

The Gorean Club

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Chapter One - The Gorean Club

It's lunch time, and I sit in the back seat of Sir's black Lexus car and glance across the narrow Mayfair pavement at the discreet brass plaque: 'The Gorean Club'.

"Don't be surprised by anything here, bonny lass," Sir says in his soft Scottish burr as he opens the passenger door. "And don't you dare let me down or misbehave."

"Of course not!" I say, a bit hurt.

Still, Sir's warning excites my interest and I carefully tug my skirt down over my thighs and twist towards the open door, swinging my feet out onto the ground with knees pressed together, being careful to exit the car without flashing a sight of my newly-bared pussy. Sir is full of old-world charm as usual, and he slips his arm into mine, as if I'm a fine lady or something, tightly grasps my wrist, and leads me across to the Gorean Club. Sir has been determined that I look my very best for this lunch time trip, so I guess something is in the offing, and I'm expecting it to be special.

Everything looks perfectly normal in the foyer, where a creepy little man stands behind a reception desk that's made of dark-oak with polished brass and stuff. The place smells of furniture polish. I shiver a bit as two huge black security guards eye me with undisguised lust while Sir books in at the desk. You can always tell when they're imagining they're shagging you, and these two goons are definitely well away with it.

"Welcome back, Sir Andrew," the man at the desk says, glancing towards me as if I'm something the cat's dragged in. "And what about the young woman?"

"She's just an observer today, Millward."

"I'll require her passport, sir."

It's commonplace to be asked for your passport in London nowadays, as if we were abroad or something, so I usually have it with me. I hand it to the fussy little man, who doesn't even look at it. "Enjoy your stay, Sir Andrew," he says.

"Excuse me... my passport?"

"The young lady's passport will be returned... when she eventually leaves, sir."

The creep doesn't deign to speak directly to me, it seems. Sir casts me a withering look and turns towards the lift. The guards remain statue-like as we step between them, but I detect a knowing grin from one of them. I think he's probably just fucked me in his mind, and a warm flutter disturbs my belly. The lift is ancient, with concertina doors, and I just hope it doesn't get stuck. It certainly goes up very slowly, and judders when it comes to a halt, and I'm glad to get out so I almost run forward into the cloaks area of the Club. I'm caught up short though, looking round me. I mean to say, this place is like nothing I have ever seen before.

The opulence and sophistication doesn't faze me; I've come to expect that since joining Sir's special team a few weeks ago. He often takes me to his luncheon meetings, and they're always at some impressive place. It's surprising how quickly you become blasé about such things. There is something very different about the Gorean Club though. It is exotic. That's it! A large, black man with a gleaming bald head stands beside a pair of double doors, and he wears baggy blue silk pants tied with a broad yellow sash, a small blue bolero jacket, and his huge bare chest is hairless and gleaming with oil.

"Tal, Gaffa," Sir says to him, walking to the cloak-room counter.

The man bows to Sir, but when I smile, expecting him to greet me too, his coal-black face is cold and stony.

"Don't look him in the eye!" Sir Andrew warns.

The cheek of it! I am irritated, but find myself dropping my gaze just the same. The next clue to the nature of the place is that the cloak-room girl is wearing only a scrap of white silk that leaves one of her tits completely bare and only partially covers her bald pussy. Wow! There is a prominent red tattoo high on her left thigh, some three inches in length, representing a cursive letter 'k'. I can hardly believe my eyes.

"Greetings, Master. It's lovely to see you again." The girl actually curtsies so that her bare boob bobs. And 'Master!' She called him Master. I glance at Sir to see how he reacts; he doesn't seem to even notice.

"How are you settling in, Maddy?"

“Oh, it’s fine really, Master,” she says, taking Sir’s coat and keeping her smile fixed. I can’t help but notice that, as she speaks, the girl glances nervously at the large black guy who stands motionless by the inner doors, as if he’s not listening, but we all know he is really.

“What do they call you now?”

“I am simply known as Five-forty-two.”

“Ah, well, I’m sure you’ll soon earn nice name, Five-forty-two.”

I am astonished. Maddy is a perfectly nice name, and yet this girl is known by a number? Five-forty-two turns to the coat rack. The drape of white silk is so brief that her bum is almost naked and, get this, she’s got a couple of thin fiery red stripes across it, like she’s been hit with, well, a cane or something. There isn’t time for me to look further, because she turns back to the counter and smiles expectantly to me, her hand outstretched, even though I don’t have an outdoor coat or anything to check in. I just stare at her.

“She’s waiting for your shoes.”

“What?”

“You must be barefoot.”

“Really?”

“Absolutely.”

I hesitate for a moment and smile with bemusement. It seems bizarre. Still, it’s no big thing to me. I put my bag on the counter before stooping to remove the high-heeled Jimmy Choo sandals which Sir bought for me only last week (I’ve never paid so much for a pair of shoes in my whole life, but they’re divine). “What about your shoes, Sir? Shall I undo the laces for you?”

“No...just you.”

“Your hosiery too, please, Mistress,” Five-forty-two says, carelessly tossing my lovely new strappies over her shoulder onto a small heap of women’s shoes in the corner. My jaw drops at the harsh treatment she gives to my precious Jimmy Choos.

“Barefoot,” Sir emphasises, poking my ribs, and pointing down at my feet. “You are wearing stockings rather than tights, I hope?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Take them off and give them to the slut.”

He called the girl a slut, and she didn’t even flinch! And why should I take off my stockings? It seems the most damnable thing. Sir is glaring hard at me, though, and although I’m seriously pissed off by his demand, I flip the skirt up on my right thigh to unfasten the suspender-belt straps. Worse, for the first time since leaving the office, I am reminded that I am not wearing any knickers (through no fault of my own, I might add). My mood isn’t lightened when a suited man enters the cloakroom and casually watches as I awkwardly remove my sheer stockings, and one of them gets hooked on my toe and I have to hop awkwardly and yank it free. I can feel myself blushing hotly as I bunch the stockings and give them to the girl, who drops them ostentatiously into a large waste bin. She then smiles prettily, and curtsies to the newcomer as she takes his coat and hangs it on the rack behind her.

“Wasn’t she your secretary, old boy?” the man asks Sir, glancing at her striped arse.

“An Account Manager. This is one of my new girls, as a matter of fact... part of my special private team.”

I blink and look at the girl they called Five-forty-two. This near-naked cloak-room attendant was once an Account Manager? Gosh, how things change for some people!

There is no time to mull on that thought, though, for the man’s eyes are candidly sweeping over me from head to bare feet, almost as if seeing through my smart black Jaques Vert business suit. “Very nice,” he says after a few seconds.

“Aye, she’s got great promise.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, sir,” I say, trying to keep some composure, and for some reason I am inordinately glad that I had my legs waxed and a very classy pedicure that very morning.

“I’m sure the pleasure will be mine,” the man replies, and he chuckles with Sir as they chat amiably together.

It had been a weird kind of day. When I arrived at the office this morning, Sir sprang a surprise by simply packing me off to an expensive beauty salon near Piccadilly. The treatment was prearranged, and

I got the works: full leg and Brazilian waxing, followed by a pedicure and manicure. The snooty therapists gave me a new pair of sheer black stockings to wear but, somewhat disconcertingly, they didn't return my knickers, presumably because of my newly-depilated crotch. And I mean depilated, with not a single hair left on my pussy or bum. After a trip to the hair stylist (gay as a 49 pence piece, but fabulous with hair) I reported back to Sir, just in time for lunch. Lovely! He brought me straight here, to the Gorean Club, in the heart of Mayfair.

"The market is a wee bit depressed because of the glut of Eastern Europeans," Sir is saying.

As the two men chat, I cast a sly, unseen glance at the huge, bare-chested black man. To my shock, I see that a long and thin ivory-handled cane is thrust into his broad yellow waist-sash. The voluminous blue silk pantaloons are gathered at his ankles, and he wears blue slippers embroidered with gold. I look back a Five-forty-two. No wonder she is a bit wary of him, with her striped bum and all. At that moment, an elegant woman walks from the foyer and passes straight through to the club room; she must be a Moslem, judging by her all-concealing burka of sky blue, and yet she clips along on very high-heeled shoes; evidently the bare foot rule does not apply to every woman. I hear strains of sophisticated jazz music when the woman pushes the doors open, fading again as they swing shut again.

"I'm meeting my Chairman for lunch to introduce this young lassie to him," Sir is saying to the man. "You are welcome to join us, Ben."

"Thank you, Sir Andrew. I always take an interest in fresh meat."

The Chairman! I have only occasionally seen the great man as he sweeps past. In fact, usually, the only visible sign that the mighty Chairman is in the HQ building, is the sight of Carl, his devastatingly handsome chauffeur, waiting ostentatiously in the reception foyer. Now I am to be introduced!

Life is moving at super-fast pace for me. Only weeks before, I arrived in the big city as a not-so-naïve 24 year old, newly-graduated jobseeker. Now, I find myself with a golden career opportunity as a special assistant to a high-flying executive, constantly invited to wonderful, exotic places with powerful people. It all comes at a price, of course. I routinely share a bed with my boss, but then lots of girls do that. Sir dictates what I wear too - mainly business suits, usually with ultra-short skirts, and very high heels - and he insists that my long wavy dark hair is always loose and free. I don't mind any of this, particularly as Sir gives me lots of nice clothes, sexy lingerie and other presents. There are some down sides, of course. For a start, Sir Andrew is very demanding and my private social life has taken a hit. In fact, Jack, my long-time lover, and sometimes my Dom, has virtually disappeared from my life. Still, Sir is very attractive in his own quaintly Scottish way, and I've good reasons to fancy him like crazy. Now, only three months on, he is going to introduce me to the Company Chairman. Where will it all end?

The two men turn to push the doors open, and I quickly avert my eyes from the imposing black figure. I am afraid of him, for some unfathomable reason. I pad on bare feet behind Sir, following him into the club room. The style of the cloak room has set my expectations, of course, but I'm still surprised by what I see. Near-naked women, quite a few of them, certainly more than a dozen, sashay back and forth carrying trays of drinks and food. Near-naked, did I say? Many women are totally nude, and four of them are dancing on low round daises, wriggling their bare bottoms and shaking their tits. I have never seen so many naked breasts away from a continental beach. There are three or four young men too, and they too are clad only in silk loin cloths. Spookily, all of them, men and women, like the girl in the cloak room, have the same design of a red cursive letter 'k' tattooed on their left thighs. Wow!

The opposite wall is made up of great big plasma screens, each showing a different saucy scene, with writhing nude dancers on one, crude gang-bang fucking on another, and one of the screens shows a whole platoon of bare-breasted women submissively walking two by two... It seems that Sir has chosen to meet the Chairman for luncheon in a lap dance club! I suppress a sudden urge to giggle. Who'd have thought it?

I am not easily shocked. I've never seen one of these places before, but I've been used to the BDSM scene in Manchester with Jack, and naked people at sexy play are nothing new to me. The room is all red leather and black walls, and polished wood floors... important-looking men sit in discrete alcoves, and a few burka-clad women too, chatting and eating their meals. A circular dais is set in the mouth of each horse-shoe shaped alcove, and these are obviously for the table dancers, for some are occupied by writhing naked women.

A young man, of Indian origin judging by his skin, wearing white baggy pantaloons and a yellow

bolero jacket, walks across the room and bows deeply. "Tal, sir. My name is Karim."

"Tal. Well met, Karim. Are you new?"

"I recently transferred from Mumbai to complete my apprenticeship."

The Indian is little more than a boy, perhaps 18 years old, rather muscular, but quite cute. The dusky skin of his chest nicely contrasts with the yellow of his open bolero jacket, I notice, and his stomach ripples in a tight six-pack. Sir Andrew whispers into the ear of the boy, who turns towards me and smiles as he listens. I nod a greeting, but he turns on his heel and leads Sir and his guest across the room to an alcove, where the Chairman, a *very* distinguished-looking man, is already seated, sipping red wine. To my astonishment, a young man, quite naked except for a brief silk loin cloth, is kneeling at the Chairman's feet with his thighs widely apart. I am about to look away, embarrassed, but suddenly realise that it is Carl, the Chairman's handsome chauffeur! Oh my God! Furthermore, as if that's not enough, Carl's silk loin cloth is hugely tented by an unmistakable erection. He notices my double-take and smiles, fluttering the fingers of his right hand in silent greeting. Also, kneeling beside the chauffeur, is a fully-dressed young woman, with her hands behind her back and her knees are widely-spaced apart in such a way that her tight skirt is forced up on her thighs almost to crotch-level. Mia! She is one of the girls I met at the Recruitment Assessment Centre in Wales, before we both joined the company. I look down at her with a mute question but she just gives me a wan smile.

"Andrew," the Chairman says, "good to see you."

"Hello Bob," Sir says, shaking hands. "You know Ben Horden? I invited him to join us. He heads up the Nolan franchise, among other things..."

"You're a Gold member of the Gorean Club, Horden?"

"I contribute, Sir Robert."

"This is Carl, my kajirus, and my new girl, Five-fifty-four."

Mia looks up shyly. So she's the Chairman's new girl! Five-fifty-four, he called her. Does that mean she's going to work at this place? As is often the case, the men talk over me as though I'm not here. I don't mind. It's my role. I glance again at Mia, who kneels quietly at the Chairman's feet, and I then look round at the other alcoves. Besides a few elegant and self-possessed women (who seem to sit in the alcoves as equals, conspicuously covered from head to toe), there are some other females, girls, no more than three that I can see, who are also fully-dressed and kneeling on the floor, like Mia.

"This is Cheryl, the girl I spoke about," Sir says.

I smile politely and step forward to offer a handshake, resisting and almost overwhelming temptation to curtsy like the girl in 'cloaks'. However, the Chairman seems more interested in staring at my tits, and my hand clutches thin air. I deal with my embarrassment by flapping my palm, as if trying to dry it. All hot and bothered, I look back at the three young women who kneel in the other alcoves; without exception, their wrists are held behind their backs and their knees were wide-spread, just like Mia. I certainly hope Sir doesn't expect me to do that?

As though someone is reading my mind, strong hands grasp both of my wrists and draw them behind me. I let out a yelp and Sir turns sharply at the noise. The stern shake of his head is almost imperceptible, but it's enough to silence me. Carl, the chauffeur, gives a little laugh, and the Chairman kicks his thigh. I look over my shoulder and see Karim, the Indian youth, and he is winding soft rope round my wrists. I should protest, demand to be released, and then get the hell out of here! As it is, I stand quietly as Karim ties my hands behind me. My shorthand pad and pencil definitely won't be used during this lunch time!

"Kneel here," Sir points to the floor directly in front of him.

This is degrading! How dare he? However, after a moment's panic and indecision, I struggle to kneel as elegantly as possible, which isn't easy in a tight pencil skirt with your wrists tied behind you, believe me. Karim adds insult to injury by nudging his foot between my knees and pushing them apart, making my tight skirt ride up on my bare thighs, and there is nothing I can do to adjust it. I squirm to settle on my heels. I look at Mia and raise my eyebrows, as if to ask, 'What the hell is this?' Mia just lowers her eyes and looks away. I take a better look at her, this girl who is Five-fifty-four, as the Chairman is pleased to call her. From my low vantage point, kneeling on the old dog shelf, I can see Mia's crotch under the taut spread of her skirt, and she isn't wearing underwear either. Does she know that her cunt is on display? I kneel in the same way, of course, and wonder if my own pussy is on more or less open

view too? Oh, my God!

“So you are going to collar this young lady?” Sir Andrew is asking the Chairman, gesturing towards Mia.

“I think she's nearly ready.”

Despite the strange ritual of the place, I settle surprisingly quickly. Jack would have loved it here, with so much naked female flesh parading in the room. Indeed, there is so much nudity that my own rather discreet exposure ceases to be such an issue. In fact, the open-legged kneeling position makes me feel exquisitely vulnerable, and the binding of my hands serves to pull back my shoulders and thrust my tits prominently forward, making me even more excited. It's reverse, I know, but that's my nature. Furthermore, the handsome half-naked chauffeur keeps smiling and winking at me, and very candidly eying my open thighs. Familiar warmth smoulders in my belly with that same glow of horny excitement I experienced on my visits to the BDSM clubs. This place is even more exotic-erotic, though, and the players here are a cut above the motley assortment of shapes and sizes found on your common-and-garden D/s scene.

