

# **Spoils of War**

## **(A Bermuda Triangle novel)**

**Jack Norman**

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## Foreword

The American Government has long been secretly aware of the tear in the fabric of space and time that mysteriously occurs in the area we know as the Bermuda Triangle. They know of the strange and relatively primitive world that exists on the other side of the Divide. They are keen to understand and exploit the unspoiled dimension. Equally, the war-like rulers of that alternative medieval-like world are just as eager to get their hands on the advanced weaponry available on Earth.

However, nothing is ever simple. The only way to get across from one to the other is via a light craft bobbing on the North Atlantic Ocean. Neither side has the means of transporting anything other than a few selected individuals between the two worlds, travelling naked and unarmed. Weight factors and the nature of permissible materials impose strict limitations. America's best scientific brains have been unable to solve the conundrum.

So an uneasy relationship has developed between the two worlds. Emissaries move back and forth across the Divide, sometimes by agreement and often by stealth. The CIA's Department of Science & Technology is deeply involved, of course, as are some learned academic institutions in the USA. Alchemists visit from the other direction, eager to learn and take the knowledge back in their heads.

As part of this mutual exchange, the CIA has established an anthropological study project in one of the few peaceful cities on that strange planet. At least, the city was peaceful until besieged and conquered by a barbaric army, and two young female American anthropologists are taken as spoils of war.

## Chapter One - Assembled and stripped

Rebecca estimated that there were thirty or forty young women milling about in the circular well of the large bowl of an amphitheatre. They were all naked and confused, and guarded by black men who were clad only in blue loincloths. There were some sinister slavers there too, keeping a watchful eye, clad in their sleeveless leather waistcoats and short blue and gold tabards. Many of the women crossed their arms over their bodies in vain efforts to shield their nudity. Rebecca had long given up on that.

She had already been in the arena for two hours or more. Only a few of the other women were already assembled there when the slavers' men had brought Rebecca in and stripped and marked her. It was a long, bewildering wait, and for what? *God help me!* The terror of battle, the siege and the bombardment had been bad enough. Now this, spoils of war.

More young women kept arriving. Often they came in small batches and at other times in ones and twos or threes. Men kept bringing them in, running them into the room, just as they had run Rebecca. All of the captives arrived breathless, plainly scared out of their wits. Many of them wept and sobbed. Some had been badly treated, judging by their unkempt state and torn clothing. Most, though, were simply in shock. The new arrivals usually stared in horror at the naked women already assembled there, walking like a docile herd, breasts bobbing fluidly and buttocks swaying. A few new arrivals wailed when they too were stripped and marked, but most accepted it resignedly and joined the enforced slow promenade, walking aimlessly back and forth, round and round.

'Walk! Silence! No talking!'

Rebecca understood enough of the language to know those words, repeatedly snarled by the guards in heavy accents.

No words of explanation then.

Walk. Silence. No talking. That was all.

None of the women needed telling twice, yet they were told over and over again. It kept them quiet for the most part, except for the sobs and the occasional wail, and it kept them moving in the large circular arena. Rebecca walked aimlessly along with all the other women, milling about, casting wild glances at each other as they wove in and out, sometimes abruptly changing course, trying to avoid passing close to the black men who strode or stood imperiously in their midst. The loins of most of the women were furred with hair, some abundantly so. Rebecca, though, was completely shaved there; it was a daily habit she had continued from her usual Earth toilet regime. She had never even considered what the women of Waters Meet practised in this respect, but it was now evident that they went *au natural*. Rebecca was aware that the smooth slit of her own plump sex lips attracted the curious eyes of the other women.

Julia, her friend from Utah - the only other American there - had a full bush too. When they had brought Julia in, Rebecca had been astonished to see that the usually reserved and religious young woman had stripped herself eagerly, without any force from the guards. Julia had been wearing a strange, all-in-one undergarment under her long gown, akin to a white swimsuit but with short capped sleeves and fitted to the legs down to the knees. She had torn this garment away with particular relish, it seemed to Rebecca. Then Julia had jumped to present her pert right breast for marking, before walking calmly into the arena, stark naked and displaying the luxuriant dark bush at her loins.

Rebecca had only caught glimpses of Julia since and resolved to keep her distance, anyway. It would have been too difficult to keep silent....

As Rebecca walked, her mind raced over recent events. The citizens of Waters Meet had been tense for weeks. News of the approaching army had been rife, not that Abramo had told her. There were precious few others she could converse with either. Eventually, she had sought out Julia. Julia, a young Mormon woman with a degree in anthropology and linguistics from Utah State University, had been working on the anthropology project in the city for much longer than herself, and she spoke the language fluently. Only then had Rebecca discovered the awful truth.

The sophisticated, civilised and altruistic Antrabon royal dynasty, hosts and protectors for the project, were at war. Indeed, they had been at war for years, but nothing had come of it except for the occasional border skirmishes. Now though, an army of confederated states from the barbarous Dark Continent were on the march. City after city had fallen already. The tide of invaders was sweeping across the country. Now they were approaching the capital. By the time Rebecca found that out, it had been too late to leave and the city was encircled. Julia said it was rumoured that the King had fled, leaving his family behind.

‘Walk! Silence! No talking!’

A whip cracked and a woman screeched somewhere across the arena, which was something like a large circus-ring. As Rebecca aimlessly meandered in and out of the other naked women, her eye kept returning to the glyph that had been drawn on her right breast in thick black grease-paint. Her breasts bobbed fluidly with each step, and the mark repeatedly caught her eye. What did it mean? She didn’t recognise the strange mark. A number, perhaps? All of the other women in the bizarre promenade bore a black mark too, daubed thickly above the areola of their right nipples. The marks all seemed to be subtly different.

The glyph had been placed on Rebecca when they stripped her. One man had held her shoulders from behind while another cupped her right breast. His hand, clad in fingerless gloves of smooth leather, had squeezed her breast flesh to plump it up. He had used a crayon-like stick to inscribe the mark just above the brown halo of her nipple. After that, her bottom was sharply smacked to send her scurrying into the arena.

‘Walk! Silence! No talking!’

Rebecca tried to make sense of everything. While the city was under siege, the slavers had begun to arrive like vultures gathering for a meal. They must have been on friendly terms with the invaders for, unlike most other people, they had no trouble getting into the city. They seemed to come and go as they liked, in fact, presumably with the blessing of the King’s City Administrator and High Council too. None of the King’s Guard seemed to bother them.

Abramo had pointed out the slavers as they sat in groups in the shade of tavern verandahs, or as they strolled the streets in twos and threes. They wore leather waistcoats and were otherwise shirtless, and their bare arms were adorned with heavy arm bracelets. Their tabards were little more than blue neck scarves, with a bold gold squiggle on the short bib at the front. They had kept their own company. Nobody wanted to mix with them. Their eyes had seemed to be everywhere, particularly when younger women of the city were passing. More than once, Rebecca had experienced an uncomfortable feeling that she was being coldly assessed, stripped by their frank and unhurried stares. She had told Abramo as much, and he had nodded without comment.

Once, though, when she had gotten too close to a slaver, Abramo had intervened. The slaver reminded her of a Mongolian from Earth: short, squat, yellow-skinned, with a wispy beard and straggly moustache. This stocky, bow-legged slaver had gripped her wrist tightly and then had the temerity to hold her at arm’s length as his slanted eyes flitted over her from head to foot. There was little for him to see, given the all-enveloping style of women’s dresses in Waters Meet, but Rebecca had felt utterly helplessness and terrified in the man’s grasp. It was his blatant, cool assessment that scared her most. Fortunately, Abramo had been nearby and he had spoken to the slaver. Even so, the odious man had released his grip on her wrist only after a lengthy exchange with Abramo, and Rebecca had understood none of it. Then, at Abramo’s bidding, she had been glad to flee back to her quarters above the City Library, running breathlessly, leaving them to it, still in conversation.

‘Rebecca!’ a woman hissed.

She recognised the American accent immediately. It was Julia, the bright and cheerful girl from Wisconsin who had been working on the project for months. Julia obviously deemed it safe to speak.

‘What’s happening to us?’ Rebecca whispered.

‘Slavers! The Tribute—’

Julia’s words were cut off abruptly when she squealed in pain and her whole body jerked as a

leather strap wrapped around her buttocks. She skipped away from the near naked black man in the blue loincloth who was wielding the broad lash.

The man raised his whip threateningly at Rebecca. 'Walk! Silence!'

Rebecca turned on her heel and walked in the opposite direction. These men, the ones in blue loincloths, seemed to belong to the slavers. Even as the city fell, a group of them had come for her. That was no random snatch in the mayhem of a battle. They had known precisely who they wanted and where to find her.

Now they had her. It seemed that she had been reduced to the status of a naked slave. Abramo, her protector, was probably dead.

She kept glancing up at the rows of seats that stretched up on every side of the arena. It was a large theatre in the round with the central arena sunk at the centre. Other men were gathering in the tiers of seats. Soldiers, mostly. Their full tabards marked them as such. Bearded and rough. They had the look of men who hadn't slept. Wild men. Strong. Unforgiving. That's what they everyone said about men of this army and they certainly looked it. These battle-weary warriors were taking their places in the serried rows of seats. They sauntered in, paused to look down at the naked women, and then strolled on to find a seat. There were some men of a different class there too: robed and imperious, clean and fastidious, and they kept their distance from the common soldiery, sitting in small knots in the front rows.

'Run!'

*What?* This was a new command. Rebecca hesitated.

A whip cracked and a woman squealed in pain.

'Run!'

This time the whole mass of women broke into a clumsy jog. Rebecca had no option but to do the same. *Run to where?* There was little room to run, even though the circular stage was large. More whips cracked and more women screamed. The women and girls clumsily bumped and banged against each other, soft flesh pressing against soft flesh, as they tried to escape the lashes.

A blonde girl with large swaying breasts, running towards Rebecca, suddenly leapt and shrieked as a broad blade of black leather curled round her buttocks. Rebecca darted away from the whip. She kept trying to catch sight of Julia in the seething mass of naked flesh, but it was like an ever-changing kaleidoscope of breasts and buttocks and swishing hair as the women darted this way and that to avoid the whips.

Presently, though, a pattern emerged. The guards stood in the centre of the ring, wielding their long whips. Rebecca tried to keep back from the stinging lashes, as did all the other women. Anxious to avoid those spiteful whips, the stumbling women naturally gravitated to the perimeter of the circular arena, as if by centrifugal force. Most of them ran clockwise, like exotic circus ponies, and those who didn't soon turned tail to avoid being buffeted and sent stumbling towards the lashes. The centre of the arena gradually cleared, and the women ran three or four deep around its edge. Breasts bobbed in unison with every step.

Rebecca jogged amidst a small huddle of young women, trying to be anonymous. She ran round and round the small circuit, counting each lap at first and then just running.

Each time she passed the entrance tunnel, Rebecca considered breaking off and making a dash for freedom. The tunnel was well-guarded though. Besides, being naked and helpless and without the language, where could she go? So she ran on. Her breathing was becoming ragged and her bouncing breasts were beginning to ache. The cracking whips kept them running at a steady pace.

Even now, slavers were whipping more women into the arena to join the circling herd. The vast auditorium was filling too. It had become a sea of faces. There was a low buzz of male conversation in the air, and the occasional guffaw. Rebecca could smell the caramel stench of human flesh. The soldiers had had little time for bathing those past few days. She was sweating herself.

'Faster!'

The rhythm of the whips increased. Faster! Faster! Faster still! Soon Rebecca was galloping

around the arena, tits flapping.

Was this to be it then? Were they to be sold or apportioned off to the clamorous mob of victorious soldiery? She felt compelled to somehow tell them that she didn't belong here. She was not of this world.

## Chapter Two - Ritual Surrender

Rebecca ran for her life around that arena, lashed to a lather by the guards. Bugles sounded. Bass drums pounded. A buzz of anticipation crackled through the crowded auditorium.

A couple of the women had staggered to a stop and collapsed, unable to go further, despite the whips. They were summarily murdered and their lifeless bodies dragged from the arena. *My God, this can't be happening!*

Other women were clearly struggling, slowing and moaning with every step. Rebecca was faring better than most. She was physically fit and trained for track and field back home. Her body was lithe. Yet her legs were becoming heavy. She was gasping for breath. Still she galloped on, her arms cradling her breasts to stop them bouncing wildly.

After a few more laps, two more women were brutally put down without mercy. The smell of warm blood added to the fetid air. A few other women were cut out from the circling dash and herded into a terrified huddle and lashed unmercifully, but they were not killed. Even so, the remaining runners kept at it, terrified of sharing the fate of the murdered women.

A loud roar rose from the massed soldiery. It announced the arrival of a personage, she thought. Rebecca dared to glance up at the high platform above the entrance tunnel where all the attention seemed to be focussed. A large red and yellow quartered silk banner was draped over the wall. Red and yellow, the colours of the conquerors. That was the theme everywhere, it seemed. A group of burly soldiers stood there behind the banner. They wore armoured doublets and bulky studded and articulated metal arm guards, rather than the plain tabards of the common troops. It was an elite guard, Rebecca supposed.

There was another roar, mightier this time, and then it faded and changed into a steady, rhythmic chant. Da-dah. Da-dah. Da-dah. What was that chant? A name perhaps, two syllables - it was hard to tell what they were chanting. Rebecca's back was to tunnel now and she couldn't see what was happening there for a few seconds. However, when she galloped round to the opposite side of the arena she was able to look across. A man in gleaming armour had taken his place there, and he stood with his arms raised triumphantly aloft, receiving the roars and chants.

Rebecca shrieked in pain. The heavy flat leather paddle caught her under the soft swell of her buttocks, almost raising her up onto her toes. She was astonished at the pain. It burned unbearably and seemed to take over her whole being.

Now the numbers of naked runners were reduced to a single file, endlessly circling the arena. The heavy blow had been designed to place her in line. The guards had moved from the centre of the arena and they were stationed around the track at the edges, and they had swapped their long whips for short, stiff paddles. It was one of these heavy implements that had struck Rebecca, casually urging her on.

Mercifully the pace had slowed somewhat though. It was no more than a canter now. Except for the paddle-wielding guards, nobody seemed to be paying much attention to the naked women now. For the armoured man was speaking. He was addressing his victorious army. His words were met with cheers and applause. It was a gathering of the victors, that much was clear. The women, Rebecca among them, were clearly part of the spoils.

A man was dragged to the centre of the arena. Rebecca had to break pace as he stumbled through the line of runners. She recognised the Administrator of the High Council. He was in heavy manacles and carried the City Mace. At the centre of the circle, he was thrust to his knees and turned to face the tunnel. He looked very old. Broken. He cut a pathetic figure, kneeling in between the heavy swords of two large guards and cradling the heavy ceremonial mace.

The commander vaulted over the low wall above the entrance tunnel and landed lightly on his feet, despite the drop and the weight of his armour. He strode to the centre of the arena, and Rebecca heard his armour creaking as he moved. As she circled, she watched events at the centre of the arena.

The Administrator, still clutching the mace, was pulled this way and that as his clothes were torn from him. Then, as naked as the women runners, he raised his pathetically bony arms to offer up the mace.

The soldiery of the conquering arm roared their approval when the commander took the mace and used it to strike the old man and send him sprawling in the dirt.



## Chapter Three - Tagging the spoils

The women came to a standstill, puffing and blowing. They had no breath for sobs now. Rebecca was panting. She stooped over, hands on her knees, hair bedraggled, sweat glistening on her body. The humiliated Administrator of the Council was dragged past her by a burly jailer. The old man bleeding. Weeping too.

The proud and mighty commander strutted back and forth, turning this way and that, holding the captured mace aloft. The watching soldiers cheered. The chanting resumed again.

A guard rasped an order and it was immediately taken up by the others. It was a word that Rebecca didn't know, but it was obviously a known command, for the other naked women immediately fell to their knees. Kneel, that must be the meaning of the word. A particular kind of kneeling posture, it seemed: the women knelt and placed their hands behind their backs. Rebecca followed their example, almost grateful for a chance to rest. However, the guards were moving about from woman to woman. One approached Rebecca from behind and smacked her hard about the head. She reeled, trying not to fall. It seemed that she had not adopted the correct posture. She was not of that world. How would she know?

The man grasped Rebecca's wrists and folded her arms high behind her back. Before she fully realised what was happening, he wound a rough cord four or five times round both of her arms, from elbows to wrists, as they nestled uncomfortably together; the end of the cord was pulled tight and then tied to the gathered bunch of her long hair. Rebecca gasped. Her arms were held high behind her, and her shoulders were painfully drawn back, her breasts were prominently thrust forward. The tie forced her head up with chin held high. Any attempt to ease the posture caused pain on her scalp or on her arms. The man grasped her shoulders and spun her round in the sawdust to face the crowd. He kicked her knees widely apart. Then, seemingly satisfied, he moved to the next woman.

An announcement was being made to the clamorous crowd. More cheers and slapping of chests. The conquerors were on the very verge of rioting, it seemed.

Wretched defeated soldiers dragged four heavy carts into the arena. The wagons were piled high with gold and silver: plates, chalices, chains, ornaments.... The commander leapt atop one of the heaps of treasure and roared like a lion. Rebecca, rigidly bound and brutally displayed, shuddered at his primal roar of victory. He seemed to be daring and defying all challenges. What kind of man was this?

Another wagon was hauled in, this one bearing precious stones and jewellery and no less overflowing than the others. Clearly these are the spoils of the city. Presumably, the circle of comely naked and kneeling women is part of that. Then though, standing on three open separate flatbed carts, the three daughters of the exiled king were paraded. Their tumbrils were hauled around the track outside the arena by defeated city soldiers.

Rebecca gazed up at the princess who occupied each cart as it passed her. She had only previously seen the young princesses at a distance, when she had accompanied Abramo to palace functions. They girls had always been aloof, proud and regal and clothed in sumptuous gowns. Now they were chained in finely-wrought manacles of gold that were almost like jewellery, but the girls were chained nonetheless. Although they were clothed in red and yellow, the colours of their conqueror, their gowns were a parody of propriety and so transparent that they might as well not have been there. These long, diaphanous gowns were their only garments.

The three women stood proudly erect with a determined set to their tight-lipped faces. They stared straight ahead, ignoring the baying crowd. Yet they were suffering - Rebecca could see that. It was said that their father, the king, had fled. Despite her own dire plight, Rebecca felt instinctive pity for these poor young women. Clearly, something exquisitely humiliating was in store for them.

Other men were emerging from the tunnel. They were clad in long black robes and wearing sinister skull masks. Thirty or forty of them, it seemed, and they fanned out on either side and moved round the perimeter of the ring. Each of them carried a large sword with a wickedly curved sickle-end. Rebecca had never seen an executioner before but, unmistakably, that's what these men were. Even the

crowd of fierce soldiers was hushed for a few seconds.

Then, though, the slavers swaggered into the main arena, and the crowd roared abuse at them. The slavers were accompanied by a number of well-muscled black men - naked but for loin-cloths and leather gauntlets - who were hauling small iron-wheeled trucks that bore glowing braziers. Evidently, the slavers did not deign to do manual labour themselves.

Rebecca recognised the slavers by their colours and style of dress. Even before the battle, they had stripped her with their eyes in the streets of Waters Meet and, no doubt, quietly marked her for acquisition. Now they had her, naked and bound, at their mercy. Judging from the other women who were similarly bound and posed around the perimeter of the arena, all of them young and attractive, it had been quite a compliment to be chosen. It seemed that the slavers only wanted the best. Already, though, she had seen what happened to women who failed to please.

The flesh-merchants weren't popular with the crowd. Soldiers booed and jeered as the sinister men in the sleeveless leather jerkins spread around the ring. The catcalls didn't seem to bother the slavers. They acknowledged them with insolent waves, in fact, while supervising the placement of the brazier-trucks at stations around the arena. One of these braziers was positioned near to Rebecca and she watched as its burly attendant repeatedly stirred its coals using an iron rod. She could feel its heat on her naked flesh, even from a few feet away.

Rebecca knelt immobile and stared straight ahead, chin held high, shoulders back, breasts out-thrust, thighs wide-spread - not from choice, but because of the tie that bound her. She was aware that an executioner stood somewhere behind her, but she was forced to stare directly at the slaver who positioned himself to face her a few feet away. From the corner of her eye, and looking across the arena, she could see that each of the kneeling women was similarly faced by a slaver. Her own man was a burly, squat figure with the bronze-yellow skin and slant eyes of a Mongolian. She recognised him, of course. The red glow from the nearby brazier well-defined the muscles of his arms. He stood with his sturdy legs widespread, matching the placement of her knees. The odious creature appraised her naked form, assessed her, judged her.... She shuddered and tried to blank him from her vision.

At the centre of the arena the carts bearing the princesses were drawn up in front of the wagon where the commander stood atop the pile of gold and silver. Each of the young women stood like a statue. The movement of cool air from the tunnel entrance wafted the diaphanous gowns about their bodies.

The commander addressed his troops again. Whatever he had said, it was rendered in a loud triumphal voice and met with roars of approval. He was obviously speaking of the three princesses, for his gestures swept across them as he spoke. He asked a question three times, pointing to each of the women in turn, and each time the crowd responded with a thunderous 'Aye!'

As the commander harangued the baying crowd, each princess was joined by two men on the cart on which she stood: a slaver and a black-hooded executioner. Attention turned to the first of the carts.

The commander asked the same question again, pointing towards the princess.

'Aye!' the crowd roared, and the stamping of heavily-shod feet shook the tiers.

The princess remained stiffly erect, refusing to answer.

The commander repeated the question, and this time the crowd became hushed in anticipation.

The girl shook her head.

Then the crowd roared again, baying for action. The executioner on the cart grabbed the princess's long, blonde hair and yanked her head so that was forced to bend forward at the waist. She remained thus, even when he released his grip. He was almost gentle when he laid her hair aside from her neck.

The executioner took his position beside the girl, both hands gripping the hilt of his sword. He then laid the edge of the blade against her slender, bared neck, taking aim, before raising the sword high again. The girl remained bent at the waist with executioner poised to strike. The commander

spoke again. A question. Rebecca wished she could speak the language but she had a good idea of what was happening in front of her. The princess could choose death or slavery.

The crowd began to count down in unison: Five, four, three, two....

The executioner flexed his muscles, raising his sword fractionally higher and arching his back. The girl remained steady. Then, as it seemed as though the sword must flash down, she cried out and straightened. Her fingers flew to the neck of her gown and ripped it down to her waist.

She sobbed and cried out, beating her chest with a small, clenched fist.

The crowd roared and pounded the boards with their boots. The commander laughed and raised his arms in triumph. The executioner lowered his sword and then jumped off the bed of the wagon.

Rebecca gulped. The princess had obviously made her choice. The slaver moved forward and grasped the remains of the gown and tore it from her. She stood naked as he cupped her right breast and drew a black glyph upon it. She stared down at the mark, as if in a trance, and then started sobbing piteously.

Unmoved, the slaver reached to thrust his fingers between her legs. She princess squirmed and danced on the spot until he withdrew his hand. He presented the fingers to her lips and, although she hesitated, the girl eventually sucked them clean. Then he forced her to her knees. She folded her arms behind her back and waited as the man bound them together with a cord. He gathered her long hair into a pony-tail and looped the end of the cord around its base, cinching it round her arms to keep her head wrenched back. This, quite obviously, was a set procedure, Rebecca realised. When the slaver stepped back, the princess was posed in exactly the same way as Rebecca and all the other bound women in the arena.

However, the girl's ordeal was not yet finished. The slaver dug into his pouch and produced two tags, which he held up to the crowd. More cheers of glee. From what Rebecca could see, the slaver was holding coins or medals, dangling on short traces. The man squatted in front of the stripped princess and held one of these tags between his lips. He cupped the girl's pert right breast and then pinched its nipple, tugging so hard that the soft white breast-flesh was distended. The girl took this stoically, not trying to resist. Suddenly, though, she gave out an awful shriek of pain. The crowd of soldiers roared its approval.

The slaver took the other tag from between his lips and transferred his attention to the girl's left breast. She screamed again, so shrilly that the sound rose above the clamour of the crowd. When the slaver straightened, the two coloured coins were dangling from the girl's nipples.

The man bowed theatrically to accept the crowd's applause as he donned a heavy leather gauntlet. One of the black bare-chested men passed up a steel rod, the end of which was red hot from the brazier. Rebecca gasped. Even from that distance she could see that the rod terminated in a small metal plate. *A branding iron!* The slaver inspected the glowing plate, shook his head, and handed it back to the man on the ground. This fellow returned the iron to the glowing coals of the brazier. The crowd were chanting again, demanding more haste. When the iron was returned to the slaver's gauntleted hand, its end was white-hot.

Without further ado, the slaver pressed the brand sigil into the princess's left thigh, high on the meat of the limb, slightly to the outer. The girl screamed piteously as her flesh sizzled and steamed. The slaver held the iron there for long seconds and then withdrew it cleanly. He stooped to inspect the wound. Then he straightened and stepped back, his arms aloft.

'Slave!' he announced in a loud voice.

The watching soldiery went wild with acclaim. Here was the living proof of their victory: the eldest daughter of the fleeing king was formally reduced to slavery. She was sobbing like any other slave girl. Her degradation was irrevocable: once a slave, always a slave. The brand on her thigh could never be removed. She had chosen slavery over death. So bet it!

