaft. 'I can read the equations again now.'

That's what she's doing, studying the tattoos inked on my cockstand and trying to make sense of the strings of formulae, yet again? Demn and fuck the woman, I thought she was simply helping me to enjoy myself.

I'm beginning to think that Natalie Carpenter has all the makings of a very selfish cunt, don't you know.



## Part IV

### Vlad's Dreams of Granduer

'I zee main man now,' Vlad tells me when I confront him in the basement.

'What?' I say, not comprehending his meaning but disliking his tone.

'Yeeeee, I zee main beeg man,' he says, looking up from the delectable little pudding he's fucking over an upturned barrel, and flicking his long fingers at me, as if swatting at a fly. 'Now you work for me, my friend.'

'Do I now?' I say, thinking to myself, "we'll see about that."

'You wait. I feeneesh break thees one, and then explain your new job.'

It's just as Giovanni said: Vlad the Impaler is getting out of hand. We are in the dungeon of the Colonial Club, and there must be more than two dozen naked, young women down here, sobbing and caterwauling. They keep jabbering away in some language I don't understand, and Vlad occasionally rasps back at them in the same tongue, so it's my guess that they're all Moldovan. Gods' arseholes, there'll be no young women left in Moldova at this rate. Sooner or later, it's bound to lead the Authorities to the club.

I watch Vlad's skinny arse as it bounces up and down on the girl, and have half a mind to give it a good kick with the tow of my shoe aimed right at his puckered arse-eye. Resisting that temptation, I look round at the weeping women, who are cringing back in the dim light. Their clothes are littered about on the floor and they are huddled in groups, trying to shield their naked bodies against each other as best they may. A couple of thugs whom I have never previously met are standing guard over them.

'Call yourselves traffickers?' I demand of the men. 'What kind of slaving is this? Collect up their clothing and burn it without trace, you dolts.'

I find a stern manner is often most effective with clods such as these, but these two look as if they're about to chop off my chump.

'Who the fuck are you?' one of them asks.

My theatrical sigh masks a nervous tic. I glance at Vlad, but he's too busy fucking the flailing girl, who now seems to be getting into the spirit of things because her legs are wrapped around him and her small feet are kicking between his shoulders.

'Whaddya reckon, Terry?' the other pug-ugly asks his crony, eying me malevolently..

A demonstration of dominance usually resolves situation like this. I turn to the women and clap my hands sharply, just like my father taught me to do when I was knee-high to a cunt. Immediately, the young women fall silent, and they look at me with wide, fearful eyes. I sweep my pointed forefinger back and forth to draw an imaginary line on the grey granite floor, and then clap my hands again; the women immediately form into a single row, and another sharp crack of my hands makes them straighten their slouches and allow their arms to fall by their sides; I give another clap, and they all suck in their bellies, pull back their shoulders, and push out their tits. Like I always say: all women instinctively respond to anything that sounds like the crack of a whip - it's inbred in them.

The two footpads are looking on in awe when I glance back at them

'Cor, stone the bleedin' crows,' one says.

'Yeah, innit just,' the other agrees.

'I am a professional slaver and I know how to do these things,' I say airily, as if surprised at their surprise. 'Now, collect up their useless garments and burn them.'

They are simple fellows at heart, these chump-choppers. The two of them leap to my command, stooping to gather up the discarded pants and shirts and skirts and dresses. Meanwhile, I stroll along the line of women, inspecting them, patting a belly here, hefting a breast there, stroking the occasional puffy pudenda... you know the kind of thing. They all stand like little

soldiers, looking straight ahead, motionless, neither resisting nor yielding to my touches. Actually, they are all very presentable, and half a dozen of them are prime flesh. Vlad, for all his failings, has a good nose for juicy cunts, but then most men have. After the first pass along the line, I return and take a black grease crayon from my pocket and place a tick on the left breasts of the best four women, just above their nipples; it's a pity I can't take a few more back Across, but the raft is restricted.

'I'll reserve those four,' I tell Vlad as she pulls his man out of the girl and pumps viscous fluid all over her belly.

That's another thing with Vlad: he never covers his cockstand with a sheath, unlike me when I'm fucking Earth-side. The Alchemist has always been at great pains to abjure me to always guard Sir Malcolm against cross-contamination. Scared shitless by lurid tails of disgusting Earthy diseases, I have always complied with that. Anything goes when I'm back on my world, of course; but I always dress Sir Malcolm in rubber when fucking on Earth. Vlad, though, despite my frequent warnings, will persist in fucking his captives without any barrier whatsoever. That's just irresponsible.

Vlad pushes himself upright, flicks his head to swish his pony-tail hair aside, and zips up his pants. When he looks at me, the livid scar in his cheek looks positively ghoulish, don't you know.

'You geeve me good price for zeese beetches, Jake,' he says, holding his right hand in front of my face and rubbing his thumb against his first two fingers. 'You geeve good price, or I sell beetches on eenternet.'

I push his stinking fingers aside, trying to maintain his gimlet stare, which isn't easy. Each of his eyes is like the sphincter of Hades' arsehole, and I don't like to think what's lurking behind them.

'Hold hard, Vlad,' I murmur in what I hope sounds like a calm voice, 'just remember that you work for me. I will take these four cunts as payment. Dispose of the others and hand the proceeds of their sale to the Club. And don't bring any more Moldovan women until I tell you.'

I keep an eye on the two footpads, half-expecting them to jump me, but they are busily feeding the women's clothing into a brazier that is puthering out enough smoke to choke us all.

'You tell meeee zees?' Vlad snarls, his hand suddenly grasping my throat. 'You theenk you tell meeee, zee main beeg man? You fucking crazeee? I keel. I sheet on your grave, Jake. Meester Vlad the Man, he in charge now, and no more Jake zee Fake. Capiche?'

I wrench his hand from my neck and blink at him through watery eyes. My Adams Apple swells to a hard lump of gristle in my throat.

'Have a care, Vlad,' I say, pained. 'Alright, I'll give you a quarter. It's only Earthy money, after all. You're welcome to a quarter share.'

'I take all shares!'

'Half?' I venture hopefully.

'All shares! I am zee main beeg man. And I want to know where you take zee beetches. So I come too. I see what you do when you leave here. Huh?'

Now there's a thought! I have to smile, even though I am nearly shitting in my breeks.

'Yes, yes, if it's what you really want,' I say. 'I'll take you Across with the four women, if that's what you really want.'

'Now you see sense, Jake zee Fake,' he says cheerfully, patting my cheek none too gently with the flat of his hand. 'Then we know who ees zee beeg boss and who not, huh?'

'We certainly will,' I say. 'You'll get your full share, alright.'

He smiles and, in the half-light, his crooked leer looks like a deformed baboon's arse. It's no wonder every cunt is scared of him.

# CHAPTER NINETEEN - The Reckoning

## Part I

### Back at the CIA

**‘My name is Natalie Carpenter,’** I tell the interrogator for the umpteenth time.

Welcome home, Natalie! I am naked, standing in a small white room, deep in the heart of a secret base run by the CIA’s Directorate of Science and Technology. It’s an unnerving experience, as usual. I’m beginning to think it was a mistake coming back, the way they are treating me. You’d think I was an enemy spy or something.

The official CIA web site says “...to spend a day with the DS&T is to spend a day inside the imagination of CIA” and it claims that the Directorate “brings distinctive tools, capabilities, and expertise to our most difficult national security challenges.” Ain’t that just the God’s honest truth! I should know, because I *am* one of their distinctive tools.

‘We’ve had the Marines out looking for Natalie Carpenter,’ the woman says, snapping off her vinyl gloves and staring at me for long seconds. When I don’t respond (it wasn’t a question, after all) she goes on: ‘*If you are Natalie Carpenter, you’ve been missing for nearly a year. Where have you been?*’

That’s the crucial question. I know *roughly* where I’ve been, of course, but I’m not even going to attempt to explain it to someone like her. And I might have been absent for a year in Earth terms but, for me, it’s only been a few weeks.

‘I’ve been deep undercover,’ I say guardedly, looking straight front, chin held high, keeping my hands behind my back and my legs apart, the way they like it.

‘So you say,’ she says, glancing at the young guy who stands by the door, ‘but you didn’t report in even once.’

‘Like I’ve already said, countless times, it just wasn’t possible,’ I say, my voice a dull monotone. ‘I was out of communication range.’

The woman smiles thinly at the young hunk beside the door. I can’t see him, but I suppose he’s smiling back at her, and doesn’t say anything. He’s not spoken since I was brought into the room, he’s just there (presumably to make me feel more embarrassed and vulnerable).

I’ve never met these particular officers before - they seem to make a practice of rotating them, so you never see the same guy twice. The woman is severe, with a trim figure, a pinched face, and dark hair worn in a scraped back bun. Like the rest of them, she likes her subjects to be naked and humiliated to soften them for interrogation - they learned that from Iraq, I suppose. Little does she know it, but humiliation is wasted on me nowadays. She has just subjected me to a comprehensive, full cavity body search with her male colleague looking on. I’m damned sure that’s an infringement of my constitutional rights, but I haven’t complained. It would have bothered me a lot once, but not now, not after all I’ve been through. In fact, I am quite turned on by it, thinking of the young hunk getting a hard-on as he eye-balled my wet pussy when I bent double to touch the floor.

‘You know that you carry a mystery virus?’

‘So I’ve been told,’ I say. ‘They say it’s not contagious, not like chicken pox, but you know how wrong the quacks can be. They said that about AIDS, remember? You’re probably quite safe, but who really knows?’

The woman officer looks up at me sharply and I see momentary fear in her eyes. Oh, how I would love to push a couple of figgers up her ass (if they weren’t so precious and few, that is - I don’t know what I’m going to do after I’ve used them all).

Initially, news of the virus came as a surprise to me too. CIA medics subjected me to a battery of tests after I unexpectedly reported back, and my samples revealed the hitherto unknown bug in my system. The ultramicroscopic agent apparently lives happily in its discrete host (which

happens to be me) and once there it makes itself at home, and constantly needs feeding with a regular influx of new buddy-bugs to replicate itself; it reduces the host to a fucking frenzy if it doesn't get reinforcements. That explained a few things to me, particularly why I've become a rampant nymphomaniac who can't get enough cocks inside me in a day.

'And the suppositories...' She pauses to glance at the file and then continues: 'You say they are vital to "to feed your inner monkey"'. What does that mean?'

'It means what I say it means.'

I smile to myself. That's a regular saying on the other world, where it's claimed everyone has a mischievous and hungry monkey inside them. I now know that to be a euphemism for the bonobo virus, and I guess they're all infected with it there.

'Where did you get these suppositories?'

'The Alchemist gave them to me.'

She is referring to the figgers - I've only got 25 of them left now, having been instructed by the Alchemist to insert one in my rectum each day. I had to beg the doctors to give them back to me. They were initially reluctant, even flatly refusing, especially when an analysis showed the capsules to contain the active mystery virus; but they relented when I was on the very edge of madness and tearing at my clitoris.

The female officer glances at the man at the door and shrugs. Then she opens the folder on her desk again and I remain silent as I she sorts through it. For a couple of minutes the only noise in the room is the shuffling of paper and the occasional small cough from the man behind me.

Eventually the woman says: 'According to this Natalie Carpenter had no tattoos or distinguishing marks... None! That was a year ago. Now you turn up looking like a modern art gallery. You suddenly developed a tattoo fetish, at 26 years of age?'

'No,' I say, having decided to keep my answers short.

'Then why did you choose to get your body tattooed like that?'

She points at my tits, and I glance down at them too. The Chinese-looking man who tattooed me certainly had an aesthetic eye: he inked an artistic design on both breasts, each comprising a large, flame-licked star, one blue and the other red, with my ring-pierced nipples pushing through the centres. The rest of my torso, front and rear, is adorned with mathematical symbols; I've got a matched pair of near-equations on my ass - one on each of my buttocks - symmetrical circles, similar to the ones that encircle the stars on my tits.

'I didn't choose it - someone else did.'

'And what about Sir Malcolm's penis?' she asks, showing me one of the photographs I took of Jake Starr's tattooed cock.

'Get your facts right. That penis *is* Sir Malcolm - it's like a nickname.'

She raises her eyebrows and says flatly: 'A penis with a nickname. Whatever next? And it's tattooed, just like your body.'

'Yes.'

'What's with the math on these tattoos then?'

'They are supposed to be equations, only some of them don't quite equate... quantum-physics.'

'What do they mean?'

'I don't know.'

She glances at the file again, smirks, and says. 'But you're supposed to have a doctorate in—'

'I have a PhD in Quantum Mechanics and Astro-physics,' I say helpfully as she sorts through the folder for the relevant record.