As Sir talks with the Chairman and their boring guest, I watch the activities going on all around us: astonishingly beautiful young women serve with evident passion, their long hair flows and their buttocks sway with unashamed sex appeal as they walk. As I said, some wear silk, artfully tied across their bodies, but a good few others are totally naked. Only now do I realise that they all wear the same jewellery at their necks: plain, unadorned steel collars. Again, this isn't a great shock. Collars are part of the D/s scene, and I frequently wore one myself in the games I played with Jack. I look back at the chauffeur and see that he wears a similar, but stouter steel collar, and his thigh is also tattooed with the red cursive 'k', just like all of the girls. He smiles at me and twitches his erect cock under the tented silk of his loin cloth. He thinks a lot of himself!

A woman wearing a kind of open-sided silk poncho approaches and kneels in front of the table, her knees so widely placed that I can see the tendons stretching on her thighs. Her tone is coyly breathless: “May I serve Masters with food and drink?”

This place certainly has an odd house style but nobody else seems to notice. The three men give the girl orders for steaks, and I wonder what I might order myself, given the absence of any menu to look at. The nearly-naked waitress carefully repeats each order back to the men, but she doesn't even ask me or Mia. It seems that we girls won't be eating this lunch time.

“What drinks would you like, Master?”

“Ka-la-na, kajira,” the Chairman says, and I think he's lapsed into a foreign language, because he does speak a few, some of them fluently. “The Trinchero Cabernet, if there's any left. A couple of bottles, I think.”

“Ka-la-na... the Trinchero Cabernet. An excellent choice, Master.”

The girl rises gracefully to her feet and turns and hurries away to the well-stocked wine racks on the far side of the room, and I watch her go in some awe as her hips sway gently and her long hair caresses her bare back.

“I had the Trinchero Cabernet on my last visit here,” the Chairman said. “I think you'll enjoy it.”

Well, ho-de-ho! So they often come here! I can see why, seeing as how the men are treated like Gods by all these beautiful, subservient women. Even the male menials get the same worshipping treatment, it seems: another bare-chested black man stands beside the wine racks and the waitress actually kneels in front of him. This man also carries a slender cane tucked into his yellow sash, just like Karim and the black brute at the door. Another surge of warmth moves across my belly, and I squirm on my heels. I can't help it: I find all this curiously, wonderfully sexy and juice-making. I am quite certain that my pussy is sopping wet.

The kneeling waitress speaks at some length with the flunkey at the wine rack, and he eventually nods. The girl immediately crawls in front of the racks, her fingers trailing over the tiers as she searches for the correct wine before rising to her feet and carrying two bottles and places them on the counter. She then reaches to a high shelf and selects three wine glasses, nicely lifting the line of her breasts and displaying her bare bum. She lifts the hem of her brief silk and uses it to polish each glass until it gleams like Sir's eyes when he made me dance naked for him the other evening in the hotel room. That was all bit of a blast, but the sights here are totally different. I kneel here, mesmerised, watching as the girl runs the tip

of her forefinger over the rims of the glasses, obviously looking for cracks or imperfections that may displease the men she serves. Holy fuck! A smile plays on her red lips all the time, and it looks real. She even seems to enjoy her work. Only when fully satisfied does she place the glasses on a tray.

“Do you think the standards here are dropping, old boy?” Horden asks.

“Not a bit of it,” Sir Andrew replies. “We are very BTB.”

“BTB?”

“Aye, by-the-book.”

“But which book?” the Chairman asks, and they all chuckle as if it's very funny.

I return my attention to the waitress as she picks up the tray, her long mane of fair hair flaring about her shoulders. However, as she turns, the flunkey tears the scrap of silk from her body, leaving her entirely naked! I can hardly believe it. Yet her pause is only momentary, and she then moves towards the alcove as if nothing has happened, emerald eyes sparkling as she seeks out the men. I glance up at Sir, and he is obviously enjoying the sight of the girl's luscious nude body in fluid motion as she slows her steps and lowers her eyes respectfully before sinking to her knees at his feet. The waitress somehow achieves this smoothly, with perfect balance. She kneels before Sir with her knees spread, unabashedly displaying herself. Far from betraying humiliation, the girl is openly seductive, sensual and submissive to the men she is serving. She kneels before them, her carriage proudly tall, back slightly arched even, offering up her body as she parts her thighs widely for their pleasure, encouraging their gaze upon her glistening intimate female folds. I have never ever seen anything quite so sexy in my entire life, I swear. She lifts her chin proudly, displaying the steel choker around her neck, keeping her emerald eyes lowered. She places the tray between her thighs, takes one of the bottles and uses her teeth to remove the already-loosened cork. Then she spills a small amount of the wine into one of the glasses, lifts it, and swirls it expertly.

“Red ka-la-na, Master, served at room temperature. Trinchero Cabernet Sauvignon 2007.” She presses the glass to her heart and then raises it as if to brush a small kiss on its side. “The last two bottles, I'm afraid...”

With that, the waitress offers the glass to the Chairman with both hands, her head lowered between outstretched arms. He eyes her critically, assessing her form for almost a full minute. I watch with bated breath, and could simply die in embarrassment for her. Yet the girl remains immobile, her arms scarcely wavering, until the Chairman deigns to take the glass, and then she kneels back calmly as he sniffs the bouquet.

“Did I ask you how many bottles you have remaining?”

“No, Master. I beg mercy...”

She seems to go pale as the Chairman swills the wine over his tongue, making a show of tasting the flavours, like some great wine-tasting guru. Eventually, he says, all haughty-like: “It is acceptable. You may pour.”

The girl gratefully takes back the Chairman's glass, quickly pours a full measure of wine, and again proffers it with outstretched arms. “I hope you find it pleasing, Master, and that this girl has honoured and pleased you with her serve.”

“Adequate,” he says snottily, with a dismissive wave of his hand.

The naked waitress then repeats her servile ritual to Sir and to Ben Boring, his guest. Sir is rather kinder to the waitress than the Chairman has been, even complimenting her serve, bringing a warm flush to her cheeks that seems to spread down over her shoulders. When she is eventually dismissed, her rather nice apple-shaped bum has an added swish as she walks back towards the wine racks.

“Don't I get any wine, sir,” I ask.

Mia, kneeling beside the Chairman, gasps audibly, apparently shocked at my temerity. The Chairman seems to growl.

“No, my girl, no alcohol for you from now on!” Sir tells me sternly. Then, turning to the other two men, he says: “She's hardly received any training yet.”

“Neither has Five-fifty-four, but she knows better than that,” the Chairman says gruffly, glancing at Mia. “She'd be taking her shorthand standing up for a week. A five-blade will correct it.”

The men laugh heartily together again. I am nonplussed and angry. They share a whole range of in-jokes that are incomprehensible to me. Mia has paled though, and her bottom wriggles uncomfortably on

her heels.

"May Lana dance for you, Masters?" I look up and see an astonishingly beautiful young woman. This girl too wears just a single scrap of silk, draped high on her thigh to reveal the red kef tattoo.

"Aye, lassy. Remove your camisk."

"Yes, Master." The girl pulls off her silk and drops it to the floor as she steps onto the dais. She has a simply incredible body and begins to dance slowly, sensuously, swaying her hips, suggestively stroking her fingers up and down her writhing torso. Cripes, I call that bang sexy! She licks her lips sensuously as the fingers of her right hand caress her thrusting pink nipples, teasing them to even stronger prominence, while her left hand traces over the brand on her thigh and even flutters over her pussy which is completely shorn except for a patch of trimmed hair the size of a postage stamp at the apex of her slit. I am utterly enthralled by the unashamed sensuality of it all. Could I ever dance like that?

When the food arrives, it is brought by three more scantily-clad young women who approach in a line, as if in a coffle, walking in step, sure and even, each with a platter of food held high. The girls' every movement seems to announce their pure joy at being allowed to serve the men. Their breasts bounce in synchrony as they stride purposefully towards the alcove. When they arrive at the table, they float to their knees, each before one of the men, thighs falling widely apart, backs ramrod straight, breasts lifted to the men, proffering their platters on outstretched arms, much as the previous girl had served the wine. As each girl finishes her serve, she presses a kiss to the floor, rises, crosses her hands above her heart, and whispers something like, "Thank you Master for allowing this girl the pleasure of serving you. She hopes you find the meal pleasing." It's degrading, I call it! These slutty serving girls ignore me and Mia, of course. It is as though we are not present. The men eat their meals with gusto, and the girl on the dais continues to writhe in her fantastically seductive dance. The naked waitress returns to the alcove, and the Chairman points meaningfully to his lap. To my utter amazement, she immediately sinks to her knees and crawls on all fours under the table, giving me a very full view of her bottom and the plump purse of her sex. From my kneeling position, I can see that the girl is freeing the Chairman's cock from his trousers. Wow! Jack took me to some pretty wild places in my time, but this place is really cool.

"Carl!" the Chairman snaps. "Get under, and get to work."

Carl smiles and gives me one last wink as he also crawls under the table. From my position on the floor, I can see the waitress licking the Chairman's cock until it becomes erect, and then she takes it into her mouth. My own mouth is hanging open so widely, it must look as though I'm ready to take a cock too. Then, though, Carl grasps the girl's hair and pulls her head back, and she grins to him, holding the penis and feeding it into his mouth. Carl begins to suck the cock with gusto, enthusiastically assisted by the naked waitress, who licks at the Chairman's balls. I am no mean cock-sucker myself, but have only performed in public a few times, and then when decidedly drunk or stoned. I glance in astonishment to Mia, knowing that she also has an obstructed view, but she looks away angrily. I realise with some surprise that little Miss Five-fifty-four is jealous.

The Chairman continues to nonchalantly eat his meal as the chauffeur sucks his cock. This goes on for some time, and neither Sir nor Bob Boring comment about it, and they carry on talking as if nothing is happening. From my vantage point, I see Carl introduce his hand between the thighs of the naked woman, who wriggles her bottom to accept it, and Carl secretly frigs her off as they both continue to work at the Chairman's cock and balls.

I am busy watching all this when Sir presses a piece of meat to my lips. Despite myself, almost without thinking actually, I lean forward and take the morsel between my teeth. The meat is delicious, and I realise how hungry I am. Sir continues to feed me by hand from his plate, and I find myself avidly waiting for the next titbit, craning my neck forward and opening my mouth in anticipation, like an eager spaniel. At the end of his meal, Sir presents his greasy hand to my lips and I willingly take the fingers deeply into my mouth. As I suck the fingers clean, I note with some perverse satisfaction that the Chairman has hardly fed Mia anything at all.

Presently, the naked dancer is dismissed, and the cock-sucking chauffeur and waitress emerge from beneath the Chairman's table. Carl wipes his mouth on the table cloth and winks cheekily at me. Lunch is concluded. In the cloak room, Sir Andrew retrieves his coat from the girl they call Five-Forty-two, whilst Gaffa, the huge black man, unties my wrists. My lovely Jimmy Choos are retrieved from the pile of shoes behind the counter and, exciting though it might have been, I am glad to turn my back on the

Gorean Club forever. Sir escorts me back to the office, chatting amiably, for the whole world as if we have dined in an ordinary restaurant. Can you believe that? Well, it's true.

"Where have you been?" Sura, the head of Sir's private team demands when I eventually return to my desk. Although I haven't worked here for very long, I already hate this bitch with a vengeance.

"I've been to lunch with Sir, of course. Is that all right with you?"

"There is a particularly urgent and important report that must be finished before close of business," Sura says with a glare, placing a bulging file on my desk. "Make sure it gets done."

Sura is some years older than the rest of Sir's special team, perhaps in her early-forties, but she is undeniably beautiful and always like, well, so immaculately groomed. You know? She takes really special care of every teensy detail of her appearance. She is always haughty and aloof, as if a cut above the rest of us, and enjoys particularly privileged access to Sir Andrew. The other girls seem to be very wary of Sura, and I even heard Katrina address her as 'mistress'. You'll catch me doing that, I don't think! I see no particular reason why I should defer to the bitch, thank you very much.

"I think you'll find that Sir is well happy with my services," I say sweetly, reaching for the folder.

"He's 'well happy'," Sura repeats, half in wonder and half in distaste that such a phrase could emerge from the mouth of a young graduate like me. I smile innocently and wink. I like to subtly emphasise the age gap between us, see.

It is a busy afternoon. I have to analyse some pretty complex data which, as it pans out, doesn't look too good for the company. It's interesting work that stretches my mind, yet I can't rid my head of the strange and erotic events at the Gorean Club that lunch time. Only later do I realise that the fussy little Club receptionist still holds my damned passport. I sigh. There's nothing else for it, I'll have to return there to collect it as soon as possible.

Chapter Two - Special duties

It is 5.30 pm when Sura reappears at my desk.

"The report...is it finished?"

"Not quite. No."

"What? Sir Andrew needs it now!"

"I'll email it to him...soon."

"Print it now, and take it to his office!"

With that Sura turns and stalks away, her arse swaying in the well-cut, mustard-coloured skirt of her business suit. Old slapper! I'd like to tell Sura just where to stuff the report, but there is something about her manner that stops me. The trouble is, though, Sir Andrew hates sloppy work and, knowing my typing skills, there's bound to be a few errors in the document. Still, who cares? I hit the button and within a couple of minutes the report is nestling in the printer tray. I quickly check my make-up, apply more lip, brush my hair, and then scoop up the printed pages and hurry along the corridor to Sir's office.

"He's waiting," Sura says, once more stationed at the desk outside his office, like a Rottweiler bitch with attitude. "Go straight in."

Sura's make-up is immaculate, as usual, and not for the first time I wonder how long it takes her to slap it on each day. I suppose she needs all the help she can get at her age. I march into Sir Andrew's office, but pause when I see that he's got a golf club in his hands, poised to putt a ball into a carpet-cup. That's how busy he is then! He unerringly holes the putt and gives a satisfied grunt.

"Yay!" I punch the air hypocritically, as if I really care, and hold out the report.

"Thank you, Cheryl," Sir says, removing a tight black leather golf glove from his right hand. I mean, he actually gets dressed up to play golf, practising putting in the office! How weird is that? "Tell me, how are you feeling?" he says, taking the pages from me..

"Yeah, I'm good, sir. Fine."

"Are you looking forward to going again?"

I hesitate. He can only mean one thing. Eventually, I say, "Well, they've still got my damned passport. I forgot it."

Sir Andrew places the report on his desk and lays the golf glove on top of it. After a brief silence, he waves the golf club towards me and says: "You know you are an incredibly attractive young woman, Cheryl?"

I give a small, self-conscious giggle. I mean, what am I supposed to say to that?

"I've become very fond of you, y'know. I hope you are fond of me too. We have a meaningful relationship, don't you think?"

Flipping heck! A few hot fucks in some anonymous hotels, a bit of light bondage play, some fun and games... that hardly adds up to a meaningful relationship. Where is this leading? Is he going to propose to me? Now that'd be a turn-up for the books! I decide not to say anything, because I don't know what to say.

After a bit of an awkward silence, he speaks again: "I want you to trust me completely... You know you can do that?"

"Oh, yes, I do trust you, sir."

To my consternation, he hooks the head of the putter under the hem of my skirt and raises it up. I am well-shocked. I should tell him to take his putter and stick it right up his arse, but I just stand and let him, thinking all the time that I'm still not wearing any knickers. "I haven't properly inspected your cunt since it was waxed," he says, hoisting the skirt above my crotch. "Sex on legs," he says, pressing the cold metal head of the putter against my exposed slit. "That's really very nice, y'know."

I wriggle a little, glancing nervously over my shoulder towards the door.