The scene was repeated with the second princesses. This one though, a honey blonde with jutting breasts that tented her filmy gown, was proud and obdurate. She disdained the offer and refused to strip and kneel, and instead, unbidden, stooped at the waist and bared her neck for the sword. To the

obvious horror of her wailing sisters, she was despatched with alacrity. The crowd bayed as her pretty head rolled on the flatbed of the cart. The executioner grabbed the thick skein of bloodied blonde hair and held the decapitated head aloft for all to see. Rebecca watched with bulging eyes. The princess had been summarily killed, just like the other women who hadn't measured up to slavery. Clearly, life was cheap with these people. Perhaps it was understandable. They had left enough of their own people dead on the battlefield, after all. Nobody could expect any mercy from them.

The third princess needed no urging. Even as the commander was asking the question, she tore off her gown and fell to her knees. The slaver had no option but to deal with her quickly. The girl squealed and screamed and sobbed when she was tagged and branded, of course, but that didn't seem to be enough for the crowd. It was if they felt almost cheated by her abject surrender. The commander rasped an order and pointed to the brand new slave. There was a gasp and the crowd went wild with approval.

The slaver pointed to the white tag on the girl's left breast.

The commander repeated his order. The baying crowd echoed the demand.

The slaver shook his head in obvious disagreement, but nonetheless he signalled down to the man at the brazier. This fellow, clad only in a blue loin-cloth and worn black leather gloves wrapped in dirty bandages, leapt onto the wagon beside the princess. The crowd cheered eagerly but this changed to jeers and catcalls when the slaver ripped off the man's loin cloth to reveal a flaccid penis of average size. Undaunted, the man presented his cock to the girl's lips. She looked around in horror, her eyes wild, keeping her mouth firmly closed.

The commander spoke a terse demand.

She shook her head wildly, trying to pull her head away.

The executioner stepped forward and his blade effortlessly sliced the pony-tail of hair from her, easing the painful tie but at the same time baring her neck. She glanced up at the hideously-masked man as he took stance and raised his sword high. Then, with a groan, she opened her lips and sucked the penis into her mouth. This was greeted with uncouth shouts and jeers.

She was still kneeling and bound with her arms tightly folded behind her. The man's penis quickly became erect. For the next few minutes the girl worked her head back and forth, urged on by the rabid soldiers in the tiers and by smacks to her head from the man. She spluttered and gagged when he forced the cock down her throat. Twice she pulled back and vomited. As she spewed, the man took hold of what remained of her hair with the other, and slapped his wet cock repeatedly on her face. The girl made another effort, taking him deeply, and he yanked her hair back and forth, fucking her face.

She gagged and her body convulsed, and puke rose around his cock. She pulled back, coughing and spluttering, and the outflow spewed from her mouth. The man dragged her head back again, shaking her painfully by her hair.

When she kept her lips clenched shut, he dick-whipped her face.

"Open! Open! Open!" the crowd chanted gleefully.

The man viciously yanked her hair again. She winced and obeyed. The man viciously spat into her mouth. She recoiled in horror. He yanked her hair again. She reluctantly opened her mouth, and he spat into it again. Then he slid his cock down her throat again. The crowd were becoming bored, though.

Someone threw a bottle from the tiers. It landed in the sawdust of the arena and, amazingly, didn't smash. But this seemed to be a signal for more projectiles to rain down. All manner of things were being thrown. A wet splodge of soft fruit landed near Rebecca's knee, falling short of its target. Then she gave a squeal of pain when a small object, perhaps a coin, hit her shoulder.

The commander spoke loudly, demanding order from the rabble. Then he roared a command. Almost like a reluctantly-tame wild beast, the uproar reduced firstly to a low growl, then to a mutter, and finally it subsided, with only the odd shout here and there. The commander spoke angrily in rebuke, gesturing towards the treasure loot piled on the wagons, and at the naked slaves that surrounded the arena. He finished by rasping another order and pointing towards the girl. The tiers of soldiers

roared again. He had won them back.

The man withdrew his erect cock from the mouth of the newly-enslaved princess. He went behind her, and his foot kicked between her shoulders. She fell forward and her tagged breasts pressed against the boards of the wagon. Her arms were still tied painfully behind her. The fellow's bandage-bound gloved hands yanked her hips, pulling them high. He squatted behind her, his feet planted on either side of her thighs, and positioned his cock. Her shriek when he impaled her was so anguished that it might have been a sword rather than a cock.

Rebecca bit her lower lip as she watched in horrified fascination. The fellow on the cart - perhaps a slave himself, or a lowly labourer at best - pumped his hips back and forth, bouncing on his crouching calves for added thrust. The girl was grunting and squealing. The watching soldiers in the tiers cheered and stamped and laughed.

Then though, Rebecca's view was suddenly obscured. A black robe hung in front of her eyes like a curtain. She wrenched her head to glance up at the man who had moved to stand beside her. A frightening white skull-mask was staring down at her from the black hood. She gave a yelp of terror. The executioner placed his gleaming blade lightly against the roots of her gathered hair, ready to slice away the ponytail and the binding cord and bare her neck.

## Chapter Four - Death or slavery

Rebecca shook her head wildly, wrenching her scalp on the tight tie of her hair.

‘No, please don’t kill me.’

The executioner’s eyes widened with incomprehension behind the slits of the hideous skull mask. His arms wavered a little and the blade of his sword gleamed red in the light of the braziers. He glanced at the slaver who stood a few feet to the fore.

The slaver raised his hand to stay the executioner’s blow. All around the arena, women were shrieking and yelping in pain. He stepped forward and peered at the glyph on Rebecca’s breast. He pulled a small notebook from the pocket of his leather waistcoat and flipped it open. He turned to better catch the illumination of a flaming torch as he turned the small pages with his thumb. He kept glancing back at Rebecca’s right breast, and then back at the pages.

*So they can read and write.* Up to that point, except for high-born people like Abramo and a few scribes, she had seen few people in Waters Meet who could read or write. Perhaps the invaders were better educated? Or it could be that the slavers, as a caste, were literate as part of their professional qualifications? It surprised her that she would even think of questions such as these at this time. Yet, despite her present plight, with an executioner’s sword poised to slice away her hair prior to taking her head, these questions interested Rebecca. It was as if she was outside her own body, looking in. *My God!* Yet this is precisely what she had been sent here to study.

She shook her head as if to clear her senses as she gazed at the slaver.

‘Please, I don’t belong here.’ She knew her words were incongruous, even as she uttered them. There was a cacophony of despair and pain from other women in the arena. She tried again: ‘I got caught up in this. I came in peace to—’

‘One of the Incomers!’ the slaver said, tapping his notebook against the glyph on her breast. Then, with a slight smile, he said, ‘Welcome.’

‘This is a mistake—’ A swift backhander across Rebecca’s mouth convinced her otherwise. She tasted blood on her lip. Trying again, she said, ‘I was guaranteed protection.’

The slaver inclined his head and chewed his cheek, as if interested. Then he hit her again. He spoke tersely to the executioner in a strange tongue. For a terrifying moment, Rebecca thought that he had ordered her execution.

‘No, please.’

Then, in a heavy accent, the slaver said: ‘You must make a simple choice, Rebecca.’

She blinked. He knew her name.

‘Thank God! You speak English.’

‘Choose a quick, relatively painless death or a long, painful slavery.’

‘No, please, I’m not a—’

‘Death or slavery?’

‘You don’t understand—’

‘A brave woman.’ He inclined his head in a bow and stepped back, glancing up at the executioner and nodding. ‘I respect your choice, of course.’

‘No!’ she said, cowering under the executioner’s upraised sword.

‘Your choice?’

‘Slavery! I choose slavery.’

The slaver laughed and raised his hand to the executioner again.

‘Say it for him to hear.’ He sounded the word phonetically. ‘Va...you...as...you...at. Vauasuat. It means slave. Or, in this context, “I am a slave.”’

Rebecca blinked again. This man was almost sophisticated. She had come to this time and place to undertake research. This was research writ large.

‘Vauasuat,’ she said, noting that all the letters were sounded phonetically. ‘Vauasuat,’ she repeated, looking up to the slaver for approval.

‘Excellent,’ he said, waving away the executioner.

## Chapter Five - Enslaved

The slaver squatted in front of Rebecca and reached to push his fingers into her cunt. They were gentle at first, and then more thrusting, reaching up inside her with two spreading fingers. He looked surprised and asked a sharp question, this time in the foreign language. It was a word that she didn't yet know. Rebecca squirmed on his fingers.

'No virgin,' he said in English.

'No,' she said

When he withdrew his fingers from her cunt and pressed them against her lips, she could smell her own juices there. Remembering the scene with the princess, she sucked his fingers clean, tasting the salty, near-garlic tang of herself. *Of course I'm not a virgin.* She wasn't especially experienced - five lovers in college and another since - but certainly no virgin. Bound as she was, with arms folded and tied high behind her back, breasts out-thrust and head held painfully high, she could only abjectly suck his fingers, resentment burning in her eyes. When he withdrew the digits, pulling against her strong suction, there was a distinct plop. He smiled and she blushed hotly.

The slaver dug into the pouch at his waist and sorted out two tags. He dangled them in front of her eyes from thin wire traces. One of the medallions was enamelled in red and yellow quarters overlaid with a symbol. The other was plain red.

'Not virgin,' he said, holding up the red tag.

'No.'

He grasped the wire trace of the red tag in his mouth, and she saw that a large, barbed fishhook, fully half-inch wide, hung from the other end of the wire. Rebecca watched, entranced, as the slaver took a small vial from his pocket. He removed the small bung and carefully tipped some of the vial's contents onto his fingers. She winced as he pinched and tugged her right nipple, distending the flesh of her breast, rolling the teat in his fingers and swabbing it with the fluid. It was cold. *Alcohol?*

Then she screeched in astonished pain. Looking down in shock, she saw that the hook now pierced the engorged shaft of her nipple. The red and yellow coin swung from it as she heaved for breath. She had no time to despair, for he quickly grasped left nipple and tugged and teased it to erection. Another sharply excruciating pain ... she heard herself screech. Then, looking down, she saw that a red coin hung from her left nipple. Incredibly, her first thoughts were that, at least, he had disinfected the piercing sites.

The branding, though, drove her wild in exquisite agony. She could smell her own flesh scorching like over-roasted pork. The incredible pain overwhelmed every sense in her body. She thought she would pass out but, unmercifully, she remained awake. Her thigh was on fire. It sizzled and steamed. The slaver placed his hand on the top of her head and held the iron deep in the flesh of her thigh for a long count.



## Chapter Six – Julia

Julia Baker was amongst the first of the Tribute women to be processed. Being stripped naked and paraded in such a brutal way had shocked her to the core. It was shameful. Yet, curiously, it was paradoxically liberating

She had been brought up in a Mormon society where young girls are shamed by friends for not dressing modestly enough. A male student at college had even rebuked Julia for wearing leggings to class. Another young woman was barred from an important test because her jeans were too “form fitting”. That was the extremely modest culture she had been raised in. Now this! Modesty was not even permitted.

Her tits had been brutally tagged with fish hooks, for God’s sake. That, she knew, was the legal act of enslavement. She had been studying the barbarism of systematic slavery as part of her project. Even in Waters Meet, where slavery was technically illegal, it still flourished on one way or another. Nobody had attempted to apprehend the slavers when they started to infiltrate the city prior to the battle. They had been welcomed as mediators, in fact. When the King had fled for his life, he had callously left his three daughters at Waters Meet as part of the Tribute. So much for outlawing slavery! Such was the way of that world.

So Julia knew that, from the moment when those monstrous barbs had pushed through her teats and almost blinded her with pain, she had been a slave. The brand burned into her thigh confirmed and irrevocably marked her as such. There was little prospect of ever escaping that fate on that world. The reason the other Tribute women of Waters Meet had wailed so miserably when their tits were tagged and their thighs were branded wasn’t so much the pain as the dreadful symbolism.

At least it had been better than death. That had been the only alternative. If the conquerors had rejected any one of them, death was the only outcome. Nobody was ever returned from a Tribute offering, she knew that.

A slave tag dangled from each of Julia’s unspeakably sore nipples: a white coin on the left, and a numbered, red and yellow coin on the right. They signified that her world had abruptly changed. Now, quite incredibly perhaps, slavery had empowered her. She had reclaimed her body and her sexuality.

Julia Baker, the modest girl from Salk Lake City, had awaited this moment ever since learning that they had included her on the Tribute List.

Abramo was a King’s officer and the official liaison coordinator for the study project, and he had been responsible for assembling a suitable Tribute. He was also Julia’s friend and had taught her to speak the language. Yet he had brokered her potential enslavement, before the first blow of battle had even been struck. She had known that. Abramo had told her. She had known that a slaver had demanded that she be listed, and that Rebecca was part of the spoils too.

She had been shocked at first, and then strangely thrilled. It was possible that she might have been able to flee the city, given Abramo’s advance warning, but she had decided to stay and face inevitable enslavement. Julia had anticipated the moment with eagerness and fear, in equal measure. This was an anthropologist’s dream or, for some, a nightmare: the opportunity to study the primitive institution of slavery at first hand. However, for Julia, the inhibited young Mormon woman, there was more to it than that.

Like all women of Earth, Julia had had to deal with objectification, body shame, and the burden of the male gaze. She had had to reconcile the necessity to both attract and protect against male desire as a precursor to wedlock and motherhood. Back in Utah, Julia’s sense of self had been eclipsed by the expectation to become a wife and mother. She had been separated from her own skin by layers of protective clothing. Now, quite incredibly perhaps, slavery had empowered her to reclaim her body and her sexuality.

Henceforth, Julia’s body would not bring shame. It was owned and celebrated with slave tags and an indelible brand.

Julia listened to the roar of the soldiers and the wails of women in the arena as she knelt with widely-spaced knees. Her arms were folded and bound high behind her back. She had never felt so free in her entire life.

## Chapter Seven - To the jail

Julia sprinted to the fore of the women as they left the arena. It wasn't just the desire to get out of there, but she found it curiously exciting to run naked in public, even if nobody was about in the streets to see her humiliation.

'Run! Faster! Faster!'

After the spectacle, the new slaves were herded to the jail at a run. Mercifully, their arms had been unbound, and Julia was glad to get some feeling back into them. The black glyph on her breast bobbed as she ran and the coins were bouncing with each step. Yes, it was certainly a strange feeling, running naked through streets where she had walked as a clothed and proud free woman only the day before.

Signs of the sacking of the city were everywhere. Some buildings had been set on fire and a pall of acrid-smelling, drifting smoke hung in the air. Unwanted loot littered the cobbles: pots, pans, clothes, furniture... An old hag sat disconsolately on a doorstep, muttering to herself and ignoring the running slaves. Shockingly, a dog sniffed round the corpse of a city soldier which lay face down in a gutter.

The windows of those houses that were not burning remained firmly shuttered as the thirty or forty naked women sped through the streets. Julia strove to keep to the front, away from the whips of the chasing guards. The tags on her small, pert breasts were flying and bouncing, and the red-black wound on her thigh jarred with each step. It was all quite as delightful as she had anticipated.

The heavily-studded jail doors were already open when they arrived. The women wailed anew as they saw their destination.

Julia ran into the barn-like reception hall, swerving to avoid a slaver who stood at the centre with his legs spread. She halted, heaving for breath as the other women poured in after her. A few loin-clothed black attendants were waiting with short broad leather whips. The city jailers were there too: unkempt fellows, bare to the waste, wearing soft calf-length boots with trousers of the same material, wrapped around their legs with thongs or strings of tousled rag, so it was hard to see where the trousers ended and the boots started. The jailers wore broad leather belts hung with festoons of heavy steel keys and, ominously, a coiled whip.

Cradling her sore breasts, the coloured coins draping over her forearm and moving with every deep breath, Julia glanced around. The stone walls of the hall were hung with all manner of black iron devices and chains. A huge set of scales with gleaming copper pans stood beside a large and heavy desk that might have been centuries old. Slavers were gathered near the desk. There were a couple of scribes there too, clad in their familiar robes of faded blue damask. Julia recognised one of them as Farley, a clerk from the library. Farley had often been assigned to help with translating scrolls and books, and he was quite proficient in the English language; he was no scribe, though, she was quite certain of that.

Glancing round again, Julia saw Rebecca on the other side of the room. The poor girl looked numb and lost. She was standing with her arms crossed in front of her chest and her fingers hooked over her shoulders. Julia felt a twang of remorse. She could have warned Rebecca, she supposed. *Perhaps I should have told her?* Julia shrugged. It wouldn't have made any difference, anyway. By the time that Abramo had included them both on the Tribute List, it had been too late to leave. The list had been negotiated and agreed with the slavers. After that, as Abramo had made clear to Julia, there was no escape for either herself or Rebecca. Alright, she could have warned the poor girl of what was going to happen, but what good would that have done? Rebecca would have screamed havoc.

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Rebecca hugged her arms about herself. *What on earth is happening?* She stopped that thought right there. She wasn't on Earth. She had crossed the Divide, slipping through a tear in the fabric of space

and time to this barbaric world. She had volunteered for the mission - a trained anthropologist and a talented linguist, just what they needed. The CIA officers of the DS&T had trained her, taught her something of the language (not enough to be useful, but she would soon learn, they said) and then they had transported across.

The other women in the hall of the jail all began to speak at once. They hugged and clutched at each other and wept and sobbed. It was an outpouring of shock and shame - Rebecca knew that much, even though she couldn't understand a word of it. The guards allowed the cacophony from the stressed women to continue for five minutes or more. The keening made Rebecca feel terribly alone. Then, though, a mighty gong boomed out and, even before its reverberating cadence had faded, the women were cowed and hushed again.

'Silence! No talking!'

Rebecca watched as the jailers began to roughly manhandle women into equidistantly spaced positions along three walls of the hall. When it was her turn, a fat jailer, bare to the waste, grabbed her upper arm and dragged her to the wall. He uttered an order.

'I don't understand.'

The fellow sighed and clouted her ear soundly. He pointed to the floor. There, painted in white but worn grey and scuffed by countless prisoners, were the stylised prints of pairs of wide-spaced human feet

His meaning was clear. Rebecca stepped forward and placed her left foot on a painted footprint and then stretched to reach the matching right one. This resulted in an uncomfortably wide stance that stretched her tendons and tautened her buttocks. Perhaps its width was meant for a man's stance - one size fitted all here, it seemed. But then, Rebecca was quite tall, with legs as long as many men's legs, so perhaps the stance was just meant to be uncomfortable. Whatever the truth of it, the man grasped her hands and raised them high above her head. Glancing round at the other women, she saw that they were standing with their hands and arms held high and pressed flat against the stone wall. Their noses were touching the wall too.

When she similarly prostrated herself against the wall, the jailer rudely cupped and squeezed the stinging flesh of her buttock, and his forefinger strayed into the purse of her sex. He leaned forward to whisper something that she couldn't understand, and she felt his warm breath on her ear and neck. All the time, his finger was probing the lips of her cunt. What could she do? She remained stoically statuesque, the tip of her nose touching the wall, steeling herself as he felt up inside her.

After the jailer had gone to collect another woman, Rebecca fancied that she could still feel his fingers in her flesh. She shuddered. From the corners of her eye, she could see that the women on either side of her were some six feet away. The jailers were obviously practiced at this. It was a standard procedure, it seemed. She figured that it be a well-tried convention to separate a number of prisoners and render them helpless. It was certainly effective. She could only fearfully stand and wait, without much sense of what was going on behind her.

Occasionally she heard a woman sobbing and pleading. A few times she heard others bursting into cries of gratitude. It was all very confusing as she remained prostrate against the wall.

This is a more stressful position than might be imagined. Women who allowed their noses to part company with the wall found their heads banged hard against it. So Rebecca kept her nose touching the rock, sniffing at the ancient grime of it. She also contrived to hollow her stance to prevent the sore tips of her full breasts from rubbing against the rough rock, but this caused the calves of her legs to ache.

Eventually, she was hustled to stand in front of the big, heavy desk with its scarred timbers that have been crudely carved with initials, presumably by bored jailers over the years. The scribe from the library eyed her nude body coolly, as if he had never met her before. He sat with quill and ink at the ready, in front of a large, leather-bound ledger that was fully six-inches thick.

'Please,' she said to the scribe, 'what is happening?'

'You will now be thoroughly examined,' the scribe told her with a shrug.

'I don't understand.'

'You will be tested for suitability.'

'Yes, but—'

Her words were cut short by a sharp slash across the top of her thighs with a short broad strap.

'Silence, no talking,' the scribe said.

She turned to glare behind her, clutching her stinging bottom. A slaver - the one she bitterly thought of as the Mongolian - was standing there, eying her implacably, and impatiently slapping the strap into the palm of his other hand. She turned away, drawing her shoulders back and standing erectly. Her sore nipples were throbbing steadily with the beat of her heart. The brand on her thigh was hurting intolerably. Her arse was tingling. She hated that slaver.

She hated him all the more when he examined her. He was indeed thorough. He weighed her on the giant pan scales. He measured her with a calibrated rod and a knotted cord. He looked in her mouth and ran his fingers over her teeth. Surprisingly, neither her brand nor the tender piercing sites of her nipples merited his attention. It wasn't anything like any conventional medical examination she had ever had. Not at all like a medical examination, in fact.

He slowly walked around her, eying her from head to toe from every angle. He ran his practiced hands over her as if judging an animal. Rebecca stood stoically erect as he pinched the flesh of her belly and flanks. She winced as, three times, he hefted her breasts and allowed them to fall, presumably to judge their bounce. Then he stroked her inner thighs and his palm cradled her plump and baby-smooth pudendum while his thumb sought the fleshy morsel that nestled at the apex of her labia. All the while, the slaver was dictating his comments and the scribe was making notes in the huge ledger. She could only close her eyes to the shame of it. Perhaps it was a mercy that she didn't understand what he was saying.

The Mongolian turned her around and his fingers trailed lightly down from her shoulders to the swell of her buttocks. He cupped the pert apple-like buttocks in his hands and separated them widely. He grunted - in approval, she thought, but she couldn't be sure.

As she stood facing into the room, even as she was being so rudely handled, Rebecca saw that Julia was still stationed by the opposite wall with her arms raised high and outstretched, her fingers splayed against the stone in supplication. Julia was smaller than average, and her feet were spread painfully wide. Rebecca found herself wondering why Julia hadn't quit the city when she first heard of the impending invasion. Whatever the reason, the Salt Lake City girl was paying for it now with her freedom.

One of the princesses was being led away. She was walking awkwardly because a heavy iron chastity belt had been locked onto her pale body. This, quite evidently, was the girl who had not been publicly fucked in the arena (they both looked so alike). Rebecca noticed that the girl's left breast was hooked with a white tag, presumably signifying her virginity. The round coin hanging from Rebecca's left breast was cherry red. She watched the girl being led meekly down a dark passage to the right of the hall.

The slaver grasped Rebecca's ankle and put his other hand behind her right knee, forcing her to bend her leg back. She feared that she might topple, for he kept hold of her ankle and forced her to stand on one leg, hopping slightly. The slaver murmured softly and stroked the inner thigh of her standing foot, as if soothing a fretful horse at the smithy.

She felt him run his hand over her sole, and he repeated this with the other foot. Then she was made to bend forward, and she squealed indignantly, simultaneously penetrated in two places. He held her thus for a minute or more. It seemed to her that his thick thumb was deeply embedded in her anus, perhaps fully so, and tears welled in her eyes, both from the pain and the degradation of it. Meanwhile, two fingers scissored repeatedly in her vagina. Then she found herself grasped by her entire sexual delta as the fingers and thumb closed together inside her, separated only by a thin wall of flesh. Her breasts depended beneath her, the tags swinging, and the Mongolian held her thus for two or three minutes as he finished dictating his report. When he withdrew his fingers, Rebecca was weeping softly.

The Mongolian washed his hands in a trough behind the desk. As he dried them he looked to her nodded, his face impassive. He added one more thing comment and the scribe dipped his quill into the ink pot once more.

‘The slaver has found you acceptable for the Tribute,’ the scribe said as his quill scratched on the ledger.

‘What does that mean?’

The old man looked up, surprised. ‘It means that you will not be killed,’ he said.

## Chapter Eight - The Underground prison

Rebecca was fill with awe, fear and wonder in equal measure when she first saw the dungeons.

The jailer had escorted her from the reception hall of the jail, through the dark passage, and then down several flights of stone steps that doubled back and forth. Flaming brands illuminated the way and, although they were descending, the air was hot and smoky and oppressive. As she walked down the steps ahead of the jailer, he kept putting his hand on her rear. The man's elevation behind her meant that his hand mostly fell on her shoulder, sometimes her flank, and once on the flare of her hips, but even so these were uncomfortably like a gestures of ownership. The further she descended down those steps, the more she felt in this man's power.

Finally the steps levelled, firstly into a wide corridor and then a natural grotto and, further on, into larger cavern lit by numerous flaming torches and oil lamps. The air had a sooty tang that caught her throat. Directly ahead, she could see iron bars - as thick as her wrist - stretching right across the cave and set from roof to floor, where some of them merged into the many stalactites that dripped from the overhead rock. No wonder the other women of the Tribute - whatever that might mean - had so feared this place. The terrible reputation of the underground jail must have been legendary in Waters Meet.

Some substance was burning exceedingly brightly behind those bars. Rebecca blinked into the fiercely white light at the centre of a large crucible, and she could see narrow tubes feeding the flame. She immediately recognised it as some kind of oxy-hydrogen system. Large concave dishes of polished steel directed the bright light to diffusers that illuminated the cave. Even though the jailer's hand was now cupping her left buttock, she marvelled at the technology of the lighting system. *Limelight! Who would have thought it?* It must have been a relatively recent development, for the rock walls of the cave were stained with black streaks where flaming tar torches had been lodged.