'Yet you don't know what the equations purport to represent.'

'No.'

I'm telling the truth. I've studied the glyphs, of course, and at some length too. They are

intriguing, to say the least. Much of the quantum stuff makes sense, and some of it is quite basic; but other parts are new to me, and there are a few indecipherable symbols too. Some of the promisingly elegant equations are obviously ground-breaking but maddeningly incomplete, as if a meaningful and interesting road abruptly stops at the edge of a cliff. The same goes for the formulae inked on Sir Malcolm, Jake Starr's cock.

'Well?' the woman asks, her sharp manner indicating that I'm testing her patience.

I shrug and say, 'Well what? It's a message.'

'For whom?'

'It's a message to you, or to somebody in the D&ST, from the Alchemist. He sent me here to deliver it.'

'The Alchemist,' the officer repeats, glancing again at the man at the door, who must be ogling my tattooed bare ass. 'And you don't know his real name?'

'No.'

I've told this same story to three different interrogators over the past three days. They seem to have stopped pressing me too much about the real identity of the Alchemist.

The woman officer sighs, shakes her head, closes the file, and turns to the man at the door, snapping, 'Get a photographer in here.'

I smile wryly. I don't suppose she believes a word of my story, just like the others. In her place, neither would I. But somebody, somewhere in the higher reaches of the CIA *will* believe it, and he or she will recognise the Earth-shaking importance of the message. I'm sure of that. It will probably be the same hard-hearted shit who cheerfully consigned me on my fateful mission as a naive and unwitting sacrificial lamb. If we ever meet, I'll screw that bastard in more ways than one. Oh, I knew I was going out as a covert, part-time spook. I happily volunteered for that, after all, but nobody told me just how deeply undercover I would descend or what it would entail. Now I have returned, infected with a strange virus that has turned me into a nymph, with almost indecipherable graffiti indelibly tattooed all over my body, and they don't believe a word anything I say.

I sigh and say: 'Look, I've already told you all I know.'

'Tell me again from the beginning,' the officer says. 'The tapes are running.'

They still use tapes in this digital age? I doubt it. Ignoring that, I prepare to recount my own version of events, most of which is true (but I haven't told them about the bag of monkey shit Jake Starr made me I bring back Across the Divide, and I don't intend to tell them, either).

'There are many other people in this story, and they would have to give their own accounts for it to make any sense,' I say, parroting the opening I secretly rehearsed in the privacy of my cell. I can only tell you what happened to me and describe the things I personally witnessed.'

'But it will serve as some kind of an introduction, will it?' she says sarcastically, quoting the exact words I have said to other officers at previous interrogations.

I sigh again. If they've got it all in the file, why do I need to repeat it again? They should know that I'm nothing if not consistent.

Taking an exaggerated deep breath, I start to recount my rehearsed story: 'Alright. It all began in September, last year, 11 months and 3 days ago, when I attended an interview at the CIA's Directorate of Science & Technology, at a secret location somewhere in Virginia...'

## Part II

### The properties of bonobo shit

**‘It’s fucking incredible, Natalie.** I’ve analysed the samples and identified a virus hitherto unknown to man. I could write a prize-winning scientific paper on this shit.’

‘No!’ I say sharply. ‘You can’t do that, Mikey. Like I told you, this is top secret.’

Having been released from CIA custody for the time being, I’ve high-tailed it back to Yale to see what my scientific friend and good buddy has discovered from the samples I gave him. Michael H Bellweather Jnr. is a pointy-head and one of the best in his field, which just happens to be microbiology, virology, genetics, that kind of thing. It’s pure luck that I know him. He is also one of the few people on Earth I can trust (but, even so, I haven’t told Mikey about the CIA thing, or crossing the Divide, or anything else to do with the mysterious matter of the bonobo).

I’m playing a dangerous enough game here. Before reporting back to the CIA, I looked up Mikey and supplied him with one precious figger and a single pellet of bonobo dung, along with a small sample of my own stool. While I had to surrender the figgers to the D&ST, I’ve kept the monkey shit strictly between Mikey and myself, because I have a feeling that it holds the key to everything. Jake Starr never really explained what this thing with the monkey poo is all about, except strongly advising me to add one dung pellet to each meal. I have to say that the thought of eating shit isn’t too enticing, but it seems I’ve been unwittingly doing that these past few weeks. Also, if Starr is to be believed (and I’m not often tempted to do that) he himself regularly partakes of the pellets.

Mikey Bellweather is standing in front of an illuminated white board, drawing diagrams as he speaks to me, as if lecturing a class. There’s a screen to one side, and he flits in and out of the projector beam like a moth, walking all the while he’s talking. You’d think a guy of his status would get more up-to-date equipment.

We hung out together for a while, Mikey and me, but he was only really interested in me as a fuck-buddy, while I wanted something more than that back then. My God, how things have changed! Now, in his laboratory, I can actually smell his pheromones, dammit! It’s all the more infuriating because he’s been steadfastly, if politely resisting my advances ever since I arrived, even though I’m gagging to be fucked.

‘It’s pretty clear what’s happening here,’ Mikey is saying, tapping the whiteboard with his forefinger. ‘Once a host is infected with the Bonobo virus, it goes to work attacking cells and filling them with its own DNA. New copies of the virus then quickly grow in the infected cells, and they eventually bust out to attack and infect other cells. And so it goes on.’

‘That sounds like every other virus I’ve ever heard of,’ I say with a shrug.

‘No, this is fucking incredible, Nat,’ Mikey insists. ‘I’ve run the genetic profile past all the databases and checked ever conceivable record, but no matches show up. This virus is like nothing else on earth, believe me.’

‘So where does that leave anyone who’s already infected with it, Mikey?’ I ask.

There’s a sort of awkward silence for a few moments, broken only by the slight whir of the projector.

‘Okay,’ Mikey says slowly, dragging out the last syllable, ‘so far so bad, but up to now I’ve only talked about the actual virus, extracted from the capsule.’

‘The figger...’

‘I’ve taken the liberty of naming it the Bellweather HPA virus,’ he says, ignoring my correction. He leans to press a button on his computer keyboard, causing the vastly-enlarged image of a microscopic slide to appear on the wall screen. Mikey’s arm casts a long, dark shadow as he points to the screen, saying: ‘Now... this is what I came up with from the sample of monkey dung. See those little rod-like things? They are plasmids deposited in the monkey faeces as by-

products of the Bellweather virus.'

'That's the active ingredient in the bonobo shit?' I ask, adjusting my spectacles to peer at the screen.

He nods, continuing: 'It shares a number of properties with the viral's genome but it's not pathogenic to the host organism, and it's transferred by conjugation between cells rather than by free extracellular particles. The plasmid seems to be generated from spent acellular organisms in the organic faecal matter. It's utterly, absolutely incredible!'

'I'm glad you're excited by it,' I say sardonically.

Mikey reaches to press the button on his keyboard again, changing the screen to show an action clip of something that looks like a pulsing pink octopus in a sea of grainy gel.

'That's the active Bellweather HPA virus, greatly magnified - like a zillion times. Now watch this: introduce the plasmids, and they are instantly attracted to the virus, wrapping themselves around it like the case of a football. In short, for a while at least, it blocks the virus from escaping the cell, and weakens it in the process. That's why I've labelled it as the Bellweather HPB vaccine. So, on the one hand we have the virus from the pessary, and on the other we have a vaccine in the faeces. Neat, huh?'

I brighten at that, getting up from my chair and walking in front of the screen, momentarily blinding myself in the glare of the lamp.

'Wow! You mean to say there's an antidote?' I ask, putting my hand on his shoulder.

'No, I'm not saying that, Nat,' he says, turning away to make my hand slip from him. 'This is not an antidote, as you call it. The vaccine only partially inhibits the virus, and even then it's only strong enough to temporarily isolate the infected cells for a while. Eventually, the virus busts out.'

'That's why ...' I pause to more carefully choose my words, and then go on, 'That's why any animal infected with the virus benefits from a regular dose of the monkey shit?'

He nods again, saying: 'It would explain why the monkeys you describe are given to coprophagy - meaning they consume faeces. It's normal behaviour in many animal species, including gorillas and pigs, so they presumably get something from it. In the case of these bonobo monkeys, the plasmids in the dung act as a partial blocker for their virus.'

I shudder, pacing back and forth in the beam of the projector, and sunlight coming in through the partially-drawn slats of the window blinds creates surreal striped patterns on my body as I move.

'You mean an infected person could also eat her own shit to stay healthy?' I bring myself to ask.

He gives a hollow laughs as he sits down at his desk, peering at the screen of his laptop computer, perhaps to distract himself from my question. I remain silent, waiting for an answer.

After too long a pause, he says: 'If only life was as simple... You'd think that what works for one animal, especially a monkey, would work for us too, but apparently not. I've no idea what process produces the vaccine from the output of the virus. It can only be something in the gut of the host monkey but, unfortunately, the same magical process doesn't occur inside the human digestive tract.'

'Damn!' I breathe.

Mikey goes on: 'I confirmed that when analysing the stool sample you provided - there was certainly lots of viral detritus, but no lucky plasmids. It's terrifying that some people are already infected with this virus. It could spread like wildfire.'

I didn't tell Mikey that the human stool sample was my own.

To change the subject slightly, I ask: 'Anyway, what else is in the monkey faecal matter?'

He taps the keyboard and brings up a long list displayed in tabular form on both the laptop and wall screens. 'There you have it. The sample pellet you supplied, by dry weight comprised 30% bacteria, 30% undigested vegetable matter and fibre, 17% fat, 20% inorganic matter, and 3%

other proteins... so no surprises there. The bacterial portion contains amino acids and other types of molecules ... and the plasmids.'

'Nothing unusual then?' I say, deliberately breathing in Mike's ear.

'Plasmids apart, it's what I'd expect from any sample of herbivore animal faeces.' He pauses to push my head away and switches the screen again, this time to show some genetic schema, and then continues: 'The inorganic matter includes bilins which are part of the used up haemoglobin from retired red blood cells, and I've not been able to identify the type. Which monkey species did this come from, did you say?'

'It's an exotic monkey called the bonobo, not to be confused with the boabong parrot,' I say. 'The other bacteria... are they harmful to humans if ingested?'

He looks up at me with an even stare. 'Surprisingly, there's no bacteria in this stuff that's likely to pose a human health risk. Another sample might be different, of course. These things are never constant.'

I smile with relief.

Aware that I have been silent with my thoughts for a while, and trying to sound scientific and professional, I clap my hands to break the mood and turn on my heel, almost pirouetting, saying brightly: 'Okay, to summarise things then: one the one hand, the figger contains the active virus; and, on the other hand, the vaccine from the pellet of dung merely dilutes the effects of the virus for a short time. And without the vaccine, the virus multiplies like crazy and wreaks havoc on the host with its own special pathogenic effects. Is that right?'

Mike nods glumly and switches off the laptop computer, saying, 'That just about sums it up. It seems that the virus has successfully adapted from monkeys to the human genome.'

'And how might it be transmitted from one human to another, do you think?' I ask innocently.

'In the same way as HIV,' he says with a shrug, 'by the exchange of bodily fluids via vaginal and anal sex; or through sharing needles with someone; or through pregnancy and birth; or even by breastfeeding if the mother is infected...'

'Holy fuck!' I breathe.

All of this is making some sense now. It's a sure-fire bet that everyone on that damned pirate ship was infected with the virus. Hell, Jake Starr probably infected me, even before I left Earth. In fact, it seems reasonable to assume that most, if not all people in the other world have it. No wonder bonobo pooh is so sought after there – it controls their more manic sex urges!

Of course, it also means that I've infected everyone I've fucked since returning to Earth. That's quite a few people, including Vlad the Impaler and two or three other people at the Colonial Club, a couple of guys on the plane over the Atlantic, four guards while I was in CIA detention, and many more men in besides. So the virus is already out there and, sure as hell, it'll be multiplying like crazy - after all, that's what viruses do given half a chance, and this particular one ensures its own survival by making its hosts crazy for sex.

'What are the pathogenic effects?' Mikey is asking.

'I don't think it's ever actually killed anyone, although a few people and lots of monkeys might have masturbated themselves to death under its influence. Could this stuff be made in quantity in the lab, Mikey?'

'The virus can easily be reproduced,' he says. 'Try stopping it.'

'No, not the virus, silly. I can see that that will reproduce faster than a fucking rabbit. But what about vaccine?'

'Ah, no. So far, the plasmids have defeated all attempts to replicate them.'

'For fuck's sake!'