"There's no need to worry, Cheryl. I've seen all there is to see about you. You have many talents and demonstrate great flexibility. In more ways than one, eh? I aim to see that you are suitably rewarded. What salary are you on now?"

I am earning a fantastic starting salary. Well, I think so, anyway. "I'm get £37,000 a year, sir."

"Is that so? That will never do," he says, hoisting my skirt even higher. "Every member of my special

private team earns at least £50,000 per annum. I'm not your typical tight Scotsman, you know. I shall backdate the pay rise. I'm very pleased with you, bonny lass."

"Goodness, £50,000!" I find myself working out my next pay cheque, almost forgetting that my newly-bare pussy is on show. "That's great, thank you."

"Ah, but that's not all, Cheryl. I look after my special young ladies very well. I reward them for going the extra mile. You will go the extra mile?"

"I'll do my best." I haven't a clue what the hell he's talking about.

"I'm glad to hear it," he says, poking the steel head of the golf putter into the soft flesh of my belly to emphasise his words, "because there's an additional 60 per cent annual bonus if you satisfy certain Key Performance Indicators. What is 60 per cent of £50,000?"

"Sixty per cent, er, that's £30,000..." I swallow hard as the cold steel nudges between the naked lips of my pussy. "It's a lot of money, sir. That's what it is."

"Exactly. So, how does 80k a year sound to you?, Cheryl?"

"It's fantastic," I say, but in truth I'm more occupied with the golf putter head that's hooked between my legs and probing my pussy.

"Girls in my special team undertake certain extra duties, of course. I require unquestioning loyalty and obedience... Dare you take the risk and trust me, Cheryl?"

"Yes, sir, I think so." I part my thighs slightly as the broad metal blade of the putter pushes right into the mouth of my cunt. How trusting can I be?

"Good, good... Take off your clothes. I wish you to be naked for me."

"You want me to strip everything off? Right here?" I am a bit taken aback. Of course, I have undressed in front of Sir often enough for our secret steamy sessions in hotel rooms, but never like this.

"My private office is as good a place as any. Do as I say!"

His softly accented voice oozes authority and sends me weak at the knees. I know he is used to being instantly obeyed and, indeed, he expects it. Of course, it is ridiculous to resist now anyway: my skirt is already hiked up over my hips. And the head of his golf putter is pushed into my pussy, for heaven's sake. I fumble with the buttons of my smart white blouse, and pull it loose from the waistband of my skirt. He is watching me with a stare that turns my pussy to liquid as I slip the blouse off and drop it onto a chair. The metal club-head moves inside my pussy, and I have to suppress a shudder. Without any further hesitation, I quickly reach behind to unclip my white, lacy bra, and then cross my hands over my chest and lean forward slightly, like I've seen women do on telly, letting my tits to swing free of the wired cups before slipping the slender straps from my shoulders and dropping the bra on top of my blouse on the chair. I mean to say, I can hardly just spin the bra round my waist and unhook it at the front, like I do when I'm on my own. I hope that this looked sophisticated and sexy, but I'm not really sure.

"Very nice, kajira," Sir says, and I have no idea what he's talking about, but I've got great tits and know that he likes them. "Now the skirt..."

I lick my lips like a stripper, flip open the waistband and unzip the pencil skirt. He takes the golf club away so I can push the skirt down over my thighs, and I wriggle a bit until it falls to my ankles. He nods and makes a small gesture. I step from the skirt and then remove my shoes. Now, I am stark-naked, just as he wants me. He eyes me coolly for a full minute and I stand awkwardly, resisting the urge to cover my pussy with my hands. In for a penny, in for a pound! Brazen as you like, I turn my body a bit with one hand placed lightly on my hip, and flex one knee, pointing my foot, posing like a model or something. Then, though, he takes his Blackberry Smartphone from his pocket and holds it up in front of him, pointing its camera lens towards me. Can you believe that? With me standing starkers?

"Hey, stop that!"

"Just a wee video for my private collection," he says, stepping back and moving round a bit. Still pointing the damned Blackberry, he reaches behind him with his other hand to press the iPod deck on his desk, and music immediately fills the room. "Dance for me, bonny lass."

"Are you for real?"

"You've danced for me before. This time, well, you saw the dancing girls at the Gorean Club..."

My mind is all over the place. Yes, I have danced for him before in a bedroom, teasing, playing the vamp, but nothing as cold and exhibitionist as this. Still, like a fool, I begin to move to the music. I'm not in control here – not in control at all. Suddenly, getting a grip of myself, I stop and glare angrily, twisting

away to try to hide my bits from his fucking camera. That's well out of order! How dare he do this to me? I'd like to throw something heavy at him when he gives a low chuckle.

"So, you can't handle it after all," he says. "I obviously misjudged you. I thought you would be able to take a risk and trust me. No matter. Get dressed."

I turn my head quickly. They made a great job of my hair at the salon earlier today and it seems to cascade like dark silk over my shoulders. He's sending me away? Just like that! He is smiling, the bastard, and still pointing his Blackberry at me. I can't explain it properly, but a fire is smouldering away in my belly. It's there, all of a sudden, sending me all unnecessary. I am really excited, although I can't say why, for the very life of me. He can't send me away. I won't go. This isn't something I want to finish yet, not without exploring it to the very end. Without a word, I reach out to Sir and, cry-baby that I am, the tears just spill down my cheeks. I just hope my mascara is tear-proof, that's all, or I'll soon look like something out of a horror movie. I recall the sensuous, uninhibited dancers at the Gorean Club. I lower my hands and then slowly, unashamedly caress the glistening, silky-smooth folds of my pussy. I can hardly believe that I'm able to do this. I close my eyes and slowly draw my fingers up over my slit in a gentle caress, and it is almost as though it burns. I gasp and whip my hand away. The fire in my belly grows and my arms snake out from my body as I sweep my head down, swishing my hair. I do like the way they did my hair at the salon! My hips begin to roll rhythmically in time with the music, swaying to the driving beat. I draw my fingers up through my hair, lifting the silky tresses from my neck. My body suddenly seems to be alive with an excitement and passion I have never known before. My tits rise and fall with each gasping breath, and the nipples are swollen into hard knots. I groan, partly for effect, I'll admit, but it's also a moan of frustration as I turn, dancing the fire in my belly.

At that point, the door opens and Katrina walks into the office. She carries a steaming coffee percolator jug to the desk, without as much as a second glance at me. I give a small, self-conscious, "Oh, fuck!" and stop dancing immediately. I stoop to snatch up my blouse and drape it in front of my naked body, feeling really silly.

"Carry on, Cheryl," Sir says, keeping the lens on me. "Don't mind Katrina. She's used to this."

"I can't!"

"Katrina. Show Cheryl your brand," Sir says, and the girl immediately stoops to gather the hem of her skirt and raise it high. There is a 'k' tattooed on her left thigh above her stocking top, with the number 529. "Higher," Sir says and Katrina obediently hoists the skirt past her crotch, revealing her hairless pussy, unconcealed by underwear. "Katrina is a Gorean lifestyle kajira, like those girls you saw at the Gorean Club. Like all girls in my special team, she isn't permitted to cover her nether parts. Dance, Cheryl!"

"No!"

Sir Andrew sighs again and lowers the Blackberry handset. He turns to Katrina and says, "Strip off your clothes, kajira."

"Yes, Master."

I watch in amazement as the secretary removes her clothes and stands starkers, just like me. The iPod deck is still pounding out insistent techno-music that's a bit before my time, in truth. Well, Sir is knocking on a bit, in his 40s, after all.

"Both of you, dance!"

Katrina immediately stoops and stretches out her left leg like a ballet dancer. Her fingers linger on the tattoo on her thigh and then stroke right down the lissom leg to grasp her ankle. She probably is a ballet dancer, for all I know, because I couldn't do that, even if I wanted. She puts on a sultry, smouldering look as she lowers her head to the floor. She's damned good. I watch, enthralled, as she caresses and strokes her tiny tits, and now she tosses her head back and forth so that her hair waves like a banner. She slides forward on her knees, thighs widely spread, and slowly arches her back. Her hands caress her belly and then draw circles up down and around her pussy. Suddenly, Katrina leaps to her feet and twists in a circle, as if struck by a whip. She catches the beat of the drums and begins to sway seductively. It's terrific, and I almost forget that I'm naked as I watch her.

Then, inexplicably, I'm caught in the heat of the moment. That's all I can say about it. For some strange reason, I find myself inordinately jealous that Sir is pointing his camera at Katrina rather than at me. I toss the blouse aside and begin to move with the rhythm. This can't be happening... I am not meant

to burn like this... I sink to my knees, rolling on the floor, writhing on my belly on the cold polished wood, rolling to my back, hips rising and falling from the floor, fingers scratching and clawing at the wood. I kneel with my legs widely spread and then lie back until my shoulders touch the floor, lifting my writhing hips from the floor, shamelessly displaying my pussy. I might not be as good a dancer as Katrina, but I can flaunt my bits with the best of them. When I push up onto my knees, belly muscles straining, my shoulders shimmy to the music and I wantonly shake my tits, not caring that it betrays me as a slut panting in heat. Sir Andrew is training the camera on me again now. I love that, and arch my back and lower my head to the floor behind me again, thighs stretched with taut tendons, knowing my pussy is open and pulsing for his lens.

I hear Sir say, "That's lovely, Cheryl. Nobody wants to be a slave at first, but the truth is that every girl can be bought and owned."

'It isn't the money,' I want to scream at him. Alright, it's been a major incentive to make me cross the line. Now though, now I've made the fateful step, something else is driving me on. I can only describe it as that deep dark desire that's always been latent within me. Hours spent in the gym pay off as I use trim, rippling muscles to shimmy my shoulders from the ground with arms widely stretched to the side, fingers writhing to the music, tits thrusting. "Please, sir, fuck me!" I hear myself begging shamelessly.

"Just dance, you slut!" he laughs.

In the meantime, a few feet away, Katrina rolls onto her back, straightens her right leg, arches her dainty foot, and points the toes directly at the ceiling. She then straightens the other leg and presents the limbs in a V shape, simultaneously spreading her pussy lips like a fleshy cup. It's disgusting but, somehow, primitive and beautiful.

"Pleasure me, Katrina," Sir says, and the bitch sinuously rolls onto all fours and crawls towards him like tigress on heat, licking her lips, brown eyes smouldering. Her hands clutch at his leg and, incredible as it might seem, she reaches her head to undo the belt of his trousers with her teeth. Sir smiles and places his Blackberry on the desk and he looks down at Katrina as her teeth find the zip. She then delves her hand into his pants and frees his erect cock, taking it into her lush, red-painted lips. Sir, the bastard, sighs contentedly as her head begins to bob back and forth on his dick.

Again, I find myself green with envy as the girl gives expert fellatio to my Master. It should be me doing that! I crawl to clutch Sir's other leg, pressing my breasts tits him and looking up imploringly. "Would you like me to pleasure you, sir?"

"No," he says. "You may watch a kajira at work. I want to talk to you." I am astonished at the humiliating rejection. However, Sir speaks directly to me as Katrina sucks his cock. "As I told you, Katrina, like you, is a member of my special private team, but she is also a kajira at the Gorean Club."

"A kajira?" My fingers trail along his thigh.

"Yes, a Gorean slave. Tell Cheryl what they call you at the Club, Katrina."

Katrina pulls her head back from his cock and looks up at him, and a small strand of viscous cum is on her lips. She keeps hold of his shaft with her small hand, wanking him slowly, as she says, "I am Five-twenty-nine."

"The Head Slaver hasn't yet granted her a name. Continue pleasuring me, Five-twenty-nine."

"The Head Slaver?" I ask, askance, as Katrina happily goes back to sucking Sir's cock.

"You saw him on your visit to the Club. I noted that he frightened you."

I gasp, remembering the hugely imposing, bare-chested black man with his blue silk pantaloons, broad yellow sash, and long whippy cane. He is a slaver? I am amazed that such people exist, but then, thinking on the ways of the modern world, slavery is still endemic. "Yes, he did scare me."

"Call me 'Master'..."

"What?"

"Address me as 'Master' when we are at leisure. Do I make myself clear?" He reaches behind him with one hand to get a piece of paper from his desk, as he strokes Katrina's hair with the other.

"It's a bit strange, isn't it?"

He smiles and closes his eyes a little as Katrina continues to pleasure him, sucking expertly on his cock. He hands the sheet of paper to me, saying, "It's simply our way. These are your slave paces."

"My slave paces?"

I glance at the paper, with its double-spaced printing:

What are you girl?

You will answer, "This girl is a slave, Master! La Kajira!"

What does being a slave mean on Gor, beast?

You will answer, "It mean a girl is property and owned, Master!"

There are many more questions and answers... It's ridiculous. I stop reading. "Slave paces!"

"Every kajira must learn them. You will be tested frequently to make sure you know them. Try it now."

For Christ's sake, I'm kneeling at his feet, clutching his leg, as Katrina avidly sucks his cock, her kitten-like tongue flicking round the rim of the glans. "You want me to do this now?"

"What are you girl?"

I sigh and glance at the sheet and respond woodenly: "This girl is a slave, Master! La Kajira!"

"What does being a Gorean slave mean?"

"It means a girl is property and owned, Master."

"What are your duties, beast?"

Beast! The cheeky bastard! I blink at the word, but recover and read the answer: "A girl's duties are exquisite beauty and absolute obedience, Master!"

He is silent for a minute or so, lifting his chin and closing his eyes to savour the sensation as Katrina sinks her head down onto his cock. Eventually, though, without opening his eyes, he asks: "How do you fulfil your duties, slut?"

'Slut' now! I do not respond. However, he reaches down and yanks at my hair. "Answer!"

"Ouch! A girl is to serve, please and be pleasing to all Free Persons, Master!"

"When may a slave speak a Free Person's name, slut?"

"A slave may never speak the name of a Free Person, unless the Free Person has granted the slave permission, Master!"

"When may a slave say 'NO' to or question a command given by a Free Person, beast?"

"Never, Master!"

"A slave is always permitted the last words in a discussion. What are they?"

"Yes, Master!"

He strokes Katrina's brown-blond hair as she sucks his cock. "Katrina loves being a slave. Although she continues to work here as a secretary, she is always on duty as a kajira, ready to serve her Master. She is also required to serve at the Gorean Club, of course, and any other venue I may choose."

The girl, gagged by the shaft of tumescent flesh gives a little whimper and widens her eyes, and it's impossible to tell whether she's indicating whether she loves or hates her condition. However, she is certainly applying herself to the cocksucking like a good'un, so I suppose she's happy enough.

"It's the natural order of things. Some are born to be free, and others are born to be slaves. That's just the way it is. Don't believe all that feminist nonsense about how we are all born equal. Which are you, Cheryl, slave or free?"

"I'm free, of course," I say indignantly, but realise the incongruity of my words, even as I speak. He notices too and laughs. I'm about to argue the point, but he urgently thrusts his cock down Katrina's throat, and in a matter of seconds his guttural groan announces that he's cumming. Rather than listening to me, Sir Andrew is now intent on making sure that Katrina doesn't spill a single drop of the cum he pumps into her mouth. Why do men always want women to do that? I've never met one that doesn't want you to swallow it. Here though, Sir doesn't ask - he demands. I can imagine that viscous, slightly salty cum my mouth. I can smell it, for God's sake. I am almost beside myself with frustration. But all I can do is clutch my body to his leg as I kneel at his feet.

Presently, Sir withdraws his cock from Katrina's mouth and wipes it on her long straight hair. He says to me: "Get dressed and go home. And report to my office first thing tomorrow to sign your new contract. And make sure you learn those Slave Paces by heart."

"Yes, Master," I answer tartly, with a very heavy, ironic emphasis on the word 'Master'. I'll give him 'Master' before this is done! I rise to my feet and walk to collect my clothing with an angry flick of my bare arse.