A sliding gate was set in the bars. Rebecca's escort moved her back from this gate by placing his hand on the soft swell of her belly. His fingers remained splayed there as he took his whip in his other hand and rattled its heavy butt back and forth along the bars.

It was unexpectedly busy beyond those thick iron bars. A massive rectangular rock was at the centre of the cave, almost like an altar, untidily scattered with papers, ledgers, bunches of keys, whips, and a pile of chains. A number of jailers, men and women, were gathered in the cavern, and a slaver too. All of the jailers, men and women, were easily identified because they were uniformly bare to the waist. Their flesh gleamed in the bright light - whether with oil or sweat, Rebecca couldn't tell which. They all appeared to be going about their business, for many of them hurried to and from various tunnels that radiated out from the wider cavern.

Nobody approached the gate, and her escort sighed and rattled the bars again with his whip handle. It seemed that none of the keys hanging from his belt would fit the lock to the gate, for he made no effort to use any of them.

The princess who had preceded Rebecca from the jail reception hall was standing beside the rock with her legs widely spread and her hands atop her head. Her flesh seemed incredibly pale in the soft, bright limelight, and it was made all the more by the stark black T-belt that she wore. One of the jailers was cinching the black leather around the girl's slender waist; it seemed that the chastity device had been removed for some reason and was now being refitted.

'Ahoy, blast you!' Rebecca's escort shouted for attention.

His hand had not left her soft belly and his fingers were barely an inch away from the apex her smooth sex lips. One of the jailers at the rock slab turned and glanced towards the gate, but she paused and turned back for a few moments to say something to one of the other jailers there. Rebecca heard them laugh.

This was a brawny woman with large breasts that hung low and swayed with each step when she eventually sauntered over to the gate. The man with Rebecca called impatiently, but the woman didn't move any faster. He muttered a curse under his breath. The woman glanced at him dismissively

and made no hurry in selecting a key from the bunch at her waist to unlock the heavy gate.

Rebecca was fascinated by the massive dark aureoles that badged the woman's huge breasts. Her flesh, she saw, was indeed oiled and burnished to a slick sheen. The lock turned with a heavy clunk and the woman slid the gate aside, but just enough to admit one person. The man transferred his hand from Rebecca's belly to her bottom, and he squeezed her buttock as he pushed her through the narrow gap.

When Rebecca was through the gate, the female warder thrust the flat of her hand in the centre of the man's chest. He cursed. She laughed and pushed him back a pace. When the woman slid the gate shut and turned the lock, the man was still on the other side of the thick iron bars. He snarled an angry remark. The woman made a disdainful gesture with one upraised finger as she took Rebecca by the arm and led her towards the centre of the cavern.

'Will he be kept away from me?' she asked the woman in English.

The jailer looked askance and made some terse but incomprehensible reply. Quite obviously, neither could understand the other. For a moment, in her relief at the man's unexpected exclusion, Rebecca had quite forgotten the language barrier.

As she padded meekly beside the woman towards the rock slab in the centre of the gallery, she saw that the princess was being led away by another bare-breasted female jailer. The pair were just entering of the tunnels that receded into gloom in every direction. Where were they taking her? And why was the poor princess made to keep her hands atop her head as she walked?

This place, the City jail, was much larger below ground than above it; that much was obvious. Rebecca had expected a collection of dank cells, but this was a whole subterranean complex and almost like a small hidden town. She could well imagine that people had spent years down there without ever seeing daylight. That thought made her glance back at the heavy iron bars - a useless instinct to escape and flee - but there was no way that she could get out unless someone unlocked that gate.

When they reached the flat-hewn rock which served as a bench, the woman jailer reached to hold the red and yellow tag dangling from her Rebecca's right nipple. She glanced at the glyphs engraved on the coin and called out something to the slaver who stood there. The slaver consulted a ledger. He was a thin man with a hooked nose and black hair plastered back from his forehead, and so tall that he had to stoop over to read the ledger on the slab.

'An Incomer?' he said in English, looking up at her.

That was one of the terms that Abramo and a few others used to describe people from Earth who came to Waters Meet. There had been a few of them, Earth people came and went from time to time, but Julia and herself were the only Incomers in residence when the city fell to the barbarians.

'Yes,' she said, blinking in surprise at him. 'This is a mistake. I shouldn't be here.'

'You were a slave before?'

'No,' she said. 'I was— I am an anthropologist.'

He pointed to her smooth pudendum. 'What then is this?'

Rebecca hesitated and glanced down at her body. 'This?' she said. 'I don't understand.'

'My language isn't good?'

'No, it's excellent. I don't know what you are saying, though.'

The slaver inclined his head and sucked in his thin cheeks as he pondered that. Then, as if giving up on the thought, he said, 'Your body is slave-clean, denuded of hair. You were already a slave?'

Rebecca glanced down again at her smoothly shaved mound and sex lips.

'No, I'm not a slave.'

The slaver shrugged and said, 'That is most interesting, but then I have little experience of newly-arrived Incomers. They are always slave-clean by the time I get them. You will be a loss to your husband.'

'I'm not married. I have no husband.'

'But you are red tag,' he said, pointing to her right nipple. 'And shorn slave-clean.'



‘Yes.’

‘Yet you insist you were not a slave.’

‘Yes. I was free to do as I wished, of course.’ Rebecca waited but he shrugged as if mystified. She went on: ‘You must let me go. My country is very powerful with great armies and weapons you cannot imagine.’

‘You were chosen for the Tribute.’

He spoke to the woman jailer and then to a black man who wore just a blue loin cloth. The woman moved aside and the black man stepped forward carrying a large jar. He dipped his hand into this jar and it emerged with a large glob of colourless gel.

‘Stand with your legs wide apart and your hands on your head,’ the slaver ordered. ‘Keep your hair piled up and free of the back of your neck.’

Rebecca reluctantly obeyed. She shuddered when the attendant slapped the gel between her legs and massaged it in thoroughly into every crease and up between the divide of her buttocks. The initial coolness of the gel quickly gave way to a stinging sensation that faded to a dull warmth.

‘This will prevent any regrowth of hair.’

‘Permanently?’

‘Of course. What else?’

Rebecca gasped. What price a product like that on Earth? The cross-migration of technologies and cultures was forbidden, of course, but it was a thought nonetheless. Still, she wasn’t entirely sure that she wanted to be permanently denuded of hair there, particularly as it was obviously a mark of slavery on that strange world, as surely as the mark burned on her thigh. It was too late, though, and not her choice to make. The attendant was already laving more gel onto her armpits.

The black man paused then and asked the slaver a question. The slaver shook his head and the man retreated with his jar of gel.

‘He was asking if he should remove the hair on your head.’

‘My God!’ Her fingers instinctively grasped at the long tresses piled high under her fingers.

‘It is often done. Rarely with a creature beautiful enough to be a Tribute slave, though.’

‘I suppose I should be grateful then,’ Rebecca said sourly.

The slave looked up sharply. ‘You were chosen because you are an Incomer,’ he said, ‘and not for your outstanding beauty. You are a pretty slave, at best.’

‘I’m sorry, but—’

‘Perhaps I should tell him to remove the hair on your head after all.’

‘No, please don’t.’

The slaver shrugged. ‘It would be no great loss, but you have been accepted for the Tribute. So perhaps not.’

Rebecca heaved an inward sigh of relief. This man could have rendered her permanently bald with a casual wave of his hand. She had seen women adopt that fashion on Earth, but had no wish to emulate them.

‘You must remain steady now and keep your hair held high. Your slave number will be tattooed on the back of your neck.’

It wasn’t a long process - a few minutes, at most. The man in the loin cloth shaved the nape of her neck and then worked efficiently with a number of stamps studded with pins, tapping each one with a small hammer to set the pins vibrating before he stabbed it against the skin at the nape of her neck. She worried if they knew of antiseptic techniques on that world. It seemed reasonable to hope that they did: after all, the slaver had smeared her nipples with alcohol before piercing them in the arena. The depilation gel was burning her skin now and making her eyes water. She blinked and a tear ran down her face.

‘The needles are stinging?’ the slaver asked.

‘A little,’ she said as the black man rubbed ink into the tiny punctures.

‘The number and the coat of arms will be tattooed on your Venus mound when it is properly

slave-clean. That will be done by a professional artist. This man would only mar you.'

Rebecca then waited with hands atop her head. The thin, hook-nosed slaver spoke at length to the scribe in the foreign tongue. The scribe nodded and tapped the ledger with the feathered end of the quill. The slaver leaned to check the page.

'The official records are complete,' he told Rebecca, straightening. 'You have been marked and added to the formal Tribute List. The tags can now be removed.'

'Thank you,' she said, glancing down at the bruised tips of her breasts.

'The hooks will be replaced with welded nipple rings.'

Her heart sank but she stood erect, breasts out-thrust, as the near-naked black slave used a pair of pliers to snip the barbs from the fishhooks. Before he slid the shafts from her swollen teats, he manipulated them back and forth, widening the piercing and making Rebecca mewl with pain.

'May I ask a question?' she asked the black man to distract herself from what was happening.

It was the slaver who answered and not the black: 'Yes, you may.'

She paused as a metal ring was inserted into the inflamed flesh.

'What is a Tribute?' she said, trying to make light of it as the ring was soldered shut.

'You really don't know?'

'No. I know next to nothing of the ways of this world yet.'

'The Tribute is a remittance offered to prevent the conquerors from laying waste to the entire city. That would result in the enslavement or death of all of its men, women and children. Instead, suitable amounts of gold and silver and precious stones are offered, along with a number of the most valuable citizens to become slaves.'

Rebecca let out a small mewling noise as the other hook was removed. She maintained her stance, however, feet widely spread and hands on her head.

'The Tribute is usually predetermined before the battle,' he said, almost kindly.

'My God!' she gasped as the next ring was inserted. Then, biting her lip, she asked, 'Predetermined?'

'When administrators adjudge that their city is likely to fall, they typically calculate and assemble an appropriate Tribute. That is why slavers come into the city beforehand. They assist and advise the administrators in choosing those people that the conquerors are likely to accept as prime slaves.'

She glanced down as the man stepped back. The rings in her nipples were silver, or steel perhaps, about half an inch diameter.

'I was chosen...even before the city fell?'

Rebecca recalled that the Mongolian slaver had grabbed her wrist in the street and eyed her frankly from head to toe, notwithstanding the ankle-length gown she had been wearing. Abramo had intervened. He had sent her packing and entered into intense discussion with the slaver. Is that what had been happening? Was that odious fellow assessing her value as part of a sacrificial bribe to save Waters Meet? Abramo had surrendered her to these barbarians. It was betrayal.

'The conquerors are not obliged to accept the Tribute, of course. Sometimes they refuse it and choose to sack the city and take whatever plunder they want. That isn't usually preferable, though. It presents logistical problems for an army on the move and still at war. It also produces a glut of low-quality slaves and depresses the market.'

'The war isn't over? I was told that the King has fled.'

The black man was fitting a metal collar around her neck now. It had a tag similar to the yellow and red coin that dangled from her right nipple.

'No, half of the country has yet to be taken. The King will regroup.'

That raised her hopes somewhat, but there was a sharp metallic click as the collar closed about her neck. *Collared and branded!* She remained standing with her hands on top of her head and her feet widespread.

'Even if the King retakes Waters Meet and drives the invaders back, you will still be a slave,'

the slaver said, as if reading her thoughts. 'There is no possible manumission, ever.'

'My Government will be very angry that I have been captured.'

'You have been enslaved, not captured. There are other Incomers in the city?'

'I don't know,' she lied, in case Julia had told them anything different.

The slaver spoke in staccato words to the jailers. It was a different language from the mellifluous tongue he used when addressing the black attendant. Presumably, the black man was the thin slaver's own servant, whereas the jailers were of the captured city.

'Go with the jailer. Keep your hands on your head.'

'May I know your name?'

The brawny woman prodded Rebecca's flank with the handle of a whip, urging her forward. The slaver didn't answer. There was a rattle on the thick iron bars across the cave. Rebecca saw that another jailer was waiting there, escorting another naked young woman and demanding that the gate be opened.

Rebecca was ushered into a tunnel, guided by pokes from the whip handle. As she walked with her fingers still interlaced atop her head, she realised that nobody had asked her name throughout the entire proceedings.

The skin around her genitals and under her arms was burning terribly, but that was nothing compared to the soreness of her nipples and thigh.

*So that's it then p- I've been enslaved.* As a modern American woman, she was appalled by what had, but the anthropologist in her was almost dispassionately intrigued.

## Chapter Nine - Entering the dungeons

The woman jailer prodded Rebecca with the whip handle every few steps to urge her forward. She moved forward nervously, very afraid. Even the floor felt damp and uneven under her bare feet.

The main cave gallery had given Rebecca a false impression. Even though it was sealed by thick iron bars (and there was no mistaking that it was the central hub of a prison) that space had been brightly-lit and airy and somehow reassuring. However, once in the tunnels, the scene quickly changed into something more like the medieval dungeon she had feared.

Beyond the limelight of the gallery, the tunnels were gloomy and eerily lit by oil lanterns that hung from rusted iron wall brackets. These lamps were so distantly spaced that some stretches were hardly lit at all and when the tunnel curved round it seemed like a dead-end of bible blackness ahead. The air was both dank and sooty, tinged with the smell of half-burned oil. It was surprisingly humid too. The lighting became so inadequate that the jailer took a lantern from a sconce and held it to the fore of Rebecca as they walked. This necessitated the woman walking so closely behind that, with every step, her huge oiled breasts swayed and slid against Rebecca's back.

It was a bewildering labyrinth. Chambers and cells were dotted about without discernible pattern or reason. Some were sealed by heavy timber doors, but others had gates of open steel bars and most of these contained a single wretched occupant. These people - men with straggly beards and naked nearly-so, stared out with haunted eyes at Rebecca and the jailer as they passed. There was an unpleasant stench from many of the cells. How long had these wretches been locked away down there? Years probably, judging by their emaciated condition.

The heat around Rebecca's genitals and under her arms had subsided to a dull, tingling warmth. She longed to lower her hands from atop her head. However, the jailor's arm which carried the lantern was supported on Rebecca's shoulder and thrust between the crook of her upraised arm and her head. Moreover, the jailor's other arm was curled around Rebecca's chest, and the hand carrying the whip nestled under Rebecca's opposing arm. Their bodies were pressed so closely together that they had to walk as one, their legs moving in step. Strangely, Rebecca found some comfort from the warm flesh that moulded against her rear in an almost protective maternal embrace. Yet the leather blade of the whip dangled to caress her flank as they walked.

They took an abrupt right turn at a T-junction in the tunnels and the air immediately began to feel fresher. There was a cool draught and it prickled Rebecca's clammy flesh. This domed and brick-lined tunnel was wider than the others she had seen, and more adequately lit with plentiful lanterns. Narrow archways were set on either side at regular intervals for as far as Rebecca could see. As she passed them, she saw that these annexes stretched back only a dozen or so feet and each terminated in three doors - one at the end, with the others flanking it on either side.

It was noisier too. The sounds did nothing to reassure Rebecca. There were murmurs, voices, groans and sometimes a wail. All of the voices seemed to be female. Once a piercing shriek echoed out so alarmingly that Rebecca halted and had to be hustled forward by a knee behind her thigh.

Some way ahead, a pool of light up spread over the floor and diffused up the walls. When they reached this spot, Rebecca stared up into a brick-lined straight ventilation chimney which stretched so high that the circumference of the top appeared less than a quarter than that at the bottom. She could just make out a grate that capped the top of the chimney.

The warder hustled her onward. Another shaft of light beamed down from the roof some way ahead, and another beyond that. However, the warder stopped abruptly and guided Rebecca into an archway and down the vaulted passage. Rebecca was hesitant, suddenly fearful of what might lay ahead. However, the warder removed her arm from around Rebecca's chest and pushed her forward. Their naked torsos seemed to momentarily stick together before separating with a sucking sound that reminded Rebecca of Velcro parting. And, as if to dispel any impression of human warmth, the woman lashed the whip across Rebecca's thighs. The sudden pain impelled her forward, forgetting the placement of her arms and clutching her stinging buttocks, and stumbled against the timber door at the

end of the short passage. The door pushed open and she stumbled into a dark cell.

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### **Julia - processed**

Meanwhile, Julia was still prostrated against the wall in the reception hall of the City jail with her nose pressed against a crack in the mortar.

She was unsure what was happening now. The slaves seemed to have been undergoing another examination from yet another slaver. *Surely, I have already been found acceptable as part of the Tribute?* The thought of being rejected now was too much to contemplate. All she could do was stand and wait, her muscles aching from the stretch.

From the glimpses she had dared to snatch behind her, she knew that a slaver at the desk was supervising things. Farley, the creepy little clerk who had worked on the anthropology project, was now acting as a fully-fledged scribe, it seemed. He was no such thing, Julia knew. Although Farley habitually wore a faded pale blue robe, he was not a fully-qualified as a scribe. The man was barely adequate as a clerk, for goodness sake. The slavers probably didn't know that. *Perhaps I should tell them?*

Minutes later, she was standing naked before Farley the false scribe. He eyed her steadily and even had the temerity to lick his lips. Julia didn't care. She was no longer the haughty and slightly geeky Senior Project Commander, sent by the US Government to learn about this world. Farley had been her minion then. Now she was a merely slave. He had a right to look at her.

Her heart was pounding as the slaver pawed and probed her body. She understood the sharp comments he was dictating, and few of them were complimentary. A couple of her teeth were slightly crooked, he said. She was too small. Her nose wasn't pert enough. Her mouth was slightly large and the lips too thin. Her breasts and nipples were too small. Her body lacked tone. On the credit side, when he probed her anus he stated that it was tight and strong. He also commented that her hymen was intact, her body was well-proportioned, and that she had good, strong legs with nicely turned ankles.

Farley the clerk noted all of the remarks in the ledger, often nodding in agreement as if he had always thought these things.

## Chapter Ten - The cell

Rebecca tried to ignore the soreness in the various parts of her body as she sat on a dirty, straw-filled paliasse set on the low stone shelf that surrounded the cell. She could no longer hear the sounds of women in torment, and was glad for that small mercy. The heavy door and thick walls blocked out most external sounds.

The cell was almost twice as high as it was long and wide, and the shelf on each side was of a length that might just about allow an average-sized man to lie down and stretch out. Weak daylight filtered through a small, slanted square opening on one wall, near the ceiling. Presumably the small channel led to one of the ventilation chimneys. This, she assumed, was more for ventilation than lighting, but it served both purposes.

Rebecca sat on the rough mattress and considered what had befallen her. It was a personal disaster, of course.

This had seemed such a fantastic opportunity when she had set off from the North Atlantic Ocean just a month before. The be fair, the Secret Service guys at the CIA's Department of Science and Technology warned her that it was highly dangerous. She had taken that to mean astronaut-type dangerous though. Who wouldn't take risks like that for a chance to see a whole new world? Nobody had mentioned medieval slavery, though.

Rebecca gave a start when she heard a key turning in the heavy door lock. She cringed back on the shelf, hugging her knees to her breasts and trying to make herself small. The door opened and Julia walked in, her hands atop her head and wearing a chastity belt.

Another bare-breasted female jailer stood behind Julia. This woman was squat and almost square, with arms that seemed too long for her body. She glanced at Rebecca and asked a question in the strange language. Julia answered without lowering her arms. The woman looked surprised and approached Rebecca, pushing her knees apart and looking at her shorn pudendum. Julia said something else, as if in explanation, and the woman pulled a wry face and then left the cell.

Julia lowered her arms when the key turned in the lock. 'Hey, Rebecca, it seems like we're roomies,' she said cheerfully, looking round. 'It's not much, but it's home, I guess. This is my mattress?'

Rebecca blinked at Julia's insouciance. The usually reserved Utah girl seemed to be positively energised rather than cowed.

'At least we've got some light,' Julia said, looking up at the small rectangular hole.

'I think it connects to one of the ventilation shafts.'

'Fresh air too then.' Julia removed a lid from one of the two buckets in the cell and scooped water into her hand and tasted it. 'Clean water, thank the Heavenly Father. What more do we need? This other bucket is for our wastes, I suppose. It's just like camping. Can you believe this amazing adventure?'

Rebecca sat up and stared hard at Julia. At first, she thought the girl was being ironic and attempting to make light of things. But the usually staid and prim Mormon maiden was bright-eyed and almost manic with excitement. *Perhaps she is in shock?* Rebecca attempted a smile and clutched her knees more tightly.

'This will make a great scientific paper when we get back, won't it?' Julia went on. 'We could do a joint publication, right? The theory of culture and behaviour in primitive slavery. I can see it now. Like Margaret Mead's studies in Samoa. Or Alice Cunningham Fletcher on American Indians. Can you imagine? Wowiee!'

Julia plumped down hard onto the straw paliasse on the adjacent shelf, as if she was a fresher trying out the bed in new student accommodation. The belt seemed to chafe her though, because she sat up and ran her finger along the edges of the metal between her legs.

'Julia, it's unlikely that we're going to get back home,' Rebecca said. 'And, even if we do, they have branded and tattooed us and put rings in our nipples. My God, I was lucky to keep the hair on my

head.'

'Best not blaspheme, Rebecca,' Julia said seriously. Then she giggled and jumped up, pushing her hips forward and teasing the thick thatch of her dark pubic hair that protruded from either side of the metal shield. 'The slaver said this will be gone forever...that stuff was like weed killer, I suppose. It stung and burned terribly, but nothing much else seems to be happening - still as bushy as God intended.'

'You aren't bothered that they've done these things to you?'

'Of course I'm bothered. It hurts like crazy, so I'm bound to be bothered. They'll tattoo our pussies too, when we're all bare down there. I've read up on it. If that's the price we've got to pay though...'

Rebecca sighed in exasperation and looked away.

'Really, they will. That's what they do. It'll be like our State license plate.' Julia giggled again. 'Or, at the very least, a bumper sticker.'

'Jesus Christ, Julia, we are already scarred for life.'

'Stop that, Rebecca. Don't take the name of the Son of God in vain. You should ask Him to nourish and strengthen your body for what lies ahead. Besides, when we get home, nobody will see your brand and the nipple rings and the tattoos, except for your loving husband, and maybe a doctor, and they won't mind.'

Rebecca stood up and kicked the empty waste bucket. It hurt her bare foot. 'Just saying we do get back,' she said, 'how will your husband like it that you've been fucked back and front by all and sundry?'

Julia shuddered at the profanity and turned to face the door.

After some moments she looked again at Rebecca and said, 'The slavers and jailers were shocked, shocked I say, to find that you are a red tag girl and yet without a husband to your good name.'

'Yeah? Well just see what they think about it in Salt Lake City, if you ever make it back.'

That silenced Julia for a while. Her eyes flickered back and forth as she seemed to picture things in her mind.

Eventually, she said: 'My great, great, great, great grandmother was the 48th or 49th wife to Brigham Young. And when he married her, she was already married to my great, great, great, great, grandfather. Something like that, anyway. So there.'

Rebecca sighed and sat down on her mattress again. 'I guess that makes it alright then,' she said wearily.

The sound of the key turning in the lock again sent Julia scurrying back. The squat, square-shaped woman jailer entered the cell. She held two small brown egg-shaped objects in the palm of one hand and a short whip in the other, and she spoke directly to Rebecca. Rebecca looked at Julia for help.

'She says that you have to lie on your back, double over, and spread your legs wide,' Julia translated.

'What?'

'I know, it's beastly, but you'd better do it.'

After a moment's hesitation, Rebecca inhaled deeply and then lay back on the mattress and raised her legs and high, gritting her teeth at the exposure of the position. The woman was dissatisfied and spoke sharply again.

'Your must put your hands behind your thighs and hold them widely apart.'

'My God!'

'Imagine it's a Pap Test for Cervical Screening. Pretend she's a doctor.'

'I hate having a Pap Test,' Rebecca said, 'and she's not a doctor.'

Even so, Rebecca duly obeyed the demand. She rolled her weight onto her shoulders and upper back, spread her legs like a frog on its back, her knees almost under her armpits. She was aware of Julia watching intently, and closed her eyes to the humiliation. However, she gave a start when the woman

jailer pushed one of the eggs into her vagina. Even though she wriggled and mewled and tried to resist the invasion, the woman used the handle of the whip to bed the object deep inside her. In her horror, she curled over on her side when the whip handle was removed. The jailer rasped a command.

‘She hasn’t finished yet,’ Julia said. ‘You have to resume the position.’

‘There’s more?’

Rebecca could feel the object inside her. It seemed to have left a cool trail where it had touched the moist sleeve of her vaginal tract. The thing, whatever it was, was sending out tendrils of indescribable hot and cold sensations that were starting to squirm inside her belly. The woman’s whip lashed across the back of her thighs. She squealed loudly. Then, realising that resistance was futile, she rolled on her back and resumed the dead frog position again. The woman said something again.

‘You have to raise your bottom more and keep your legs wide open.’

‘Jesus.’

‘Don’t.’

Rebecca recoiled and squirmed as the other object was pressed against the exposed rose of her anus. ‘No, please, not there—’

However, the jailer inserted the egg-like object into Rebecca’s rectum, ignoring all protests. Mercifully, she used her finger to push it home, rather than the whip handle.

‘That’s it,’ Julia said when the woman dipped her hands in the water bucket and rinsed them off.