'It's some kind of monkey, you say? Can you obtain a live specimen, for research?'

'No. As far as I know, there's nobody on Earth who can do that. So you're telling me that the only way to get the plasmids is directly from the dung?'



Mikey nods and says, 'I'm afraid so.'

'Damn!' I say, turning to pace the floor of the laboratory again.

I've only got 69 bonobo pellets left. Worse, without another way of getting this stuff, I'll be under the Alchemist's total control for forever, and utterly dependent on him somehow supplying me with more figgers from across the Divide. I'll be totally under his control, just like when I was his slave, on the other world. It's the classic pusher and user dependency.

Mike swivels his chair round to face me, saying, 'Are you okay, Nats?'

I smile weakly, saying, 'Not really, Mikey. I need to somehow organise a regular supply of those plasmids. Look, there's no easy way to say this. I'm infected with the virus myself.'

'I know,' he says quietly.

'You know? How did you know?'

Shame-faced, he says: 'When I discovered that the stool sample came from an infected person, I extracted DNA from it. I mean, with this ting being out there, this is serious shit, if you'll excuse the pun. So I looked for a match on the national DNA database used by law enforcement agencies to identify crime suspects. I got a double surprise: firstly, you are on the database for some reason; and, secondly, the DNA from the stool sample matched your profile.'

Those underhand CIA bastards! They must have sneaked my DNA profile onto the national crime database! Why would they do that, when I'm supposed to be on their side? Anyway, it explains why Mikey was so resistant to my advances when I was coming on to him like a vamp on heat. Shit, I *am* a vamp on heat. And he's obviously got no intention of catching his damned Bellweather virus himself. Who could blame him?

Trying to sound cool and casual about it, I simply say: 'So you see why I simply must have a daily dose of those vaccine beasties from the bonobo pooh.'

'I guess they haven't got a cure for this thing?'

'It's early days, and everything to do with it is classified as top secret right now,' I say with a shrug. 'That's why I came to you in confidence. Could you make some kind of formulation of the vaccine for human consumption, do you think?'

'I've got a buddy who can probably manufacture some kind of dry powder form, maybe tablets for solid dosage, or even aerosol inhalers... it'll take some time to arrange, and the FDA regulatory authorities—'

'Fuck the FDA, Mikey. I told you, this is top secret, and I haven't the time to wait for FDA clearance anyway. That could take years. Please, just go ahead and make me some vaccine.'

Mikey looks troubled. I doubt if he's ever broken a professional rule in his life. Eventually, he asks, 'Do you have access to a supply of this monkey shit?'

'I only have 79 pellets left,' I say, thinking of the piglet bladder nestling beside the ice cream container in the freezer at my rented apartment.

'Millions of plasmids could probably be extracted from that,' Mikey says. 'Enough to make pills to last you for 25 years, I guess.'

Twenty-five years, at one pill a day? My brain does the math like an electronic calculator:  $365 \times 25$  and deduct 6 for leap years, which would be only 9119 pills.

'It's a good start, Mikey, but nowhere near enough.'

'What?'

I hesitate and then say, 'Look, Mikey, frankly, since getting infected with this thing, I've fucked a few people.'

'How many?' he asks.

'Forty-three in the past week,' I say. 'I might have been a bit promiscuous.'

'Jesus,' he murmurs. 'Unprotected sex?'

'Don't judge me. I didn't know I was infected by a virus, dammit, or that it's the fucking virus that turns people into sex maniacs, Mikey. Okay, so I'm the Typhoid Mary of the Bellweather virus. Get over it.'

‘Jesus!’ he says.

I know, this is awful, and Mikey has every right to be appalled. I’m appalled too, even if I’m trying to put on a good face.

I have to tell him though: ‘Thanks to me, whole legions of people will soon be frothing for fucking, even if they get a daily vaccine pill; and if they don’t get it, they’ll do literally anything to satisfy their craving; I know, believe me. So 9000 pills won’t even touch the problem.’

‘Holy fuck!’ he says, without a trace of irony. ‘The distribution of the virus will be exponential with that kind of dynamic.’

## Part III

### Back at the CIA - again

‘We owe you both an apology and a debt of gratitude, Miss Carpenter,’ the CIA woman says. ‘When you were dispatched on your mission, we simply had no idea of the consequences. It was obviously very rough on you for a time there.’

‘You could say that,’ I reply, glancing in the large mirror that takes up one whole wall of the small, otherwise white and brightly-lit room where I find myself again.

‘The tats are very interesting.’

I’m back at the Directorate of Science and Technology, and the woman who sits on the opposite side of the grey desk is the same one who interviewed me in the first place, over a year ago. I am naked again, of course. I expected that and came prepared, wearing a just an easily removed, button-up shirt dress sans underwear. I am facing away from her, with my feet spread, and touching my toes. Some way to treat a hero! She is staring at the tattoos on my ass.

‘They are even more interesting if you know anything about quantum physics.’

‘One circular red design, and the other almost the same, but in blue... presumably they represent the different worlds on either side of the Divide?’

‘I guess so, and the formulae are slightly different too,’ I say, looking up at her through my legs. ‘The designs on my breasts are similar, and it’s interesting that the formulae on my tits are slightly different to the ones on my ass.’

She is silent at that. I can see her staring thoughtfully at my inverted tits through my widely-spread legs.

Eventually, she says: ‘Like I told you before, we get few thanks in this game, but you’ve performed an incredibly valuable service in the most dangerous of circumstances. You’ve paid a heavy price...’

I toss my head to swish the curtain of my black, silky hair so that it brushes the floor, and give her a kittenish smile.

‘Are you referring to the tattoos or the virus?’ I ask.

‘The tattoos, the virus, the abuse you suffered... everything. It will never be made public, of course, but I want you to know that your contribution and sacrifice is recognised at the very highest level. The big question, though, is: “What now?”’

I smile and glance sideways at the mirror again. I swear that my body is becoming more toned and shapely by the day. The sex mania apart, I’ve never felt better.

‘We’ve got people working night and day on the virus - trying to find a vaccine, among other things,’ she says.

‘Really, I’m glad.’

‘They’re investigating its potential for biological warfare, testing it on some death-row criminals.’

I have blink at that. Do these people know what they’re messing with?

I say: ‘I heard someone say that, once the cap is taken off the bottle and the genie escapes, there’s no way of getting it back in.’

She ignores my warning and goes on: ‘The tattoos are too extensive to be removed without leaving bad scars, of course. We will probably have to overlay some designs to obscure the formulae and make the tats more aesthetically pleasing.’

‘I quite like them as they are, thanks,’ I say. She raises her eyebrows at that and her gaze seem to pierce right through the eye of my anus as I unashamedly present it to her. I add: ‘It’s not as if the incomplete equations are of use to anyone else. When you know, it’s pretty obvious that the differently coloured stars and globes on my tits and ass represent the two worlds, but who would ever think of that? And everyone would think I am crazy if I revealed the truth of it.’

Anyway, the equations just don't equate.'

The woman hesitates for a moment and then smiles, saying: 'You are probably right. Everybody thinks Horace Moknkee is as crazy as a coot. And, certainly, none of our top science guys has made any headway with the equations - they think they're just fanciful gobbledygook.'

'Maybe they are, maybe they're not, but I'll keep working on the physics, all the same.'

'I want you to go back to your job at Emissions Strategies,' she suddenly says.

'What?' I say, astounded, straightening and turning to face her, snatching up my simple grey dress from where I'd left it draped over the chair back. 'I'd even forgotten that I've got a job at Emissions Strategies. Why do you want me to go back there?'

'We assume that the Alchemist will be in touch with you again, sooner or later. All we ask is that you carry out secret research into ways of crossing the Divide and keep us informed of developments.'

I cannot believe this shit! After all they've done to me, she really thinks I might go back and risk it all happening again? I pull on my dress, even though she hasn't given me permission. Fuck her!

'Look, I don't know your name, but—'

She cuts off my rejection, saying: 'You will run your own research, doing anything you want, and there'll be unlimited funding. The main interest of the United States of America is to know more about the parallel world and learn how to access it. I must admit that I've got my reservations, though.'

'Ah, so you agree it's not a good idea,' I say, buttoning my dress and slipping my feet into my shoes.

'We fucked up one world, so I hate to think what we might do to another,' she says sardonically, rising to her feet. 'But, hell, who am I in the bigger scheme of things? I'm just a foot-soldier, like you. Come with me. There are two people I want you to see.'

# CHAPTER TWENTY - Betrayed!

## Part I

### Caught red handed

*A week before...*

‘My name is Jake,’ I call in answer to a question, shouted from a loud hailer from a strange sea craft that has roared up to within a couple of dozen yards of my raft. ‘Jake Starr, philosopher and philanthropist, don’t you know.’

In the near distance behind them, the hulking Maunsell forts have the unnerving look of huge monsters striding across the sea on their stilt-like legs, swathed in swirling mist.

‘Thees ees our transport, Meester Jake?’ Vlad asks hopefully, his teeth shivering.

‘What kind of craft is that?’ I say, peering into the mist at the small boat, which sits as low in the water as my raft.

‘Blow-up rubber. Veeery fast. We smugglers use. Police no catch.’

From what I can make out, the boat seems to hold half-dozen black-clad men, sitting neatly in pairs, arranged one behind the other. ‘They’re smugglers?’ I say. ‘Your pals have come back for us?’

‘No, they not my friends.’

‘Hmm, I thought not.’

Well, this is a pretty pickle, and no mistake. I am sitting on my roped timber raft, along with Vlad the Impaler and four Moldovan women, bobbing on the waves in the Thames estuary in eery shifting fog. Which is more, we are all stark naked, and the women are drugged unconscious and tied to the raft, lying snugly together, alternately arranged head to foot.

The engine of the blow-up boat suddenly roars like a lion, and it streaks away on a spray of spume. I am just about to thank the Gods that they’ve gone, when the craft turns in a wide circle of spray and speeds back towards us until its engine cuts to a purr. Demn me, pirate captain Henry Smith would give his right ballock for a craft like that.

‘This is going to take some explaining, Vlad old chap,’ I mutter as the boat glides towards us. Then, loudly, I call: ‘Ahoy there. Thank all the God’s gonads that you found us. It’s demned cold here, don’t you know.’

I had been glad to find that my timber raft was still safely tethered where I left it. We were ferried out to the old forts by Vlad’s Moldovan footpad friends, using a fast launch they keep in a secluded bay amidst the mud flats. Under my supervision, the derring-do rogues quickly drugged and stripped the women, and tied them supine on the raft - all of which was accomplished with remarkable alacrity and without any awkward questions - then Vlad and me hopped on too. After we had waved a fond farewell to the footpads, I insisted that we both strip naked and hurl our clothes into the sea, much to Vlad’s chagrin.

Then I waited confidently for the imminent flash of light to herald our crossing of the Divide... but it never came. All that happened was that my skin steadily turned blue and Sir Malcolm shriveled so much from the cold that I could hardly read him.

Now, as the black blow-up boat draws near, I see that all the men are wearing tight-fitting black masks over their heads; and it makes them look demned sinister, I can tell you.

‘We need a good story, Vlad,’ I say. ‘The women are likely to wake up soon, and the hell of Hades’ backyard will soon break loose.’

‘You got gun?’ Vlad asks nervously. ‘I shoot them!’

He doesn’t elaborate on whether he would shoot the women or the men in the boat. It’s of no consequence anyway, because I don’t have a gun. We have nothing of any Earthy use, in fact, just like the Alchemist ordained.

The Alchemist! That thought of him sets my mind chiming in time with the bong of the

bell on the buoy nearby. Has the spotty little fucktwot deliberately dumped me here, never to return to my own world? Or has he just well and truly fucked up his calculations? Either way, the pile of bonabong parrot dung he's dropped me in is taller than me!

'Prepare to repel boarders,' I order Vlad.

The Moldovan thug is still looking at me without comprehension when two of the black-clad men leap onto the raft. The bigger surprise is that Vlad puts up no resistance whatsoever. I expected at least some semblance of a fight from him - he has that kind of reputation - but instead he just crumples when the men grab him, without offering a blow. Then the invaders have me too, and I don't see the big needle one of them wields until it plunges deep into my stomach.

Darkness immediately begins to close over me, and my head is swimming. I must be drowning! My last thought is that I don't want to get my hair wet.

## Part II

### Extraordinary Rendition

When I awake, I find myself in inky blackness and utterly disorientated. I panic and try to rise, kicking out, and wrenching at my wrists; it's futile, because my hands and feet are painfully confined in unyielding metal manacles. When I try to shout for help, the sound echoes in my skull. Otherwise, I can only hear the eerie hissing sound of my every breath. The metal under my prone body is reverberating, and I am aching all over, and cold to the marrow.