Chapter Three - Punished and Rewarded

The next morning, I arrive at the office on the stroke of 9 a.m. There are things I urgently need to 'have out' with Sir before I commit myself to his new contract. The events of the previous day gave me a sleepless night. I tossed and turned in my bed, and the more I think about things, then the more bizarre it all appears to be. Carl, the Chairman's chauffeur, is waiting beside the reception desk when I walk into the huge grey-marbled foyer. "Well, good morning," he says smoothly, smiling like a lounge-lizard as he steps smartly across my path. "I am Carl."

"Yeah, I know who you are." I give him what I hope is a cool, disdainful smile. It's not difficult. The last time I saw him, he was all but naked and sucking the Chairman's cock. Now, though, he wears a beautifully-tailored dove-grey uniform, and his white roll-neck sweater hides his steel collar.

"I know who you are too," he says, and the cheeky sod lays his hand flat on my left tit. Just like that! "I hope we will get really well acquainted though," he smarms.

"Don't count on it," I say icily, removing his paw as I step aside and head for the lift.

When I get up to the next-to-top floor, Sura is sitting at the desk in the annexe of Sir's executive suite. She says, "Go right in. Our 'Lord and Master' is waiting for you."

'Our Lord and Master...' It's a strange line in irony. I smile uncertain-like, but the haughty bitch is already reading the magazine on the desk in front of her, pointedly demonstrating studious indifference. I've obviously made a bit of an enemy of the old slapper, but can only try to shrug it off as I walk into Sir Andrew's office. He is sitting at his desk, poring over some papers. I wince, seeing him looking at the report I did yesterday.

"Ah, it's you," he says grumpily.

"Good morning, sir." I sit in the chair facing his desk.

"Stand up."

I should really challenge rudeness like that. Instead, though, I meekly get back to my feet.

"This report is disgraceful. It's absolutely littered with errors."

"I didn't have time to proof-read it, and—"

"Enough!" He reaches into his desk drawer and produces a sheaf of stapled pages. "The legal people have drawn up your new contract. It's the standard agreement for my special private team. I think you'll find it acceptable: £50,000 per annum, plus a performance-related bonus of up to 70 per cent."

"You said sixty..."

"Did I? No, it's 70 per cent," he says, checking the papers. "Thirty-five thousand... It's more than you deserve, judging by this report."

"Goodness."

"The legal beagles have drawn up the contract for your own protection, to guarantee your earnings."

I am still doing the sums in my head. "Just to be clear, that's £85,000 per year?"

"Yes, but you do realise that it entails...special duties?"

"Yes," I say, although I can't imagine what the difference will be. After all, I've been performing 'special duties' for him over the past few weeks, mainly in hotel rooms up and down the country. "Power exchange...Like BDSM, right?"

"Ah, yes, you know of BDSM, of course."

"I know a bit about it." I say. It's pointless denying it, because I've already told him I've 'dabbled' with my boyfriend.

"Aye, well, that understanding will serve well enough as the basis of our relationship for the time being. So, can you obey me in all things?"

Strangely, all thoughts of rebellion have vanished from my head. Now, faced with his lovely piercing grey-green eyes, my resolve is melting away like snow in spring. "Yes, of course," I say.

"Very well, raise your skirt. Let me see how well you obey instructions."

Here we go again! I hesitate for a moment, and then stoop to gather up the hem, raising it above my stocking tops. This is bloody humiliating. He gives a slight gesture of his hand, making me hoist the skirt higher until I reveal the lace-trimmed white silk of my pretty and sexy, square cut, boxer style French knickers (£90 from La Senza). Well, I think they're pretty and sexy, anyway. Sir doesn't agree

though.

“You're wearing panties, and quite substantial ones at that,” he says, as if it's a crime.

My anger flares. This 'no-knickers' rule is one of the things I intend to have out with him, clear the air, and lay down some ground rules of my own. “I'd hardly call them 'substantial'. They cost 90 quid.”

“Only yesterday, I specifically told you: No panties!”

I sigh but hook my thumbs into the waistband and pull the expensive silk knickers down over my thighs and allow them to pool around my ankles. Sir holds out his hand like a demanding schoolteacher confronting a naughty child, and I stoop to pick up the silk garment and place it onto his palm. He nods, bunches and briefly sniffs at my pristine knickers, and pushes them into the breast pocket of his jacket, like a lacy handkerchief.

“Very well, you may read the contract later. I shall expect it to be signed or rejected by the end of the week.”

Despite everything I'd been thinking all last night, I feel an excitement that I don't want to go away. However, I smooth down my skirt and make no attempt to take the contract from the desk. There are things to discuss first. I need some clauses of my own in that damned document. Sir is moving on, though, all business-like.

“Now, my girl, we have to address the shortcomings of this...this shoddy work,” he says, reaching for the report. I see that the pages are littered with red correction ink. “This is truly awful, Cheryl.”

“I was distracted and-”

“Silence!”

“I can only say I'm sorry,” I say, embarrassed. Normally I'm very meticulous.

“Take off your skirt,” he says, reaching into a drawer of his desk.

Well, take my skirt off completely now, is it? Not just raise it up to show my pussy, which is bad enough. I am shocked and about to tell him to go fuck himself, but for some strange reason - and it's not because of the contract on the desk - I just find myself doing as he says again, pulling down the zip and unbuttoning the waistband of my skirt. My heart misses at least a couple of beats when he walks round the desk carrying a thick black leather strap, about fifteen inches long and a couple of inches wide. Wow! A flogger! I feel a trickle of hot lava inside my belly. I open my mouth but no words emerge, because I don't know what I want to say, so I push the skirt to my ankles and step from it, stoop to pick it up, fold it neatly with trembling hands, and place it on his desktop, just like that. I am wearing satin-shimmer hold-up stockings with a pretty lacy bands at the top (only £8 from M & S, of all places). My cream blouse is short, and it doesn't cover either my arse or my denuded pussy. Oh my God! Does he really mean to spank me with that strap? Oh, I do hope so.

“Bend over the desk, girl.”

Yes! I think I might orgasm there and then. I inhale deeply, sucking in air with a hiss, and I obey like an automaton. He lays a cool hand on my bare bottom and I flinch. The contract is directly under my nose and I can see the print on the front page: 'Contract of Employment between Axcentive plc and Cheryl Hardisty.' So I pull my discarded skirt over it. Then his hand grips my left bum cheek, squeezing and kneading the flesh. I shudder and close my eyes, lowering my forehead onto the skirt. His hand slides over my sex, and he squeezes again, moulding the lips into his palm. A single finger, probably his third, slips into my pussy, and I realise that I am shamefully sodden. He wriggles the finger inside me, and my cunt clenches around it, without any conscious intent from me. I keep my bottom very still, raised high, my legs close together and so ramrod straight that the muscles cramp. But when he inserts a second finger into my cunt, it makes me moan and I widen my thighs slightly and rotate my hips, slut that I am.

“You should know that you will always be punished for shoddy work,” Sir says.

“Oh yes, sir,” I breathe, wriggling on his fingers.

Then, though, adding to the fingers in my cunt, I feel his thumb press on the rose of my arse, and think I might die. His thumb pushes right into my arsehole, and I'm embarrassed by my mewled yelp. His fingers are still plunged deep into my hot wet pussy, though, and the thumb wriggles in my arse, making me squirm. Sir holds my inner flesh in his grip! I am deeply aroused and writhe my hips against him. I bet Katrina has had the same treatment. I am just wondering how many of his other secretaries have taken his thumb up their arse too, when he suddenly withdraws it, dragging against the tender flesh and

making me utter a small 'oh' sound of protest.

THWACK!

A waves of red-hot pain sweep out across my arse and I screech as the thick leather paddle unexpectedly thuds down. His hand is on my back now, pressing down, preventing my instinctive reaction to straighten, and he maintains the downward pressure until I relax. I wonder if he knows how damned thrilling this is for me?

THWACK!

The paddle delivers both a thud and a fierce sting and the thick leather is flexible enough to curl around the contour of my arse. It's simply lovely. This time, I make no effort to rise. Sir exudes power and dominance as he says, "This will teach you to concentrate in future..."

THWACK!

"Yes, Master," I squeal, kicking up the heel of my right foot in an involuntary response to the pain that grows more intense with each succeeding blow. This spanking is one I won't forget in a hurry. There is no pretence at sex play; it's purely a punishment thing. Jack often played at erotic spanking, but this is my first experience of real corporal punishment, and I feel utterly, exquisitely humiliated.

THWACK!

The leather paddle renders a loud and terrifying sound as it slaps hard against my bottom. The tenderised flesh seems to be on fire. I tense for another blow, clenching my buttocks, but the office door suddenly opens. I gasp and look over my shoulder, remaining bent over the desk with my reddened arse exposed. Sura is standing at the door, cool and collected. That bitch! She'll get hers one day!

"There is a call from New York."

"Tell them I'll ring back. I'm busy."

"Yes, sir," Sura says, giving me a small knowing and superior smile as she closes the door.

Sura showed no surprise whatsoever by what she saw. This must be commonplace. 'My God!' I think, but then gasp as the paddle strikes again. The thudding pain hits home slightly before the sound of the blow.

THWACK!

Sir's cool hand is laid on the fiery flesh of my bottom, and it feels surprisingly soothing. He squeezes my cunt lips again, holding them in his hand, massaging up and down as if milking a cow. I squirm but don't complain, of course. In fact, I'm disappointed when he withdraws his hand.

THWACK!!!

I screech again. This blow seems to be harder than the rest and it lands across my upper thighs, at the crease, where the flesh is softer, and I dance on my toes, as if scrambling to run away.

"That's enough this time," Sir says, laying the studded leather beside my head on the desk and tracing his fingers over my stinging flesh. "Only a mild spanking, seeing as it's your first. Still, it's left a satisfyingly red area on your bottom. Remain as you are."

I continue to rest my chest on the desk, and realise that my tears have dropped onto the skirt beneath my face as I weep softly, dwelling on the lovely dull pain that suffuses my arse. He is moving behind me, doing something, but I don't move. Then though, I feel his cock nudge between the divide of my buttocks, and his hand is pressing down on my back again, preventing me from rising. He plans to fuck me. Thank God for that! I need it badly. The cock glans pushes against the well of my anus. My God, he plans to fuck me up the arse! The head of his cock is cool and slick and I realise that he must have donned a condom and lubricated it.

"No, not there..." I gasp, trying to wriggle away.

His cock pushes insistently against the tight entrance, and I vainly buck my hips and try to throw him off. I'm not exactly an anal virgin, but it's never been my favourite thing. Still, the muscle ring of my private hole is already loosened by his thumb, and it relents easily. I can only screech when he drives his cock right up my arse. Resistance is useless, so I try to relax to ease the pain. Sir grasps my hips and pulls me onto his cock as he fucks me with steady strokes. Like the spanking, this fucking is not intended to give me pleasure; it is for my punishment and instruction. He is hard and functional, and quickly reaches a climax. Without further ado, he pulls out and leaves me gasping.

"You may get up now," Sir says, slightly breathless, removing the soiled condom and placing it beside the contract on his desk, next to my skirt where my head is lying.

I painfully straighten and gingerly touch the sore flesh of my buttocks. My anus, unaccustomed to such plundering assault, is throbbing and sore. Thankfully, he used lubricant, but it still hurts.

"I hope you will remember this lesson," he says sternly, adjusting his trousers.

"Yes, Master," I say ruefully. Master! There, I've said it now, and it seems utterly natural.

"You may read the contract it as you stand in the corner for the rest of the morning."

I look at him, gobsmacked. Stand in the fucking corner? He reaches for the contract and hands it to me, then takes me by the shoulders and steers me across the office, positioning me in the corner, facing the wall. He's actually giving me corner time! He returns to sit behind his desk. I snuffle disconsolately and twist slightly to glance down at the swell of my bottom, and glimpse the blaze of scarlet on my otherwise pink flesh. I can't believe that Sir intends to make me stand in a corner, with my punished bare arse exposed, like a naughty spanked child. The bastard! Yet there is this curious feeling in my belly, as if a hundred moths are fluttering round in it. I am like a moth myself, drawn to a bright and dangerous flame, helpless to resist. With a resigned sigh, I raise the contract and begin to read it:

'The parties hereby agree as follows:

1. *ENGAGEMENT. The Company will employ the Employee as a Special Secretary of the Company and the Employee will serve the Company in such capacity subject to and in accordance with the terms of this Agreement ("Employment").*

2.1 *For purposes of this Agreement, the Employee will take instructions from (a) the Chief Executive, Sir Andrew Lowndes (the Master) or (b) or any other responsible person that the Master nominates (collectively, Temporary Masters).*

2.2 *The Employee will perform such duties as may be assigned to the Employee by or on behalf of the Master. The Employee explicitly agrees to obey all instructions. In cases of non-compliance, providing the Master is not otherwise in violation of terms of this contract, the Employee will be subject to punishment as determined by the Master or his nominated agents.*

I blink through tear-blurred eyes and glance over my shoulder at Sir, who is working at his desk, as if I'm not there, as if nothing has happened. This bloody man! He is so infuriating! My skirt is on the floor near his desk now, chucked aside, just like me. Harsh reality suddenly kicks in. I look back at the contract. 'What on earth do you think you're doing, Cherry, my girl?' I say to myself. Why am I even considering his stupid contract?

Of course, in my heart, I know the answers to these questions. The deeply submissive creature inside me is incredibly turned-on by the outrageous dominance of this softly-spoken but powerful and wonderful Scot. I have glimpsed and tasted an exciting lifestyle previously unknown to me. So many things have combined to turn my head towards the stars: my status as the boss's new pet, playing the sexy games of the wealthy and privileged, stolen steamy nights in flash hotels, power and bondage scenes that make me dissolve from the inside out, illicit visits to racy places like the Gorean Club... Also - dare I admit it? – I think I might be in love with this bastard.

But are these good reasons to accept some bizarre lifestyle commitment, contract and all? I must be adult about this. I am a modern, liberated young woman with a university degree in Business Studies, for God's sake. How does that square with me standing abjectly in a corner, naked from the waist down, harshly-beaten and recently sodomised? To hell with the super salary! Suddenly, my mind made up, I turn and march over to Sir's desk.

"No!" I say decisively, placing the contract directly on top of that God-awful report he is still working on. "I am not going to do it. Enough is enough! Stick your special contract up your arse. I'm not going to play any more."

"As you wish, of course," he says calmly, pulling my knickers from his breast pocket and offering them to me. "You may dress and leave quietly."

I angrily snatch the knickers from his hand. The damned man! He is always so cool and in control. Nothing ever seems to faze him. Even now, he insists on giving me orders. "Substantial or not, I like my knickers," I say, stepping carefully into the flimsy silk without removing my heels. "And they cost me 90 quid."

Sir Andrew smiles slightly, and then says. "Take the rest of the month off with pay. Regard it as your Notice period."

"What, you are firing me?"

“You're resigning.”

“I simply refused to sign your new contract. I think you'll find I'm still officially employed.”

“I think you will find that you are not.”

I hesitate. It makes perfect sense, of course. If I leave his so-called 'special private team', then he can't possibly keep me on the company pay roll. I know way too much about what goes on here. “May I take the contract with me?”

“As evidence, I suppose? No, I don't think so,” he says with an amused smile, placing the pages in the drawer of his desk. “Nice try, Cheryl, but I'm a wee bit cannier than that. If you change your mind in the next few days, the contract will be waiting here for you. The offer will remain open until the end of the week. I expect to see you back here, never fear.”

“Don't hold your breath!”

“Put your skirt on before you leave.”

Chapter Four - Resisting the Call

"It's absolutely the right thing to do, of course," Jack says over the phone. "No job is worth the hassle, slave babes. I thought it might be right up your street though."

I sip chilled white wine. Slave babes! It's always been Jack's pet name for me, and I've missed hearing it. We once had something good going, during my university years. He is slightly older than me, and was already into D/s when we met, so our relationship included some pretty whacky stuff on the fringe of the BDSM scene: a trio of clubs, with weird munches in cold meeting rooms above pubs, that kind of thing, and even a bit of swinging. He kind of got me started, and I've always been grateful to him for that.