‘What has she put inside me?’ Rebecca asked, already feeling the curious sensations the eggs were emitting.

‘Just big suppositories of some kind.’

‘The damn things seem to be alive.’ After the lashes to her thighs, she was afraid to break position again. ‘Ask her what they are.’

‘Okay, I guess so...’ Julia seemed reluctant. Then, though, she spoke softly to the jailer and listened to the woman’s short answer. Turning back to Rebecca, she said, ‘You’re not going to like this. Apparently, they’re made from distilled bonobo excrement.’

‘What?’

‘A bonobo is a monkey.’

‘Monkey shit!’ Rebecca gasped as she felt the wall of flesh within trapped between the two capsules. ‘Oh. My. Fucking. God.’



## Chapter Eleven - Raging need

‘How is it now?’ Julia asked as Rebecca writhed on the paliasse.

‘I don’t think I can stand this much longer.’

The female warder had remained in the cell for 20 minutes or more, refusing to allow Rebecca to move from the spread position. During that time, curious and frightening things had been happening inside her belly. It was as if a small battle was raging up there. The sensations were continuing to build rather than showing any signs of abating. Rebecca had desperately sought to dislodge the capsules over the waste bucket, but they appeared to have completely dissolved. That, presumably, was why the jailer had waited.

Rebecca had alternately sat down and leapt up, unable to rest. At other times, she had paced the small cell back and forth. Julia was at once totally perplexed and yet utterly fascinated by what was happening.

‘Tell me what it’s like,’ Julia urged.

‘It’s— It’s impossible to tell you.’

‘Please, try.’

‘You’ve never known a man.’

‘Wowee!’ Julia exclaimed. Then as Rebecca began to masturbate furiously: ‘Should you be doing that? I mean—’

Rebecca ignored the girl and continued to strum her engorged clitoris. An orgasm came quickly but it was shallow and dissatisfying, and then the heat insatiable lust began to immediately rise again. She groaned and rolled over, huddling in a fetal position. This longing for fucking was like nothing she had ever experienced before.

‘I’ve read that people in many countries on this world, most even, use the bonobo dung pellets as regular food supplements,’ Julia said. ‘It maximises people’s libidos and keeps them in a state of hyper-sexuality.’

‘You don’t say,’ Rebecca said, wrestling with her need.

‘I wish I had a notebook to record all this, it’s really interesting.’ Julia paused and then her eyes widened in alarm. ‘Hey, you don’t think they’ll add that stuff to our food, do you?’

‘If they do, you’d better get used to masturbating pretty damn quick, that’s all I can say, regardless of what God might think. That’s if that belt gives enough access for that.’

When the food did come, later that day, delivered by yet another female jailer, it was a bland and almost tasteless porridge. The woman changed the water in the bucket and exchanged the waste pale for a clean one. Then she was gone. They both sat staring at the bowls of gruel for some time.

‘What do you think?’ Julia asked, sniffing at the grey porridge.

‘I wish glad they allowed men jailers down here.’

‘No, I mean the food. I can’t smell any monkey pooh in it, but... Oh, I don’t know.’

‘We’ve got to eat sometime,’ Rebecca pointed out.

‘She didn’t give us spoons.’ Julia sniffed again at the porridge, and then she stirred it with her finger and inspected it closely. ‘Oh, I really don’t know...’

‘Oh, what the hell!’ Rebecca said, raising the bowl to her lips and beginning to lap the gruel.

‘I read one document where it said that slave girls are delivered to the block so rabid for sex that they often have to be whipped away from the auctioneer.’

Rebecca lowered the bowl, a moustache of gruel on her upper lip. ‘Christ,’ she said.

Julia sighed but made no comment. It seemed that she had given up trying to stop Rebecca from blaspheming.

## Chapter Twelve - Training cells

Julia was sitting alone in the cell. It had been a long night, made all the longer because Rebecca had been tossing and turning on the straw mattress opposite.

That morning, after more porridge, the brawny female warder with the huge breasts had come to escort Rebecca away. When Julia had tried to follow, she had been pushed back. She had asked why, and was told that red tag girls were to be exercised. Notwithstanding that the coins and medallions had been replaced by rings in their nipples, the slaves were still 'red tag' or 'white tag'. Julia, a virgin and therefore 'white tag', was made to remain alone in the cell.

She resented this whilst there were fascinating things to see elsewhere. Her excitement at being made a slave was three-fold: liberation from stifling religious restrictions, the flowering of her hitherto repressed submissive self, and a professional desire to study the culture of legalised slavery which had disappeared on Earth.

Julia longed for some means of faithfully recording the events for posterity. For the time being, though, she had to rely on her memory. Trying to maximise her recall, she went over what had happened over and over again. Working backwards worked for her.

She had not had chance to see the tattoo on the nape of her own neck, of course. However, she had examined Rebecca's tattoo - a neat mark in a script she didn't recognise, presumably numbers, which in usual circumstances would be covered by the hair - and presumed hers was the same. Her number had been recorded in the giant Slave Ledger by Farley, the clerk who had previously worked with her at the library. That, she knew, had formally embedded her degraded status. Once duly recorded, there was no escape from slavery, other than death - that was well-known on that world.

That same ledger entry had recorded details of her size (62 inches tall, 106 lbs, 34 inches bust, 24 inches waist, 35 inches hips, 19 inches around the thigh). They also recorded dimensions that were intimate and much less commonplace. Julia blushed as she remembered how Farley had fussily noted these intimate details, sometimes requesting clarification, which the slaver provided in the crudest terms.

Julia paced the small cell: three paces across, either way. She glanced down at her body. The slender rings in her puffy and swollen nipples were made of steel and, perhaps, half an inch round; for some reason they excited her beyond reason, despite the discomfort. She examined the brand on her thigh. It was livid and painfully sore. The mark was clear enough, and four inches long from just under her hip: a circle, 2 inches wide, bisected by two lines to form a cross, one of which trailed 2 inches beneath the perimeter of the circle and was itself crossed by a smaller bar.

She sighed. The belt was uncomfortable. Inconvenient too. The primitive sanitation arrangements in the cell made this all the worse. As she had been doing repeatedly since waking that day, she tugged at the dark hair behind the steel plate of her belt. Another tuft pulled away in her hands. There was no doubt that the depilation gel was working; the hair under her arms, which had been abundant, had already disappeared.

Julia sat on the paliasse and again went through the series of events that had brought her there. Even now, in her head she was beginning to write a sensational introduction to her scientific paper - if the CIA ever allowed her to use it.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the key turning in the lock. She looked up as the door opened, and saw the short, squat woman standing there. This woman seemed to have no discernible waist, with flat bare breasts.

'Come.'

Julia rose quickly and hurried to the door. 'Where are you taking me?'

'Come.'

She sighed inwardly. The jailers weren't communicative. There were so many questions Julia ached to ask. All of the warders were female in this part of the jail, it seemed. Prior to this, Julia thought, these jailers had probably dealt with female criminals rather than slaves. That might account

for the absence of men here. For a couple of hundred years or more, slavery had been abolished in Antrabon lands. Prior to the invasion, most women would have been affronted by the very thought of it. Even so, the jailers exhibited no sympathy with their new charges.

The handle of the woman's whip prodded Julia and ushered her along the tunnel. Once outside the cocoon-like prison cell, the groans and despairing wails of tormented women could be heard. Yet, strangely, they weren't cries of pain. There was yearning and, even, helpless lust in those low moans and sudden cries. She was quite sure of it.

Julia gave a small yelp and halted as she felt a sharp tug on her hair. The jailer rapped on a door with the whip handle. The door opened and the black man in the blue loin-clothed nodded to the jailer and then reached to grasp Julia's arm and pull her into the room. She was astonished to see that the tall, thin slaver who had formally confirmed her enslavement was sitting at a bench. She blanched as he sniffed the air and pulled a wry face.

'Have they not bathed you?' He spoke in the harsh tongue of the invaders rather than the melodic speech she had known in Waters Meet. She understood though, and shook her head. However, he repeated the question in the local language.

'We only have drinking water in the cell.'

He sighed and signalled to the black attendant. The man nodded and left the room without a word, closing the door behind him.

'The Antrabons are hypocrites and yet they claim to be enlightened.' He waited for her comment, but she looked down. Then he added, 'Well, this is a jail after all, I suppose. We have pressed it to another purpose.'

The floral fragrance of the man contrasted starkly with her own rank odour. *Should I kneel?* She was unsure of the protocols or expected behaviour. Her agile mind sorted through the different Earth slave cultures she had studied, but she was none the wiser. Those cultures had vastly different protocols through the ages, many of which simply accorded with accepted societal mores of the time. She remained standing. It seemed entirely appropriate that she stand naked before him.

'Are you wondering why you are here?'

'I am a slave,' she said simply.

'I have handled Incomers before,' he said, 'but they have never taken their enslavement quite so lightly. They all claimed that slavery doesn't exist on your world.'

'Slavery exists there, alright.'

'They lied?'

'Institutionalised slavery existed for many thousands of year, but it was formally made illegal over 200 years ago. Slavery is still practiced though, in many different forms.'

The slaver smiled. 'Ah, I see, very similar to the way it is practised in the lands of the Antrabons. Were you a slave?'

Julia smiled and shook her head. 'No.'

'You speak with authority.'

'I am an authority on slavery through the ages.' She paused, and then added, 'Something of a paradox, I suppose.'

He nodded and spread his hands in agreement.

'How should I address you?'

He looked surprised. Then he shrugged and said, 'Most slaves address free men as Master. As a Master Slaver, I have no interest in such things. Now that's a paradox.'

'Indeed, Master,' she said with a small smile.

'You speak the language well.'

'It is very similar to the ancient Ugaritic language - just one of the languages I studied.'

'I too am a linguist. It is a requirement of my profession.'

The door opened and the black man entered and then stood aside as two ragged-clothed wretches man-handled a wooden tub into the room. They cast furtive glances at Julia as she stood

naked. She took these men to be prisoners, pressed into service. They dragged the tub into the centre of the room and then left quickly, leaving the door open.

‘You are a scholar?’ the slaver asked.

‘Yes, Master.’

He snapped his fingers to the black man, who appeared to be his personal servant. ‘Remove the slave’s belt. Her chastity is safe here.’

Julia smiled gratefully and stood with her arms outspread as the man unlocked the chastity belt and dropped it to one side. She looked down at her pubes. The remaining tufts of hair fell away with a brush of her hand, leaving her as smooth as a child. She blinked, glancing down at the bared lips of her sex.

‘You will be tattooed there soon, on either side of your cunt - your number and the emblem of the registration authority.’ He gazed at her, waiting for a response. When she nodded, he said: ‘You are not outraged?’

‘I translated a document that detailed the legal process.’

‘You are a most unusual Incomer,’ he said as the two ragged prisoners returned hauling large pales of water and emptied them into the tub. Turning to the black man, who remained by the door, he said: ‘Cold water - that’s all there is?’

The black man shrugged and followed the prisoners from the room.

‘I’m unusual?’ Julia asked.

‘I know a natural slave when I see one. Some people are born to be slaves.’

‘That was the subject of my dissertation. I’m not so sure.’

‘Dissertation?’

‘Yes, that’s an academic work on Earth. My dissertation was “The Curse of Cain: Slavery in Early Judaism, Christianity, and Islam”. Cain was a major figure in our Holy Book—’

Julia halted her sentence when the black servant returned with the two prisoners, who each carried a bucket of steaming water.

‘From the kitchen,’ the black man said as the wretches poured the water into the tub.

‘Tell me more about this Cain,’ the slaver said to Julia.

She hesitated, glancing at the servant.

When the slaver widened his eyes expectantly, she said quietly, ‘Some believed that God cursed Cain’s seed with blackness, and that black people are natural slaves. The founder of my Church—’

‘Get into the tub,’ the slaver said. Then, when she stepped into the warm water and was about to sit, he ordered: ‘Remain standing.’

Julia obeyed. There was barely enough water to sit in anyway. She was about to stoop to begin washing herself, but he held up his hand, staying her as one might steady a tame dog. The servant glanced at her and then motioned for the prisoners to follow him out.

‘So, all black people are slaves on your world?’ the slaver said when the servant and prisoners had left the cell.

‘No, not now. But for a long time in my country, blacks were slaves.’

‘But you are not black.’

The servant returned alone, closing the door. He was carrying natural sponges and lye soap. Moving over to the tub, he dipped the sponges into the water and began to sponge Julia’s body.

She attempted to take the sponge from the man. ‘Please...’

‘Stand straight and put your hands on top of your head,’ the slaver ordered. ‘Allow him to do his job. Now, tell me more. What was the purpose of your scholarly dissertation, you say?’

She laced her finger in the hair atop her head as the servant laved soap and water over her body. She could smell a vaguely familiar carbolic astringency to the soap, but created suds as he sponged her flesh.

‘It’s a commonly held belief that our Holy Book permits slavery. It has many stories of slavery. I studied them.’

The servant was dabbing the warm, soaked sponge against the brand on her thigh. It was painful, but not intolerably so. The black man had an unexpectedly gentle touch and caring touch.

‘Ah, so your holy book approves of slavery. That is excellent information.’

‘The Holy Book gives rules and regulations on how to treat slaves. It also tells slaves not to revolt against their masters. Oh!’ She gave a small, shocked sound as the man soaped the lips of her sex, pressing his hand flat to widen her stance. Then, she went on: ‘It— it is important to resolve these dichotomies.’

Julia gritted her teeth as the servant went about his work. She had been handled intimately during the formal enslavement and subsequent examination, of course, but this somehow seemed to be different. For one thing, she could see from the bulge of the man’s blue loin cloth that he was becoming aroused. His hand lingered and stroked rather than rubbed and scrubbed. His fingers insinuated between her sex lips and palpated the nubbin that nestled there... and which had become as hard as a pea.

‘You resolved these...dichotomies?’

‘No. No, I didn’t resolve them.’ She closed her eyes. ‘I simply used my linguistic skills to study ancient source documents in Arabic, Aramaic, Coptic, Egyptian Greek, Hebrew, Old South Arabian, Semitic, Syriac, and Ugaritic.’

‘That is many different languages, yes?’

‘Yes, Master,’ - she bit her lower lip, trying to resist the insistent, adept touch on her clitoris - ‘many languages. The Good Book says, “Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren”. I sought to establish when this became the curse that condemned black people to slavery.’

As the servant massaged the lips of her Julia’s, his other hand caressed her inner thigh. She just knew that he was looking up at her face from his crouched position, watching her response, and she steadfastly held her chin high.

‘So it wasn’t true, this curse of Cane?’

‘It first appeared in that context when—’ She halted her sentence and suppressed a shudder as an orgasm rippled through her. ‘No, please, don’t...’

‘Continue,’ the slaver said, although it wasn’t clear if he was speaking to Julia or to the black servant.

‘When Africa was discovered, the white people started to trade slaves.’ Julia felt the man’s hand tighten on her thigh. ‘Then, as the black slave trade was taken up by country after country, the Curse of Caine moved with it.’

‘Your priests approved of slavery then?’

‘They reinterpreted the Holy Book to reflect the new historical situation. It was an...anomaly.’

The slaver clapped his hands in delight and chuckled. ‘Excellent, it seems priests are the same in every world. They always amend their religious guidance to suit those in power.’ He paused, and said, ‘So, your findings were that black men are not natural slaves ordained by God.’

‘No,’ she said, as she felt the servants thumb on the rim of her anus, ‘no more than any other race of people.’

‘He is not a slave,’ the slaver said, pointing to the crouching servant.

‘I wasn’t sure if he was or not.’

‘It is you who is the natural slave, and not him. Am I correct?’

‘Yes, Master.’

‘Yet you are white and he is black.’

The slaver smiled and gestured for the man to stand upright. He was tall, a full head taller than Julia. As the two faced each other, she stared at his powerful gleaming black pectoral muscles.

‘Remove your hands from the top of your head. Kneel in the tub, so that he may wash your hair.’

Julia obeyed and knelt up as the servant thoroughly wet her hair, applying soap and massaging it into her long, dark tresses. She closed her eyes against the stinging, primitive soap with its strange

carbolic smell.

‘Remove his loin cloth.’

Her eyes snapped open. She glanced up at the slaver in alarm but he gestured that she must continue. She gulped. Her eyes settled on the unmistakable and prominent bulge of the garment. When she reached tentatively string tie at the side of the loin cloth, it slipped in her wet fingers, and she had to wind it round her small hand to tug it open. The garment to fall to the wet floor at the man’s booted feet.

The black man stood naked. His massively erect penis was within inches of her wide-eyed gaze. She glanced up at his face. He smiled but continued to wash her hair, for all the world as if nothing unusual was happening. Her gaze returned to his penis. She stared at it with bulging eyes, as if mesmerised.

‘Have you seen a man’s erect cock before?’

‘No,’ she said.

Only in the privacy of her room, secretly peeking at forbidden pictures, had she seen such a thing. *So this is a penis in the flesh.* It’s actual size both surprised and scared her. She had never quite imagined a grown man’s cock to be so big. Her expectations were formed from seeing her younger brothers naked as children. This cock, though, was fully 9 inches long. *Oh, my Lord!* She doubted if her grasp could encircle it. The thought of actually holding this monster made her shudder, and yet she felt almost compelled to touch it. She clenched her fists by her sides in the warm water. The shaft of the cock was thick and bible black, with prominent maroon veins coursing its length. It was capped by a large, black-purple sloped helm with a small dark eye.

As Julia stared at the man’s penis, he lathered her hair and massaged her scalp with strong fingers.

‘You may kiss his cock,’ the slaver said.

Julia gulped and looked askance at the slaver. ‘I am white tag.’

‘That condition will soon be remedied. A slave girl who is a virgin and yet claims to be an expert on slavery is... an anomaly.’

## Chapter Thirteen - Julia learns to give a blow job

As she had suspected, when Julia's fingers closed around the black servant's shaft, they barely encircled it. She hesitated, unsure what to do. Then she leaned forward and planted a tentative kiss on the purple head, and she quickly sat back again.

'Examine it,' the slaver instructed. 'You understand that all female slaves are sex slaves, don't you?'

'Yes.'

'And you know of the art of fellatio?'

'No, Master,' she said in a whisper.

The slaver's chuckle shamed her. She blushed, still holding the massively erect cock in her right hand. He was obviously aware that she knew of fellatio; any young woman is at least aware of it.

She said, 'I meant say, I have no experience in doing anything like that.'

'Well, you must learn. You must learn many things if you are to survive as a slave, but nobody can teach you. You can only learn by doing.'

'It's never been our way.'

'Few newly-enslaved young women here are experienced. They must learn of the male anatomy. You must know everything there is to know about a man's cock and balls and mind. You must know how he a man might respond and what excites him.'

'Oh, my heck.'

'That is a fine specimen you are holding. Don't you think so?'

Julia blinked. She couldn't really say whether it was impressive by comparison to other cocks, having never seen any. She nodded.

'Proceed. Examine him, handle him. Learn about his cock and balls and anything else of his body that interests you.'

Julia tried to be objective as she studied the cock. It was a strange instruction. She had never imagined doing anything like this, even in her most furtive fantasies. Her other hand reached to cup the large sac of the black servant's balls. She handled them gently, afraid to hurt him, and rolled the balls softly in the palm of her hand. She felt him stiffen and heard the low sigh that he uttered. *He takes pleasure at that.* She rolled his balls gently again, more confident this time, and slowly eased the sleeve of skin down his hard shaft. The skin was like velvet in her hands. She eased it back and forth experimentally and noticed a small globule appear in the eye of the large helmet. The man's hands here still holding her head, his fingers clenched in her soapy hair, and they seemed to be pulling her face onto the cock.

'You cannot torment the poor fellow so,' the slaver said. 'Take it into your mouth.'

Julia inhaled sharply. She had been expecting that this command would come at some time, of course, but it surprised her. Nevertheless, she inched forward until the head was but an eighth of an inch from her lips. She opened her mouth tentatively. The cock seemed so big. She couldn't imagine what it might taste like. On a sudden impulse, she licked the shaft along its length. *Salty?* There was a definite musk to it, but she couldn't be sure what it reminded her of.

'Good. Proceed.'

She opened her mouth. With a small sound of fear she widened her jaw and the black man pulled her head forward onto his cock.

'Just fellate the first half of its length for today,' the slaver said.

'Pardon?'

'Fellate - it is a word, yes?'

'Yes,' she said, flustered, grasping tighter now on the cock. 'It means to perform fellatio on a person.'

'Very well, you may proceed.'

Julia closed her eyes and widened her jaw fully, as if awaiting dental treatment. The cock

insinuated into her mouth by a combination of the man pulling her head forward and pushing his hips forward. Either way, the end of the thick shaft pushed into her mouth. She resisted the temptation to panic but mumbled a protest against the gag of flesh.

“You will later learn take a man fully.”

*Fully? This is more than enough!* Still couldn’t imagine any girls who could take all of this cock, or even most of it.

‘Use your tongue to learn about its anatomical features.’

Julia tentatively worked the first four or five inches of the cock. Drawing backwards and forwards. She had imagined that this was all there was to a blow job - not so, apparently.

She went over the velvety skin of the cock with her tongue, back and forth, unsure what she was seeking. She noticed that there was a prominent bulge on the underside of the shaft. .

‘Keep your tongue moving!’ the slaver said.

Then she curled her tongue over one small area of the cock after another, trying to notice something about it. It was a revelation to Julia. She wondered what the priests of her Church would say if they could see her now. She finally decided to work all around the large head of the penis, with its pronounced rim. She spent fifteen minutes trying to memorize the details of this specific part of the cock.

‘An experienced slave, blindfolded, can recognise a dozen different men in a day, merely by the feel of their cocks in her mouth.

Julia kept her mouth working, but his words made her blink. She would be expected to take a dozen penises into her mouth, in one day? Thinking to voice a protest, she pulled her head back until the cock head was nestling against her lips, but decided against complaining. Instead, she dabbed the tip of her tongue into the slit at the top of the helmet. When she eased her head forward again, the cock seemed to push deeper.

She felt the shaft twitch in her mouth. The black man tightened his grip on her head. His body was more rigid and tense now. Did this mean he was nearing a climax? *Gosh, in my mouth?* Again, she had to fight against panic, imagining herself gagging and retching on his ejaculation, but the instinct to resist paradoxically made her suck hard on the cock. The man thrust another inch into her mouth. This time she did panic, pulling back but maintaining the suction. He dragged her head back and forth.

The cock jerked in spasms. Warm, viscous fluid suddenly flooded her mouth, emerging from her lips, even as she sucked the cock. It had a salty and almost metallic taste, and instantly reminded Julia of when she had sucked a nickel as a child.

Julia spluttered. She tried to resist swallowing, but it was either that or choke. There was such a lot of it too. She had no alternative but to gulp it down. Only then did the man ease her head back to release his cock. Strings of the viscous ejaculate briefly stretched from her lips to the purple helmet. The thick fluid ran down her chin.

The servant smiled slightly at her (perhaps in gratitude, or maybe encouragement, she wasn’t sure) and then he stooped to grab the pail of water and tip it over her head. The icy drenching made her squeal. She gasped and blew out her cheeks.

‘What did you learn?’ the slaver asked.

‘It’s hard to put into words, Master,’ she said, blinking the water out of her eyes.

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### **Rebecca returns**

Julia was returned to the cell, freshly cleansed and again wearing the hated chastity belt. She sat alone for an hour or more, until a female jailer unlocked the door and thrust Rebecca into the cell. The woman chuckled as Rebecca sank wearily onto her paliasse.

‘I’ve never seen anything like it,’ the jailer said.



Rebecca didn't reply but she glanced up defiantly. She seemed pale and shaken. Her long blonde hair was straggly and wet, and she hugged herself tightly. The warder laughed again and then left, closing and locking the cell door.

'How was it for you?' Julia asked.

'I don't want to talk about it,' Rebecca said, lying down on the mattress and turning her back.

## Chapter Fourteen - More Bathing

The heavy and dull metallic sound of the key turning in the lock had become familiar to Rebecca and Julia. It came only irregularly to punctuate their long hours in the small cell. Yet, except for the times when a sullen-faced warder brought the bland gruel and fresh water that made up their diet, the sound invariably heralded more unwelcome attention. At least, that was the pretence that the two young women maintained between each other, and perhaps even to themselves.

Yet, undeniably, Julia was beginning to experience a sense of anticipation that made her moist beneath the steel belt. She would look up in an expectation that she couldn't repress, try as she may. For that past two days, on almost a dozen occasions, Julia had been taken from the cell and delivered to the room where one or another of the black servants waited. Each morning she was bathed and sometimes even perfumed. On the other occasions she was merely called for her own instruction. She was becoming adept at sucking cocks. When she failed to please on one occasion, the man had whipped her arse until she screamed. Julia hadn't breathed a word about any of this to Rebecca.

Rebecca was usually absent from the cell when Julia was taken anyway. Invariably, her days started early, not long after weak daylight started to filter from the ventilation chimney to the window set high in the wall. The lock would clunk, announcing the arrival of a bare-breasted female jailer to collect Rebecca. For her part, Rebecca would silently rise from her paliasse and leave the cell without a glance at Julia. Then Julia was usually left alone for an hour or so, awaiting her own summons with increasing anticipation.

So it was that morning. The jailer who had come, first thing, was the brawny woman with the mammoth breasts. As usual, the woman's hands roved over Rebecca's body as she escorted her away. Julia sensed that Rebecca hated the woman's touch. Yet the blonde girl never complained or tried to shrug off the hands that stroked and caressed her as she walked. This brawny woman didn't show any interest at all in handling Julia. Julia longed to ask Rebecca about it, but she somehow never found the courage.