So this is Hades' backyard then! And it's not even heated. The hospitality is atrocious. Galloping Gods' gonads, what did I do in life to deserve this fate for eternity? I won't be able to endure it for that long, I can tell you. I can't abide having anything over my head, for a start.

But I have to withstand it for long hours, days perhaps, with no choice but to piss and shit where I lie, wallowing in my own filth. I find myself alternately weeping softly and drifting off into fitful slumbers burdened with terrifying nightmares that relive my own misdeeds. It's inhuman, that's what it is. Every now and again, the floor tilts to make me giddy, and a jet of icy cold water blasts my body, so powerful that it sends me rolling until I hit a wall. Then I can only huddle there in the corner, with the room tilted at a crazy angle. Hades is certainly a heartless bastard with his punishments.

Then though, after yet another fearsome blast of cold water, I feel a sharp pain as tiny teeth bite into Sir Malcolm. By the Gods' ballocks, I am being eaten alive, starting with my cockstem. I don't know what kind of animal has Sir Malcolm by his throat, but its jaw is strong and its teeth are demned sharp. Then the hood is suddenly yanked away, and I am exposed to a light so bright that I can see no more than I could under the blindfold.

'You are Slaver Jake Starr!' a female voice says, as if revealing some news to me.

I am astonished. I had assumed that Hades would be male.

'So you've heard of me, that's gratifying,' I say, trying to turn my eyes from the glare.

'I know everything about you, Mr Starr,' the voice says. But she immediately gives the lie to her own assertion by demanding: 'Who is your accomplice?'

Ha! So Hades doesn't know everything then.

'I don't have an accomplice.'

'He was on the raft with you, along with four naked women.'

The blinding light is averted, but it takes some time for me to regain any sight. When I do, I see Vlad huddled in a corner, chained hand and foot like me, naked but for a full mask pulled tightly over his head, combining dense black goggles with a breathing filter over his mouth. A similar mask and goggles, recently removed from my head, lies nearby. I look back to our jailer. On second thoughts, I don't think it's Hades herself. This junior demon is wearing a tailored tan uniform and her hair is worn in a prim bun, but she looks comely enough. In any other circumstance, I'd be assessing her as slave meat. She holds a small box in her hands, from which wires trail to the clip on the end of my cockstem. Sir Malcolm looks quite sorry for himself, what with the cold and all. It's just not his day.

I look round me, trying to adjust my painful position. I am in a large steel box, perhaps nine paces cubed, and the walls are slick and wet. The floor is made of small-gauge open mesh.

'So who is your accomplice, Mr Starr?' the female demon demands to know, pointing to Vlad.

'Oh, him!' I say, shivering with cold like a copper-bit jelly. 'He isn't my accomplice. No, that's Vlad the Impaler. He abducted me and those poor women. The fellow's a red-blooded Moldovan male, don't you know - they do that kind of thing.' After a slight hesitation, I add, 'I say, do you think there might be any prospect of introducing some warmth in here... lighting a fire, maybe?'

The woman demon sniggers and says, 'You are on board a destroyer of the United States Navy, Mr Starr, and we don't light fires down here.'

A destroyer, she says? I don't like the sound of that!

'Why am I here,' I ask weakly.

'So that we can learn everything you know, and I do mean everything.'

I sigh with relief, and say, 'If that's all, it won't take very long.'

'Very well, tell me about the girl in Vienna.'

'What girl in Vienna?' I ask, genuinely puzzled. Then, recall dawning, I say: 'Oh, *that* girl in Vienna - the dead girl. That wasn't me.'

She sighs and says: 'The electrodes attached to your genitals will improve your memory, you evil bastard. What happened to all the other women you abducted?'

'That's a damned good question, don't you knooooooooow.' The last word rises and curls in plaintive crescendo, like a wolf howling, as lightning shoots through Sir Malcom to fry my ballocks and agonize my entire body.

'Then you'd better give me a damned good answer,' the demon woman is saying through my haze of red pain. 'What happens to the women you abduct?'



# CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE - Breaking Them

## Part I

### Madam Marie is broken-in

My name is Marie, formerly Madam Marie Beaver, proprietor of the best demned drink and drug den if Castleton Shuffles. In fact, my place is known as *the* Drink'n'Drug Den - but only the Gods know who owns it now.

My fortunes have changed. I am now just a cunt called Maree, and I am being trained me as a pony slave, of all despicable things, destined to run naked hauling carts and carriages through the streets and alleys, and in my own city too. The harnessed draft animal, forced to run and toil under the whip, is the most miserable of slaves. How my former peers and servants will enjoy seeing that! Oh, the absolute shame of it.

'Red' is tattooed across my forehead in thick black letters, proclaiming a slave forever. The name is also crudely painted on a green enamel plate riveted to the bridle on my head, which is supposed to complement my red hair. The bridle is made of polished black leather, which matches the black leather body harness straps that criss-cross my otherwise nude body.

I glance across at the other cunt in the tack room with me. She is a girl from the Dark Coast, with skin as black and shiny as a polished stove pipe. The name on her forehead reads "Domi"; it might be her real name or, more likely, it could be Badly's idea of a good Dark tribal name. Whatever the truth of it, Domi is her name from now on, whether she likes it or not. She is a statuesque and sound-limbed girl with an arse that juts out like a pair of black water melons in a tight bag, matched by big swaying breasts with long brown nipples freshly adorned with shiny steel rings. In other words, Domi is an ideal type to become a pony cunt, and I suppose you could the same about me; pony-trainers like women with strong legs, big round arses and big tits.

Domi wears a body harness of white leather, in contrast to my shiny black tack. In my blithe and free years, I frequently saw slave cunts and cocks wearing pony harnesses, of course, but never paid much attention to their construction, much less think I would ever be made to wear one. Now, though, it is *all* that I am permitted to wear.

Like all pony cunts and cocks when working or training, I have a horrid bridle-bit in my mouth, of course. There are different designs of pony-bits, and some are harsher than others. Most bridle-bits are just round bars, usually metal but sometimes made of rolled leather, rubber, or even wood. At least my bit is made of steel, which I prefer because the rubber and leather bits soon taste like cockstands that haven't been washed for weeks.

But the bit I wear isn't very kind on the mouth. In fact it is a particularly nasty curb contraption with a bite-bar that's fully an inch in diameter, lodged firmly behind my teeth in the raw spaces vacated by my recently-extracted molars. This keeps my jaws wide open. Worse, hinged plates press down on my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth, hurting like an Amazon's amputated tit whenever I'm unwise enough to try to speak. The vicious curb-bit was a special gift from Badly after I had been particularly uncooperative.

'Steady, my pretty,' Domi's groom tells her, slashing his crop across her arse and making her dance on her booted feet. 'Lean forward now... fingertips on the wall.'

Dahomi and I are stationed a couple of arm spans apart behind a white line that is a long stride from the wooden planks of the wall, so leaning forward with our weight on our fingertips makes us vulnerable. The grooms are behind us now, buckling the harnesses. The harnesses are contrived of cunningly connected leather straps for the most part, criss-crossing my torso from shoulders to crotch, adorning my nudity rather than concealing it.

'There, there,' the groom murmurs to the black girl as he lovingly oils her ebony skin of her arse and buffs it with a rag. 'I wager you never had such luxury in the jungle.'

'Mmmmmph,' she says (neither of us can speak because of the bits).

I don't think Domi is from a primitive jungle tribe actually; her whole bearing and style indicates education and culture. So her recent transformation into a naked pony cunt must have come as quite a shock to her, as mine did to me. However, Domi from an enemy state and she was presumably snatched on a raid, so her bondage in Castleton is entirely legitimate. On the other hand, I am a Free Woman of the Borough and my enslavement here is wholly illegal. I will certainly make that very point to someone in authority... whenever I get the chance to speak.

In the meantime, though, I must lean forward on my fingertips against the wall, as my young groom finishes fitting my tack for another day's training.

'Widen your legs, Red, and push your big fat arse up,' my groom orders, giving my right buttock a resounding slap.

I know what's coming next, so I shake my head frantically, swishing the fake blonde hair braids to and fro. When the groom presses his hand between my shoulder blades to encourage me, I stamp my booted feet petulantly and earn a slash from the crop across my withers. Oh, how I shall enjoy chopping the ballocks off this one!

'The old girl is still skittish,' I hear the groom tell his colleague.

'Well, old mares coming late to the bridle are either feisty as Hades' arse, or they're like sweet wheat dough in your hands ... one or the other. Either way, they always shit in their stalls.'

Old mare? From a pair of whippersnappers I wouldn't even put to fucking a wood-chopper's daughter in a forest of cockstands? Pfffts! Besides, no lavatory facilities are provided for the cunts in the stables, so where else am I supposed to shit? It's all so very degrading.

'Are you going to start being sweet, Red?' the groom asks, stroking the sore welt on flesh of my buttock. 'Now, be a good girl and widen your legs and give me you arse.'

I snarl a response against the bit in my mouth, but the curb piece hurts my tongue and the roof of my mouth, reducing my protest to a pained grunt. I have no alternative other than to shuffle my legs widely apart and bend low, my red curls tumbling forward.

'More!' he demands, reaching round to grab one of my nipple rings and yanking it sharply downwards.

I grunt a protest at the indignity but arch my back to present my arse, awaiting the inevitable. The groom roughly greases the plump pouch of my vulva, his fingers sliding between the puffy, pierced lips. I grunt again, wriggling slightly, because pepper is ground in the grease and it stings like stink.

Old red mare though! That comment still rankles. It's true that Dahomi is much younger than me, I'll grant you. She has barely four summers under her big tits, by my reckoning, so they are still relatively firm, unlike mine; they call her a filly, as you might expect. But old red mare! We are both bent over at the waist now, our legs spread widely, two pairs of heavily ringed tits hanging pendent beneath our bodies like cow's udders.

'Push back, both of you!' the other groom demands, swishing a cane and catching our arses, one after the other.

We present our arses high. What else can we do?

'Fit the old nag with the Mammoth dickdo,' Domi's groom advises. 'That'll calm her spirit.'

Old nag now, is it? I angrily paw the ground with my booted foot. Cool air wafts across my inner flesh as the outer lips of my pussy are pulled aside by the heavy steel rings that pierce them. I glance between my legs and see the youth squatting down to inspect my flaps.

The gypsy grooms are all young, little more than stable hands; I had pairs of drawers older than this youth, in the days when I was allowed to wear drawers. Now the young whippersnapper is free to snap his whip and finger my quim as the whim takes him. I've half a mind to strike back at his ballocks with my clod-shod heel but that would earn me a beating, and it's even more shame-making having to bend over and present my bare arse for the cane, begging nicely for each stroke.

‘She’s still sore from wearing the Mammoth yesterday,’ the youth says.

‘That’s the best time for it then. It’ll teach her a lesson.’

Oh, for the love of the Aphrodite, not the Mammoth again; I had to suffer the damned thing all day yesterday and my vagina feels like a length of black pudding that’s been drawn inside out. Had I had the use of my hands during a restless night in my stall, I would have attempted to ease the tender flesh with my fingers, but my wrist cuffs were clipped to the sides of the stout belt at my waist (that’s how my hands are usually confined and, anyway, they are always locked in rigid leather mitts that deny my finger any movement).

The other groom says, ‘She’ll soon learn to calm down. It took nearly a week before this black filly got the message that the Mammoth is tougher than her pink pussy.’

Domi looks across at me and rolls her eyes. I respond by flaring my nostrils. That’s about as much communication as we can manage between each other. The groom pats the inside of my thighs and, at the same time, his thumb strokes across my pussy. I inwardly groan at the unspoken command but inch my boots even further apart.

‘This will hurt you more than it hurts me, my beauty,’ the groom murmurs, and I’m not sure whether he’s addressing me or my pussy. ‘Spread your legs a bit wider... and bend forward a little more. Now pant for me!’

I give a little squeal and inhale deeply, squirming as the dildo is pushed deeply into my pussy, stretching and spreading me, and then I give a small mewling sound when the second plug is embedded into my anus. In truth, I’m not sure whether a pony cunt wears the Mammoth dickdo or if it wears her. As the name implies, the Mammoth is simply huge, the size of a fat aubergine, and it fills snugly into the gloving flesh of my vagina, stretching me fully. Its curved base is cunningly studded externally, and it’s anchored by another plug that’s now inserted into my rectum; there is a long tail of horsehair attached to that arse plug, and it tickles my thighs as it dangles between my spread legs.