"The salary was terrific. Better than I can ever get anywhere else."

"Money isn't everything."

"No, it isn't."

I haven't actually told Jack the full details of why I've left the job. I merely said I walked out because Sir Andrew was making impossible demands on my time. Jack already knows that, of course. Our relationship ended because I was never available, not even to speak on the phone. This is the first time we've spoken in weeks. Jack has a special place in my cheating heart, though.

"That woman PA of his... Sura? What does she think about all this?"

"Sura? How do you know Sura?"

There is an uncomfortable pause. Then he says: "Yeah, well, it's been bothering me a bit, in truth. Sura got in touch with me as I was leaving the house for work one day, while you were at the Assessment session in Wales. It caught me unawares. A flash chauffeur-driven car pulls up and invites me to get in. It was Sura, and she wants to know all about you. She says her boss is very interested in you for a highly-sensitive and confidential job, and that she needs to check you out... security, confidentiality, that kind of thing. Then, another time, damn me if Sura didn't approach me in the Club Lash."

"Christ! You never said."

"You were away at the Assessment thing and I couldn't contact you. Then I didn't see you for a couple of weeks after that. When I did eventually see you, you were boring me to death about your time flying in sub space. So I let it go. Give me a break here, slave babes."

"The Lash? I don't understand..." The Club Lash is a pretty seedy and grotty BDSM venue in Manchester which Jack and I used to use, but only occasionally. I can't imagine for the life of me how Sura would think to look for Jack there. "How would she even know about that place? She lives in London, for Christ's sake."

"I met her on a couple of other times, too, actually."

Oh, I get it! Jack was never too picky about which women he screws, and even though she's an old bird, Sura is still very good looking. She obviously laid her own body on the line for the cause, and I doubt if Jack needed much persuading either. "You fucked her then!"

"They were doing some research on you, see, slave babes?" Jack is clever, and never admits anything directly. "Sura asked about you being submissive and all. You know, the usual stuff... So I just gave her your BDSM check-list that you used for the scene. I thought I was doing you a favour, didn't I. She said there was possibility of a great opportunity for you, but that it might involve some...special duties."

"Special duties!"

"Yeah, sex, and BDSM stuff... the kind of thing you like doing anyway. Hey, don't come the shrinking violet with me, Cherry. Come on, it's me you're talking to."

Well, I've never claimed to be a shrinking violet, have I? I've always been game for new things, and Jack was the first lover who enabled me to give expression to my secret submissive side that I always knew was there. I'm deeply submissive, if the truth be known. There have been a couple of other Doms too, a few scenes here and there, so I'm hardly shy or innocent. That BDSM checklist is a pretty standard thing on the circuit, listing what you will or will not do, and I have to say that mine doesn't list too many limits: just no scat, no kids, no snuff, that kind of stuff. I'm pretty much open-season for everything else, and now find that Jack gave the damned list to Sura.

"Shit! I can hardly believe you were so dumb, Jack."

"I thought it was your big chance." I can almost hear the apologetic shrug in his voice. "It didn't seem to be a problem."

"You told a woman you'd only just met all about my personal kinks? And you even gave her my checklist."

"C'mon, Cheryl, you knew it was going to be like that from your kinky stuff with that Andrew Lowndes character at the Recruitment Assessment Centre in Wales. It didn't bother you too much then. In fact, you couldn't stop going on about your adventure in sub space. You are obsessed by it. I'm not sure it's too healthy, either."

I am about to reply, but gulp at my wine instead. He can still read my mind. Even as we've been speaking, I've been thinking about my time at the Recruitment Assessment Centre! Of course, I told Jack about being fucked by Sir Andrew in my time there, because we were very open about things like that (only, it now seems that I was more open than Jack, judging by his secrecy over Sura). Anyway, I thought at the time that it was just an opportunist senior executive, getting his rocks off with a young, ambitious candidate and, being truthful with you, I encouraged it with some fairly flirtatious behaviour. I enjoyed it too, so I've got no complaints. In fact, I more than enjoyed it. I mean, Sir literally blew my mind. Now though, it's suddenly clear that there's been no coincidence in any of this: I was scouted and groomed, investigated, tested, fucked and ensnared. Sura acted as a procuress for Sir Andrew. I was a sitting duck, and didn't even know it. Damn and shit!

"What now?" Jack asks, breaking the awkward silence. "Do you intend to come back home?"

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"The thing is, slave babes, I've moved on..."

"What, already?"

"Well, you'd gone... There was nothing else for me to do."

I sip more wine and it's sour in my mouth as I make a wry face into the mirror and press the phone to my ear. "Well, good for you, Jack. Is she in the scene?"

"No, not exactly." There is an uncomfortable silence at the other end. Then he says, "Well, not at all, actually."

"You can introduce her to some new things then... interesting times ahead."

"Look, Cherry... I'll be straight up with you. I'm going out with Becky Boo now."

"Becky Boo? Fuck!" It's a major surprise. Rebecca, my younger sister, is a pretty and curvy teenager, but with her inexperience she's no match for Jack and his bondage games. I can't imagine Becky Boo wearing sexy black lingerie with her hands tied behind her back. Well, I *can* imagine it, actually. Worse though, it involves close family and there is no way I can return home just now. A possible escape route has just been decisively shut off. "You really are a bastard, Jack. You could have warned me."

"Hey," he says, "hold on there... You were the one who threw yourself into your affair with a mogul and left me high and dry, with all your blather about sub space and stuff."

I don't say anything. I ring off and refill my glass, and then settle down in my single girl flat to look back on the events that led me to this low point.

It was just an ordinary graduate recruitment advertisement in a national newspaper. I did my research like a responsible adult, and checked out the company: it's got a really sound, international reputation, everyone agreed. Anyway, along with friends from university, I went to a graduate recruitment fair in London, where the company had a stall with an impressive, branded backdrop, staffed by a small army of eager recruitment types. They showed an interest in us, smiling a lot and talking of great opportunities for bright graduates. We gave them our CVs, of course, and filled in application forms, thinking it was the last we'd hear from them, but they invited us all to an interview a couple of weeks later. My friends weren't successful, but I was invited to an 'outward bound' kind of Recruitment Assessment Centre in Wales. The company sent me some promotional materials, a programme of activities, a list of things to bring - smart casual clothes, sports gear and swim wear - and a train ticket. As it transpired, nine candidates, including me, turned up at Abergavenny railway station: five men and four women. A minibus took us on a 50 minute journey to the venue, which turned out to be a large, renovated mansion

house on a hillside in the Brecon Beacons. It was quite nice, actually, if a bit remote, with lots of sheep. A couple of other people, a man and a woman, were waiting in the lounge with two staff members when we arrived. So that was it, nine of us, all vying to get two or, at the most, three prized jobs.

“Hi, everyone. Welcome. I am Greg, your Course Facilitator,” one of the men said. “This is Sir Andrew Lowndes, our CEO, his Personal Aide, Sura. Sir Andrew is here because he's seeking to recruit someone for his special private team. Now there's an opportunity!”

The others gave out a few ‘oohs and ahs’, of course, laughed nervously, and were so obviously desperately keen to impress. Me, I just looked at Sir Andrew, and our eyes met. When he smiled and inclined his head towards me, I felt a weird flutter in my belly. Honestly...just like that, it was at first sight! I decided there and then to fuck him if I got the chance. Sir Andrew reminded me then of George Clooney, and he still does. He's in his forties but in terrific shape and very good-looking. I smiled slightly, licked my lips, and looked away in my fake-shy, eye-fluttering way that I've always found effective with the men I target (I learned it in my earliest-teens, practising in front of a mirror after watching news footage of Princess Diana – she was a dab hand at it, and it's always stood me in good stead too).

We all sat on easy chairs and sofas, each with a glass of insipid, vaguely-fruity liquid, for the usual tortuous round of introductions. So that was when I first met Sir Andrew and Sura. I met Mia there too (the girl I later saw kneeling at the Chairman's feet at the Gorean Club). Sir said nothing on that first evening. He never does, unless he's got something to say, if you know what I mean. Sura just gave a short welcoming speech, emphasising that we would be sent home before the end of the course if we didn't make the grade. No messing! She also made us hand over our mobile phones 'for safe-keeping'. Not very welcoming, then, but that's Sura for you.

The programme was designed to be testing, of course, as you might expect, but I hadn't bargained for the outdoor activities: orienteering, rock climbing, and other energetic team-building joys. Oh, heaven, I don't think! Still, Sura pointed out that the girls wouldn't be expected to compete on equal terms. Her words were bang at odds with the diversity crap drummed into me by my feminist lecturers at uni. Sura said: “Far from hopelessly trying to minimise the differences between men and women, we celebrate and develop them.” Wow! ‘I'll have some of that, thank you very much,’ I thought, ‘especially if it gets me out of abseiling down a bloody great crag.’ That kind of thing seems a bit dangerous, if you ask me to me. Mind you, each of the candidates had to have a pre-contract health check before being allowed to take part in any physical stuff, so there was no danger of getting hurt, or anything like that. Actually though, looking back now, the abseiling would probably have been preferable to the medical check itself.

I had my medical the very next day. It was in one of the more impressive rooms in the old mansion, furnished with antiques, its walls hung with oil paintings of grim-faced, long dead old worthies. The room was very light and airy, though, because two large windows stretched from floor to ceiling, completely devoid of curtains (which were presumably deemed unnecessary as the windows faced a precipitously steep, bare hillside with only sheep on it). Mia preceded me into the room, and she was flushed and flustered when she emerged, still pulling on her jacket as she hurried away.

“Cheryl Hardisty?” The doctor was sitting in a leather easy chair. He was a balding, middle-aged, swarthy Middle-Eastern type, and wore an expensive business suit.

“Yes.”

“I am Mr Mubarak. Strip completely.”

“What, you want me totally naked?”

He didn't answer but instead fixed me with a steady stare of doleful brown eyes until I removed all of my clothes and stood nude, all embarrassed, with my left arm over my tits and my right hand shielding my pussy. Mubarak made a slight, irritated gesture, and I lowered my arms, standing awkwardly, looking up at the stark hillside through the huge window. I then looked up at the oil paintings, while Mubarak made some notes with a green fountain pen, and I imagined the old codgers staring down from the pictures and wanking themselves off as they ogled my nude body.

“Stop hunching your shoulders. Spread your feet apart. Raise your hands and lace your fingers behind your neck. Pull your elbows back. Keep your back straight and suck in your belly.”

Mubarak's bedside manner was really crap, believe you me, and this was like no medical examination I've ever had in my life before. I did as he demanded though, feeling really silly when he started by asking

a load of questions and making lots of notes, which seemed to take forever. I got the feeling that he was a bit of a perv. I mean, why couldn't he have asked his questions before I got undressed? Most girls have come across a doctor like him, I reckon, but you don't like complaining, do you.

"What's your date of birth? Almost twenty-four... Are you generally in good health? Have you ever had any serious illnesses? How many sexual partners have you had?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"How many sexual partners have you had?"

"I don't know... maybe eight or nine."

"You don't know?"

"Say ten, give or take a couple."

Mubarak shook his head, as if saddened, and he made lots of notes on his pad as I stood burning with embarrassment. What was he writing about me, do you think?

"Any STDs?"

"No!"

"Anal sex?"

"What?"

"Posture!" Mubarak snapped. "Have you ever indulged in anal sex?"

"No. Well, sometimes, maybe..." I mean, what was I supposed to say to a question like that?

"Has your anus ever been artificially stretched?"

"No!"

No wonder Mia had been so flustered and keen to hurry away from this lecherous old toad. Moreover, later, while standing stark naked with my hands behind my neck, as the good doctor intimately probed and prodded my body, I saw something out of the corner of my eye on the hillside that overlooked the room. It seemed like a dark shape, moving fast, but when I looked properly there was nothing to be seen except sheep, sparse bushes, and rocky outcrops. My new bush was a bit sparse too, because I'd trimmed it right down in anticipation of having to wear skimpy swim gear.

Anyway, Mubarak eventually pronounced me fit, healthy and 'suitable for purpose'. At the time, I thought it was an odd term. Now, looking back, it all seems to make much more sense.

That very night, I got my opportunity to fuck Sir Andrew. I did nothing to bring it about, either. Sir simply knocked on the door of my room, shortly after everyone else had retired for the evening. I peered out and saw him standing there, stark naked, carrying a bottle of bubbly and a packet of condoms. Sir Andrew took a crazy gamble on me, because I might have screamed the house down, being confronted by a naked prowler and all. For someone in his position, that could have been catastrophic (I now know, though, that he must have known he was onto a pretty good thing, having already got my BDSM checklist from dear Jack). Anyway, whatever, he had judged me correctly, of course. Instead of screaming, I just giggled and let him in. The champagne was neither here nor there to me, I can take it or leave it, but I was simply gagging for some energetic sex with Sir.

He was very demanding in the sack, right from the start, insisting on being in charge the whole time. I liked that. In fact, I hoped that he would come back for more, but for the next three nights I remained alone in my bed, having to frig myself off with my trusty rabbit vibrator, who never lets me down (Sura hadn't thought to confiscate him!). Perhaps Sir fucked one of the other girls too? Or all of us, for all I know. If that was the case, though, his harem was reduced a few days later, because one of the girls was sent home. Maybe she rejected Sir Andrew's attempts to fuck her? Looking back now, that seems highly likely. But two of the guys were also told to leave the Centre, and I don't think Sir tried to fuck them. The guys both seemed a bit thick anyway, to be honest. Still, the girl had been quite good at the various assessment tests, maybe better than me, so I fully expected to be selected out myself before long. So the events in the swimming pool on the following day took me completely by surprise.

The pool was in a huge room that presumably once served as a banqueting hall, with a massive domed glass roof and a couple of ornate theatre-style balconies at either end. It was all very ornate and stately, and the swimming pool didn't really fit there. Anyway, Sue, a big, raw-boned girl, who wore a one piece black Speedo that covered her from neck to ankles, was ploughing up and down the pool like an Olympic champion. If the recruiters were looking for a swimmer, then she would definitely be the one they'd pick! Mia and I just sat on the edge of the pool in our bikinis, with our feet dangling in the water.

"Maybe she's a Moslem with that modesty suit, do you think?" Mia said, watching Sue's umpteenth length. "I wonder how she coped with the medical examination."

"Yuck! The medical! I hated it."

"It was certainly very... thorough," Mia said. "And what about the man on the hill?"

"What?"

"A guy, walking on the hillside, while the doctor was examining me... I insisted on moving out of sight."

'It's a bit late telling me now!' I thought. I recalled seeing the movement on the hill side... I was just going to tell her that, when something made me look up at one of the balconies and, as I did so, I saw a man draw back into the shadows. 'Funny,' I thought, because all of the male candidates had gone off on the run with Greg and Armand, and Sir Andrew was standing on the diving board at the other end of the pool, preparing to jump in. As far as I knew, there were no other men at the Centre. Curious now, I eased myself off the pool side and slipped into the water, setting out with a slow breast stroke for the middle, and then rolled over onto my back and kicked a few times, pushing slowly down the pool and glancing up at the balcony. There he was again, a man I didn't recognise, inching forward along the side of the balcony, aiming a camera at Mia as she sat on the pool edge!

At that point, Sir dived into the pool with a splash, diverting my attention. He glided a long way under water and surfaced right beside me, and I rolled over to face him. "Hello, you," he said, shaking water from his face. "How are you getting on?"

"I think I'm doing okay, thanks."

"You are doing really well, lassie. I might offer you a job."

"Really!"

"Aye, probably."

I was very dubious about that. My biggest fear was that they would send me home, like the other girl and the two men, and now he's talking of job offers, probably as a ruse to fuck me again. "Probably?"

"Almost certainly. It's yours to lose now. Are you game?"

I was surprised to feel his hand between my legs but didn't flinch away. In fact, I sank down onto it so that he had to support me in the water. His implication was clear, but what the hell... He was looking straight into my eyes as he pressed his palm against my pussy, and his middle finger wriggled, pushing the bikini fabric into my slit. I never even considered refusing him. I trod water and allowed Sir's hand to keep me in place as Sue ploughed past again, and her wake washed right over us. When we had both finished spluttering and shaking our heads to clear our eyes, I just said, "When, then?"