Now, with Rebecca gone again, Julia remained alone in the cell. She had started exercising in these times, doing press-ups, sit-ups and running on the spot. She was coming to hate the chastity belt. The metal plate chafed terribly at these times. It was insanitary too and almost impossible to keep clean. Besides, if she could rid herself of the white-tag status, perhaps she could see more of what was happening to the other slaves. Also, perhaps, she might be able to shake off her feelings of repression and guilt.

Certainly, in the three days that had passed since they had been enslaved, Rebecca had changed perceptibly. She had become more accepting of the condition, and even embraced the condition. Her body seemed to have bloomed like a flower. Rebecca's nipples, pierced by the small shiny rings, were perpetually fat and thrusting.

She had continued to toss and turn in her sleep every night though, often calling out. Sometimes, she moaned as if in the throes of long, languorous lovemaking. On one occasion, when she woken up, Rebecca wept softly, hugging her arms about her. She never shared her thoughts, though. Julia didn't know what happened to Rebecca when she was taken from the cell each day, just as she never told Rebecca of her own cock-sucking activities.

After her exercise, Julia sat perspiring and panting on the stone bench that surrounded the cell. Her brand was still livid and sore, but less so than before. It seemed to be healing. She had become so accustomed to the tingling soreness in her nipples that she was beginning to enjoy it, on the few occasions when she thought about it. Now, after her work-out, with her blood racing, the pierced nubbins throbbed with the increased tempo of her heart-beats.

The lock turned in the door. Julia looked up in surprise. It was usually much later in the morning when someone came for her. The door opened and the brawny jailer stood at the threshold without entering. She didn't speak, but merely stood aside. Julia rose to her feet and meekly walked to the door. As she pushed past the woman, she could smell the woman's strong bergamot perfume. It was

the same fragrance that the black servants sometimes put on her. Julia gave a start when the woman's hand unexpectedly settled on her shoulder. Instead of turning to the right, as was usual when being taken to a black servant, the woman guided her to the left along the broader passage and then left again down a narrow arch-roofed tunnel. This abruptly opened out into an elongated chamber some 12 feet wide and 30 feet long, and it was entirely flooded with water lapping up the walls. The narrow arch-roofed tunnel recommenced on the other side, and another black attendant stood there with his hands behind his back.

A row of wooden pales and long-handled brushes were at the end of the narrow tunnel, and another black servant, clad in a blue loin cloth, waited beside them. Julia halted and looked nervously across the flooded chamber.

Wordlessly, the man reached to delicately grasp one of Julia's nipple rings between his finger and thumb and turned Julia to face him. She stood meekly as he unlocked her chastity belt and it clattered to the floor between her bare feet. Julia noticed that a number of similar belts were piled untidily in a bucket of water.

Then, though, Julia gasped in surprise. Behind her, the warder began to scrub her body with the hard bristles of a long handled brush. This rough scrubbing produced a thick, slick layer of soapy suds. Julia turned this way and that, but there was no escaping the woman's harsh attention. The carelessly-wielded wooden brush head painfully collided with angular bones at elbow and knee and the stiff bristles made her skin tingle. Mercifully, the woman avoided the healing brand on Julia's thigh, but no other part of her body was neglected. The warder finished by taking a large glob of thick soap gel and slapping it on top of Julia's head. She then gave her a strong push and sent Julia floundering with a huge splash into the water.

Julia squealed in shock. The water was incredibly cold, almost icy. It was deep too. She kicked for the surface and gasped, shaking water from her eyes.

'Wash your hair.'

Julia trod water, her feet not touching the bottom. She obediently massaged what remained of the soap into her hair, producing a thin lather. The chill struck into her bones. The woman thrust out the long-handled brush to dunk her under the water. When Julia surfaced again, she was glad to see that the jailer had leaned the brush against the tunnel wall and was wiping her hands dry. *This must be the way prisoners are routinely bathed.* The slavers' black attendant was standing with his hands behind his back, not even watching.

'Get out,' the warder said, and she pointed to the other side.

Julia swam in a slow breast stroke to the opposite side. The attendant who waited there made no move to help her as she climbed out of the water. Teeth chattering, she stood dripping, pin-toed, clasping her arms about her. Without a word, the man pushed her along the tunnel and she found herself in a gallery that wasn't unlike the reception cavern of the jail, although less well-lit and much smaller.

'Ah, there you are.'

Julia turned and saw the tall, thin slaver looking down at her from a gallery that was some 10 feet higher than the cavern floor. Yet another black servant stood alongside him, the one she had served on a number of occasions.

'Hail, Master,' she said, in the standard greeting of Waters Meet.

The black attendant beside her crouched slightly and cupped his hands together between his knees. *They don't have stairs or ladders here?* She placed her right foot in his hands and the man straightened and thrust her upwards with strong arms. Julia rose high and grasped the edge of the gallery and scrambled to kneel on all fours in front of the slaver. She was about to get to her feet, but he placed his foot on her back.

To her consternation, the attendant straddled her body, facing back towards her feet, and she gasped as he spread her buttocks with the wide span of one hand while pushing a large pessary into her anus with the fingers of the other. *A bonobo capsule!* She could only remain steady as the object was

pushed inside her, guided by the clinging finger. It pushed up slowly against her tightness until it would reach no higher. When the finger withdrew, it seemed to be pulling her inside out from her throat.

‘Do you feel it?’

‘Gosh yes, Master.’

Feel it? Her rectal sleeve was lined with a soft warmth where the large capsule had pressed against it in its passage inwards. Now, it seemed to be fizzing inside her, as if about to explode.

‘Soon it will be much stronger. It will arouse your deepest desires. Once they are fully released, they can never be contained again.’

‘Golly,’ Julia said, droplets of water dripping from her pendent nipples.

## Chapter Fifteen - Slave Training

Rebecca was suspended from the ceiling in one of the strangely shaped cells in the part of the underground jail complex that they called The Round. Rebecca hadn't got used to that awful place. She hated being forced to go there. The humiliation of being laved with soap and scrubbed each time, and then being made to swim across the icy flooded chamber, was as nothing compared with what they did to her in these cells.

A naked black attendant was in the cell with her, along with the burly bare breasted female jailer who had conducted Rebecca to that cell. It seemed that the slaver's servant was taking some sort of rest period (Rebecca could not see him, for he was standing behind her) because he had not touched her for some minutes. He seemed to be allowing her to stew in the broth of her own sex juices for a while.

This was the fourth consecutive day she had been taken to The Round. She was frightened. They did terrible things to her there. This time, as on all the previous days, they had wreaked havoc on her womanly needs. She was sweating like a pig and beginning to stink like one too. Rebecca was past feeling shame at her shameless groans and grunts of lust. There was no resisting the intense fire they lit in the deepest core of her sexuality. It seemed that these people could arouse her at will and they were determined to do so, and often.

Rebecca's arms and shoulders were aching. Her wrists were tied closely together and a rope had been slung between them and attached to a hook in the ceiling. Rebecca's legs, though, were stretched out horizontally and the woman jailer stood in front of her, holding her feet apart under her arms.

It was dank and dimly-lit in there, and seconds earlier a rat had scurried past her straining tiptoes, and she could hear it scratching amidst the haphazardly stacked wooden cartons and coils of rope stored at the rear of the cell. Disembodied, almost ethereal moans occasionally floated the warm, dank air, and Rebecca knew these vaguely protesting sounds came from women who were being similarly tormented in cells just like that one.

The one in which Rebecca was currently hanging was typical of all the rest. They were makeshift training cells, to be sure. The underground city jail was just not designed to kennel and train slaves. Its purpose was to detain felons and criminals and enemies of the city state. Once incarcerated there, most inmates of this place probably never ever got out. So the slavers and their servants had had to make the best of it.

These cells in the Round were perfectly suited for their purposes, though. They appeared to have been hastily pressed into service as a training rooms. Their usual usage was as storage places, it seemed. Some of the stores and crates had been simply pushed back to the narrow end. Perhaps valuable commodities were usually stored there, for stout iron bars separated the rooms from the tunnel that encircled and serviced them.

At the front of the cell, the area was some fifteen feet across, but it tapered way back into the gloom until it was little more than more than a yard across. From its shape, and the sweep of the bars that separated the room from the similarly curving tunnel, it was evident that this was a sector of a gigantic circular basement. Perhaps the Round was the foundation of the gigantic circular keep castle itself? Rebecca didn't know.

The attendant said something from behind Rebecca and the woman jailer licked her lips and beamed a wide smile in response. Rebecca closed her eyes. *My God, it's starting again!* The woman leaned forward and began to suck Rebecca's protuberant nipples. Rebecca's feet were still firmly held under each of the jailer's burly arms. When the woman stooped forward her weight made Rebecca bend her legs at the knees and exposed her thighs to the press of the soft breasts.

Then though, Rebecca gave a start as the black attendant's splayed hand reached under to press her belly. Simultaneously, she felt his cock push against her anus.

Rebecca moaned. It wasn't a protest. Neither was it a plea to desist. She knew that pleas and protests were wasted. As the cock pushed up into the tight funnel of her rectum, Rebecca hung her head

back and looked up at the roof. Her fingers were writhing like snakes. The jailer was making good suction on her nipple; indeed, it seemed as though half of the breast was being sucked into the woman's hungry mouth. And as the cock ploughed Rebecca's arse, the black fingers played expertly with the grossly engorged bud of her clitoris. She squirmed and moaned.

. With the cock stuck up her anus and the woman jailer sucking her nipples, she no longer gave a thought to the rat scratching about amongst the piles of crates.

## Chapter Sixteen - Viewing the trainees

Julia was intrigued and childishly excited. For the first time since her enslavement, she was able to see many of the other Tribute women. They were all gathered at the entrance to a tunnelled area that seemed to be an annex to the main complex of the underground jail. It was another large gallery; there seemed to be so many of these large voids, that Julia wondered if the whole fortress city was in danger of suddenly collapsing; the place seemed to be built on land akin to a giant honeycomb.

The young women were all huddled in a line beside a wall. They seemed to have fared pretty much the same as Julia: they were all quite naked, wet and shivering, and their body hair had vanished completely. Three black male attendants were standing guard over them, along with two female jailers who were bared to the waist as usual. They all waited in silence. Everyone, slave girls and attendants and jailers alike, seemed to blanch and retreat within themselves when the tall, thin slaver arrived with Julia and his own man-servant.

'These are all of the white tags?' The slaver said, glancing round at the women and pushing Julia to stand at the end of the line.

'Aye, sir, so they are,' one of the women jailers said. 'All except for one, who is still recovering.'

'Recovering?'

'One of your colleagues ordered her lashed to bring her out of shock.'

The slaver nodded. 'And the red tag slaves are all being worked?'

'Aye, sir. They are all in The Round.'

The slaver smiled with tight lips and turned to face the slaves. He walked up and down the line, inspecting them, reaching to finger a brand or a pierced nipple here and there. Only Julia appeared not to flinch. For some absurd reason, she had come to regard the man as *her* slaver. It was if she was privileged to know him.

The slaver faced the women and addressed them: 'The red tags you are about to see are being trained. You have been brought here to witness some of the things that lie ahead, once you have been broken. Your will each be broken before we leave this place.'

The women moaned as one. Julia glanced at them in surprise at their low, communal groan. *What did they expect? Of course we will be broken.*

Julia knew from her time on that alien world that a woman was considered 'broken' after her first fucking. It seemed to her that an unbroken sex slave was of little use to anyone. Virginity was a privilege of the free. She had never particularly prized her own virginity anyway; it's tenacious preservation had been imposed upon her by the mores of her religious on Earth. She wondered if, like her, these other women had had lessons in fellatio during these past few days. After her daily cocksucking lessons, she was avidly looking forward to her own breaking, and that was a fact.

'Watch and learn,' the slaver went on.

Julia glanced along the line of shivering breasts. Perhaps the women were feeling much the same as her, in truth? She was convinced that their bland slave porridge food was being doctored with bonobo pellets - the aphrodisiac distilled from monkey excreta. Presumably, the capsule that presently fizzed persistently in her rectum contained the same ingredient. Had these other young women also received that same gift up their anuses that morning? It seemed likely. If so, she well knew the feelings of lust they would be experiencing.

An essence of promised pleasure seeming to creep insidiously through Julia's entire female self, from her sexual delta to her brain; that promise of pleasure was never quite fulfilled though, and it left her aching to be used. So she had no doubt that the other young women would be feeling the same way, despite their feigned maidenly protestations.

The thirty or so white tag Tribute slaves were separated into four smaller groups.

The girls in the first group were paired and made to hold hands, and then they were led into the tunnel like children going on a school outing. After a few minutes, the second group followed, and then

the third. Julia glanced at the black male attendant who escorted them. It was the man who usually accompanied the thin slaver. He smiled, not unkindly. She knew every inch of this man's long, thick black cock. She smiled back at him. The girl next to Julia reached to hold her hand in a tight grip. Julia smiled at her too but the girl pulled a tight face and turned away.

The thin slaver clapped his hands and the last group moved into the tunnel. Julia felt as if it was like disappearing into a womb. The arch-roofed, brick-lined tunnel was lit by oil lamps that hung from iron brackets in the wall, along with flaming torches that were set in iron sconces. A smell of soot and oil pervaded the air, along with something else.... Julia sniffed, trying to determine what the added, vaguely familiar odour (it was too strong and primal to be termed a scent) might be. The tunnel was narrow, and would only accommodate two people walking side by side. It curved round too, and it was never possible to see too far ahead. The girl who held Julia's hand gave a start and seemed to hang back as if ready to flee when a woman's low, throaty moan drifted down the tunnel.

The groan came from the cell immediately round the bend. This cell was fully fifteen feet across where it intersected the tunnel, and separated off by a curved row of widely-set steel bars. The slaver snapped his fingers to halt the group and he gestured for them to look inside the cell. They lined up to gaze though the bars, still paired hand in hand.

Behind those bars, there was a slave attended by a black man. Both of them were naked.

'Oh no, poor Jaxine,' the girl who held Julia's hand murmured, gazing hard at the woman.

The slave was fastened with her back against a slender round iron post, with her hands tied high above her head, behind the post. Her legs were spread so widely, and her hands tied so high, that she had to stand on the tips of her toes with her muscles taut and straining. She seemed oblivious to the presence of the row of watching women, and her eyes were shut. The black attendant sat in front of the woman on a low, three-legged stool, his back to the bars. He had a wooden pale by his side, and carefully dipped a large turk's head brush into the jelly-like, oily paste it contained. The attendant shook the brush slightly to send excess globules dripping back into the pale from the long, soft bristles.

'Oh, please, yes.' The woman pushed her bottom away from the post to thrust her hips forward and offer the gash of her cunt.

'Jaxine!' the girl murmured as if scandalised, squeezing Julia's hand even tighter.

Julia suddenly recognised the strange odour amongst the oil and soot. It was the smell of female sexuality.

The capsule in Julia's anus seemed to shift and send out tiny tendrils of wanting. She gazed at the slave as if enraptured. The woman's belly was tight, the tendons on her thighs were so taut that they clearly showed against the flesh, but in contrast her face was slack and her lips lasciviously loose.

The attendant held the brush poised, and small globules of the oily paste dripped from it. He gazed up at the slave's face, waiting. The girl moaned again and thrust out her gaping sex before his eyes. Still he waited. It seemed that the slave was resisting giving him whatever it was that he expected. She shook her head from side to side. Julia heard his rumbling chuckle and saw the slave's body jerk as the very tip of the brush touched her drum-tight belly before immediately withdrawing. Finally, surrendering, the woman pushed out her tongue as far as it would go. At the same time, she pressed her shoulders back against the iron post and thrust out her hips even further, arching her spread legs. She groaned as the man-servant relented and began to paste her body with long, slow strokes of the brush. He worked slowly, like a fastidious technician, carefully brushing a continuous stroke up one inner thigh, across the bridge, and then down the other, before recharging the brush and repeating the stroke in the opposite direction. This went on for some minutes, sweeping back and forth, back to her anus and forward again along the divide of her sex, before proceeding on down, and each time he seemed to linger longer at the junction of her thighs, . Each time the brush stroked her sex lips, the woman groaned and rose higher and higher on her toes, and she sank back down again when it continued on. Finally, the woman screeched and her entire body bucked and shook before going rigid. The attendant paused then and reached up to play with the woman's nipples until her body softened again.

'Poor Jaxine!' the girl who clasped Julia's hand murmured.



‘Come,’ the slaver said, and his voice gave Julia a start. She had quite forgotten his presence whilst absorbed with the enthralling tableaux. When the women turned to leave, the slave was sobbing quietly, slumped in her bonds, and the attendant was carefully recharging his brush in the pale.

‘Jaxine is my friend,’ the girl hissed as they brought up the rear. ‘I would never have believed it of her. She was only wed a short while back. Her poor husband—’

‘Silence. No talking.’

Julia thought on the girl’s words as they walked on down the curving tunnel. The fact that the tormented slave was married explained her red tag, of course. It seemed that, just like back in Utah, for a young un-wed woman to be broken was a scandal. But what happened to the husband when the woman was enslaved? Did he just accept the situation and move on? Was the marriage automatically dissolved? These were important questions for an anthropologist. However, there was no time to mull on them, because the group of slaves were already being lined up at the narrow-set bars of the next cell.

A middle-aged woman jailer with sagging bare breasts was assisting the black attendant in this cell. Julia could see why. The slave they were attending was hideously draped and threaded in a wood and metal frame; it must have been difficult to fit her into the curious contraption, and had probably needed two pairs of hands to accomplish it. It reminded Julia of the uneven parallel bars used in gymnastics, but much lower, with the higher bar of polished wood set just above waist height. The woman had been draped over the upper bar with her feet spread and secured to the base, and her arms had been drawn back over the lower bar and tied to the uprights with slender cables. The ratchet wheel on the side of the contraption presumably tightened everything, and adjusted the two bars too. The slave’s body was stretched in a horizontal S-shaped curve, with her hips folded over the upper bar and her feet off the ground and straining at the short chains around her ankles, and her spine was bent back so sharply by the pull on her arms and the press of the lower bar that her ribs were in stark relief and her breasts were thrusting out like the prow of a ship. Compounding this, the poor creature’s long black hair had been braided and was tied to the upper bar, keeping her head wrenched back and exposing her throat.

‘Madaleine!’ the girl holding Julia’s hand gasped, and for a brief moment the racked slave looked across at the row of watching slaves.

‘Silence!’

The slave on the rack closed her eyes. The lascivious look on her face betrayed lust, not fear. Julia imagined that she knew exactly what the woman was feeling. The capsule inside her own body seemed to quiver and then settle again.

Perhaps Julia had made a sound (although, if so, she wasn’t conscious of it) for the black attendant was behind her now, stroking the swell of her bottom. Then he pushed with his hand between her shoulders, pressing her forward so that her breasts squeezed between the cold bars. She clutched the other slave’s hand and held her breath. Was this a punishment because the girl had spoken to her? She didn’t think so.

The fingers moved under and held the soft split purse of Julia’s sex. She rose up on her toes but, when he persisted, settled back down again, her cunt resting in the palm of his hand. She groaned. The woman in the rack opened her eyes and looked across at the sound.

The man’s finger probed gently up into the wet flesh of Julia’s vagina, stopping short of the unbroken barrier there. She groaned again, and was vaguely aware that the girl’s hand was trying to pull away from hers. Julia clung on tightly, however, and gazed glassily through the bars.

The attendant inside that cell was behind the woman now, methodically stroking her. His hand was between the girl’s legs, just like the hand that was pressing up between Julia’s legs. She felt a kind of sisterhood with the slave whose pierced nipples were helplessly thrust forward, just as Julia’s breasts were trapped in the narrow gaps between the bars. Neither of them could move as the blacks played with them.

Julia watched as if mesmerised as the attendant inside the cell reached up between the slave’s legs and splayed his fingers widely across her belly. The woman mewled piteously as he slowly drew

them back, inch by inch, until they closed and caressed the glistening folds of her sex. In his other hand he held a small curved white dildo, which appeared to be made of either ivory or, more likely, bleached bone.

Julia's own breathing was becoming ragged now. She pushed her bottom out and shamelessly squirmed as her intimate flesh soaked the fingers of her attendant. Her heart was pounding so much that she wondered if he could hear it. His probing fingers wouldn't give her what she needed though; they refused to push up beyond that hated, unwanted barrier.

Inside the cell, on that awful frame, the slave was writhing as much as the restraints allowed. The attendant was playing with her unmercifully; one of his hands was stretched under the woman's crotch, while the other manipulated the small, ivory or bone dildo against her anus. She was gasping. When the man drew his hand away the object remained embedded inside her. Julia knew from the look on the woman's face and her bulging eyes, and from the angle and position of the dildo, that it was inserted into her anus. She could only imagine what that might feel like.

She watched avidly, scarcely daring to breathe. The attendant's large black cock was in his hand now and he was stroking its moist, gleaming tip along the furrow of her sex beneath protruding dildo. Yet he didn't penetrate the slave. Back and forth, back and forth... and each time it probed up to the apex of the slit, the tormented creature groaned. Then though, quite suddenly, the slave uttered a heaving moan. It was a sound that wrenched from the very pit of her belly. Only then did the attendant fit the purple head of his cock beneath her and push it inside the yielding peach of her cunt. As the shaft penetrate her, the slave gave a long, slow sigh and arched her back even more on the rack.

Even as Julia witnessed this, the insistent hand was massaging her own wetness around the bullet-like nub of her clitoris. She had never known her clit to be so swollen, and her fast-pulsing blood made it throb so fiercely that it almost hurt. The acute sensation was just this side of being painful, and it was more exquisite than any sensation she had ever known before. She moaned and her whole body shook as a delicious orgasm rumbled across her senses. Even as that was happening, Julia was aware that the slave beside her was clutching her hand so tightly that it was aching, and the girl cried out and shuddered too.

Only then did Julia realise that the black servant had been simultaneously massaging them both to a climax. The girl, like her, was pressed hard against the bars with her breasts protruding through the narrow gaps. Her face was flushed bright red, either in shame or excitement. She was breathing heavily and her bottom was pushed out onto the servant's hand. The man was standing equidistantly between the two of them, their sex held in each of his large hands. He had brought them both to orgasm within seconds of the other. Julia wasn't sure whether she was disappointed or excited by being handled in tandem with another girl. There was something shockingly illicit in it. Yet it seemed so...demeaning. They were still holding hands, for heaven's sake.

The slave in the cell was moaning loudly now. She grunted each time the attendant rammed his cock inside her, and then moaned as he withdrew it. As the rhythm of his thrusts increased, so did the tempo of the girl's grunts and moans. She was uncaring about the watching audience on the other side of the bars. The creature was lost in her own world.

'Turn round, both of you.' It was the thing slaver, directly behind them. When they turned and kept their gaze downcast, he said, 'Look at me.'

They obeyed, dragging their breasts from the bars. An amused smile flickered at the corner of her mouth. It was hard for Julia to look him in the eye.

'Did you both take pleasure from your wanton lust?'

The girl glanced at Julia and then looked away.

'Answer,' the slaver demanded, motioning to the attendant who withdrew his whip from the belt at his loincloth.

'Frankly, yes, Master,' Julia said, her voice edging onto defiance.

'And you?' the slaver said, giving a small, almost imperceptible nod to the attendant. 'Did you find pleasure in your wantonness?'

The whip cracked across the girl's buttocks and she squealed and leapt in pain, but still kept hold of Julia's hand.

'Yes,' she blurted before her screech had fully faded.

'Yes what?'

The whip slapped against her flesh again. 'Yes, I found pleasure in my wantonness,' she said with sobs that began to shake her breasts.

The slaver nodded and reached to stroke tears from her cheek. 'And so it should be,' he said, not unkindly. 'You are no longer free to resist such pleasure. Come, let us see what awaits us in the next cell.'

Hand in hand, the pairs of naked young women walked around the curve of the circular tunnel. Another barred cell, another slave, another tableaux of torment...

'Oh my God. Shit. My God! Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.'

The oaths were in English and screeched with a passion.

Julia gasped.

The girl who was suspended from the hook in the ceiling inside that cell was Rebecca. Moreover, she was writhing and utterly beside herself, with her legs horizontal and tucked under the arms of the brawny woman jailer who had clearly taken such a liking to her. A black servant was standing motionless behind Rebecca but his large cock was embedded inside her. The perspiring woman jailer was energetically pulling Rebecca back and forth. Each time she was rammed back onto the cock, Rebecca swore and cursed, but her face contorted in lascivious pleasure.

There were moans from a couple of the girls who were watching from the tunnel. Julia turned and saw that the black attendant had transferred his attentions to two more white tag slaves. At that moment, she couldn't be sure whether she was glad to be a white tag slave or not.

Rebecca was still crying out 'My God! Shit! Yes, fuck me! Yes!'

## Chapter Seventeen - Chain sisters back in the cell

Rebecca slept soundly for three or four hours when she was returned to the cell that day, despite Julia being restless and wanting to talk.

It had been an exhausting morning in The Round. Her so-called training wasn't so-much progressing as continuing. A routine had been established. Each day, after eating the bland porridge, she was just taken to a different cell in the circular tunnel to be tormented and fucked in one way or another. Which cell didn't make much difference; each one held its own dark pleasures and torments. She was being relentlessly conditioned to her new status as a sex slave. The black attendants were gradually introducing her to more and more dark and hitherto illicit pleasures, and her own libido was rising to meet them head on. Hell, she was coming to need those pleasures. Perhaps Julia had been right, and the jailers really were putting something in their food.