‘That’s one for the money, my beauty,’ the groom says, congratulating himself as he pumps a rubber ball to expand the butt plug behind my sphincter and complete the job.

So I am now fully filled, if not fulfilled. What I mean is that I am plugged, back and front, with no means to expel either of the horrid dickdos. How lovely, I hear you say? Well, let me tell you this, wearing these pony-cunt accoutrements is no picnic party. When I was free, I might have relished possessing a dickdo such as this to use on my victims, but I view it as a hated and feared object. The Mammoth’s stiff black rubber casing is perforated along its length and girth, like a stubby colander; the trainer’s reins are attached to studs on the base, and an array of rigid rubber spikes jab out to torment the tender inner cunt flesh and smear astringent lubricant each time the reins are yanked. I know from painful experience that Badly likes to yank the reins good and often, either for my punishment or instruction, or because he likes doing it. And the Mammoth is so heavy that the damned thing would drop out, despite its bulk, were it not held firmly in place by the butt plug and the crotch strap of my harness.

‘There you go, my beauty. All ready to go to the ball.’

Oh joy! I let out a long extended sigh that turns into a hiss as the dildo settles inside me.

‘Straighten up and dance to bed it in, my lovely!’ the groom commands, patting my bottom.

I must obey, of course. The hated object shifts uncomfortably inside me when I stamp my hoof-booted foot. He pats my arse again and I glare at him with hate in my eyes, but dance on the spot all the same, my metal sole plates grinding noisily on the granite floor. You quickly learn this job.

‘That’s a good girl, nicely balanced on your boots,’ the boy says to me proudly. ‘I’m really pleased with you, Red.’

I’m so pleased that he’s pleased. Clippety fucking clop!

The black girl also jigs up and down, her large tits swaying from side to side; unsteady in

her strange new leather and metal boots, she almost staggers and falls, and the groom has to catch her.

I stand placidly enough as the groom fits my tits into the pair of open leather baskets that will support them. These cups, such as they are, are simply constructed of narrow strips of black leather attached to wide metal rings of a diameter that exactly matches them to the perimeter of my maroon areolas, leaving my pierced nipples free and protruding. I snort as the groom cinches the basket straps tight, raising my breasts into high relief with my white tit flesh bulging through the black strips. The groom reaches down between my legs to clip his reins to the Mammoth dickdo. The reins are then threaded through rings at hips, nipples and bit, and trailed over my shoulders. Oh, dear Gods!

‘Come on then old girl, walk on,’ the groom says, giving the reins a tug and making me squeal as the Mammoth sharply figs my pussy.

Fully-prepared for another day of intensive training, the black girl and myself are led out into the sunshine. As soon as we are out of the stable door, the grooms urge us to into a pretty prancing trot. And off we go, raising our knees high.

I see that Jeannie (formerly Lady Amelgine of the Castleton Main Pottenheims) is already being put through her paces in the paddock, being made to trot around the paddock, pulling a light cart. She is personally supervised by the chief trainer, Badly Balding, whereas I’ve just got a lad.

The paddock is nothing more than a dusty area of compacted bare earth and patchy, weed-infested grass, surrounded by a low plank fence. The side blinkers on my bridle shield peripheral vision, but I see three old-timers, former trainers, leaning on the fence watching as we run, discussing our action. The prance trot is the first thing any pony cunt is taught (the donkey cocks escape that indignity), and I know I won’t be permitted to stop until I’m nigh step perfect. The old men don’t help, calling out disparaging remarks about my form, which makes the lad whip my arse. So I have to high step round a few laps of the track before I’m allowed to stop and rest.

Finally, though, I am pulled up alongside a light sulky cart. Aphrodite’s tits, not that again! The sulky is designed for a single occupant and driver who is seated low behind the pony and it’s typical of carts seen in the narrow alleys of Castleton. But this one had been loaded with stone weights, presumably for training purposes. With the blinkers, it is impossible for me to see what the groom is doing behind me, but I can guess. My fears are confirmed when a shaped yoke with breast cut-outs is fitted across my chest and shoulders, and then the shafts of the sulk are fastened to yoke. A long lead rein is fitted to my Mammoth dickdo, and the groom goes to stand in the centre of the arena.

“Walk on, old girl,” the groom calls, giving the rein a jerk.

I stamp my foot in protest, but lean against the yoke, After initial resistance, I find the sulky reasonably easy to move, and then strain forward.

Turning my head, I see that Jeannie is also pulling a sulk, and my cousin Badly Balding is standing beside my trainer at the centre of the paddock. I have my own troubles to concern me, however, for a yank of the rein sends tremors through my pussy, and I am urged into a canter.

Jeannie is running hard in the opposite direction at a fast gallop, her unfettered tits flapping wildly with every stride (for some reason, her groom hasn’t provided her with any tit-baskets). Her head is covered by a leather helmet with ludicrous yellow braids of false hair protruding out. She snorts as she passes me, either in greeting or bad temper, and then gives a yelp when a whip curls round her waist.

### **Amelgine broken in**

My name is Jeannie, formerly Amelia Potts of Earth and, before that, the Lady Amelgine Pottenheim of the Castleton Pottenheims. I am being made to hurtle round the perimeter of a paddock in the wilds of a vale that is some miles upriver from Castleton.

‘Run, Amelgine, run faster,’ I hear a voice, using my free name, from the rails of the paddock.

That voice sounds familiar, but I have no time to look to see who is calling. The lash wraps round my middle, almost cutting me in half. Other things are on my mind.

‘Faster!’ Badly Balding yells, yanking the lead reins that pulses the dickdo in my cunt and sends lances of pain shooting through my belly.

I try to run faster, of course, because I have little option. Life has suddenly become very simple: all I can do is urge myself to great exertion, pulling the damned weighted sulk at a fast gallop. I can only imagine having the weight of a driver sat in the sulk, twitching my reins, flicking a whip, but even the empty cart seems to control me.

The slave who was formerly Madam Marie, notorious brothel owner, is now running counter clockwise to me, and a black girl is just starting her morning exercise too. I see that they are both fortunate in that their breasts are supported in leather baskets, while mine are left to bounce and ache. Marie and myself are both victims of Slaver Jake Starr, who brought us upriver to be trained.

On the fourth circuit of the track, I am breathing heavily as I come round to where three wrinkled, brown old men are always standing and watching. This time, though, I see a fourth man leaning on the railings with them: he cuts a foppish figure in fine, dandy clothes and I recognise him immediately. Indeed, the very sight of the ditch rat makes me want to scream. As I gallop towards him, he smiles broadly and gives a small wave. My brother Aldo! I suppose the bastard has come to gloat on my degradation! I gallop past and my blinkers blot him from my sight.

‘Faster, Amelgine,’ Aldo calls as I continue round the track. ‘You can do better than that.’

‘Go Jeannie, go!’

Badly Balding, my trainer, lashes my shoulders with his long whip and the dickdo repeatedly judders inside me as he urges me to greater speed, presumably for the benefit of my brother.

I am already running at a racing gallop, and my tits are swaying and bobbing wildly with every stride. I soon lap the black girl, who is being allowed to maintain a steady starting trot. The forward momentum of the cart seems to push me onward, keeping me moving at speed, even if I want to slow or stop. Each time I career past brother Aldo, he smiles cheerfully at me, and once he claps his hands in ironic applause. The bastard! What is he doing here, and who told him where to find me? His dandy appearance is sharply at odds with the dishevelled look of Badly and his cronies, who are all dressed in typical gypsy garb.

Aldo and I were never very friendly towards each other as children. I was always closer to my sister Abelard (Aldo’s twin). My brother is the black sheep of the family, a gambler and a cardsharp, who would cheat his own mother and sisters (and frequently did). Aldo was disowned by my father, even before he reached his majority, and he always resented Abelard and me. The last I heard, before my spell on Earth, Abelard had made a good marriage to an aging slaver, but none of the family knew what had happened to Aldo over the years. Yet here he is, gloating over my degradation.

## Part II

### Ashley is broken-in

**My name is Ashley Charteris.** I am an ambitious young career woman who is well-thought of and even feared by male business rivals in my role as a senior finance broker on Earth. Or at least, that is what I once was, before I met Jack Starr.

‘Cunt, suck my cock and take it deeply, or else,’ the uncouth, unshaven and unwashed man tells me.

‘Yes, Master,’ I say quietly, sinking to my knees, lifting the hem of his tunic and reaching to fondle his flaccid penis to erection.

They call this place the Depths of Depravity, and it is so well-named. All around me, girls are servicing patrons in all kinds of lascivious ways. It’s like this 24/7 here. So there’s no shame in it for me now. Like the other slaves, I do what I have to do to survive.

The patron’s cock stirs to life in my hands and I lean forward to take the glans into my mouth, taking care to ‘accidentally’ brush my nipples against his hairy thighs. I am naked, of course. They keep me naked.

As I suck the cock, I simultaneously cup his testicles in my hand, gently rolling the balls together in their sac. His cock starts to respond in seconds, of course. I have been taught such skills since arriving here.

‘Finger my arse!’ the man says, shifting slightly and widening the placement of his feet.

I mumble my compliance against the gag of his cock and reach between his legs to press the pad of my forefinger against the hairy pool of his anus.

What have I become, for God’s sake?

As I keep saying, I have an excellent position as a junior partner within a major finance company in the City of London. Now, though, it seems that I can no longer return to that sophisticated place. In fact, on this world there is no such place as London, as far as I know.

‘Two fingers... push them right in, Cunt!’

‘Yes, Master,’ I mumble, pushing my first two digits into the moist warmth beyond his sphincter and hearing him grunt.

He rewards me with smack on the back of my head and growls at me in a gravelly voice, saying, ‘Get your mouth round my cockstand.’

I am a slave! How can that be? Now my accepted position is upon on my knees, serving men. Since being shipped to this world, I have served many men, sometimes on my knees and sometimes on my back... always though, I have served them fully and abjectly. I have no choice. I am a slave.

Or perhaps I have gone mad? I often consider that possibility.

The cock has become fully rigid in my mouth now and I play my tongue around it. His penis is of average length and girth, nothing more. It is uncircumcised, with strongly protruding veins. I have become an expert on cocks in my few short weeks here as a slave, and I’ve seen and tasted many more attractive penises than this one.

I consciously relax, loosen my jaw, swallow a couple of times, and then ease my head forward to smoothly slide the cockhead down my throat, resisting the urge to retch. The shaft fills the sheath of my oesophagus, and my nose nestles in the pungent nest of his pubic hair. My fingers are still jammed up his arse and I screw them round a little. My other hand clasps his thigh until the nails sink into his flesh. Why should I worry if it hurts him?

‘That’s better, Cunt,’ he says, wrapping his fingers in my hair and shaking my head.

The turgid shaft his blocking my windpipe, so I have to somehow manage my oxygen. That’s something else that I’ve had to learn to do in these few past weeks.

‘Add yet another finger up my arse!’

I comply, of course, squeezing my third finger past the sphincter. From personal experience, I know it must be giving him some pain but he doesn't seem to mind that. I can smell his distinctly unappealing aroma of sweat and shit. I consciously push my head forward a little further, taking the full length of his cock. My eyes are watering but I remain calm and steady.

I've never been shy of giving head, even when on Earth (in fact, it was often a quid pro quo in return for some very good business deals). But whenever I gave a blowjob in those days there were always at least another couple of inches of cock that wouldn't fit into my mouth. The slave trainers of Depravity soon cured me of that! Indeed, in the first days here, I was constantly beaten with whips and canes, and slapdash cocksucking was simply not tolerated. It was all very humiliating, giving head under the tutelage of critical trainers, but there you are.

My problem was that I have a very sensitive gag reflex, maybe a little more sensitive than is normal. Even when I went to my doctor's surgery as a kid and he used a tongue depressor, I couldn't stand it anywhere near my throat. But the trainers spent a couple of hours each day sliding simply huge moulded ice dildos in and out of my throat. That was supposed to help me!

Anyway, judging from this guy's satisfaction, it must have worked. He is gripping my head firmly, preventing me from drawing back, so I must hold my breath as best I can. I have learned to give good head.

'The cunt sucks a cockstand well enough,' the patron says to his companion.

'But what about me?' the man's friend says plaintively.

'There are enough cunts here to suit your fancy.'

'I want this one. There's something about her...'

So he thinks there's about me? Well, I am certainly an intelligent, well-educated woman. You might not think so, given my current employment, but intelligence and education can be put to good use in many ways. In my desperation to please the patrons and avoid the slave trainers' wrath, I marshalled my anatomical knowledge to enable me to deep throat with the best of them. It's fairly simple when you know how things work. When you swallow food, the epiglottis closes the trachea, so you don't get any food particles in your lungs. It also closes when you deep throat, and the penis goes down your oesophagus. There's more room in there than you think. I kept telling myself that. This allowed me to extend my limits to the trainers' satisfaction, and although it initially gave me a sore throat, that was preferable to a sore arse.