"The guys won't be back until this evening."

I glanced over my shoulder at Mia, who didn't seem to have noticed, and then at mighty, surfing Sue. "What about Mia and Dolphin-Woman?"

"Stay in the pool for another quarter of an hour. Then go to the changing room. I've left some instructions in your locker."

"You are very sure of yourself, aren't you?"

He laughed. Without another word Sir Andrew swam away to the far side of the pool and pulled himself out of the water. I watched him as he walked away, and saw him glance up at the far balcony. The man with the camera appeared to have gone.

I waited for fifteen minutes and then climbed out of the pool, grabbed a towel, and headed towards the changing room. When I arrived at there, I found my locker door swinging open. A yellow Post-it note was stuck to the back panel of the locker, with a message scrawled in green ink: 'Go to the gym!'

The gymnasium? I had expected to be directed to some private room. Then I realised that my clothes had been removed from the locker and, in their place, hanging on the hooks, there were four coils of red rope. My canvas tote bag had gone too, although a hairbrush and a lipstick had been taken from it and left on the shelf inside the locker. 'That's fucking nice of him,' I thought angrily. I looked down at my soaking bikini and considered simply going back to my room, but my room key was missing along with the bag. The bastard! I removed the bikini, stepped into the shower to rinse off the chlorine, and put on one of the complimentary white fleecy bath robes. I used the hair dryer and brushed my hair into some semblance of style, but ignored the lipstick, simply because of his implied suggestion that I should use it, the cheeky bastard. Then I strode barefoot out of the changing room and marched down the corridor

towards the gym, intent on giving Sir Andrew-fucking-Lowndes a piece of my mind. He was waiting there, wearing a white fleecy bath robe, like me, and his greying hair was still slick and wet. The place was otherwise deserted.

“Why did you break into my locker and remove my clothes and bag?”

“Tell me, Cheryl. You have any experience of rope play?”

“What? I've played with ropes, yes,” I said, taken aback. “Don't change the subject. You stole my bag and my clothes from the locker.”

“I mean real rope play... tied by an expert so you are utterly immobile? Have you ever done that?”

Well, of course I hadn't. Jack had experimented with me once, after we'd watched a Japanese rope master at a BDSM exhibition, but we just ended up with granny-knots and laughing helplessly. “No, not that I remember,” I said.

“You saw the ropes in your locker?”

“Yes.”

“Go and get them.”

I hesitated. He had a natural air of command and spoke as if I was a child. With a slight shrug, affecting nonchalance but unable to resist, I headed back to the pool side changing room. When I got there, Mia was standing naked in the shower. She seemed a bit abashed and turned her back as I entered, which struck me as a bit odd, because she wasn't usually shy. However, as I took the coils of rope from the locker, I saw a man standing in the corner, leaning against the wall, holding a camera and watching Mia. She obviously knew he was there – I mean, she could hardly have missed him. That was when I first 'met' Carl, the Chairman's chauffeur. He wore a dove-grey suit with a white roll neck shirt, and wasn't in the slightest bit concerned at my having discovered him there. In fact he smiled cheekily, raised the camera, and took a quick snap of me. The nerve! I just grabbed the ropes from my locker, turned, and hurried from the changing room, leaving them to it. I recall thinking that the snapshot would show Mia in the background, nude, but that wasn't my concern, and I had other things on my mind at the time. I hurried back to the gym, carrying the rope. The rope was rough but quite thin, perhaps half an inch in diameter, and the hanks were surprisingly heavy. When I arrived back at the gym, Sir had dragged a padded massage table and a mat to the open area. “Are you okay?” he asked.

“The strangest thing...” I said, handing him the rope. “There's a man with a camera in the women's pool-side changing room.”

“Young guy...grey suit, white sweater?”

“Yes, dove-grey...”

“Aye, that'll be the Chairman's driver. The Chairman is visiting today because he's interested in a candidate. Not you. It's nothing to worry your pretty little head about.”

Pretty little head! I stifled a growl as Sir uncoiled the rope. He fussed a little, taking care to find the exact centre of the first length so that it was exactly doubled over. Precision seemed important to him. He's that kind of guy.

“Okie-dokie bonny lass, take off your robe.”

I thought, ‘Here we go what the hell!’, and I unknotted the belt and shrugged the towelling robe from my shoulders. So there I was, standing naked, statue-like, half-expecting the chauffeur to wander into the gym at any time with his bloody camera. I remember thinking that if Carl got a nude snap of me too, as he had of Mia, then he'd have a matched set. Little did I know then! Anyway, Sir placed the folded rope around my waist, pulled it snugly tight, and he secured it with an overhand knot in the front before routing the two loose ends of the rope up between my tits. He then tied another overhand knot half way between my throat and nipple line.

“Fold your arms behind your back,” he said.

I folded my arms in the traditional Japanese “U” shape behind my back, just like I'd seen in exhibitions, and I suppose that I gave him the impression that I was more experienced at this than I really am. He didn't say anything, and took the rope over my shoulders, down under my folded arms, and back up under my armpits. I stood, gazing down at my own body, watching curiously and getting a familiar light-headed feeling as he passed the rope ends under my arms from the back, and around the front rope on each side just above the top knot, and then right back down the outside of my torso and under my folded forearms. As the restraint became subtly more controlling, I began to see that he was indeed an

expert with the ropes. It had curious effect on me too. Within seconds, quite unexpectedly, I was panting to be fucked, but he showed no signs of doing that. He brought the rope ends from my back, around both of my flanks to the front, and looped each strand around the centre vertical ropes, below the top knot and above my tits, and pulled the two ends of the rope back around the outside of my arms to the back again.

Now, weeks later, I shiver as I recall feeling the pressure tighten on my boobs as he tied the already taut ropes together behind me. Then he brought the ends around the outside of my waist from under my forearms, to the centre ropes in the front of my stomach, this time feeding the ends under my tits, above the lower knot. He wrapped it one last time around my waist, and tied it off at the centre at the back. This left me criss-crossed with a web of taut red rope that strained and pulled with my every, slightest movement, even just breathing. I struggled and squirmed experimentally. Just as Sir had promised, I was quite incapable of moving my hands or arms. Christ, I wanted to be fucked, there and then!

“There!” Sir Andrew said standing back. “It’s called a kikkou, because of the tortoise pattern...Japanese, y’see. Kneel down.”

I wasn’t much concerned what it’s called, to be honest. I struggled to kneel, bound as I was, and the subtle pressures of the ropes changed with my every movement. When on my knees, I could only watch, panting like crazy, as he pulled a pair of clover clamps from his pocket and deftly clipped them to my nipples, which were already aching anyway. Then, surprise, surprise, he opened his white fleecy robe and presented his erect, circumcised cock to my lips. I leaned forward and licked at his cock glans. I’d completely forgotten my worries about my public exposure, of course (everything was way beyond that, by that that time) and I went to the task with a will, bobbing my head back and forth on his shaft. Sir Andrew took this for more than five minutes before he pulled his cock from my mouth and fished a foil-wrapped condom from his pocket. He removed the foil and pushed the rolled condom between my lips and my teeth. This was nothing new to me. It’s a party trick that Jack taught me. Indeed, on my one previous ‘liaison’ with Sir Andrew, I had proudly demonstrated my skill at fitting a condom with my mouth. So I slackened my jaw and tightened my lips to hold the condom in place, opened my lips, and with one smooth movement, I took his cock back into my mouth, sliding the shaft fully into my throat and sheathing it with the condom. Simple, just like that!

Thankfully, he wasted no time in turning me and pressing my shoulders to the floor, and he absolutely rammed his cock into my pussy from behind. I couldn’t move one iota, of course. My clamped nipples throbbed with a delicious mixture of pleasure and pain, and my tits became increasingly sensitive under the subtle stimulation and pressure of the taut rope as he humped me. I grunted and groaned as he fucked me hard, but the selfish bastard didn’t wait for my orgasm and quickly spent himself inside me. When he withdrew, I was panting heavily, but damned frustrated, with the fires he’d kindled still raging and roaring so that I could actually hear my own blood pumping.

“Kneel up,” Sir said, removing the condom and chucking it aside.

I did as he commanded. At least, he was not finished. It seemed he hadn’t yet given his all. Still panting, burning up, I anxiously waited to see what else he had in store for me. I mean, he’d fucked me once and was all spent, as far as I could tell from the state of his cock. He took one of the shorter lengths of rope from the massage table, doubled it, wrapped it around my waist, and pulled the ends through the loop, slipping it snugly against my flesh. He pulled the ends down from my waist and tied a couple of carefully placed but simple overhand knots, and then brought the rope between my legs and up the between the cheeks of my bottom. I could only gasp as the rough rope bedded into the divide of my cunt, and one of the artfully placed knots rasped against my engorged clit while the other pressed against the rim of my arsehole. Each time I moved those knots moved.... It was hell. Well, no, it was lovely, actually. Sir wasn’t done yet, either. He reached into his sports bag and took out a length of thinner rope and doubled it over. He then grasped my long hair, gathered it back into a pony tail, and laid the looped rope against it before fashioning an overhand knot close to my scalp. Sir then, bless him, plaited my hair and the rope into a braid. I remember protesting and thinking my hair would never be the same again. I do so love my long hair, too. It’s one of my better features, I reckon. Anyway, I could only squirm as he pulled my head back and used the trailing ends of the rope to bind my ankles together, linking my head to my feet, leaving me arched back and looking up at the ceiling of the gym,

“There, that should do it,” Sir said, stepping away and rubbing his hands together. He leaned to remove the clamps from my throbbing nipples and massaged the nubbins between his forefingers and

thumbs. When the blood flowed back, the pain was something else!

I found myself tightly bound and utterly immobile, and as I desperately tried to ease the tension on my scalp, I only succeeded in exerting more pressure to my torso ropes.

Sir smiled and closed and belted his white robe. "I'll go and partake of dinner and a glass of good wine with the Chairman, maybe."

"What?" The idea of being left there in the open gym, cocooned in ropes and quite unable to move, did not appeal to me at all. "I'll scream."

"That would never do," Sir said, reaching into his sports bag and pulling out a red ball gag. I hate those things with a passion. He looked at the gag for long moments, and then dropped it back into the bag. "I don't want to risk you drowning on your own saliva with your head pulled back like that, hen."

Hen! He called me 'hen'. At that moment I felt like a turkey trussed for the oven. "Best untie me now, huh?"

"It's best if you don't draw attention to yourself, because the guys will be back some time this evening. The gym will be in darkness by then, so I doubt if anyone will notice you here if you keep quiet."

"Sir!" He wandered out of my eye sight, walking behind me, and I was unable to turn to see what he was doing. However, the lights in the gym went off. I was left there in the growing gloom, utterly incapable of movement. "Hello... Hey, this isn't funny. Untie me?"

It seemed that he had indeed left me there, bound and utterly helpless. It wasn't long before I discovered the true fiendish nature of the intricate harness of ropes, for each of my muscles began to protest in turn. For the next hour or so I learned such a lot about my own body. Within the very limited scope of my bonds, I wriggled and squirmed to achieve some relief, easing the tension from the rope by flexing one muscle after another. However, it was only like robbing Peter to pay Paul, or whatever the expression is, for each area of relief was only gained at the expense of a counter stress somewhere else on my body. All of the time, with every slight movement, the knots rubbed across my unhooded clitoris and sensitised anus. The slightest stirring of my body pulled and played on the rope. I had been roused to the point of near-orgasm when Sir Andrew roped and fucked me. Now, though, helpless and alone, the effect of the ropes and my helpless situation soon had me panting. I couldn't have fought it even if I'd tried. But I didn't try. My body tumbled into a crashing orgasm, and I writhed in the ropes, my head thrashing from side to side, disregarding the pain in my scalp, as exquisite waves crashed over and over me. It was fucking incredible! Not long after that, the gymnasium disappeared for me. I was hardly even aware of the mat beneath my knees. It was as if I was floating in a fathomless void where the only significant reality was the persistent and delicious rasp of the rope, and the burning embers of exquisite pleasure at the very core of my womanhood. It grew dark, almost pitch black, as night descended. Time seemed to stand still, as though it was dislocated from my body, starting from my belly and spreading down. My entire being seemed too peacefully static for the maelstrom of thoughts in my head and, in turn, those thoughts could not connect with any words. There simply are no words to express the depth of music inside me. I had moved into some alternative, parallel reality, only tenuously attached to my original world. Yet there was a joyous, melodic interplay between these two, entirely separate wavelengths. Then a clutch of panic seemed to seize my entrails. I imagined myself trapped in a deep, submerged bubble, with swirling green water all round, as if I was drowning, sinking ever deeper, and Sir was peering down at me as I sank further and further.

A soft Scottish accent seemed to drift through the swirling amniotic water that cocooned me. "Cheryl, are you listening to me? You're doing fine, lass. You're in deep sub space. There's no need to be scared. I'm standing quietly back there, looking after you. I'll always look after you."

I'm not sure how long I remained in that gloriously disembodied state. My comprehension at that time was limited. It was as if my IQ had simply evaporated. I was even unable to articulate my name at that time. The connection between me and Sir, at that moment anyway, was so close and intense that it actually hurt. I don't know how else to describe it. Now, weeks later, I can only recall feeling so grateful that he hadn't really left me alone, and I recall his words: 'I'll always look after you.' Those words made a deep, deep impression on me.

I remember hearing the same voice, but this time he was speaking to someone else, tinny and remote. "She's in a deep trance. I think it's her first time. She's a natural kajira, though."

"I've been there once or twice myself, and it's awesome," another male voice answered.

“Never ever leave a subbie alone in sub space. You are her sole connection to reality. If you leave her alone she is likely to be terrified. She'll return to top space at some point and may never forgive you for leaving her.”

“I'll take a couple of photographs, if that's alright. The rope work is nice.”

“No worries, laddie. She won't object. The further into space she goes, the higher the adrenaline or endorphins pump into her blood stream, and the less her inhibitions. For any first-timer, you need to tell her that sub space exists, what it is and how it may feel. She must be convinced that she's utterly safe with you.”

I did feel safe with Sir, too, bless him. I instinctively felt that he knew what he was doing. He was right, of course: I had heard of sub space before, but that was the first time I'd ever actually experienced it. When I eventually came round, Sir was alone with me. He untied me gently, all the time murmuring reassurances. I surfaced feeling euphoric, giggly and very, very happy, but it was some time before I could speak properly or even move. He stayed with me, caring for me. He massaged my legs and arms. He stroked my hair. How did he know that I like to have my hair stroked? When I was able to coordinate my limbs again, he brought water, insisting that I drink to quench a raging thirst I'd hardly noticed. The floating feeling and euphoria lasted well into the next day and beyond. The down side, the sub drop, inevitably came of course. That was on the Friday. But it was lessened when Sir announced that I was to be offered the job in his special team.

Jack is right, of course: I could, and probably should have left the Assessment Centre after that session with Sir in the gymnasium. How could I though? That whole experience of sub space had literally blown my mind, and I would never be the same again. Once there, never forgotten, and I'll spend the rest of my life chasing that elusive fantastic flight of fancy, trying to get back into sub space again. I simply yearn, with the intensity of a drug addiction, for that strangely ethereal and disembodied state when all sense has gone. You would too, if you'd ever been there. I was enslaved in the gymnasium in Wales. That's all there is to it! So, not only did I stay at the Centre, I accepted the job in Sir Andrew's special team.

What is the matter with me then? I've known Sir's bent and the implicit terms of my new role from the start. I happily allowed him to sexually dominate me at every opportunity, becoming his plaything, and loving every minute of it. Since that time in the gym, he has never played quite hard enough to send me back fully into sub space, but I have frequently teetered tantalisingly on the brink; it is if he was deliberately holding me back, on the very edge, just to keep me honest. Whatever... It had been enough to keep me eating out of his hand.