When she awoke from her slumber born of exhaustion, the familiar warmth of need was again burning steadily in her belly. She resisted the urge to touch herself. Julia, though, was lying on her paliasse and thrashing from side to side and moaning.

'Julia, are you alright?'

The girl from Utah gave a start and half sat up, pulling her hand from beneath the steel belt that she wore. She propped on one elbow, her hair awry, and looked straight across at Rebecca.

'Yes, I'm fine thank you,' she said, wiping a hand across her perspiring forehead.

'You were—'

'I was just relieving the stress,' Julia said firmly. 'Besides, you're no-one to talk after what I saw this morning.'

Rebecca swung her legs off the paliasse and sat on the edge of the concrete shelf. 'It's okay, really, Julia. No need to be embarrassed. That's what they do to us here.'

Rebecca had been aware that other slaves had been brought to watch her session in the strangely-shaped cell that morning. She assumed that Julia had been amongst them, but didn't know for sure, because she had been lost in a cyclone of her own lust. Rebecca vaguely knew that one group after another had stood peering through the bars at her humiliation. She had been strung to a post and ravished by a black slaver's assistant *and* by the huge-breasted woman jailer who could never keep her hands off her. Rebecca didn't care. She was past shame.

'It's the darned bonobo pessary they pushed up into my ass,' Julia said. 'It's been driving me crazy all day.'

'Tell me about it.' Rebecca stood wearily, stretched and yawned, and padded over to the water bucket. 'Oh, they brought fruit,' she said, seeing a wooden trug of apples and pears beside the bucket.

'Yes, your lady friend, the big woman with the huge bazoomers, brought it as a gift. For services rendered, I suppose.'

Rebecca paused and glared at Julia before scooping her hand in the water pale and drinking straight from her cupped palm. 'That's a cheap shot,' she said as she wiped her lips with the back of her hand. 'There are no choices to be made by any of us in here.'

'I know, I'm sorry,' Julia said, sitting upright. 'You seemed to be...enjoying it.'

'Enjoy isn't quite the right word. It was fucking incredible. How long have I been asleep.'

'About three hours, I think, maybe less. I reckon we've got about three more hours of light left before it gets pitch black.'

After the training session in the cell, when Rebecca had been wrung out like a used dish rag, time after time, until her senses were tingling but threadbare, she had been taken back through the flooded chamber, where the grime and oil and soil of her training were scrubbed off her body. It was all rinsed away when she swam to the other side.

The bone-numbingly cold water, she noticed, seemed always to be clean, no matter how many soapy slaves swam in it; a slight current indicated that some inlet and drainage system must be at work. It appeared to be the only permanent bathing facility in the entire underground jail, for the big woman

jailer had stripped bare and cleaned herself there too. After the pair of them had swum across together, the woman had remained naked and escorted Rebecca back to the cell, steering her proprietarily by a hank of wet hair Rebecca's bunched hair at her neck.

'Ah, that reminds me,' Rebecca said suddenly, her hand going to the tattoo on her neck as she recalled something the jailer had told her. 'We are going to be tattooed again soon.'

'Oh heck.'

'Don't be so shocked. You yourself said they would tattoo our pussies. They're going to do it in the next few days, after you white tags have all been broken in.'

'Dear Lord! After we've been broken in? That means—'

Yes.'

'Oh heck,' Julia said miserably, hugging her knees. 'I don't think I want a tattoo on my coochi-cow. It's kind of permanent. And visible, too, now the hair has been burned off.'

'Your coochi-cow?' Rebecca said, bursting out laughing. 'I've never heard it called that before. Boy, have you got a lot to learn!'

'I know, I saw that this morning,' Julia said, resting her chin on her knees. Then, brightening, she added, 'They've already taught me how to give good deep blow jobs though. Can you imagine?'

'Yes, I can imagine,' Rebecca said, spreading her legs wide and bending at the hip and swivelling her torso with outstretched arms to touch her toes on either side. 'God, I'm as stiff as a board and aching all over. Hanging from that goddamn hook was hell on my joints.'

## Chapter Eighteen - More training for Julia

Julia was apprehensive and jumpy when the squat, square female jailer arrived to collect her from the cell the next day. Rebecca had already been taken and she had winked at Julia as she padded from the cell, as if going shopping.

Julia was amazed at how quickly Rebecca had adapted to her condition as a slave. She had thought herself more open to it, being naturally submissive and excited by the thought, but Rebecca seemed to have positively bloomed in the past few days. Julia longed to lose the hated steel belt and begin her own intimate journey. Yet the very thought of being broken filled her with anxiety.

This was not alleviated when the woman led her to the flooded chamber.

After being divested of the belt and scrubbed, Julia swam to the other side where a slavers' attendant and another jailer were waiting. Her heart was pounding. She had dire dread of finding herself on the other side of those bars in the cells The Round. Then, though, instead of being led to circular tunnel, as on the previous day, the jailer led her along a different section of the tunnels.

Julia saw other dripping-wet white tag girls being led along too, sometimes in the opposite direction, and usually in twos or threes. The slaves exchanged nervous glances as they passed, and occasionally a wan smile of recognition, but nothing more than that. Would today be the day? Eventually the jailer stopped at a stout timber door and rapped it with the butt of her whip.

'Enter.'

Upon recognising the voice of the thin slaver, Julia stiffened and thrust back her shoulders, consciously straightening her posture. Three or four times she had felt the lash for tardy deportment, twice at the thin slaver's behest. The woman kicked the door open and, even though Julia pulled in her belly and thrust out her breasts, she stumbled when pushed roughly across the threshold of the chamber.

'The Incomer white tag bitch, sir, as instructed,' the squat woman said.

The slaver was not alone and he scarcely looked up. Another girl was standing in front of him, hands atop her head and her back to the door. Two slavers' assistants were standing in the room too, including the man Julia had felled so often in the past few days (she always thought of him as *her* attendant). The black man gazed impassively at Julia and she smiled weakly before lowering her eyes demurely. At a desk, to one side, sat Farley and his thick ledger.

The tall, thin slaver was seated on a long, low couch that was similar to a chaise longue, upholstered in green with no backrest and shallow sloping arms at each end. The attendants stood behind this couch. The slaver's knees framed his face on either side as he leaned forward to look at the girl who stood in front of him.

'Thank you, jailer, you may go,' the slaver said.

One of the black attendants gave a dismissive shooing gesture to the woman, palm down. The jailer scowled at the man and left, closing the door quietly. Julia determinedly avoided Farley's steady gaze and glanced about the room.

The chamber was better than most she had seen in that dank hell-hole. The rough-hewn rock walls were actually hung with tapestries, and sheepskins were scattered on the floor. There was a table too, and some chairs, and a cupboard, and on either side of the room, in alcoves with maroon curtains drawn back, two beds were set on stone shelves. A tall, narrow table held a porcelain washbowl and water jug. People actually lived in that room, it seemed. The illumination gained her main attention, though. It was as bright as day in that underground cell. The light came from a small circular hole drilled high in the wall, and it beamed across the room to a prism which diverted it to a large concave mirror set on the ceiling, which then spread the light across the room. *How incredible!* Once again, Julia wished she had a notebook to record her observations.

'Remain steady, my dear,' the slaver murmured, but he was speaking to the other slave, not to Julia.

Unlike Julia, who was standing stiffly to attention, the slave was standing with her legs slightly

bowed, presumably to lower her height. Or perhaps the stance was to facilitate the slaver's hands better access. Julia couldn't see what the slaver was doing, but he was clearly handling the girl in some way; her hips were moving and, despite the bow-legged stance, she kept rising up on her toes.

'What have we here?' the slaver said to the girl in a low voice. 'A rare jewel, hmm?'

The girl moaned slightly in response and her hips rotated in slow circles. Julia could hear liquid noises that remind her of softly lapping waves and, occasionally, a more pronounced slurp like a dog drinking. She could smell the girl's arousal. Her fingers were laced tightly together atop her head and their knuckles were white against the dark chestnut hair. *The poor girl. How shame-making.* Julia was momentarily surprised that she should feel pity for the slave, as if she was some dispassionate observer who was merely looking in. Yet, almost certainly, the same intimate handling awaited her too. Julia's sexual centre creamed at the very thought of that.

The handled slave was gasping audibly now. Her bowed legs were shaking too, and she seemed to dance on the tips of her toes without moving an inch.

'Yes, she is ready,' the slaver announced, his hand curling under the girl's bottom and one finger delving into the crease between her buttocks. 'Blindfold her.'

The girl mewled and whimpered as his finger pushed up into her bottom. At the same time, the attendants moved round to stand behind her. One of them twirled his finger, indicating that Julia should turn her back and face the door. She was only too glad to obey, not wishing to witness the girl's further debasement. Still standing to attention - her back straight and erect, shoulders back, chin held high - Julia stared at the crude timbers of the door. She could hear Farley's quill nib scratching on the ledger. From the corner of her eyes, she saw the slaver stooping over the washbowl and rinsing his hands.

When Julia was turned to face into the room again, the slaver was back sitting on the edge of the low couch. The slave girl wore a black blindfolded and was positioned to one side. The poor creature stood trembling, with her hands still on top of her head. The slaver stared straight at Julia. He beckoned her with a long, bony finger. She gulped and stepped forward to stand in front of him, her bald sex lips less than a foot away from his narrow, hawkish nose.

One of the attendants, standing behind Julia, took her hands and placed them atop her head. Then he placed his own large hand atop the clasp of her fingers and pressed her down so firmly that she had no choice but to bow her legs and separate her thighs.

'So how are you, hmm?' the slaver asked, stroking her flank. 'Are they treating you well, little one?'

'Yes, Master, thank you,' she said.

*What am I saying?* Were they treating her well? She had no idea what that meant in this context.

She added, 'I am being treated as well as might be expected, I suppose.'

He chuckled at that. 'Let me see if it is time to...advance your training, hmm?' She shuddered at that, for his hand was cupping the entire pouch of her sex. 'Would you like that?'

'I— I don't know, Master. Oh my!' This last exclamation was when his middle finger stroked between her moist nether lips. She squirmed and his thumb toyed with her clitoris, which was already as hard as a pea. 'I'm sorry, Master.'

Again he chuckled and she blushed as he said, 'No cause for an apology, my dear. Your resistance is natural. Relax into my touch.'

Julia could no more relax than fly, of course. Her buttocks were clenched in two tight curves but she couldn't resist when the slaver's other hand tapped lightly from side to side between her knees to demand that she widen them further. It was an ungainly and unladylike posture, as if she was offering her vagina to him.

Julia heard herself moan when his middle finger curled round to find the rose of her anus and slowly, deliberately, pushed past the tight ring of muscle.

'Too tight there - she must be stretched,' the slaver said, addressing Farley.

Without even looking, Julia knew that the would-be scribe was making a note of that in the

ledger. She could only stand and squirm.

‘Hmmm, but what about this tender morsel, eh?’ The slaver was still manipulating her clitoris. The treacherous nubbin seemed to have tightened even more. His other hand delicately grasped the engorged nub of flesh between finger and thumb, and it made her gasp when he gently tugged and shook it. He leaned forward so close that she could feel his warm breath on her thigh. ‘It will take a vertical piercing, I think.’

‘Vertical, sir,’ Farley affirmed.

The slaver continued to arouse Julia and his second finger contorted to push between her sex lips. ‘Excellent seepage,’ he said.

Whether Julia closed her eyes against both the shame-making comment or his delicious touch, she did not know. She clenched her eyes as tightly as she clenched her buttocks. She could hear the liquid sound of her sodden flesh, and she could smell the pungent juices, too. *Excellent seepage, indeed.* She blushed hotly again, willing her body to resist the expert ministrations. However, he continued to handle her for some minutes, until she was on the very edge of a shattering orgasm. Then he stopped abruptly.

‘This one is ready too,’ the slaver announced, and he withdrew his fingers from her orifices. ‘Blindfold her.’



## Chapter Nineteen - Julia is broken

Julia stood waiting. She was blindfolded. Being deprived of her sight made her other senses all the more acute. Her nostrils twitched at the pungent smell of female arousal. Her fingers were still tightly laced together atop her head and her heart was pounding so hard that the blood hissed in her ears as it raced through her veins. Above that slight hiss, she could hear the muted whisper among the four men in the room: the slaver, his two black attendants, and Farley the clerk. Her skin was tingling, and her pierced nipples and clitoris throbbed and felt very tender.

The sudden sound made by the closing of Farley's heavy, thick ledger made Julia jump. She could hear a soft rustle ... clothing being removed, she fancied. The back of her neck prickled as the short hairs there seemed to stiffen. The other girl in the chamber made a small sound; it wasn't a protest nor a moan, but more of a muted exclamation of surprise. 'Oh!' the girl had softly said. She heard movement, and then the slave repeated the sound, this time from across the room and much louder.

'Oh!' Julia gave a start as the ring at her right nipple was grasped and gently tugged.

She automatically moved forward, and then someone's hand was cupping the soft swell of her bottom, squeezing and lifting, urging her forward. Clearly, the two hands belonged to two different men. The fingers that gripped her nipple ring to the fore were decidedly softer than the large, hard hand at her rear. Pulled and pushed, she moved forward blindly until her thighs touched against something hard...an edge of some kind. Farley's desk, maybe?

Then, the hand left her nipple and went to her head, pushing her downwards, onto her knees. She sank until her legs folded and she knelt on a soft sheepskin rug. She gave a murmur of surprise as the touch of a penis on her lips; it was only semi-erect but unmistakably a cock. Instinctively, sucked it into her mouth and rolled her tongue around the rubbery shaft. Her hands left her head to grip its base and fondle the balls that hung beneath it, but the man behind her firmly grasped her wrists and placed them back on top of her head.

The girl on the other side of the room was making muffled, grunting noises. Her moans were remarkably similar to those Julia had heard from the women in the cells in The Round.

Julia continued to work on the cock and felt it become hard and thick in her mouth. Then she bobbed her head back and forth, relaxing her throat muscles as she had been painstakingly taught, before easing to take the cock as fully as she could. It was surprisingly easy. This cock was smaller than the one she had grown accustomed to - it most certainly did not belong to her black attendant. She eased back and ran her tongue round the pronounced rim of the glans, and that was different too. *All cocks are not the same then?* This cock even tasted differently from her black attendant's erect penis, which was the only other one that she had known so intimately. Whoever this man was, it wasn't *her* black attendant.

Julia's head bobbed back and forth, hungrily taking the cock and sucking for all she was worth. The other man's hand was guiding her head, sometimes holding it back and then pushing it forward. Once he pressed her head until her nose nestled against musky, coarse hair of the man's belly, and her cock was sleeved in her throat. The other fellow held her thus for what seemed to be a couple of minutes or more, and Julia had to resist the urge to panic for air. After that, the cock was withdrawn and smacked back and forth across her face. She gasped. She had never been dick-whipped before, nor even imagined it.

Then Julia she was spun round on her knees, and another cock was pushed in her mouth. This member was already erect, and much larger than the first. It might even have been bigger even than *her* attendant's cock (she had no doubt that this wasn't him, either). The man was rougher, too, more insistent and without his finesse. This one was an animal and he plundered her mouth without seeming to care for her welfare. She found herself gorging on this cock until she thought her lungs would burst. When it was pulled from her mouth, this cock too slapped across her face, just like the other had done, but with such force that it was like being hit with a raw steak. Meanwhile, the other man had reached round and grasped both her breasts and he was mangling them in his hands.

Across the room, the other girl squealed in pain. Then Julia heard her rhythmic groans. *Dear Lord, they have broken her!* A hand roughly grasped Julia's head and jerked it back and she heard a spitting sound before tasting a glob of saliva in her mouth. *He spat in my mouth!* She was horrified and retched, but the man did it again. This time, he slapped her hard around the ear with the flat of his hand. Even when Julia reeled in shock, she kept her hands tightly clasped on top of her head, and her elbow struck the floor as she landed on her side. There was no time to consider the pain, though, for strong hands grasped her hips and lifted her onto her knees and pushed her forwards until her breasts nestled in the soft wool of a rug.

Before she realised what was to happen, one of the cocks thrust into her vagina. She yelped in pain and shock as it battered through her virgin barrier. Then the cock sank inside her to the hilt. *That's it, broken!* Then the man was fucking her hard. This was nothing like she had ever imagined in those long, restless nights of yearning, either in her cosy bedroom on Earth or in the dank prison cell. She grunted and groaned with every jarring thrust. Julia had imagined romance and soft, tender love. This was a hard fucking, neither more nor less. The brute clearly had no consideration for her own feelings. Yet strong, hot passion was inexplicably welling within her belly. After the first shock of pain, the thrusts were almost...very nearly...enjoyable. She kept her hands atop her head and burrowed her cheek into the sheepskin rug, keeping her back arched and her buttocks raised.

Then the assault stopped abruptly and the cock dragged out of her cloying, slurping flesh. Then, though, before she could slump on the rug, she found herself lifted bodily by the waist and planted down on top of the other man. He was lying on his back on the rug, that much was obvious, and quite naked too, except for his boots.

Her soft flesh pressed atop the man's supine body and, when the other's rough hands dragged down into position, she could feel the erect cock pressing against the soft flesh of her belly. The booted feet kicked her legs apart and his knees flexed to widen her thighs. Then, to her astonishment, the man wriggled beneath her to adjust his position and then his cock jerked into the treacherously hungry mouth of her vagina.

Instinctively, she hunkered down until the cock nestled inside her newly-opened channel. Her breasts pressed flat against the hard chest but, still, she couldn't make out which of the men it was.

The girl across the room was making quite a fuss now, yelping and shouting.

Julia concentrated on her own situation. *Who is fucking me?* Denied the use of her hands to explore the contours of the body, it was impossible to tell who was fucking her. It didn't seem to be the slaver for the torso was too short and padded with flesh for that. He was perfumed, this one, but there was an underlying masculine musk there too. She gave up trying to tell who it might be.

There was nothing for it but to savour the moment. Julia nestled against the man, experimentally tightening and then relaxing her interior muscles against the unfamiliar invader. The man beneath her growled, in satisfaction she thought, and the cock twitched inside her. She squirmed on the cock that impaled her

She gave a small yelp of protest as her buttocks were prized apart. A warm spatter of fluid landed in her anus: more spit, she assumed. Then, shocked, she realised what was about to happen.

'No, please—'

A heavy smack on her bottom was the response. The one under her raised his hips to force her up to the fellow who lowered onto her back, sandwiching her body in a press between the two of them. The head of a cock pressed into the well of her anus. Julia squirmed, trying to resist. She groaned as the cock sank into her. *Doubly penetrated!* Never, ever, had she imagined such thing. The two cocks seemed to nestle against each other inside her, separated only by a thin wall of flesh.

When the cock began to move back and forth in her anal canal, her own reflexes stimulated the cock in her vagina. Soon both men were moving together in synchrony, fucking her back and front. Now Julia understood why the girl across the room was making such a fuss. She herself was bucking and crying out with every thrust. Fortunately, the man above her was supporting his body with his hands on either side, easing the pressure on her, and each time he thrust his cock forward her back

arched and her breasts brushed the chest of the man beneath her.

Both of the men climaxed within seconds of each other, and suddenly Julia's nether regions were awash with warm, viscous fluid. She was crushed in the heavy press of their perspiring flesh before the man rolled off, dragging his cock from her anus. The other pushed her roughly to one side and, when the men rose and left her, she felt the hard leather toe-cap of a booted foot nudge her belly.

Julia huddled on the sheepskin, her hands still clasped atop her head. She could hear the slave across the room weeping softly and yet, strangely, Julia felt only elation and wonder at what had just happened. She was free of the hated white tag status at last. It was peculiarly liberating.

## Chapter Twenty - Farley's ledger

When the blindfold was eventually removed, Julia's was once again surprised by the very bright light in that underground chamber. She had to repeatedly blink until her eyes became adjusted to the sudden glare. The system of limelight channelled through conduits and glass prisms was as functional as anything electrical she had ever seen.

To be sure, Julia had been in total darkness for some time. After the fucking, she had been left panting on the floor for many minutes; that was a mercy, for she would have been unable to stand, she was quite certain of that. Her whole body had been shaking and her every bone seemed to have turned to rubber. It wasn't shock or anything like that, just the sheer overload of her nervous system with sensations she had never experienced before. She had never known orgasms like that in her whole life. Also, there was a strange elation at having finally lost her precious cherry. Hot damn, they had made such a big deal of that back in Utah, and it was all over in less than half an hour.

Anyway, when she had been given time to recover somewhat, Julia had been hoisted to her feet and positioned with a few sharp slaps. The blindfold had been left in place and, again, they made her put her hands on her head like a naughty child. That was pretty apt, because she felt bad. No, deliciously wicked, in fact, because she didn't feel any guilt or shame about anything that had just happened. Quite what the elders at the Temple would make of that, she didn't know. It wasn't that she no longer cared, but they weren't there.

She had lost her anal virginity too. How many girls get to lose both cherries in one session? Not many, she thought. The butt-fucking hadn't been half as bad as she had previously imagined it would be, despite the size of the cock that had plundered her. She was awed by her own resilience. At first she had thought the mighty cock would tear her. Hadn't the thin slaver said that she needed stretching there? Perhaps he had misjudged her, then. Besides, after the initial pain, she had enjoyed it so much that, well, she was still trembling. She held herself rigidly to attention, held high, belly sucked in and breasts thrust out, her skin prickling, alone with her thoughts

Julia had stood like that for 10 minutes or more, along with her thoughts. Then they removed the strip of soft black felt from her eyes.

The other girl was standing facing her, a couple of paces away, hands atop her head also. They had just removed her blindfold too; that much was obvious because she was still blinking ten to the dozen. The poor girl still seemed shell-shocked. She looked astonishingly pale in the bright light. There were smears of blood down the inside of her thighs. *Virgin blood!* Julia looked down at her own thighs and saw the same red smears mingled with a film of spent cum. She was fixated by it and stare down, as if mesmerised.

'Posture!'

Julia yelped and straightened. The command had been accompanied by a sharp rap of the blade across the sweet spot of her bottom. In her wonder at seeing 'the proof of blood' on her legs, and thinking of all that that entailed in her own religious world on Earth, she had forgotten that slaves do not have the freedom to slouch.

Holding her head high again, Julia glanced round the chamber. All four men - the slaver, the two black attendants, and Farley the clerk - were naked. She suddenly realised that she didn't know which of them had used her. The same was obviously true for the other girl. *That is barbaric! Hell, I have a goddamn right to know! And Farley too? That little creep?* For some reason, for the first time in the whole thing, she felt angry. It was obviously a deliberate sanction: neither of the slaves would ever know who had taken their virginity.

She glared at the slaver without moving her head one iota. His long, thin frame was predictably bony and whip-like. She couldn't see his cock because he was standing behind Farley at the desk, stooping over to mutter in his ear and point at a line in the ledger with a slender finger. As for Farley, except for his grubby ink-stained hands, his slightly flabby flesh was fish-white in the harsh limelight; he repeatedly dipped his quill in the pot of black ink and scratched at the ledger. The two black men

both had well-defined pecs and large cocks. She fancied that it wasn't *her* black attendant who had first broken her hymen and penetrated her anus too. No, she was pretty sure it was the other one. That seemed to make her feel calmer. She studied his face as he stood at ease with his hands behind his back beside the desk. If he knew that Julia was staring at him, he gave no sign of it. Still, once she had committed the image of the man's face to her memory, Julia lowered her eyes. She saw the slaver's spindly shanks beneath the desk, and Farley's bare legs too. She gave a start. Farley, the odious little would-be scribe, was the only one of the four who had kept his boots on!

Julia glanced down at her body. Sure enough, besides the blood on her thighs, there were smudges of black ink on her body. *That little toad!* She gasped in shock.

The men heard Julia's sudden gasp and they all looked up at her. She saw Farley smirk. He eyed her up and down and then returned to his work. Farley, Julia knew, had coveted her from the first day he had clapped eyes on her, when she had arrived from Earth. He had thought that Earth girls were easy meat. Well, frankly, some of the Earth women on the project had earned that reputation, it was true. Not Julia, though, and she had made that point forcibly to the creepy little clerk. Even so, she had often caught him staring at her in the library. Now he had had her!

Julia clenched her fingers together atop her head and tried to reason herself into some kind of composure. Well, at least Farley had only had 'sloppy seconds', as the stupidly laughing and joshing boys back home used to say, as if they knew all about that kind of thing (even though they were virgins themselves). She suppressed a small wry smile: which one of those bragging boys would want her now? Very few, if any of them, she suspected. In their religion, the essential sight of virgin blood on the sheets of the nuptial bed was associated with notions of personal purity, honor and worth. It was as if she was saying goodbye to her religion along her hymen.

'Very well,' the slaver said, straightening and stretching his arms, 'that about does it. They will all be tattooed tomorrow in preparation for the Triumph. Take the slaves to theta primitive trough that passes for a bath here.'

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### **Back in the cell with Julia**

Rebecca glanced up as Julia was shown into the cell by the light of a lantern held by a female jailer. Droplets of water were still glistening on Julia's skin. She hurried to her mattress and, when the door cell shut again, it became inky black in the cell.

'You are no longer wearing the belt,' Rebecca said into the darkness.

'No. Isn't it great?'

'Is it?'

Rebecca heard Julia's giggle. 'Yes, it's terrific. I'm no longer white tag, just like you. My, that's one cherry I'm so glad to lose.'