'Steady, Cunt!' the patron says, easing my head back just enough to allow me to gulp a few big intakes of breath into my aching lungs.

I am ready when he almost immediately forces his cock back into my throat, of course. They are all the same these guys. They have no patience with a woman. I smoothly take the penis down deeply.

'Go find another cunt to fuck,' the man tells his friend.

'But I want to fuck this one.'

I understand now that the gag reflex isn't so scary after all. Even if I throw up, it's not a big deal, especially with a rough sort, such the prick I'm serving now. Anyway, I've learned not to gag most of the time, so that's okay.

I take a chance and, without being told, push my little finger up his arse along with my other fingers. He doesn't object, so I steeple my fingers into a cone to widen the sphincter and bunch my knuckles against the muscular ring, which is somewhat looser than many I've encountered.

Jake Starr is responsible for my sorry plight. I know that for a fact. I saw him collecting his gold from a Depravity slaver as I stood naked and quaking with shame and humiliation. If I ever manage to return to my own time and space, I will have that bastard Starr locked up and made to serve several consecutive life sentences with hard labour. And if that happens, I hope he is brutally fucked several times each night by sadistic cell mates with simply massive cocks. After all, that's the fate Starr has consigned me to.

The patron grunts and groans and his fingers tighten painfully on my hair when my entire hand pushes past the sphincter into his rectum.

‘By the Gods, the cunt has fisted me,’ I hear him declare, and he seems pleasantly surprised.

‘It’s alright for you!’ the other complains.

I give a little smile - as much as one can with a cock lodged in one’s throat - and splay my fingers and contract them this way and that in the anal sleeve. The trainers at Depravity do a very thorough job in teaching their whores all manner of depraved things, including fisting. It would surprise my friends on Earth to know that I’ve now had my hand up more rectums than a vet in a farmyard. So much for being a senior finance broker!

My greatest mistake was to assist Jake Starr in opening multiple bank accounts and guide his investments on Earth, using my skills and knowledge to put his financial affairs into good order. My reward was to get transported to this primitive place as a sex slave. Now that is re-skilling in a big way!

I push my fist higher up the man’s arse until the ring of muscle is tight on my lower forearm. At the same time, I wriggle my hand and fingers like a serpent. The patron is almost beside himself with pleasure, but he is forgetting to allow me to breathe. I have to punch higher, making him gasp and momentarily release his hold on my hair, and then I can yank my head back and gulp for air.

‘Not so rough, you stupid cunt,’ he moans, grasping my hair again.

I wipe my lips with the back of my free hand and look up at him artfully, saying, ‘I thought you liked it rough, Master.’

He answers by simply jamming his cock back down my throat. Illiterate oaf! I briefly wonder how he would react if suddenly relocated to my own modern-day Earth. There is no way that he could cope. He would simply go mad.

‘Time to share her,’ the other man says emphatically.

‘Oh very well, lie on your back and slide under, if you must.’

A hand in my hair makes me rise up on my knees, allowing a body to wriggle beneath me from behind. Bare, bony legs protrude between my knees and push through the splayed feet of the man whose cock I am deep-throating. I feel another erect cock brushing against my pussy and settle down upon it. From the feel of it, this cock is considerably bigger than the one in my mouth. I wriggle my bottom to settle on the wide shaft, and reach down with my free hand to fondle the hairy balls lying between my legs. Who would ever have thought I’d be brought to this!

It seems to me that this planet mirrors Earth in many ways, but at a different stage in its development and evolution. I think it may even be the same lump of rock, similarly hurtling through Space but in a parallel universe or, perhaps, in another dimension. Who knows? That’s the only way I can rationalise what has happened to me and stay sane. These uneducated peasants would have no chance of surviving in my time and place, yet they are infinitely superior in station to me on this world.

So here I am, straddling the loins of one unwashed peasant to take his cock into my cunt, while my throat is filled by another and, at the same time, one of my hands fondles a large pair of testicles and my other hand is rammed up the other man’s arse. This is multi-tasking, big-time. How different from the home life of our own dear queen!



## Part III

### **Kylie is broken-in**

**My name is Kylie Martin.** Like most Australian girls, I enjoy most kind of sport, really I do. This Snatch lark is something else, though. I don't mind all the training, but I'm not keen on all the whipping.

I was raised to the outdoor life for my first 19 years, and spent long, mostly happy days running up and down sand dunes and swimming in the sea. We lived in a lonely part of Oz, and didn't have many unexpected visitors. So clothes were never essential for me or my Mom; heck, Dad often never let us wear anything for weeks on end. I've still got my all-over tan, even after spending a few weeks in England. Also, my Dad was pretty handy with his leather belt whenever Mum or I needed chastising. That's just how it was, so I'm not exactly new to any of this stuff.

Now, in another world, on a sunny island named Depravity, I'm naked again and my skin is getting nicely bronzed. But my nipples, never large, were painfully pierced with big fish hooks, but now they have almost healed and are now decorated with tiny silver barbells - nothing loose to catch or tear, my Top Whip said.

My Top Whip? Let me explain. Melchior is a very fit in every sense of the word: young, lithe, great muscles, a superb athlete, and hung like a stallion. He's like a sculpted black god. Apparently, Mel originally came from a place called the Dark Coast, but now he's a professional Snatch player. He's my trainer, or my Top Whip in the parlance of the game. There are twelve in his squad: six Beaters (two of them fems) and six runners (all femmes). I'm a runner, or will be, when I've been trained.

At this moment, I've got a leather bag over my head and I'm running blind around a slalom course of stakes set in the sand on a beach. One of the Beaters is chasing me with a whip, training me to respond, guiding me this way and that, with strokes coming from different angles. I know that another Beater is driving Allegra Lee from the opposite direction, so I have to be careful not to run into her. Even with the bags over our heads, I can still hear Allegra's yelps and protests as she comes running towards me, so I veer away, only to hit a post and get a lash across my arse for my trouble. Alright, the training whips are more like very wide straps to spread the weight of the blow but, although they don't cut, they still come bloody keen. The other, more experienced runners are sitting under the palm trees, watching and awaiting their turn, and I hear them hoot with laughter.

'Get up, Allegra!' one of them calls out.

I must have knocked her over, and I can hear her yelping under the whip. Allegra arrived on Depravity at the same time as me. Perhaps it's because we weren't affected by the chicken pox that ravaged the pirate ship that we were both chosen for Melchior's Snatch squad. We are the newest additions, his rawest recruits. Christ, are we raw! Neither of us had ever heard of this game before arriving here, much less run in it, and it might seem at first glance that there's not much to learn. It's a bit like soccer or rugby or hockey, with a court and goals at either end ... except you have to imagine runners, naked girls, being used instead of balls. The Beaters are the real players, and their aim is to force the other team's runners into the opposing goal, and to prevent the other side from herding your own girls into their net.

I squeal as the strap catches my thighs, and instinctively leap to the right.

'Good girl, Kylie,' my Beater shouts his approval. 'Right! Right! Go to the damned right.'

Veering wildly, I feel my shoulder brush against another wooden stake, and then the strap strikes me again, this time from left, sending me in the opposite direction.

'Get behind me, hand on my back.'

I try to hang back, groping out to try to lay a hand on the bare skin of the Beater. That's where the tactics come in. Whipping the runners is the whole point of a Snatch game, so not

surprisingly, it's a major part of the training too. Not only do the whips of the other team's Beaters strike to drive you back, the whips of your own Beaters are lashing at you to prevent it, and they also use their whips to steer their own runners. The safest place to be is close behind one of your own Beaters, preferably with one hand grasping the string of his jock strap; that way, the whips of neither side are likely to catch you as much, even though the Beaters try to whip the shit out of each other too. And then there are the single words of command we are expected to respond instantly respond to, to feint left, feint right, duck and weave, roll on the ground, dart forward, retreat... For a simple game, there's sure a lot to learn.

'Go, Kylie, run!' the Beater cries, and this time the strap curls up to catch the underside of my arse, making me leap in the air.

Damn! He cast me adrift without my realising it, and now I can only sprint blindly away, with the whip licking at my thighs.

Allegra and I are usually chosen to lead off the runs each day because we're the new girls. Our training is still a bit basic and the Beaters are concentrating on making us respond unthinkingly to their whips, so it's a bit painful, to say the least. My bum feels as though it's on fire; in a real match with real whips, it would be cut to ribbons, but even in training it's always cherry red by the time I've done. Mind you, I'm learning how to get striped less and less. It's amazing what a girl can do to avoid the whips. All I can do is dart this way and that, depending where the paddle strikes me or listening for the staccato commands. The Beaters are incredibly skilled.

'Down! Roll left!'

I instinctively drop and twist to roll on the ground in a kind of sideways somersault, immediately leaping back to my feet (it took me a whole days to learn that articular move). Then it's over. The bag is pulled from head, and I drop panting to the sand, perspiration beading my forehead. Glancing back down the sand, I see Allegra is just finishing the run too. Crikey, we'll be as fit as wallabies in no time at all.

Later, we can sit and watch as the more experienced runners are paired and given a work-out, only they will have Whips in front as well as behind them. That's fun, and even the runners seem to enjoy the training contests.

A real game of Snatch is a different matter! Melchior has allowed us to watch a few matches in the place they call the Depths of Depravity. My God, they are hard-run! It's exciting, though, with the crowd howling and bets being placed. The runners wear just silk ribbons tied round their arms and ankles to show their team's colour, and their Beaters wear similar coloured jock straps or G-strings. It's no fun for the losers either: they always get roundly and savagely fucked in front of the baying crowd.

Still, that's my future mapped out for a while! It seems that I'm destined to be a Snatch runner, like it or not. The only good thing about it is that they give me a regular supply of specially doctored bonobo gruel to keep me sane, and I get regularly fucked by Melchior and his Beaters too. So the life has its compensations. I suppose Mum must be going crazy trying to find me!

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO - The Reckoning

### Part I

#### Jake Starr and Vlad the Impaler

‘This is Natalie Carpenter, she’s with me,’ the senior CIA woman tells the guard who is standing beside a great steel door that is reminiscent of a bank vault, deep in the bowels of the D&ST building.

When the woman shows him her badge, the shaven-headed, steely-eyed, young black soldier turns the wheel to open the door, heaves it open aside and then steps aside to allow us through. I sense that he somehow contrives to watch assess my figure without looking directly at me as I pass through the steel door, and glance over my shoulder to smile winningly at him, licking my lips provocatively. He would certainly hit a needful spot in my pussy right now, but he’s obviously trained to appear disinterested.

‘This is one of our special interrogation suites,’ the CIA woman tells me as I stand in the corridor beyond the door, hearing its locking gears engage. ‘To the subjects, we maintain the fiction that they are on a battleship, somewhere at sea. We like to keep them disorientated and terrified, which is appropriate, seeing as they’re usually terrorists.’

She leads me to a large viewing window in the corridor. I find myself looking into the strangest room I’ve ever seen, with stainless steel walls, floor and ceiling, no furniture whatsoever; and the whole thing is tilted at a crazy angle, as if someone has carelessly tipped it up and left it teetering on one corner. The two occupants are both men, and naked except that each wears a gas mask and goggles combination that entirely covers his head – they look like bizarre mutations of giant meat flies. The steep diagonal tilt of the floor has made them both slip into one corner, and they are writhing together, masturbating in a frenzy.

‘Slaver Jake Starr!’ I murmur in surprise. ‘I thought he was back Across the Divide.’

‘You recognise him, despite the mask?’

‘I recognise Sir Malcolm. Who’s the other guy? He looks vaguely familiar too.’

‘That’s Vladimir Cebotari, a Moldovan gangster. He’s one of Jake’s accomplices.’

I smile. Vlad the Impaler! What’s he doing in a CIA torture chamber?

‘Yes, I know that bastard well enough,’ I say, watching Vlad wanking so furiously that he seems in danger of pulling his cock out by its roots.

‘We picked both of them up a couple of weeks back, along with four innocent young women, floating on a timber raft in the English Thames Estuary. Let’s say we were acting on information received and sent a Navy Seal squad to collect them.’

So the Alchemist double-crossed poor Jake! There is little honour amongst thieves, tyrants and rapists, it seems.

‘Why do you think they are both masturbating as if there’s no tomorrow?’ I ask, turning to face the woman.