The real truth is that I am now driven by deep dark desire, to find that strange, inner calmness that is almost akin to prayer or meditation, a sphere within a cube within an enigma, or something like that. I am effectively hooked, chained by my own needs, and there is no going back for me. I can't honestly blame Sir, or Jack, or Sura, or anyone else but my self. Now, I know that I must see this thing through.

I reach for the phone and telephone Sir's direct line. “It's me. I've changed my mind,” I tell him.

“Oh?”

“Yes.”

“Very well, I will send the Contract to your home.”

“I'll sign it at the office.”

“No. Take the rest of the week off. Spend some time learning your Slave Paces. I'll pick you up on Friday evening and we'll do something special.”

“Okay,” I say, “only I'm disappointed that we won't meet straight away.”

“Well, we will be meeting, in a manner of speaking, but it'll be in Second Life, a virtual world.”

What *is* he talking about? I sometimes think I'm living on a different planet to him, never mind a virtual world. “Second Life, you're joking, right?”

“No, I'm very serious. I'll send you an email with all the instructions.”

“Okay. Oh, Friday... What should I wear?”

“I'll choose your clothes and have them delivered with the contract.”

When I ring off, a massive sense of relief sweeps over me. A great weight has been lifted. Sir is back

in control of me. He makes the plans and even dictates what I wear. It's where I prefer to be. I don't regret my decision. Yet I am very aware that I have just crossed a significant threshold.

Second Life

Sir's email is quite brief. It doesn't mention any of the hassle we've had, but merely gives an instruction to download a viewer from www.pheonixviewer.com, and he also gives another web address: www.Secondlife.com. It goes on to say that an account has been set up for me in the name of 'Five-fifty-five Resident', and it gives a password. It also says that Sir will meet me there, when I am confident enough to move about in the virtual reality world.

What the hell is he going on about? Confident? And Second Life, a virtual reality world, for God's sake? It's something I've vaguely heard about but never felt inclined to be involved with. Life just seems too short... Still, if this is what Sir wants, then I had better take a look. I access the Second Life site and watch an intro video, with little animated people, avatars, doing all kinds of things. Then there's another video, with an avatar called S B Linden going on about Second Life Island, and a whole gamut of tutorials they give there. Tutorials, to play a game! It's hard to believe that Sir, a high-powered financial executive, should play on a computer gaming platform like this. Where does he find the time? Talk about 'live and learn'!

Oh well, I download the free viewer, install it on my PC, and fire it up. Then, using the name and password that Sir provided, I log onto the Second Life platform. It's all obviously been done for me, because the thing that grabs me is that my avatar, Five-fifty-five Resident, looks startlingly like the real me. Sir has obviously gone to some trouble, because it's as if someone has somehow manufactured a little computerised walking doll, meticulously modelled on myself. She is wearing a demure little black dress and heels, and has long flowing dark hair. I fiddle about with the controls a bit and learn how to zoom in, and see that it is indeed my own face there, or a 'near-as-damn-it' approximation, anyway. How has that been done that?

It all serves to intrigue me, so I start on the Welcome Island of this virtual cyber world. They say it's an area where they quickly teach the basics of Second Life, but I doubt if the tutorials can cope with a total non-gamer like me. It's another world entirely! People really spend their time doing this stuff, it seems. Well, don't knock it; I soon see why. An hour just whizzes by as I get totally absorbed, learning how to walk, chat, stand, sit, and teleport.

I might not be utterly proficient, but I reckon I can get around alright, so I send an email to Sir, saying I'm ready to meet him when he's available. Within seconds, a pop-up box appears on my Second Life screen: *'SirDark Lane has invited you to his or her location. Join me in Imperial Ar'*. He must have been lurking there, just waiting for my email. This guy is earning something like £1 million a year, at least, and he's got nothing better to do? Anyway, there's an orange 'Teleport' button on the pop-up message, so I hit that, and I'm instantly whisked to a place that looks like a small sunken amphitheatre of ancient Rome. Several male avatars are standing around too, wearing red cloaks and Roman-like tunics, carrying swords and shields, looking very war-like, and they are chatting via text that appears on the bottom of my screen. Alright, alright, it's another world, as I say. All of the avatars have little tags over their heads. One of them, according to his tag, is a Master Assassin. I mean, I ask you!

"Tal, girl." I recognise Sir's voice in my headphones. As he speaks, a figure wanders over to Five-fifty-five and stands directly in front of her. He wears a tunic, just like the others, and has huge muscles. The tag over his head says 'SirDark Lane', only it looks nothing like the real Sir. "You see me?" he asks in my ear.

"Yes," I say. "It all looks very... interesting."

"Do you like your avi? I had it specially made for you. It's called photo-realistic."

"It's very lifelike," I say. "Yours isn't too much like you, though."

He laughs. "I need more muscle and younger looks for this world. You must change your clothing to be in Gor. If you look in the bottom right hand corner of your screen, you will see a tab marked 'Inventory'. Click on that, and it will bring up a smaller screen with all the things your new avi owns. I've already put lots of clothing in there, and I've created a folder called 'Outfits'. Find the one labelled 'kajira1' and right-click on it..."

A small menu appears. "Okay, what now?"

"At the bottom: 'Replace Outfit'."

I click on that and my appearance changes almost instantly. Instead of the 'girl next-door' in the demure little black dress and heels, I see myself transformed into a near-naked houri, with red silks and a collar - much like the real girls at the Gorean Club in London, in fact. "Wow!" I breathe.

"Good? There's a whole wardrobe of stuff in your inventory, but none of it's any more substantial than what you're wearing now. There is something called RLV, by the way... Restrained Life Viewer." He tells me how to activate that, and when I've done it, he says, "Now you can only remove certain items without my permission. The collar stays fixed on you, for example."

"I can't take it off?"

Have you noticed how quickly we have started to refer to Five-fifty-five as if it really is me who stands there in that quasi-Roman setting? Already, after only such a short time, I can see that this is a feature of the virtual world: people readily identify with their avatar. I can well imagine that that might well do real damage to some vulnerable people behind the screens.

"And I can do this..." he says, and suddenly all the clothes are stripped from Five-fifty-five, leaving me totally naked amongst all the warriors on the screen. The avatar is very finely detailed too, without any bits missing. I hear Sir's throaty laugh. "And this..." A leash suddenly snakes out from SirDark's hand and attaches to my collar, yanking me towards him, and I find myself kneeling with widespread thighs at his feet.

"Lovely," I say.

"Aye, so it is. You'll need to learn to nadu and all the other commands. Come, I'll take you to look at Ar. This is just one sim, but it's as good a place as any to start, because the city is done well, and nobody will bother us if we walk round. We have to click on the Teleports to take us down..."

Well, we happily spend the next three hours together in Second Life Gor, first wandering round the place they call Imperial Ar, and then visiting various other cities too, with me buck naked and leashed. The only way I can describe it is that it's like a massive continent, with different cities, all over the place, and instantly available by Teleport, right into the docks (it sure beats Ryanair). There are lots of slaves and near-nudity seems to be the norm, and they all fold to their knees at the drop of a hat. Without exception, the slaves are drop-dead gorgeous, but who wouldn't be, if you design your own avatar? There are Free Women, too, dressed in fancy ball gowns, of all things, and a lot of them are veiled too. And near-naked Xena-type women strut around with bows and arrows - SirDark calls them panthers and tree-rats, which doesn't seem very nice. It's all utterly fascinating, and I am dragged along behind SirDark on the end of his leash, and made to kneel whenever we stop anywhere. All the time, SirDark keeps up a text chat dialogue on the screen, with me and any others that we meet, while the real Sir gives a running commentary in my headphones. Time just flies by. I love it!

Eventually, Sir says, "Well, that's me for just now, I'm afraid. I want you to spend some time playing in SL Gor over the next few days, Cheryl. It's as good a place as any to get to know the ropes and understand the concept. Most are good people, and just fine. You can learn a lot from them. Mind you, there are lots of kids and shoot-em-up gamers, and they know nothing. And some others are just weird. It isn't really much like the stuff that we serious lifestylers practise, but you'll soon get to know what's what. Just try it for a few days."

"You want me to play a computer game, and you'll pay me for it?"

"Aye, mind that you do. The collar will tell me where and when you've been in Second Life. I haven't got the time to play myself, but I've arranged for a man I know to be your online Master for a few days. Lord Rothmanay. He'll look after you and teach you a few things. He'll send you an Instant Message when you next log on. Try not to get yourself killed."

"What?"

"Don't get Five-fifty-five killed before she's even started." He is chuckling as he logs off.

See what I mean? It's not long before you start to identify with your damned avatar. I am even reluctant to log off.

I spend the rest of the week snuggled up at home, playing the Second Life virtual reality game platform, and learning the bizarre world of virtual Gor. My online Master, Lord Rothmanay, is as ugly as sin, very fierce, and very strict too, and he punishes Five-fifty-five whenever she screws up (which is very

often). I'm not sure if Lord is one of Sir's real life friends, but he seems to know the 'ins and outs' of this Gorean lark. I learn the bizarre world of Gor, its caste system and rituals, the slave paces, how to serve drinks and food, even how to dance...well, sort of, anyway. There are a whole lot of slave positions to learn too, pre-programmed in my avatar's collar: nadu, which is kneeling with knees wide open; and tower, which is kneeling with legs shut so Free Women can't see my heat (pussy); and loads of others. They have their own language. Five-fifty-five even gets furred (fucked) a few times, but I have to say that I find cyber-sex is very dry, in more ways than one. Still, it's good fun, and I even stay up into the very late wee small hours one morning, because I am so absorbed by the role play. Most of the other online players are perfectly nice people, just indulging their own fantasies. And why not, that's what I say. Mind you, Sir is correct: there are a few weirdoes using that game. Some are just manic Gameboy kids, wanting to fight with their swords and bows and arrows, but there are a few perverts too, who send me private messages asking for a cyber-fuck, asking for real life photos, voice sex, that kind of thing. That's what happens to me, anyway. I keep it all purely text-based, even with Lord Rothmanay. I only use the headphones and microphone when SirDark visits me to check how I'm getting on. He tells me he'll collect me at 8pm on Friday evening, and that he's sending a package.

Sure enough, a courier delivers a big box that very same day. It's a big package, nicely-wrapped, containing a lovely new black dress with a matching stole, black high heeled shoes, and a printed contract for me to sign. There's a terse message, too, written on a yellow sticky Post-it Note: *'8pm on Friday. My car will call for you. Be ready!'*

Chapter Five - Answering the Call

Friday evening and I am ready to go, waiting for my Master's car to arrive. I feel sexy, wearing the alluring and probably outrageously-costly black one-strap backless cocktail dress that Sir has provided for the occasion. I am obsessed with my reflection in the full-length mirror in my bedroom, checking the look of the gorgeous designer dress with its asymmetrical hem that comes high on my left thigh and drapes almost down to ankle length on the right. I am naked under the dress. The style leaves my left flank and back exposed and doesn't permit a bra, and the high left cut of the hem means that stockings are out too. I've had to accept that I can't wear panties, of course. Even in the few days on leave, I have obeyed this stricture, so I've become used to going naked under skirts and dresses. It was a bit strange at first, but it seems natural now, and I rarely think about it. I've sacrificed the entire (mostly expensive) contents of my knicker drawer, followed by all the jeans and pants in my wardrobe... anything that obstructs my nether parts. That's what Sir demanded, and what he says goes now.

At last, a car horn sounds, announcing Sir's arrival. I grab the matching stole that came with the dress, and snatch up my new Mulberry bag. When I leave the apartment, the black Lexus waits ostentatiously in my rather shabby street.

"You look simply stunning."

"Thank you, kind sir."

As the car eases away, Sir peers at a couple of youths wearing 'hoodies', who loiter ominously beside a row of parked cars. He murmurs: "I'm going to provide you with somewhere else to live. In Mayfair."

I bite my cheek wryly. I quite like my little flat, south of the river. It's yet another example of Sir's determination to control every aspect of my life. Still, the thought of a swish apartment is very tempting. "Mayfair would be lovely," I say. "Or Chelsea..."

"You've cleared your weekend as I asked?"

"Yes."

"Good. You'll be away until Monday, at least."

"Oh? I didn't pack an overnight or weekend bag. You didn't say..."

"No, it's a surprise," he smiles, leaning to peck a light kiss on my cheek. "I just know you'll like it."

I settle back happily in the car, tucking my arm contentedly into his and hugging him closely. It's good to be back on track, I reckon. There is a big difference in our ages, of course, but it feels alright. We are heading into the centre of London and the early Friday evening traffic is quite busy. Soon the car glides to halt in a familiar Mayfair street. I look across the pavement to the polished brass plaque: 'The Gorean Club'. Glancing at Sir, I ask, "We're going here again?"

"Aye, we are indeed. I've arranged to meet some people from Columbia."

I had hoped, expected, to be taken to some swank venue, not a glorified strip joint. Also, I seem to have spent a whole week engaged in the world of Gor, in one form or another. Unseen by Sir, I pull a face as I get out of the car. As I wait for him to walk round to the pavement, I glance down at my bare left leg popping out from the dress, thinking that at least I won't have to face the humiliation of removing and checking in my stockings this time. At the reception, the same dapper little man is fussing with his guest book. I remind myself that he's got my passport, and I want it back. He glances up with an oily smile as Sir signs in, but barely gives me a glance. I think he must be gay.

"You've got my passport," I say.

The man doesn't even answer me but his sniff is eloquent enough.

"The Columbian party has already arrived, Sir Andrew."

"Thank you, Millward," Sir says, leading me past the two burly bouncers to the ancient lift. As the lift-car lurches upwards, he says: "This is a very important occasion, Cheryl. The Columbians are my honoured guests. I expect you to behave perfectly."

"Yes, of course," I say, affronted. Why did he have to say that, just when things are going well again?

"You must trust me, Cheryl. Act as if they own you for the evening. Don't resist. I'm counting on you not to let me down."

How can I act as if they own me? I am about to question that astonishing instruction, but the lift has already juddered to a stop and Sir is pushing its concertina doors open. In the 'cloaks' area, the girl

known as Five-forty-two is at the counter again, and she greets Sir with a huge smile, as if she is really glad to see him. This evening, instead of a scrap of silk, she wears an even less adequate confection of white chiffon scarves attached to a cord slung about her hips; her tits aren't covered at all. When Five-forty-two turns to hang up Sir's coat, the light chiffon wafts up and gives tantalising glimpses of her bare bottom and pussy, and I have to admit that it looks damned sexy in a barbaric way. I remember my shoes, and instead of stooping, bend each knee in turn and remove the strappy black high heels. Rather than give them to Five-forty-two, I blithely toss the sandals onto the pile of women's shoes behind the counter.

"I thought I'd cut out the middle girl," I say.

"I'm glad you're in a capricious mood," Sir says.

Capricious? Sir leads me into the Club, and I walk a respectful pace behind at his left heel. For some reason, he always demanded I do that, right from the start of my employment. The entrance door is attended by a bare-chested man, white skinned, muscular and handsome, wearing white baggy pants with a blue and yellow sash, just like the black flunkies I saw on my first visit to the Club. I avoid looking into the man's eyes as I pass, but dare to glance at his waist and, sure enough, see a long thin cane tucked into his sash. They are all at it with their canes! I'm more attuned to it now, since getting involved with virtual Gor. It's all a game.

The Club room is in full swing. The place has a magical evening ambience, distinctly different to the lunch-time atmosphere I witnessed on my first visit. It is much busier, with more guests and more girls. The music is loud and its thudding beat is matched by pulsing strobes and laser lights. Hard-core porn is streamed to plasma wall screens, and one of the scenes features a girl writhing and soundlessly screaming under an all-too realistic whipping. All of the alcoves seem to be occupied, and every dais in the room is occupied by a gyrating and swaying dancer, utterly naked more often than not. The serving girls - kajirae, as Sir insists on calling them - are undressed to kill too. Those who wear anything at all sport gorgeous silks draped over their loins in the manner of belly dancers; some have similar drapes over their bottoms, while others are bare-arsed; and without exception, the girls' boobs are provocatively decorated rather than concealed. These beautiful women are an exotic and colourful sight as they swirl between the tables and alcoves, carrying food and drink, or as they kneel at the guests' feet. Their sole purpose is to give pleasure, I guess. They are just like the virtual girls of Second Life, except these ones are real flesh and blood.