'Good God,' Rebecca said. 'Someone fucked you?'

'Yes, two men.'

'Who?'

Julia was silent for some time, perhaps half a minute, and Rebecca thought that she might be troubled.

'Are you okay over there?' Rebecca asked.

'Yes, thank you.'

'Do you want me to come and hold you?'

'I'm fine, really.' Julia paused, and then added: 'I was blindfolded, but I'm fairly sure that one of the men was Farley. You know, the creepy little clerk from the library?'

'Oh no. How awful for you.'

Julia was silent again and Rebecca could hear her breathing.

‘I don’t suppose you get to choose who fucks you either,’ Julia said finally.

‘No. But Farley...’

‘It’s okay. The other was one of the black slavers’ men.’

Rebecca raised her eyebrows. Far from being traumatised, Julia seemed elated. It was hard to tell in the darkness but her voice was certainly cheerful enough.

‘I think all the white tags were broken in today,’ Julia was saying. ‘It’s traditional with the slaves in a Tribute from a conquered city, you know.’

‘No, I didn’t know.’

‘Yes, I read it somewhere. It’s a symbol of the victor’s total superiority and meant to subjugate and humiliate the defeated people. Don’t you find that fascinating?’

Rebecca could only grimace at that. Despite Julia’s ordeal - and the theft of perhaps the major significant event in a young woman’s life - the girl was already back in anthropologist mode. She would have expected tears and hysterics, particularly given Julia’s strict religious upbringing. Instead, the Utah girl was viewing everything as if she was a dispassionate observer. There wasn’t much to say about that, so Rebecca remained silent for some minutes.

‘Are you still awake?’ Julia asked.

‘Yes, of course.’

‘That thing about our tattooing we talked about?’

‘Inking your coochie-cow, you mean?’

‘Don’t tease me, Rebecca, I’m a woman now.’ She paused and giggled again. ‘Anyway, the tattooing is going to be done tomorrow. I heard the slaver tell the attendants.’

‘That’s just great,’ Rebecca said flatly.

## Chapter Twenty-One - Tattooed pussies

Julia stood in line directly in front of Rebecca in the brightly-illuminated reception cavern of the jail. She no longer wore a chastity belt, of course, as did none of the other girls.

All the slaves were queuing to be tattooed, standing with legs spread and hands atop their heads. The large-breasted jailer was on guard nearby, whip in hand. Somehow, she always contrived to be nearby when Rebecca was there. Elsewhere in the cavern, people were going about their business, moving from one tunnel entrance to the other; they were uniformly bare-chested and bare-breasted jailers for the most part, although the occasional slaver strolled across trailed by a black servant.

Tattoo artists, two men and a woman, had been brought in to mark the whole batch of slaves in the Tribute. The trio worked side by side, seated on high stools at the large altar-like slab of rock under the glare of the lime-light. Farley, the supposed scribe, was sitting nearby with a ledger, presumably recording the event, or perhaps providing registration details. Julia was coming to hate that odious little man who had once been her minion.

The slaves waited with some trepidation at a distance, nervously watching, but not quite being able to see what was happening on the slabs. Several of the waiting women were weeping quietly. Quite obviously, this was yet another significant step down the road of no return in their slavery. Their nerves weren't settled any by the sudden screams of pain from the three slaves who were already stretched out on the slab. The slaves' screams echoed in chorus around the large cavern and slowly faded.

Julia was quietly resigned to being intimately marked. After all, she reasoned, it was quite fashionable on Earth for girls to get their genitals tattooed. The magazines had been full of it. She was less sanguine about the screams though. Quite clearly, this was not a painless procedure. Julia hadn't expected much pain. Now she waited with some trepidation, and the process was taking some time - thirty minutes or more, she estimated.

Eventually, the girls in the first batch were dragged from the slab and their wrists were manacled behind their backs. Then they were ushered stumbling and weeping from the cavern. The next three women were being herded forward and made to lie side by side on the slab, each with outspread legs facing a tattooist.

The tattooists went immediately to their work again. Julia craned her neck to see what they were doing. They seemed to be swabbing the genitals of the subjects before reaching for shiny steel implements that were arrayed beside them on the slab. Then, after only a few seconds delay, the three slaves suddenly screamed in unison and their bodies bounced on the slab. That was just the same that had happened with the first batch. *What kind of tattoo is this?* More yelps of pain followed immediately after the screams. Then Julia could hear the girls sobbing and their occasional moans, but otherwise they remained comparatively quiet.

'I sure hope your coochie-cow is ready for this,' Rebecca said grimly from behind Julia, but this was followed by a sharp slap of leather and an indignant squeal.

'Silence,' the large-breasted, brawny jailer said. 'No talking.'

Julia smiled to herself.

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Rebecca lay on the slab, in between Julia and another girl. She looked up at the roof, lying with her hands behind her head. It must have been damp in that cavern at some time, because ancient petrified stalactites were hanging there, casting strange shadows in the bright light. She could smell the astringent fluid that the man was fastidiously sponging onto her genitals, and it felt icy cold against her warm intimate flesh. Her legs were spread and draped off the edge of the slab on either side of the little man who was doing the tattooing. He was peering at her pudenda and poking about the folds, pulling her lips this way and that and then squeezing and tugging on her clitoris. She closed her eyes, willing

herself to pretend that she wasn't there.

'Oh my God!' The exclamation came as something like a tiny vice was clamped on her clitoris. She half-rose to look down at her body but the brawny female jailer, standing behind Rebecca's head on the other side of the slab, leaned over and pressed her back onto the cold rock. The jailer's huge, soft breasts swaddled Rebecca's face and she could smell the bergamot fragrance the woman favoured.

Rebecca's clitoris was throbbing with the pain in the clamp. *What is he doing?* It felt as though her precious clitoris was being crushed. She had read of female circumcision on Earth... *Surely not? Please God, not that!* Whatever the man was going to do to her, it already hurt like hell. There was some comfort in the soft cushion of the jailer's breasts over her face.

But the anticipation in her head was terrible. Neither Julia nor the other slave had screamed yet. *If the clamps hurt so bad, what is the real pain going to be like?* She clenched her fists atop her head.

Then it was as if a sledgehammer had hit her pussy. She inhaled and screamed at the same time, and screamed until her lungs hurt. After that, her jaw was clenched so tightly that she could actually hear her teeth grinding together. Every vein in her neck stood out. She was vaguely aware that her scream was still echoing around the cavern, accompanied by screams from Julia and another slave lying alongside her. *Oh my fucking God!* It hurt so badly. Tears flooded her eyes, not weeping, just watering, and they soaked the jailer's oily breasts. It had been all she could do to stop herself from biting them.

Something significant had been done down there. She was unsure whether she still had a clitoris or not. The jailer was leaning to stroke her belly and murmuring 'Sssssh', for all the world like a mother tending a child with a grazed knee. Then, though, the pressure was released from her throbbing morsel of flesh as the man removed the spiteful clamps. The pain miraculously disappeared, or nearly so. The man said something and the jailer eased her weight off Rebecca.

Rebecca was allowed to rise slightly and she looked anxiously down at her pussy. A small steel bar glistened there at the apex of her spread pussy lips. She gasped. The man had pierced her clitoris or, at maybe, its hood. At least she still had a clitoris. *There's a mercy!* Even so, while this was a cause for immense relief, it was accompanied by a feeling of outrage. These people could literally do anything to her, without consent, without discussion, without consultation even. She was utterly in their control.

Rebecca lay back on the slab and began to weep. The woman jailer smiled down at her and wiped the tears from her cheeks.

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'Oh, golly, I love it!'

Julia was almost exultant as she looked down at her exotically tattoo above and to the side of the slit of her pussy. They were back in the cell, and the light was none too good there.

'I thought he'd sliced off my clit,' Rebecca said. 'It was gross.'

'Don't be silly,' Julia giggled, 'they wouldn't do that.'

'There's no knowing what these bastards might do. Why have they tied our hands behind our backs and looped them to chains round our necks? I can't get to see exactly what they've done to me.'

'It's so we can't spoil the Tribute marking. You saw how the Waters Meet girls reacted when it was done to them. It's the greatest shame that could be inflicted on a girl here, and deliberately so. They would probably try to claw it off their bodies.'

As it transpired, the tattooing had been considerably less traumatic than the clitoral piercing. However, the inking had not been without its pain. The latter was one sharp and excruciating pain, whereas the tattoo needles had vibrated under Rebecca's skin for what seemed like an age. It had been especially painful over the pubic bone, where the padding of flesh was minimal.

The wails of horror and keening protestations of the Waters Meet women had been more remarkable than their screams of pain, though. They had all taken the procedure very badly. Actually, Rebecca and Julia had been in the third batch to be processed, but the first six women had acted as if



their noses were being slit. They had to be held down by the jailers throughout the entire process. Those waiting in line behind Rebecca and Julia had been horrified when they saw what was happening, and they'd had to be whipped to silence.

After the tattooing and piercing, each woman had been unceremoniously dragged from the rock slab, and her wrists confined behind her back with metal cuffs before stumbling back towards the cells, weeping and under the whip. Julia and Rebecca had received the same treatment, even though they had stoically accepted the marking.

'I don't understand why the local girls were so surprised at being tattooed,' Julia said airily, sitting on the concrete ledge next to Rebecca. 'They must have known it was bound to happen. It's in all the literature. That's what always happens to Tribute slaves'

'Perhaps they haven't been educated that way. Those poor girls weren't reared to expect enslavement, after all.'

'Tush,' Julia said dismissively. 'It's ingrained in the folk lore and nursery rhymes of this world. Anyway, Waters Meet women will have to get used to it now. From now on, the conquerors will exact an annual Tribute tax from the city. They'll be no different from other dominions, where girls are reared to be offered as slaves when they reach their prime.'

'That's just wrong.'

Julia shrugged. 'Some parents make a living by rearing their girls to slavery. They often enter into a contract with a slaver while their child is still young, and then get regular payments until the girl is old enough to be harvested. There's a whole island that uses that system as their only industry.'

Rebecca inhaled sharply but made no comment. Julia certainly knew a lot about the slave culture of this world. That, though, was part of the purpose of their anthropological mission, she admitted. They had been sent there to discover these things. Had she have had more time there to study before being so rudely taken, Rebecca would have become as knowledgeable as Julia, she knew. That was their job, after all. Nobody had mentioned being given first-hand experience of slavery, though. She gazed ruefully down at the stark black and red marking on her loins. The small round head of a tiny steel barbell protruded at the apex of her sex lips.

'What is this tattoo supposed to represent anyway? Rebecca asked, spreading her thighs slightly and looking at the cursive script that was boldly inscribed onto her skin.

'It's just your slave registration number and the stylised symbol of Tribute. It marks you forever that you were once considered very special. I think it's pretty.'

The design exactly framed Rebecca's sex lips and fanned above them in flamboyant scrolls. The surrounding skin was very red and inflamed, but she could see that the tattoo would certainly be very visible and draw attention to her vagina. It was meant to be a clear, humiliating statement of ownership, flaunting the conquerors' power over the defeated city by seizing and blatantly defiling its prime womenfolk. Rebecca could well understand why the Waters Meet girls were distraught.

'Will the piercing enhance our, um, enjoyment of sex?' Julia asked.

'I don't know. I keep getting surprised by it when I move though.'

'At least everything will be covered by our clothes for everyday things.'

'What makes you think we'll be allowed clothes? We've been kept naked since they enslaved us.'

Julia giggled. 'I mean when we get back home, silly.'

Rebecca looked askance at the Utah girl.

'You think we'll get back home?'

'Of course. A transport will be arriving soon with a couple of new folks. I'm due to go back for a furlough after two years here.' Julia tugged at the cuffs on her wrists. 'I wonder if we can convince them that we don't need our wrists fastened behind us? Otherwise, it's going to be very awkward to do things.'

'Julia, listen now,' Rebecca said sternly. 'When I came across to this world, I was as naked as I am now and I landed on a timber raft in the middle of the ocean....'

‘Of course, that’s how everyone gets here. Don’t worry, it’ll be fine.’

Rebecca shook her head in bewilderment. ‘My understanding is that we have to go back to that exact spot in order for us to be spirited back.’

‘Yes. We have people who do that transfer stuff.’

Rebecca assumed that Julia, as the project commander, would know about such things. For her own part, she had merely signed up, and gone along with things, confidently expecting that everything would be taken care of on her behalf. That confidence had been shattered now.

Julia tugged ineffectually at her wrists again and sighed. ‘You know, if it wasn’t for the chains being looped round our necks, we could step over these cuffs and at least have our hands in front of us. I guess that would kind of defeat the object, though.’

‘How do you think our people from Earth will transfer us to the departure point, Julia?’ Rebecca persisted. ‘We are slaves in an underground jail, goddammit.’

‘Oh, I’m sure they’ll find a way,’ Julia said airily. ‘We are Americans, after all. They won’t leave us here.’

## Chapter Twenty-Two - Abramo

Rebecca was blindfolded and her wrists were still fastened behind her back. She was in a cell of some kind, sitting on a rough wooden stool and being fed like a child. The female jailer was standing in front of her. Only the jailer and herself were in the cell, as far as she knew.

‘There you go my lovely,’ the brawny woman said, spooning bland porridge into Rebecca’s mouth. Rebecca shuddered when the woman’s tongue brushed against her lips. ‘There was a fleck of food there,’ the woman explained. ‘Now, open wide....’

Rebecca heard the clink of the spoon against the metal bowl as she waited, unseeing and open-mouthed. When the woman leaned forward with the spoonful of porridge, her large naked breast brushed against Rebecca’s forehead. Rebecca shuddered but the porridge was shovelled into her mouth again.

‘There, swallow it all down,’ the woman murmured.

‘I’m not hungry—’

‘Silence! No talking!’ The spoon clinked on the bowl again, and the breast swayed against her. ‘Open your mouth.’

When the gruel was offered to Rebecca’s mouth, a globule of it dropped onto her breast. A second later, the jailer’s tongue rasped it off and then licked down to the fat nipple. Naked, blindfolded, with her wrists fastened behind her, there was little that Rebecca could do to resist the woman’s attentions. Ever since she had been in the underground jail, it had been evident that the brawny jailer was attracted to her. Usually, though, others had been present and the jailer had been limited to illicit strokes and caresses. Now, alone in the cell with the woman, Rebecca was helpless against her. She felt her nipple grow turgid against the strong suction of the woman’s mouth.

Yet the feelings this aroused in Rebecca were far from unwelcome.

The past fortnight in the jail had been an even greater trial for the naked Tribute women of Waters Meet. With their hands confined behind him, they were reduced to helplessness in almost every respect. At feeding time they had usually had to kneel and lap the gruel from their bowls like animals. Everyday bodily functions had been humiliatingly supervised. Cleansing had been with sponges rather than the usual bristle-brushes, and after they had been dipped into the icy water of the bathing chamber and hauled out like floundering fish. Then, their hands still confined, they were returned to their cells and chained to their mats.

However, on this day, quite unexpectedly, the brawny jailer had arrived to collect Rebecca from her cell. She had cleansed her, of course, and then brought her to this chamber.

The woman transferred her attention to Rebecca’s other nipple, and she heard the clatter of the empty bowl as it was dropped to the floor. The woman was kneeling now, she knew, because the great oily breasts were swaying against her thighs. Rebecca did not object. Instead, she pulled back her shoulders and thrust out her breasts.

Her slave heat had been systematically and irrevocably raised during her time as in the underground jail, both with the medicated food and her so-called training. Until the tattooing, the training of Rebecca and the other red tags in the cells of the Round had been relentless, day after day. Then it had stopped abruptly. For Rebecca, this suddenly imposed celibacy had come as an unexpectedly huge shock. The withdrawal symptoms were terrible. She had writhed and squirmed on her paliasse, but hadn’t had any way to assuage her needs with her hands fastened behind her in that way. It was like a cold turkey withdrawal from drugs, she imagined.

‘Hmm, such pearls,’ the woman said, pulling her head back and making Rebecca’s nipple distend until it plopped against the suction.

The woman lowered her head between Rebecca’s thighs. It gave Rebecca a start. After the tattooing and genital piercing, all sexual interactions had been forbidden. Now the jailer was, quite literally, bent on licking her pussy!

The woman’s tongue lapped hungrily at Rebecca’s pierced clitoris. Rebecca widened her thighs

and squirmed on the stool. Just from those first languorous licks, she could tell that the woman was certainly more deft at cunnilingus than any man she had known. The assured touches were insistent, but they were gentle too and designed to please. It was obvious to Rebecca that the jailer knew precisely how to bring pleasure to a woman. *There's a mercy!*

Rebecca moaned as the jailer licked the puffy lips up and down in long, slow strokes. The tongue fluttered in the mouth of Rebecca's vagina, making her moan with pleasure. Then it again snaked to her clit, and it swirled around it a few times before the jailer's lips locked on the juicy morsel, sucking on it, gently at first and then harder, popping on and off it and tugging the throbbing flesh with each withdrawal. The slight pain from the piercing only added to the frissons of pleasure that swarmed over Rebecca's belly.

'Hmmm!' Rebecca murmured, her body shuddering as a slow, rumbling climax swelled and then washed gently over her. It wasn't a cataclysmic orgasm, but it was enough for the time being.

'Excellent, Madam Jailer,' a male voice suddenly said.

Rebecca froze, her senses suddenly alert. There was a man in the room? The voice had come from only a few feet away. She thought that she recognised the deep, cultured tones. From the rustle of clothing he had moved closer.

'Who's there?' she called.

The blindfold was whipped away and, in the dim lamplight of the small cell, she saw Abramo smiling down at her. He wore the fine robes of a city gentleman, as usual.

Wishing that she could conceal her nudity from him, Rebecca tugged feebly on the cuffs that held her wrists behind her back. She was embarrassed and ashamed, and realised that he had been watching her debauchery with the jailer.

'Ah Rebecca, my dear, I see they are treating you well,' he said in perfect English, and there was an ironic and, perhaps, mocking tone in his voice.

'Have you come to take me out of here?'

'Regretfully no, that isn't possible. You are part of the Tribute.'

'How did you get in here?'

He smiled and indicated the golden chain of office that he wore around his neck. 'Members of the High Council still have some resources, even though the city has been taken by our enemies.' Smiling down at the jailer, who was still kneeling between Rebecca's thighs, he spoke in the language of the Antrabons and said, 'You may leave us now, good woman.'

The woman jailer rose to her feet and wiped her hands across her lips. 'I'm sorry, sir, that's against the rules.'

'It's against the rules my being here at all,' he said, producing a silver coin and flipping it to the woman. Her breasts swayed as she moved to catch the coin. 'Be gone with you. Wait outside. It won't take me long.'

The woman glanced down at the coin in her hand. 'This is Waters Meet money. It's been replaced.'

'The value is in its silver,' Abramo said, tossing her another coin. 'Here, take this too ... for your trouble.'

The woman caught the second coin and nodded, clinking the two together and slipping them into the pocket of soft leather pants. As she turned to leave the cell, she said: "Don't damage her. Take her from behind."

The heavy door closed but the lock didn't turn. Abramo smiled and reached to stroke Rebecca's cheek. When he leaned over to whisper in Rebecca's ear, his velvet robe was warm against her naked flesh.

'You may not relax, of course,' he whispered. 'There are spy holes everywhere. You can guarantee that the jailer is watching us.'

'Why have you come?'

'To pass you a message... your revised orders.'

That gave her a jolt. 'You've had communication from—'

'Hush,' he whispered, placing a finger against her lips and glancing around anxiously. 'There has been another scheduled shipment across the Divide. A new project leader and two assistants have arrived.'

'The project is to continue?'

'Of course. The fall of the city changes nothing. Your people say it makes it all the more interesting.'

This astounded Rebecca. She had assumed that the anthropological study would have been terminated with the fall of Waters Meet. Yet he was telling her that more people had arrived from Earth? It seemed inconceivable that they could work in such circumstances. However, if it offered release from her slavery...

'I'll do everything I can to help them, of course. I'm sure Julia will too.'

He looked round anxiously at the door. 'We can't speak like this,' he whispered. Straightening, he opened his robe and lowered his silk breeches. His erect cock sprang out in front of Rebecca's astonished eyes. 'Take this into your mouth,' he said.

'But—' Her protest was stifled with a smack on the side of her head.

'No damaging her, sir,' the jailer called from behind the door. 'She must be presentable for the Triumph.'

'It was a gesture of encouragement, no more,' Abramo called back, pulling Rebecca's head onto his cock.

Rebecca looked up at her ex-mentor, her eyes wide and bulging, and with her mouth plugged by his cock. He sighed and raised his head, as if looking to the heavens, as she took him deeply and then stroked back. Seeming to gather his composure again, he placed his hands on her head and gazed down at her. Rebecca licked the rim of his glans and then took the cock back into her mouth.

'Now, listen to me,' Abramo whispered, 'the new project leader has been appraised of the situation.' He paused to grunt slightly. Then he went on, 'He has decided that things must run their course.'

Unable to speak against the gag of flesh, Rebecca could only look up at Abramo in astonishment. *He* had decided... The new project leader was a man? This was a surprise in itself, because previously the D&ST people on Earth had insisted that it was only a suitable posting for women. There were men in the training team, too be sure. She had even dated one of them - Axel, a tall, blonde boy from Minnesota. But they had only ever sent woman to this world, transporting them across the Divide, slipping through the tear in the fabric of space and time.

'What does that mean, let things run their course?' she asked, pulling her mouth free of his cock.

'Hush,' he commanded, smacking her head again.

'Don't be damaging her, sir,' the jailer called again, and this time there was some anxiety in her voice. 'Be quick about it, an' all. Take her from behind and be gone. There's no time for foreplay. It's not a brothel.'

Abramo nodded to Rebecca. His hands brushed her breasts as she reached to hold her under her arms. He lifted her to her feet. Numbly, she allowed him to turn her so that her back was towards him and she was facing the door.

'Kneel down and bend over the stool.'

'You mean to fuck me?'

'Do it! Don't try to tell me you don't want me to fuck you.'

Rebecca half-smiled and sank to her knees. She laid her belly on the stool and presented her bottom to him. He knelt behind her pressed his cock against the lips of her sex. Rebecca was momentarily grateful that he was going to fuck her cunt rather than her anus. She was well aware that he could have chosen either. She sighed when his cock slid smoothly inside her. It was the first real relief she had had in days.

Abramo's breath was hot on her ear as he whispered, 'The project leader orders that you and Julia are to go into deep cover as a mole.' His cock eased smoothly back and forth. 'Does that mean anything to you?'

Rebecca kept her eyes on the closed door of the cell. She knew that the jailer was peeping through the cracks in its timbers. Abramo was heavy as his weight rested on the bow of her back and brought pain to her bound wrists, but she wriggled her hips to better accommodate his cock. It was so good to be fucked again. *Damn, they've turned me into a sex addict!*

'It means he's throwing Julia and me to the wolves,' she hissed, her cunt muscles clamping against Abramo's cock. 'We are anthropologists, not spies.'

He was moving with increasing tempo and his breath was ragged when he spoke: 'That's all I know. I was told to tell you this: "Don't blow your cover at the Triumph". That's what he said.'

Rebecca ground her hips to meet his thrusts. 'What's a Triumph?' she asked, her nipples brushing the floor.

'It's the final victory parade when they take the Tribute away from the city...' He paused to thrust hard into her and impale his cock fully inside her. 'It's to be held tomorrow.'

'Taken away?' she asked in alarm. 'Where will they take us?'

'I don't know,' Abramo said, fucking her with gusto until she squealed.

## Chapter Twenty-Three - Readied for the Tribute

The black attendants were busy under the glare of limelight in the large cavern.

All of the slaves were being gathered there, brought from the cells via detour to take in the flooded chamber that served as a bath. The naked girls were standing in serried rows, spaced apart by six feet or so. As usual, they were being made to keep their hands atop their heads as the slavers' men fussed about them, drying and powdering their bodies, brushing their hair, and then applying cosmetics.

'Stand still!' the thin slaver snapped as Rebecca fidgeted.

She grimaced at the feather-light touch of the small brush around the halo of her right nipple. The slaver seemed to be responsible for just Julia and herself, and two other young women besides. His black servants were known to her now. One of them was carefully painting her nipples and aureoles a startling vermilion colour. He had already applied the same colour to her lips. She struggled to remain still against the tickling strokes of the brush.

The slaves were outnumbered by the attendants now. More and more black servants must have arrived in the city in the days since it had been conquered. There were more slavers than before too, notable for their blue and gold tabards, and it wasn't clear if they were in the employ of the conquerors or there on their own account. Others though, those who had been there from the beginning, like the tall thin man, were more involved with the slaves' preparation. Perhaps each of them had a franchise on just a few of the young women? Rebecca didn't know but, certainly, they each seemed to pay attention to relatively few charges among the forty women.

The attendant dipped the small pointed brush into a pot. It emerged glistening with the deep vermilion paint, and he delicately applied this to the aureole of Rebecca's right breast. His ebony face was a mask of concentration as he expertly worked the unguent around the gleaming ring that pierced her fat nipple. Rebecca could feel the dimpled flesh around her nipples constricting under the lacquer, and yet it made the nubbins even more prominent.

The other slaves gathered in the cavern were receiving exactly the same treatment. It was evident that they were all being prepared for some special occasion. To her left, Julia was thrusting her breasts towards the brush; she was taking on the appearance of an exotic hourri. Her eyelids had already been painted a dusky blue hue, accentuated with dramatic black kohl under her eyes and on the lashes, and her lips matched the scarlet of her nipples. The attendant was outlining the perimeter of the halos on Julia's breasts with dark brown, just as he had outlined the contours of her mouth.