The CIA woman eyes me for long moments, and then says: ‘They have both contracted the same mystery virus as you - it’s got something to do with that. Criminals injected with the virus exhibit the same sexual behaviour within days.’

Of course! Jake must have been deprived of his daily bonobo pellet for a fortnight or more. No wonder he’s going crazy for sexual gratification. That doesn’t explain why Vlad has got the virus, though. Then I remember... I fucked him in the Colonial Club, before my return to the States, and he didn’t wear a condom. He must have caught the virus from me! I find myself laughing at the poetic justice.

‘Yes, I supposed it would have that effect,’ I say.

‘It’s strange that it doesn’t seem to affect you in the same way though.’

Hmmm... I still haven’t shared the secret of the bonobo shit with the CIA, and have no

intention of doing so.

‘Maybe I’ve got stronger will-power,’ I lie.

‘We’re getting reports of people turning up at hospitals with the same symptoms of manic sex addiction, and there have already been a number of rapes. In every case, the subjects have tested positive for the virus.’

I shrug and say: ‘Like I said, if you let the genie out of the bottle, it won’t go back in. Maybe the virus has escaped from one of your prison laboratories? That kind of thing has happened before, after all.’

‘It doesn’t explain why you seem to be immune from the more extreme symptoms,’ she persists.

I return my attention to the stainless steel room, just as Sir Malcolm shoots his load all over Vlad.

Biting the bullet, I say: ‘I’ve had some success in finding a partial vaccine. It doesn’t eradicate the virus but can control it within almost-reasonable bounds, if taken often enough.’

I’ve got my fingers crossed behind my back. Hopefully, Mikey Bellweather has by now filed the patent application for the Bonobo vaccine; that should protect my rights for a while under US law. But, then again, this is the CIA: everybody knows they are above the law.

‘So, an amateur has come up with a vaccine when it’s defeated our best scientists in the field? You certainly didn’t waste any time.’

Vlad is trying to stick his cock up Jake’s arse now, and Jake doesn’t seem to be making any attempt to stop him.

‘I’m a PhD in Quantum Mechanics and Astro-physics,’ I point out.

‘We are aware that you lodged a patent application for a vaccine.’

That figures. They obviously have me on their radar. I wonder if they know about Mikey Bellweather too, and for a moment imagine seeing him naked, huddled in the steel box, wanking like a bonobo monkey.

I shrug and say: ‘We don’t have any time to waste, ma’am. I have the vaccine, but won’t be able to get FDA regulatory approval for ages. They always insist on stringent testing procedures for these things.’

‘I’d hope they are stringent, for all our sakes.’

‘We haven’t got that time to waste though,’ I say, gesturing to the scene in the steel room. ‘Imagine that happening regularly in every High Street.’

The woman shudders and narrows her eyes as she peers through the window. Vlad has succeeded in his anal objective; true to his nickname, his cock has impaled Jake up to the balls. For his part, Jake is squirming like a monkey on a stick.

‘Meaning..?’

‘By the time I get FDA approval, the whole world will be going crazy in one continuous, manic sex orgy; people will be tearing each other apart, rape will be the norm, and the whole fabric of civilisation will break down. Only my vaccine can prevent that happening.’

‘Why wouldn’t we just confiscate it then, in the national interest?’ she asks dryly.

‘Because it’s a secret formula?’ I say, making it both a question and a statement. ‘My patent is on the plasmid, but it doesn’t say how it’s manufactured.’

She laughs unpleasantly, and it makes me shiver. I can well-imagine this woman coolly killing anyone who is inconvenient.

She says: ‘I doubt that you’d want to spend time in that room, wearing a gas mask, Carpenter. Once in there, everybody spills everything they know, believe me. Even Bin Laden’s fanatics found that out.’

I chuckle, trying to sound as confident as her, saying, ‘Even if you made me tell you, it wouldn’t do you any good. The essential ingredient just isn’t available to anyone else but me.’

That rocks the woman back on her heels. I see her lips purse together and the fine lines

around her mouth betray her age.

‘Careful, Natalie,’ she says, narrowing her eyes even further, into horizontal arrow slits.  
‘Nobody likes a smart-ass, even if she has a PhD in Quantum Mechanics and Astro-physics.’

# CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO - Many Happy Returns

## Part I

### A new start for Emissions Strategies Inc.

*One month on...*

**‘My name is Natalie Carpenter.** I am the new Chief Executive of Emissions Strategies Incorporated. I regret to announce that my predecessor, Horace Moknkee, unexpectedly resigned on health grounds. I’m sure we all send him our best wishes for a complete recovery.’

Pressing a button on the rostrum console, I glance back to see my name writ large on the screen behind me: Natalie E Carpenter, PhD. I pause and glance round the room. I am assured that most of the main newspapers and business journals are represented. I don't really care either way, because once Friggers hit the High Streets, they'll all be begging me for a story.

‘I have been appointed to replace Mr Moknkee because of a unique blend of personal experience and my advanced studies of quantum physics. Rest assured, with my expertise, the company will continue to invest heavily in cutting-edge astro-technology.’

As it's all turned out, it's been a *very* happy return to Earth for me. After getting the CIA and US Government onside with my inside information and my precious vaccine, everything has been fabulous. My bank account is swollen with the 10 million dollar signing-on fee paid by Jake Starr, and I'm on a *very* handsome salary too. Furthermore, besides the Emissions Strategies job, I have also quietly expanded my own business interests with some hard-to-trace companies (all of them in Jake Starr's name - although, I've no doubt that the CIA has already got them covered).

I scan the room again. There are one or two interesting men here ... I spy them like a vampire prospecting the next neck to bite. That's very apt, actually: I *am* choosing my next victims, after all, and once I've finished with them they'll never be quite the same again. A young, earnest-looking black guy, sitting on the front row, has a fashionably half-shaved head and a thick, muscular neck that bespeaks heavy gym workouts; he'll do nicely, for starters... as soon as this presentation is finished.

I pat my long, sleek black hair, give a kittenish smile, flutter my eyelashes at the young black Adonis, and then lean forward to continue to speak huskily into the microphone, almost licking it like a scrumptious phallus. I fancy that I can hear his sharp intake of breath.

Then I smile round at the watching Press Corps and continue: ‘However, the main reason I invited you all here is to announce the launch of a new Division that represents a completely different and exciting direction for Emissions Strategies....’ I press a button to change the screen, and glance back to see the stylised picture of two little monkeys, joined at the lips, inside a red heart shape. ‘Our new logo, ladies and gentlemen. Aren't the monkeys cute kissing like that? Well, we could hardly show them screwing.’

Allowing time for dramatic effect, and for the ripple of surprised laughter, I pause a little longer, lick my lips, and move my attention to a young handsome man sitting in the second row. This one is as sickly-sweet as the monkey logo, perhaps too cute, but he'll have a cock of some description, which is my main requirement. He seems quite taken with me too, and returns my smile with a saucy wink. Perhaps I can arrange a threesome and include the black guy in the front row? A few nervous coughs in the audience bring me back to the present business.

‘But you don't have a monkey and chatter yourself,’ I go on with a throaty chuckle, ‘so without further ado, I'll hand you over to Jake Starr, who will head up my new Division.’

The journalists even give me a round of polite applause. I bow graciously and take a seat on the stage beside the screen, crossing my legs extravagantly and making damned sure that I reveal more than I should, which isn't difficult because my dress is very short and I'm wearing nothing under it besides sheer fishnet stockings.

Jake Starr glances nervously at me as he passes with an awkward gait. I'm not surprised:

the chain harness under his smart business suit and the dildo up his arse must be chafing a bit. Now he knows something of what I went through as a slave. Jake belongs to me now, and I must maintain strict standards: give a male slave an inch and he'll try to make himself a ruler again.

Never exactly short of a hard-on, Jake Starr is now permanently horny and gagging for fucking, as am I, which is just as well. That's the effect of the figging drugs, of course: getting my own back, I treat him to a quadruple dose up his arse every now and again. I have certainly benefited from the added spice to Jake's love life (like he once told me, "once heavily figged, you'll be forever fucking". That's me and Jake, both. It's not been easy for him either, with his cock constantly erect and throbbing, especially since Malcolm (I've removed his knighthood) has only just healed after more tattooing and the Prince Albert piercing I insisted upon.

Mikey Bellweather, my newly-appointed Chief Scientist at Emissions Strategies, has been able to synthesize the figging capsules I brought back Across the Divide, with potent copies of the virus tucked inside each one I've had to adjust my lifestyle to accommodate my nymphomania, of course, but then, so has Jake. Jake is the perfect mate for me in many ways; I insisted that the CIA gift him to me, along with Vlad the Impaler, as part of the deal.

Starr adjusts the microphone and then turns to glance diffidently at me, as if seeking reassurance. I smile back at him, and pat the small device clipped to the belt of my dress. Jake shudders visibly. My smile grows wider and I lower my lashes. My remote gadget can administer sharp shocks of varying degrees to his dildo (which has been modified with technology copied from the electric dog collar that Jake was planning to export across the Divide); the control has a small dial, marked 1 to 10. The occasional zap at Strength 3 usually keeps him in line, and it's quite discreet too, except for his whimpers, and for the yelps when I turn the dial on full-whack.

When Jake starts to speak, the poor darling's voice is quite reedy and nervous: 'Emissions Strategies...' he begins with a high-pitched squeak, and then pauses to start again in a lower octave. 'Emissions Strategies is proud to announce the launch of a new and exciting range of products based on knowledge discovered as a spin-off from our space exploration research.'

I settle back in my seat. I know Jake's presentation by heart, of course, because I wrote every word of it.

Of course, I could have told the truth about Horace Moknkee, but in the present circumstances, that's a truth too far. As I recall telling you before, I have a great affinity with truth, but it is usually in my best interests to tell the odd lie, here or there. Sometimes that includes *not* telling the truth at all, of course. And this is a good time to economise on *l'actualité*, trust me.

Poor Horace! He is in America, or Jordan, or Saudi, or somewhere, confined in a secure hospital for the criminally insane. Mad as a hatter, they say. That's the official story; the US security guys frequently create this fiction to hide "inconvenient" people. There but for the grace of God (and me) goes Jake Starr, and he sure as hell knows it, so he'd better do as he's told, perfectly and without question. I have a very special relationship with the Directorate of Science and Technology of the CIA, you see. After emptying Starr of information and wringing him dry, they granted my request and released him to my custody (as they said, it's not as if he knows anything worth knowing, although they insisted on covering the formula on his cock with a full tattoo).

Now I am a *very* different prospect. I have specialist, valuable and unique knowledge: I hold the potential to open up the Divide in the Dimensions and pave the way to colonise a whole new world (I have my own reasons for wanting to that too, most of them concerned with monkey shit). Furthermore, I have been employed by the DS&T, in one way or another, since I was 22 years old. That's why I have been appointed as the new CEO of Emissions Strategies. The truth is, I *am* convenient to my country's aims and aspirations, while Horace Moknkee is most definitely not. And the former slaver Jake Starr is convenient to me. It's as simple as that.

Jake is in full-flow now and sounding more confident: 'Friggers is a sensational new brand, based on a secret formula developed by our Chief Scientist Michael Bellweather Jnr. It has

phenomenal potential in a wide range of applications, from food additives to pharmaceuticals...'

Isn't that the God's honest truth? I nod fervently. But, of course, it's not the whole truth.

When I arrived back at the Emissions Strategies HQ in London, I was thrilled when Jake Starr showed me a cage containing two little fucking bonobo monkeys. Moreover, the tray under their cage floor hadn't been cleaned out for weeks and was full of shit and. As Mikey Bell said, that shit is worth more than its weight in diamonds! More Importantly, though, it means I've no longer got the Alchemist's monkey on my back.

Jake also showed me a very sickly and almost bare Hairy Fig tree in a pot (bonobos only eat Hairy Fig Eucalyptus leaves, which is why their shit tastes like hairy figs). Mikey brought in a zoological pal of his (who was so excited at the new plant species that he named it after himself – these science guys are all the same); anyway, he knows his stuff, and has already made the fig tree feel better, and even managed to propagate a few figlets. He's improved the monkeys' environment too, and now they're happily fucking away in an air-conditioned, humidity-controlled little jungle in the basement. I'm fervently hoping they'll breed.

'We are offering the license of this exciting new core formula to partners on a business-to-business basis,' Jake is telling the journalists. 'Emissions Strategies accepts no liability whatsoever if they misuse the product...'

Ah, that is the essence of my first decision as CEO. Emissions Strategies will nominally sell the licences and, soon, the vaccine will be in all kinds of everyday foodstuffs. My vaccine will become an essential staple in everyone's diet, from King to commoner.