Rebecca turned her attention back to her own attendant, who was patting the plump lips of her sex and gently rubbing henna into the skin there. The tattoo was almost fully-healed now and it was stark against her pale skin, particularly under those lights. A small jewel had been added to the clitoral piercing and, sometimes, when she moved her hips, it rolled across the tight, hard bud.

Another attendant approached carrying a small wicker basket filled with what appeared to be eggs of assorted sizes, some as large as a chicken's egg, some smaller, but all glossy and luridly coloured in swirling psychedelic shades of lavender, purple and green. The two black men didn't speak - she had never heard any one of these servants utter a single word in all the time she had been there - but the one with the cosmetics stood back. The other took one of the large, blue and white eggs, and reached to push it between Rebecca's legs. She gasped as he pressed the object against the mouth of her vagina. It was soft and yielding, and slipped easily inside her; the man pushed it up into her moist sheath with his forefinger, bedding it up against her womb. Then, as she had dreaded, he went to stand behind her. His hand between her shoulders pushed insistently, and she obediently bent forward at the waist. She squirmed when he probed the tight bud of her anus and, when he withdrew his finger, it dragged against the clinging flesh and seemed to pull through the very centre of her body, right down from her throat.

"Relax," the thin slaver suddenly said from behind her, and she gave a start, having forgotten that he was there.

Another ovoid object (mercifully, it felt somewhat smaller than the first, perhaps the size of a

quail's egg) was pushed it up her arse. She gave a small moan when her sphincter closed behind it. Rebecca groaned inwardly, aware of what they had done to her again. She knew that the eggs were the same terrible aphrodisiac suppositories they had inserted inside her once before, when she had first arrived in the jail. Sometimes they had been used in the cells in The Round, too. She remembered how they had made her so desperate for gratification that she had scraped her arse along the floor.

The sleeve of her cunt was already lined with a cold, even icy coating, and yet small tendrils of heat began to seep from her inner flesh where the object had touched. The one in her rectum seemed to pulse with a gentle but growing warmth. The alien objects seemed to fill her. She gave an involuntary shudder.

“Ah, you can feel it already,” the thin slaver said, noting her reaction. ‘That is good.’

The black attendant stroked her buttocks and took his basket of eggs and moved on to stand in front of Julia.



## Chapter Twenty-Four - The Tribute

The sun was hot on Rebecca's powdered skin as she nervously stepped from the lift-cage into the walled courtyard. Up until that then, she had thought that the only access and egress to the underground prison was via the tortuous steps. However, now she thought about it, it made sense that there should be a more efficient means of transporting people and goods back and forth. After all, she assumed, the jailers and administrators needed ready access to the outside world.

That elevator was a wondrous, if frightening contraption, apparently hydraulically powered by water pressure. Its cage was large, containing ten women and an attendant, and it had jerked and creaked its way up to the surface. Rebecca was glad to get out of both the jail and the lift-cage.

She blinked in the bright sunlight. The courtyard was quite large, perhaps some thirty yards square, and surrounded by high walls. Behind, ramparts of the city fortress towered above her. They were draped now with the red and yellow banners of the conquerors. Inside the courtyard, there was a bustle of activity.

Carts extravagantly loaded with jewels and precious metals were stationed in a line near the large, heavy gates. Guards stood in rank facing into the yard, their scimitars gleaming.

Rebecca could hear the clamour of voices beyond the walls. A crowd. There was the occasional shout, and laughter even. Rebecca couldn't remember the last time she had heard laughter.

It was the first time in weeks that she had seen broad daylight and she blinked as a naked black attendant took her to stand in line with other slaves. Rather than step away, the man remained by her side with his arm around her waist and his other hand on her body, stroking and teasing. She tried to resist leaning into his touch, but it was useless. She unashamedly moulded her cunt against his palm. The exposed glans of his strongly erect cock gleamed in the sunlight and she longed to close her lips around it.

She glanced along the line and saw that each exotically painted slave was standing beside a naked black servant who was toying with her and making her squirm. The oiled ebony skins of the naked slavers' men glinted in the sunlight, and the women had the appearance of exotic, beautiful birds ready for mating.

More slaves were being brought up in batches from the jail, and they all emerged blinking and bewildered into the courtyard. Soon, all forty of the Tribute women stood in serried ranks, each slave alternately spaced with a black attendant. Without being told, they placed their hands atop their heads and spread their legs.

Rebecca's body was tingling from the man's artful manipulation. She had been teetering on the brink of orgasm for the past two hours in the cavern below. She knew that the other women were feeling the same. Now, even in the fresh air of the courtyard, the unmistakable aroma of female sex juices was palpable.

"Heck, I need a man inside me," Julia whispered, leaning into the caress of her attendant.

Julia, standing beside Rebecca, seemed alert to every nuance of the day. Rebecca knew that the previously inhibited girl from Utah was savouring and noting every new development. She was excited, that much was obvious. The girls ringed and painted nipples, although relatively small, were strongly thrusting, and her pretty blue eyes were glistening. She looked like a painted whore. The other women along the line presented similar pictures. Rebecca knew that the same could be said of her too. She hadn't seen a mirror, and could only gauge her own appearance by looking at the other slaves.

'Silence. No talking!' a slaver rasped, slapping Julia's thighs with a strap and making her squeal.

The slavers, a dozen or more of them, stood in a group, talking together. Occasionally, one of their number would detach and walk slowly along the lines of women, inspecting them critically, patting a slack stomach here, cupping a breast there, or stroking and probing plump sex lips. To Rebecca, it seemed that she was continually being touched and stroked and, each time, she closed her eyes lasciviously.

Then the gates of the courtyard opened and a small group of men and women were ushered inside by armed guards. Rebecca gasped. Abramo was amongst them, wearing fine robes of crimson edged with gold. She recognised some of the others too: the High Council. Some of them, particularly the women, studiously avoided looking at the naked young slaves, but others scanned the lines avidly.

‘Oh no!’ the girl to the left of Rebecca murmured. ‘My father...’

She was silenced with a sharp smack of a whip, and then Rebecca heard the same girl moan wantonly. Glancing to the side, she saw that the black finger of the girl’s attendant was quickly strumming her clitoris, presumably to distract her.

Rebecca was being intimately handled too, and her cunt was dripping on the man’s hand. She couldn’t prevent herself from responding, even though she knew that Abramo had fixed his eyes on her. From the low moans and murmurs along the lines of women, Rebecca was vaguely aware that they were all being similarly handled and heated. Their humiliation and degradation was being deliberately flaunted before the High Council.

The doors swung open again and a group of military musicians trudged in. Their brass and copper instruments shone and glinted in the sunlight, and the drummers occasionally rapped a beat as they tightened the skins. They were assembled in front of the treasure carts.

The Administrator of the Council stepped forward and the slavers called for attention. The last time Rebecca had seen him, he was naked and bleeding in the arena at the surrender of the Tribute. Rebecca watched as the man addressed the slaves.

‘Today is the day of the Triumph. You have all been accepted as suitable offerings to our magnanimous conquerors. Every one of you must perform as befits a slave offered in Tribute. Indeed, any one of you who doesn’t perform well will be killed, her family will be killed, and even her friends. If you all perform badly, then the entire city will be laid waste. These are not idle threats but I am confident it will not happen. Know that your sacrifice has saved this great city from destruction. Go now with our gratitude.’

‘A parade,’ Rebecca thought, moving uncomfortably under the attendant’s attentions. ‘They are going to parade their spoils again.’

Certainly, from the clamour outside the walls of the courtyard, it seemed as though the whole citizenry was assembling. Sometimes there were the shouts and tramping of matching men, too.

The baubles inside her belly moved again and she moaned, leaning harder against the black palm that was cradling her sex. The attendant smiled and squeezed her waist. Then his other hand left her sex and pressed on her shoulder, pushing her to her knees. She obeyed like an automaton and stared wide-eyed at his erect cock. When she looked up at his face, he merely nodded.

His meaning was clear enough. Indeed, all along the lines, slaves were on their knees. Some of them already had black cocks in their mouths. Rebecca glanced towards the gathered Council members. They were watching without visible emotion. The attendant man placed his hand atop Rebecca’s fingers and pulled her head forwards. The most glans of his cock brushed her painted lips. As if mesmerised, she took the erect shaft into her mouth.

The black attendant reached for Rebecca’s face to tilted it upward slightly, making sure they had eye contact as she sucked the cock head. He grinned as she worked her tongue in lapping movements over, under and across the cock glans and, for some reason, she was inordinately glad that he was pleased. She continued to suckle on just the head of his cock, making good suction with her hot mouth and lapping her tongue against it.

A whip cracked, making Rebecca flinch. She started sucking with purpose, bobbing her head up and down on the cock in quick, tight strokes. After a moment’s pause to relax the muscles in her throat, Rebecca eased forward and took the massive cock fully, resisting the urge to gag. From the corner of her eye, she saw that Julia was similarly engaged, hungrily suckling a large black cock under the eyes of the High Council. *My God, how surreal!*

Rebecca’s nose nestled against the attendant’s smooth belly, inhaling his musk. She remained thus for a long minute, until her lungs were aching for air. Her eyes were watering when she withdrew.

She smiled up at him and licked the head of the cock, covering it with saliva, slapping her tongue against the black-purple helmet and tasting a drop of precum at its eye. The slave smiled and gently pushed her back.

Rebecca nodded wistfully. She eased back on her heels, hands still atop her head. Julia gave her a sideways glance and smiled slightly, licking her lips, and then the previously prim Mormon girl leaned forward to place a light kiss on the very tip of her attendant's cock. Then she looked back defiantly at Rebecca and winked.

Trumpets blasted and drums began to beat in a marching tune. The members of the High Council took their places behind the band and ahead of the treasure carts. The fine ceremonial robes of the Councillors contrasted with the drab, battle-wearied garb of the musicians.

The attendant took hold of Rebecca's hands and removed them from atop her head. She was glad about that, for it wasn't a comfortable posture after a while. The man stood her beside him and then reached to place her right hand on his strongly erect and jutting cock. Her fingers closed round the shaft and she could feel one of its veins pulsing in her light touch. Looking at the other women in the lines, she saw that they too were each holding an erect black cock. *How bizarre!* Her grip tightened on the cock and she felt it twitch in her hand.

A black attendant had scooped a girl in his arms and was carrying her to the leading treasure cart. Rebecca recognised the daughter of the exiled king. She was now nothing more nor less than a slave, pierced and tattooed, just like the rest of the Tribute women. However, it seemed that she was still more important than the others, for the naked black man threw her atop the piled treasure in the lead cart and then then leapt lithely up beside her. Within seconds, once atop this exotic platform, the formerly privileged princess was sucking the attendant's cock as if her life depended on it.

The band was in full blast now. The wheels of the carts creaked as the males slaves put their shoulders to the shafts. Then the whole parade moved forward, with each Tribute slave paired to a naked black attendant and grasping his erect cock.

## Chapter Twenty-Five - The parade

Rebecca could feel her heart racing as the heavy double timbered gates were thrown open.

She could now see the throng gathered in the street. Her hand made to release the black cock, but the attendant closed his own hand around hers until she gripped the shaft tightly again. *My God, they mean to parade us through the streets like this?*

Hundreds of people were gathered, standing six deep on the sidewalks, marshalled by the enemy soldiers who stood at the front, lining the way, their scimitars gleaming in the sunlight. Although there was a continuing clamour from street hawks and street vendors, the crowd fell largely silent as the procession emerged through the gates. The people were sullen and eyed the treasure carts resentfully. Indeed, someone cried out angrily, but when a soldier wheeled round the man sank into the crowd.

The commander of the conquering army strode along in gleaming armour at the front of the procession, flanked by his elite bodyguard of six. He waved as if to take adulation from the onlookers, even though none was forthcoming. The conquerors' yellow and red quartered emblems seemed to be displayed on every available surface. There was no mistaking who were the victors here.

The Tribute slaves marched in double file, each alongside her black attendant. Most of the slaves that Rebecca could see were determinedly averting their eyes from the onlookers, withdrawing into themselves in their shame. She could see that Julia, though, was avidly taking in every minute of it all. She was walking directly in front of Rebecca, and her hips swung extravagantly with every stride. Rebecca gazed as if mesmerised at the black hand that cupped and squeezed Julia's pert creamy white buttocks.

Slavers swaggered along on either side of the parade, occasionally cracking their long whips like pantomime villains. Nobody seemed to be actually struck, for the sharp retorts weren't accompanied by the usual cries of pain. Even so, at every whip-crack, Rebecca flinched and grasped the attendant's cock a little tighter. Up ahead, atop the lead cart, the princess was being energetically fucked by the black attendant in a tableau designed to deliberately humiliate the defeated citizenry. The girl's fucking was long drawn out, for the parade took a circuitous route, with drums beating and bugles playing.

People watched sullenly from their houses. Many of the slaves girls in the procession were sobbing, but they all retained tight hold of the erect cocks in their hands. Rebecca saw that the streets and houses of the city, for the most part, were under repair. After the initial pillage in the blood-lust of battle, it seemed that things were returning to normal in Waters Meet. However, Rebecca knew that things would never return to exactly how they were before. The city was now under the dominion of the slave-owning conquerors. Already there was ample evidence of that, with scantily clad chattels among the crowds in the streets. Perhaps the sacrifice of the Tribute hadn't saved every other citizen from slavery then?

The parade seemed to be heading for the market square.

"Perform well!" the thin slaver called, striding alongside Julia and Rebecca and his other two charges, all of whom were marching one behind one another.

The attendant stroked Rebecca's bottom and then cupped her buttock in his palm again. The tip of his middle finger rested against her anus, slightly lifting her so that she had to walk on the balls of her feet. She secretly thrilled at this.

The crowd opened up to form a corridor as the triumphal procession moved forward.

The objects inside Rebecca's belly moved with her every step, sending tremors of passion and need through her body, catching at her throat, and making her nipples throb. As she walked, her hand eased the silky skin of the slave's cock back and forth, and she could feel the thick vein throbbing powerfully.

The attendant squeezed Rebecca's buttock and his finger pressed insistently against her anus whenever she faltered. Her breasts moved fluidly with each step, and their bright vermilion aureoles

seemed to dance. Her heart was pounding and blood rushed through her veins as she moved the velvet skin of the large cock gently back and forth.

‘Keep the faith,’ a man’s voice whispered in English, directly into her ear.

She whirled round and saw a familiar face. ‘Jack Flash!’ she said.

He smiled and gave a small bow. He was wearing the blue and gold tabard of a slaver. The last time she had seen him, it was in a small office in a CIA bunker in Virginia. Then he had been an emissary from what was quaintly termed ‘The Other Side’, and learning American ways. Now he spoke with a slick American accent. Beside him was a tall dark blonde man. Rebecca gasped. It was Axel, the boy from Minnesota she had dated on Earth, while they were in training for their missions. Now, she assumed he was to be the new leader of the anthropology project.

The black attendant lifted Rebecca by the buttocks and she gave a small squeal his finger penetrated her anus when he urged her onwards. Glancing back over her shoulder, she saw that Jack Flash and Axel were smiling after her. She blushed hotly and moved her hand up and down on the black cock all the more.

The marketplace had been transformed with a huge scarlet and yellow marque with crimson drapes and a huge gold-coloured awning above the dais at the front, supported on stout poles. Carpets had been laid inside the marque, and plump cushions too, all in hues of crimson and yellow or gold. There was a dais at the front of this massive tent, and the commander strode onto this dais and stood with his arms raised aloft as his soldiers cheered.

The cowed citizens, however, watched in sullen silence as the treasure carts were arranged in front of the platform. On the central cart, the black male attendant was taking the princess from the rear, thrusting large cock back and forth, and she moaned with his every thrust.

They slaves were guided behind the dais and into the marque. A slaver with slanted, hooded eyes was supervising things and directed the slaves to the cushions. Rebecca knelt and the attendant settled down beside her. He made a gesture, and she obediently took his cock into her mouth again. From the angry murmur of the crowd outside, she knew that the same was happening with the other Waters Meet Tribute women.

As she sucked on the cock, Rebecca glanced at Julia on the next cushion. Julia’s attendant was still standing, and the Utah girl knelt in front of him with her breasts pressed against his thighs as she happily licked the length of his cock as if it was an ice lolly.

Rebecca murmured and widened her thighs as her own escort reached to the juncture of her legs, stroking her pussy lips, parting them, and finding the already engorged nubbin there. She gave a brief start at the frisson of delicious pain as he fingered the small jewelled barbell that pierced her clitoral hood. She was momentarily shocked but found herself easing into his touch, desperate to assuage the animal need that raged inside her.

She could hear the commander haranguing the crowd. She couldn’t understand the language but knew that he was crowing about his victory. The soldiers cheered and shouted, and the citizens remained sullenly silent.

The attendant pressed Rebecca back onto the cushions and rubbed his cock head along the lips of her cunt. When he positioned the cock head at the mouth of her vagina, Rebecca glanced in horror at the watching crowd in the marketplace. *He intends to fuck me in front of the entire citizenry of Waters Meet?* The crowd were staring stony faced as the commander went on with his vainglorious speech.

The egg again shifted again inside Rebecca’s belly and an icy network of fine fiery seeped across her entire body, making her shiver and whimper with need. The attendant smiled and pinched the pulsing knot of her clitoris, making her whimper. She could feel the juices seeping out, hot, sticky and fragrant onto his fingers. Furthermore, the small egg in her anus was burning insistently, seeming to move higher inside her, as if trying to merge with the icy-heat that nuzzled against her womb.

There was a cheer from the soldiers. Rebecca saw that the defiled princess had been dragged from atop the cart and hauled onto the dais. The girl’s body was soiled and smeared with cum and her hair was awry; she hung her head as the commander drew attention to her slave brand and markings.

Then, though, the poor creature squealed when the commander grasped her and held her aloft, stretched horizontally on his outstretched arms. He strode back and forth on the dais with the girl, as if parading a trophy (which, Rebecca realised, was precisely what he was doing).

Whatever the commander was shouting, it brought rapturous glee from the soldiery. They cheered and chanted his name. Da-dah. Da-dah. Da-dah. Still Rebecca couldn't make out the name.

A number of soldiers filed onto the stage, and they cheerfully waved and acknowledged the cheers, jeers and cat calls that greeted their arrival. From the bearing and uniforms of these men, it seemed that they were lesser leaders of some kind. The commander, still holding the princess aloft, welcomed the men, which they received with sweeping bows and mock salutes. A cheer erupted from the watching soldiers.

Then, the file of officers turned and entered the marque, spreading out to sit among the cushions, each beside a Tribute slave.

'Oh my heck,' Julia said as the black attendants withdrew, 'the soldiers are going to...use us.'

"What, here?" Rebecca gasped,

"How divine," Julia breathed, turning to the heavily-moustachioed man who settled beside her.

There was no time for Rebecca to respond, for another soldier had sank onto the cushion vacated by her attendant. Then, without ado, the man's rough hands were upon her. He buried his head between her breasts and the harsh bristles on his face grazed her soft flesh. He was hard muscled and compact; the top of his head was covered with a wide strip of short, black stubble but shaved smooth at the sides. His hands were gnarled and strong. Despite herself, Rebecca's body responded to his rough handling. She could hear the roars of the soldiers in the crowd.

The man knelt between her parted thighs and his faced scraped down her body, over her belly, down to the recently-healed tattoo. His tongue rasped along her pussy lips and drew a long sigh out of her, right from the very seat her womanhood. His tongue pushed into her and lapped at her juices. She moaned and raised her hips. There were more calls from the crowd. The fingers of one large hand spread and held her sex lips wide before pressing the calloused knuckles of his other hand against her entire sexual delta, as if seeking entry for his whole wide fist.

Rebecca felt his knuckles press hard against the pip of her pierced clitoris, and she moaned, willing her legs to stretch even wider apart. He lowered his head and darted his tongue deep into her gaping and sodden cunt. Her body jerked and she let out a squeal of sheer debauched pleasure.

"My God!" she gasped, her legs kicking and her fingers scrabbling in the stubble of his head to press his face to her cunt.

This man was obviously adroit at arousing women to panting, even begging states. Presumably, it was why he was used for such sordid exhibitions. This, Rebecca knew, was a display of military power, designed to cow the citizens of Waters Meet into continuing submission. The message was clear: "this can happen to any of your women."

Even as the hard-bitten soldier skilfully played with Rebecca's body, the rational, modern woman in her realised that this was merely his job. Now though, stretched on her back in front of a crowd of baying soldiers and subdued citizens, she helplessly surrendered and participated in her own debauch. Slave heat reduced her to a slaving beast. She heard Julia moaning beside her too. So much for modern women!

Rebecca groaned as the man's middle finger moved very slowly into her pussy and then out again. Then he laid that finger along the groove of her sex with its pad resting on the tip of her clitoris. The man said something, his breath warm on her pussy as he spoke, but she didn't understand. He reached up to take her wrists and pull them down to place her fingers on her sex lips. Rebecca moved her hips wantonly, up and down, pressing against her own the fingers, groaning at the shots of intense pleasure that spread in hot filaments from her clitoris. She writhed on the silk cushions, oblivious now to the onlookers.

The object in her vagina was simmering and shifting at the very mouth of her womb. Then, quite unexpectedly, it seemed to explode, like a small bomb of pleasure, instantly releasing a swarm of

icy-hot filaments which flowed outwards in an unstoppable tide, wreaking havoc in her cunt and anus, and up over her belly, to her breasts, flushing her chest and neck, and seeming to take over mind. She could hear herself crying out, not in pain, but in the throes of exquisite passion.

“Yes, yes,” Rebecca gasped, beside herself and scrambling to comply as the soldier roughly turned her onto her belly. She raised herself on hands and knees, unashamedly presenting her buttocks and the pulsing purse of her sex. Her breasts were heavy and pendent beneath her.

The man had his erect cock out in his hand now, and he was stroking the bell end in the furrow of her buttocks. She pushed back wantonly. Yet the man took his time, teasing her. He oiled her cunt and bottom simultaneously with her own free-flowing juices, his large hand working round the mound, over her clitoris, up and down beside the engorged petals of her sex, and then brushing over her anus. Rebecca whimpered and moaned, gyrating her arse shamelessly, lowering her breasts to the mat and scraping her pierced nipples against the rough pile. Eventually, after what seemed like an age, the massive cock slid into her cunt and she threw back her head and groaned, “Oh Yes! Yes, yes, yes... That’s it.”

The magnificent cock sank into her fully, churning the seething tendrils of need that swarmed there. When he began to fuck her with slow, rhythmic strokes, she rocked back and forth to meet each thrust. She screeched and writhed when he tweaked her clitoris. His other hand reached under and roughly mashed her breasts. This went on for some minutes, until Rebecca found herself turned onto her back and doubled over with her ankles over his shoulders. She scratched and clawed at the rough serge of the tunic on his back, and he laughed as he hammered his cock into her. Rebecca was begging for more when the man grunted and pumped wads of cum into her pussy. He withdrew and rolled away from her.

Rebecca lay panting on the cushions, scarcely able to move. The man climbed to his feet and moved away. As he went, she heard him laugh to say something to another soldier who now came to stand over her.

‘Next!’ the Mongolian-faced slaver called.

She looked up in horror as the newly-arrived soldier lowered himself to the cushions, at the same time loosening the belt of his breeches.

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It was a long afternoon for Rebecca, Julia and the other slaves in the marquee. One soldier after another came into the tent to use them.

Rebecca lost count of how many men fucked her. She didn’t care. The more she was fucked, the more she wanted it.

It was the same for Julia too. Both of them had been more than a match for the lust of any soldier who had come in their loins. In fact, the same went for all the other women in that tent of shame. They had soon become oblivious to the sullen folk of Waters Meet folk who been forced to look on all afternoon until fainting from the heat of the sun, watching as their previously prim maidens had thrown themselves energetically and loudly into their own calculated debauchery. Perhaps the citizens could not understand that the slaves were betrayed by their bodies and they had no longer had any will to resist.

Whatever it was that the jailers and slavers put in the slaves’ food, it was certainly effective. Also, after a couple of hours or so in the tent, more egg-like objects had been inserted into their sodden vaginas and anuses. The other fiendish suppositories had evidently melted away, and their renewal only served to inflame the slave’s lust all the more.

Now though, Rebecca was exhausted. She lay limp and sweating on the rugs and cushions and gazed out at the crowd. The citizens were being allowed to disperse now. None looked back into the marquee as they left the square. Male labourers (or perhaps they were slaves - it was hard to tell the difference) were already dismantling the dais and removing the scarlet and gold drapes. A number of

empty carts were drawn up directly in front of the marquee. Black attendants began to load fatigued slaves into these carts, carrying some and allowing others to trudge wearily from the tent.

‘I guess this is us going into deep cover,’ Julia said, wiping a damp tress from her forehead as a black attendant approached them.

‘Where will they take us?’ Rebecca asked, climbing to her feet.

‘God only knows,’ Julia said as the attendant scooped her up into his arms. ‘I guess we’ll soon find out.’

THE END



## **A message from Jack Norman**

Thank you for reading this book. I value your interest and would welcome your feedback. I hope you enjoyed it and will take the time to review it.

Spoils of War is the fourth book in my Bermuda Triangle series. Each story is set in the same medieval world on the other side of a rent in the fabric of space and time, but as each is stand-alone they can be read in any order.

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