'Of course, partner companies will be entirely responsible for ensuring that their products satisfy the FDA and other regulatory bodies. We urge them to apply caution when using this potent, world-changing formula.'

'Isn't that being unfair and mealy-mouthed, if your scientists developed this product, and it's as potent as you say?' someone asks.

I'm ready for that one, and don't wait for Jake to fumble for an answer.

I stand up and say: 'Not at all. We expect our customers to behave ethically and responsibly, but it's their business what they do with the frigging formula.'

I sit down again with a reassuring smile and nod to Jake to carry on.

Jake gulps and says: 'Thank you, Miss Carpenter. Now, as I was saying, we aren't sure how long it will take for the Frigging formula to reach the market - that's up to our partners.'

'But we hope it's pretty damned quick,' I interject.

Who am I kidding? It's absolutely essential that the Frigging vaccine is made generally and unavoidably available as soon as possible, just to restore some kind of order. The Bellweather virus hit the fan (mainly thanks to my own unwitting promiscuity, I'm afraid), and the spray went everywhere. All hell broke loose when Earth woke up to a new virus problem. A world full of panting, rampant nymphomaniacs might have previously seemed like paradise on Earth to many men, but when it's their own wives, mothers and daughters... well, they sure don't like that. Governments across the world panicked at the sudden orgy of sex and rape (and that was mainly from the women). Hell, drug runners are already smuggling the Frigging pessaries like heroin (which is considerably less addictive, in my view) spreading the problem with every day that passes. Only the Frigging vaccine can keep things in check and retain the frail veneer of civilisation.

And who holds the world supply of the Frigging vaccine? Little me! Unregulated generic products will be made in China and India, I suppose, but they have no access to the bonobo shit, and the vital plasmids can't be replicated; they can identify all the other ingredients, but the essential component is beyond them; furthermore, the precious supply of dried monkey dung pellets is locked safely away in a freezer in the vaults of Emissions Strategies, and added to daily, courtesy of the bonobos in the basement.

'What does this product *do*, exactly?' a woman asks.



‘It depends on how it’s used and in what quantities,’ Jake says smoothly. ‘When added as a food supplement, it promotes a zest for life, don’t you know. In other applications it might be a valuable medical resource. Or if used as a leisure product, it can even improve sexual appetites... Amazing stuff!’

That causes some giggles from the women in the audience and a few guffaws from the men. Little do they know! Wait until those same coy women are demanding to fuck like bonobo monkeys, and the men have cocks like sticks of rock. They’ll sure want the Frigging stuff then.

‘How do you know it’s safe?’ the woman persists.

‘Because I’m a slaver and I eeeeeow—’ Jake begins, but I stop him with a Strength 7 zap of his dildo, making him curtail the sentence in a howl.

‘You’re a what?’

‘Jake has a sore throat,’ I say. ‘We know the Frigging formula is safe because it’s been very rigorously tested.’

‘Yes, it has,’ Jake says in a high voice, taking out a handkerchief and mopping beads of perspiration from his brow as he glares at me. ‘I eat it every day.’

Well, never let it be said that I didn’t warn the CIA guys at Langley. They went right to the top for a decision (in quieter moments, I have daydreams about the First Lady being hooked on the virus, driving the President crazy with her fresh fucking demands). Anyway, in the end, without attribution, the head honchos were keen to see the Frigging formulae propagated and distributed (I’ve still not told them the real secret of the bonobo pooh, of course - a girl has to keep some secrets).

So there you are!

I’ve travelled in time and space, from abject slave on another world, to achieve wealth that would make Bill Gates’ and Warren Buffet’s eyes water. Not bad for a girl straight out of Yale. The deal is that I will continue my research into the physics of crossing the Divide on behalf of the good old USA, and attempt to open up a new world for them to populate and wreck.

Right now, though, I have other, more short-term things to occupy my thoughts. I find myself imagining writhing with the two young journalists. I’ll invite both of the men to my Colonial Club straight after this press conference is concluded. I do hope they enjoy bondage! If not, they’ll just have to get used to it. Or maybe I’ll play the unwilling victim - I still do on occasion, when it suits my mood, and I’ve had enough experience at that to be convincing, after all. One thing is certain, whichever role I play: I’ll get a good shot of energetic fucking, and that should keep me going for a couple of hours.

## Part II

### Natalie's Colonial Club

**‘Good afternoon, Miss Carpenter, I trust you are well.’**

‘Oh, I’m very well indeed, Millward, and shortly I aim to be a lot better,’ I say, glancing meaningfully at the two handsome young journalists and Jake Starr. ‘And how are things at the Colonial today?’

‘Absolutely divine, Nats,’ Melody Brooks says, licking her lips and rolling her eyes.

Millward sighs at her familiarity. Melody has nominally replaced him at the front desk, but the old buffer has been kept on to train her. In fairness, he’s rather good at what he does, but nobody goes on forever. Still, he has taken to the new Colonial style just as easily as he took to the old new one, if you get my drift; the crafty bastard switches sides according to whoever’s winning at the time. And it’s me who’s winning right now. Oh boy, am I winning!

‘The men should be using the tradesmen’s entrance by rights, Ma’am,’ he says with a sniff, glancing at Jake.

‘It’s alright, Millward, he’s with me.’

‘As you wish, Ma’am. And the other ... gentlemen?’

‘Jason and Mark are also with me,’ I say, smiling at the two young men and licking my lips. ‘And you won’t need their passports - they won’t be going anywhere soon.’

The two young journalist hunks keep ogling Melody’s extra-large tits, and she’s encouraging them shamelessly, pushing out her chest and making her breasts strain at her white blouse. Have these guys got a shock coming! Soon Jason and Mark will get all the tits they can handle, like it or not.

‘Well, don’t stay up front all the time, Melody,’ I say. ‘All work and no play will make a manic girl, and you need your regular fix.’

She giggles and says, ‘Oh, I had one an hour or so, Nats. I’ll nip off for another nibble in a bit, though.’

Melody is as horny as a bonobo monkey on heat now (which is always, apparently). There’s the difference with my new regime: I encourage the ladies who work for me to regularly indulge in the delights of the Club. Well, more than encourage, actually – it’s compulsory. When I rescued Melody from Vlad the Impaler, I treated her to a triple dose of extra-strong figgers, one up her cunt and two up her ass (just like I had on the pirate boat). I do that with all my people, male and female; it keeps them loyal. You bet they are all gagging to serve.

‘Come, Jake,’ I say, snapping my fingers and walking towards the antique elevator, smiling at the big, butch girl who’s guarding it.

‘How are you, Charlie?’ I ask as the bull dyke pushes aside the rickety concertina doors with the steel toe-cap of her right boot.

‘Good to go, whenever you are, darling,’ Charlie says with a sly smirk, slapping my ass as I step into the elevator car.

I laugh and wait for Jake to sidle past the dyke, who intimidates him with a sneering stare. She hates men, that one. That’s what makes her a good doorkeeper for this place, and I needed a new one. The previous bouncer is working on the floor above, with a padlock hasp threaded through his cock.

‘I hate this demned lift, don’t you know,’ Jake mutters as it creaks and protests when it begins to ascend.

‘I love it,’ I say. ‘It’s got more history than the United States of America.’

At the top, the elevator doors are opened by Jaffa, the black eunuch.

‘Good evening, Mistress Natalie,’ Jaffa says, his eyes oozing sorrow like piss holes in the snow.

I decided to keep the eunuchs' quaint uniform. Nothing much else has changed for Jaffa either, except the gender of most of his charges (and I'm told he regularly beats the shit out of the male slaves, just as he did the women before them). Why he's always so damned morose, I just do not know. He's been heavily figged like the rest of them, for God's sake, and he gets his fair share of cocks up his ass. I just sigh and give an imperious nod and go to the cloak counter, removing my Stella McCartney coat as I go.

'Wow!' Jason the journo says, and I see him cast an astonished glance to the other guy.

'Greetings, Mistress,' Sam Lemon says, bowing.

'Why, hello, Sam,' I say. 'You're looking great. I do like those cute little cock holsters. Don't you?'

He glances down at the tailor-made suit of leather webbing that encases his penis. It's the only thing Sam is wearing, except for a bit of hardware here and there. Like all the guys at the Club, I've had the glans of his cock pierced and locked with a padlock, not only for decoration but also as a chastity device. You just can't rely on anybody to be chaste nowadays.

'Yes, it's very cute, Mistress,' he says drily, and I notice some fierce stripes on his ass when he turns to hang up my coat.

'Jake,' he says, returning and holding out his hand expectantly, 'your clothes...'

When Jake hesitates, I pat the little device clipped to the belt of my Ballenciaga dress.

'Yes, yes, I'm coming, don't you know,' Jake says irritably, glancing sideways in embarrassment at the two journos.

I watch in amusement as Jake Starr primly removes his shoes, socks, business suit, shirt, tie, pants... everything. Everything, that is, except the chain harness which is locked securely on his body, keeping the dildo firmly up his ass. Doctored dildo and the Prince Albert apart (those were my own ideas), most of the subjugation techniques I use originally came from him. I learned quite a lot from Jake Starr. He was a slaver and knows about these things, and now he's getting to experience them first-hand on the consumer-side.

'You'll be needing a leash, ma'am,' Sam asks, producing a slender shiny steel chain with a swivel clip on one end and a leather loop on the other.

'Oh, indeed I will,' I say, taking the chain, which resembles a lead for a very small and puny poodle.

The two young journos look on in astonishment as I wrap my fingers round the girth of Jake's massively erect, heavily-tattooed cock, and use my other hand to clip the end of leash onto the Prince Albert ring.

'I know what you're thinking,' I tell the young guys, 'Jake has a mighty impressive cock. It's name is Malcolm. I've had him tattooed to match my tits.'

That last bit is true, as Jason and Mark will be able to confirm when they've seen my tits. Malcolm is now adorned with extra tattoos of red and blue stars surrounded by orange flames that lick up from his balls to his glans. I thought it would be nice if Jake and I wore matching outfits, so to speak: sort of 'Hers and his' tattoos, if you get my drift. Besides, as the CIA insisted, something had to be done about the equations along Malcolm's length; you never know who is snooping and taking photographs nowadays, and that stuff is top secret.

'Come, gentlemen,' I say, turning an imperious finger.

Jason and Mark look on open-mouthed as I give the leash a gentle tug and Jake drops to all fours. I hear them gasp as Jake meekly crawls after me, his lips at my very high heels (Christian Louboutin - the red sole reflects my not so secret, sexual nature). After a moment's hesitation, the young men both give a start, as if coming out of a trance, and they hurry to walk behind me.

Jaffa has taken his place at one side of the double doors that lead into the main club room. Vlad stands on the other side wearing the same style of dress as Jaffa: voluminous pantaloons, silk slippers, and a bolero jacket; I can see from his eyes that he's been crying again.

'Poor lamb,' I say, pausing to stroke Vlad's cheek. 'How are you, darling?'

‘Fucking beetch,’ he says bitterly. I think for a moment that he might spring at me, but the electric dildo up his ass is a strong deterrent, and he whimpers when Jaffa gives him a jolt. Then he looks suitably defeated and says: ‘I good, Meestress.’

‘Come now, it’s better than the alternative, believe me, Vlad. Castration was a small price to pay for your crimes.’

‘Yes, Meestress,’ he mutters darkly.

Turning to Jason and Mark, I explain: ‘He was a sex trafficker. I had his cock and balls surgically removed.’

‘My God!’ Mark murmurs, suddenly looking pale.

‘Anyway, welcome to my Colonial Club,’ I tell the pair of them, gesturing expansively at the large room, which I’ve had redecorated in red and black. ‘Whaddya think, guys?’

I smile, wide-eyed and tongue in cheek, as they gaze in wonder at the club room. I’ve retained the alcoves, but it’s mainly women who sit there now, and many of them wear some kind of distinctive dominatrix gear; iconic, full-bodied cat suits in leather or latex are prevalent, with some bondage corsets too. The waiters are naked, of course, and all of them are men; there a few girl subs too, but they all came with their owners (my Colonial Club doesn’t keep female slaves).

The room is nearly full, as usual. I’m amazed at the demand for this kind of place, and I’ve not even advertised it.

‘It’s something else,’ Mark breathes, his mouth agape again.

‘Far out!’ Jason exclaims in awe as he glances round. ‘You, Natalie Carpenter, the Chief Executive Officer of Emissions Strategies, actually own this place?’

‘Sure I do.’

‘Holy shit! This will make quite a story.’

It most certainly will, but neither Mark nor Jason will ever get to write it. I’ll make damned sure of that.

**THE END**