Sir leads me to the far corner of the room, where it is quieter, and a private area is cordoned off by thick gold-tasselled rope. A group of swarthy-skinned men are seated there. These men exude authority and power, and they are attended by a bevy of beautiful girls clad in scanty, swirling silks that expose long, lissom limbs with every movement. Gaffa, the so-called Head Slaver, is a sinister, brooding presence as he stands with his arms folded over his bare chest, quietly watching the girls as they serve. The huge imposing black man is once again attired in voluminous blue silk pants gathered at his ankles, tied at the waist with a broad yellow sash and, of course, his cane is ominously present.

Sir, his right hand outstretched, confidently approaches a distinguished silver-haired man who is wearing an immaculate white suit: "Senor Rafael Martinez, bienvenido al Club de Gor Londres."

The white-suited man rises to his feet and smiles under his trim silver moustache. He ignores Sir's hand and instead clasps him in a hug, kissing him on both cheeks, saying in perfect English: "Sir Andrew, it is good to see you. This is a fine place. It is similar to my own Club, and the synergy matches very well."

"I'm glad," Sir says smoothly, sitting beside the man and waving greetings to the other men in the group. "Where exactly is your club, Senor?"

"Buenaventura, a port city in Valle de Cauca."

Sir points to the floor at his feet and, although I blanch a bit, I dutifully kneel there with my knees widely spaced.

"Buenaventura? Isn't that rife with armed gangs and drug traffickers? It's the most dangerous city in the world, I read somewhere."

"I see you have done your research, Sir Andrew." The silver-haired Colombian man chuckles and his gold canine tooth glistens.

I glance round curiously at the seven or eight tanned men who make up the Colombian party. One is a

gorgeously handsome, bang tidy, but a cold-looking guy with long, glossy black hair scraped back in a really crap pony-tail. He gives me a hard stare in return, and I quickly look away. That's not enough for him, though, because he says in a thick accent: "Your woman needs a lesson. I will be happy to give her one."

"She is very new, and still learning," Sir says.

Give me one? Hah! It's not as though I've done anything wrong. The guy's tone and his bleak look frighten me, yet I feel a delicious frisson of excitement. He is very handsome, as I say. Sir Andrew just laughs lightly and looks to the other girls. "Kalana!" Sir says, snapping his fingers to a girl who only wears a snatch of purple at her crotch and two other tiny scraps of matching fabric over her nipples. I suddenly recognise Katrina.

"Yes, Master. Which wine do you prefer?" Katrina asks, snapping to attention, the 'kef' tattoo prominent on her left thigh.

"Red. The Nuits..."

"Yes, Master... Nuits St George. Right away."

Katrina hurries away, swaying her bum provocatively. I watch as she folds to her knees at the feet of the bare-chested flunkey in attendance at the wine racks. As the man stoops to select a bottle of wine from the rack, Katrina looks back over her shoulder and steals a furtive glance at me, smiling and fluttering her fingers in greeting.

"The real life Gorean world community is growing, Raffa, and we have fraternal ties with venues in Mexico, Spain, and Haiti. I am not sure we will benefit from another in Columbia though. Are you connected with any other group? The Revolutionary Army of Columbia, for example?"

"We are always keen to expand our reciprocal links," the silver-haired man says.

"Aye, Raffa, so I understand," Sir Andrew says carefully, looking up as the little man from the reception desk approaches. "Here comes Millward, the Club manager."

The Manager? I thought he was the receptionist. Nothing ever seems to be as it first appears here. Millward approaches the group, wringing his hands like some latter-day Uriah Heep. "I trust everything is to your satisfaction, gentlemen?"

I have to conceal a smile when Rafael Martinez kisses Millward on both cheeks, making him have it, even though the little guy is visibly shrinking back. "Please accept my compliments, Senor Millward."

"Most kind," the manager says, clearly flustered, and I have to smile.

"My new girl is here, Millward, as you can see," Sir says.

"Thank you for lending her services, Sir Andrew," Millward says. I have an uncomfortable feeling that they're talking about me. I glance enquiringly at Sir but he's not paying me any attention. "We're always glad of extra resources on a busy Saturday evening, especially when an important party is visiting. She's very acceptable. I've looped your video to one of the screens."

Millward points across to the wall opposite, and I look at the screen, where a naked woman is writhing on her knees, thrusting her pussy towards the camera, and shaking her tits... the usual, hackneyed stuff, although the picture quality isn't very good and the camera work is a bit shaky. I am about to look away when I realise with a start that it is my own image that is so shamelessly displayed there. I gasp and stare wide-eyed. It is the video footage of me that Sir filmed in his office with his Blackberry.

"Excellent," Sir says, stroking my hair.

"May I speak with you urgently, Master?" I hiss, my eyes blazing. Sir is suddenly irritated, but he leans down so I can whisper in his ear. "What the hell is going on?" I ask.

He answers in a hushed whisper, but his tone still manages to be terse and abrupt: "Enough! I have loaned your services to the Club as a kajira for the evening. You are to provide hospitality to my guests."

What? I am flabbergasted. Welters of thoughts tumble in my brain. There are more than enough kajirae in the room, and all of them are drop-dead gorgeous, utterly submissively, and desperate to serve, so why me? What if I refuse then? Can I simply walk out of there, go home, and pretend it's never happened? Will they allow that? The place is so well-guarded, after all. Anyway, even if they do let me leave, it will surely be 'goodnight Vienna' to my newly-revived arrangement with Sir. That'll be it, once and for all! I am acutely aware that the silver-haired man is watching closely as Sir grasps my ear lobe. That old guy has the look of a super-wealthy and ruthless gangster. "What do I have to do?" I hear myself say.

“Go with Gaffa. He’ll get you kitted out.”

Gaffa! The Head Slaver. He’s scarier than any virtual slaver I met on Second Life. I gulp and rise to my feet so quickly that I become all giddy and light-headed, and stagger. The Head Slaver steadies me with his huge hand around my upper arm, and his grip seems like steel.

“I’ll take her from here, sir,” Gaffa says in a curiously shrill voice, and I realise that it’s the first time I’ve ever heard him speak.

I numbly allow the Head Slaver to usher me across the floor, through a curtained area beyond the wine racks, past the kitchens where chefs are working in frenzy, along a short corridor, and into a room with mirrored walls and widely-spaced rows of metal clothes lockers fronted by wooden benches and islands of wash basins. Each locker door has a 10 x 8 colour photograph of a nude woman, displayed above a sliding ‘IN/OUT’ sign. Most of the signs are set to ‘IN’, and some girls are still getting changed in the room. One woman is applying make-up as we pass, and another is shaving her legs at a wash basin. As Gaffa leads me round the end of the third row of lockers, three more girls look up, surprised and, I think, they are dismayed at seeing the Head Slaver there. One is just beginning to remove her street clothes, another is still fully-dressed but sitting on a bench and painting her toe nails, and the third is standing stark naked, shaking out a floaty silk confection as if trying to make some sense of it. They all show exaggerated urgency when Gaffa appears, but he just glares and walks past, leading me to the end of the row. I am amazed to see a nude photograph of myself already displayed on the door of Locker Number 555. The picture shows me standing naked, with my hands clasped behind my neck. It must have been taken during my medical examination at the Assessment Centre in Wales. The guy on the hill, who Mia spoke about! The sliding sign beneath my picture on the locker door is set to ‘OUT’, but Gaffa reaches to flick the slider across to ‘IN’.

“Strip, girl,” Gaffa says, opening the locker door.

My God! Ordered to strip by a modern-day slaver! An icy hand grips my entrails but there is a surge of inexplicable excitement there too. I look in the metal clothes locker and see some red silks hanging from a hook, ready for me. It’s too late to back out now, and they’ve all already seen me naked anyway. After a moment’s indecision, I flip the twin straps of the dress from my right shoulder and the bodice falls to my waist. Oh God! What am I doing? The Head Slaver stares appraisingly at my boobs, and I get another burst of the hots in my pussy. I glance at the other women further down the row. All three are starkers now, and they are paying me no attention whatsoever. In fact they are standing with their backs turned. I am a bit reassured, seeing their svelte, naked backs and lovely, pert bums. Who’s likely to notice me among so many beautiful strippers? I will appear just like another club kajira, one among many. It’s for one night only, after all. How hard can it be? However, I catch sight of my own naked body in the wall mirror, which is angled so that I also see my rear in the other mirror at the opposite end of the row. It shocks me, and again I ask myself: ‘What the hell are you doing, Cherry?’ Of course, I know what I am doing, really. It’s not for the salary that Sir is paying me, either. Money isn’t my main consideration, or even a consideration at all. It’s just that I find the whole thing an incredible and amazing turn-on, and I already feel myself somewhere on the path to sub space. Even now I am aware of familiar flutters of excitement in my belly, as if a hundred butterflies are suddenly disturbed and sent swirling, unable to escape.

“Har-ta!” Gaffa suddenly yells at me, his hand resting on the handle of the cane at his waist.

I know what he means, of course. Har-ta is a regular Gorean cry, meaning hurry. The other women seem jolted and they leap into action. Perhaps their nervousness is catching, because almost without thinking, I immediately push the lovely black dress over my hips and it puddles at my bare feet. Gaffa picks it up and lays it on the bench. He then reaches into the locker and brings out a slender choker of gun metal grey. It is hinged in two halves and he flips it open. “Lift your hair,” he orders. “You must wear your slave collar.”

“I am not a slave.”

“You think I can’t recognise a slave when I see one? It is my business. Look into my eyes.” I angrily look up at his implacable brown eyes, but can’t hold his stare and quickly look down again. “You are a slave, wear this,” he says, holding the collar open.

I resignedly reach behind my head to hold my long tresses clear of my neck, and realise that this lifts the line of my tits. Gaffa closes the steel around my throat with a click, and slips his forefinger in

between the metal and my neck, tugging to ensure that the collar is firmly locked. My God! I'm naked and collared! I glance at the mirror affixed to the rear side of the locker door. A metal dog tag dangles from the collar at my throat, engraved with the number 555. Five-fifty-five! Shit! What the fuck am I doing? I am about to reach for the red silk, desperate to get some covering, when he claps his hands together.

"Halt. Wait there!"

So I stand there, nervous and totally nude, with both hands nervously cupped over my pubes. Gaffa strides off towards a nearby wash basin. I hear water running and look around as I wait. The photo on the locker next to mine, number 554, is a nude study of Mia, the girl I met in Wales! The last time I saw her, she was kneeling at the feet of the Chairman. The slide on the door of her locker is set to 'IN', so she must be in the Club somewhere. There is a photograph of another girl on the door of Locker No 556 too. Lockers numbered 557 to 560 bear no pictures; they are probably waiting for other, as yet unsuspecting, victims. When Gaffa returns he is carrying a dripping wet cloth and a small, oblong sheet of inked paper.

"Put your left foot onto the bench and keep still," he orders.

Although disconcerted, I obey. The bench is quite high, and I have to lift my knee. I watch transfixed as he peels transparent film from the paper, and then as he carefully places the inked side onto my raised thigh, an inch or so under the crease of my hip. He then uses the cold wet cloth to thoroughly wet the whole of the backing paper and smooth it against my flesh.

"What's this?" I ask.

"Silence! Curiosity is unbecoming in a kajira.""

I stare down at the ink-blotched paper on my thigh. At that moment, Karim, the Indian youth, comes walking down the row of lockers.

"They are asking that she be readied quickly," Karim tells Gaffa, glancing dispassionately at my naked body as I stand with my thigh raised high, completely exposing my pussy.

"I'm applying her brand."

"What?" I blurt in alarm.

"Unmarked girls aren't permitted to work in the Club," Gaffa tells Karim. "Real brands leave ugly scars and damage a girl, so we tattoo our kajirae instead. It's the same thing. Always on the left thigh, so that the right hand of a Master can easily touch the mark on a girl. It's a reminder to them both that she is property."

I am flabbergasted. Gaffa speaks of girls as 'property'. I gulp. I mean, I ask you, how outrageous is that? Yet I am willingly standing stark naked in front of these two so-called slavers as my thigh is marked, and my pussy has turned to warm liquid. So what does that make me, if only for the time being?

After another 20 seconds or so, Gaffa carefully slides away the backing paper to reveal a red-inked, cursive design of a lower-case letter 'k' with the number 555, printed on the smooth flesh of my thigh. It is about 3 inches long and one and a half inches wide, and not unattractive, I have to admit.

"A fake tattoo..." Karim says.

Gaffa leans over to inspect the mark, his nose less than a foot from the slit of my pussy, and I'm certain that he can smell my sexual juices. He says, "We use temporary tattoos on loaned girls, such as this one. We make the mark permanent, as and when appropriate, but it still counts as a brand even if it is temporary."

"Branded girls are hardly ever freed," Karim says to me as he watches Gaffa carefully remove the gel residue from my thigh with a dry cloth. "You'll soon get your permanent tattoo, girl."

Girl! The Indian youth is certainly a damned sight younger than me, probably by a good few years. I want to give a 'pffft', but a show of outraged superiority isn't easy when you are standing naked, with one leg raised high, displaying your bare pussy. My heart is pounding too. Gaffa dusts talc onto my thigh.

"Get her dressed," Gaffa says as he collects up the stuff he used for the temporary tattoo.

Karim nods and reaches into the locker and sorts out a couple of narrow pink and gold strips, one of which he affixes around my left ankle. I stare down at my foot as if mesmerised. The anklet is hung with small bells. He pushes my left leg away and the bells tinkle as I lower my foot to the floor. Belled! How humiliating. Karim waits until I lift my other foot onto the bench, and he then fastens a belled strip around my right ankle too.

"Dress!" Karim suddenly says. "Har-ta!"

He commands me, as if I'm a child. Still, I find myself reaching for the pink and gold printed silk garment that hangs in the locker. It's merely a glorified suspender belt that's got a bunch of silks sewn to it, each some 30 inches long, with one set attached to the centre front and the other at the centre rear. The silks are pink, trimmed with gold, and the belt is hung with trails of pink glass beads and tiny silver bells, each the size of my finger nail. My God! How degrading! Yet I am utterly aroused. I hook the narrow belt around my waist, and Karim fussily arranges it low on my hips, so that the front gossamer drapes, sewn to the belt in a gather, hang and fan out from just above my pubes, while those at the back drape over the swell of my bottom. My flanks and most of my lower belly are completely bare and, when I sway my hips, the silks waft lightly around my legs. Karim then reaches into the locker and he takes out a roll of tape, and two 3 inch wired strips of the same pink and gold style as the belt, similarly hung with pink beads and tiny bells. To my mortification, he bends the first strip into a semi-circular shape and offers the beaded fabric up to my left boob, shaping the wire around it, just above the nipple line. He tweaks my nipple sharply and I give an indignant yelp as he clips on a tiny, serrated clamp with a little silver bell. Karim smiles slightly, and I flush hotly as he peels off a strip of double-sided tape, and then affixes it in place on my boob. He hands the other wired strip to me, and I fumble as I bend it to the contour of the other breast. Karim reaches to my already prominently erect right nipple and he clamps another tiny bell there. My God! The strips are merely elaborate pasties, and they are certainly not meant to conceal anything, because my clamped nipples nestle among the dangling amber and pink glass droplets, for all the world like belled beads themselves. Then, to my astonishment, Karim produces a length of slender chain and clips it to my collar. A leash! Just like the one that Lord Rothmanay has been using to lead me about all week in my virtual world.

"Is she ready?" Gaffa asks, returning from behind the lockers and eying me appraisingly.

"No I'm not ready at all!" I screech inwardly, as my nipples begin to throb. But I am almost too ready, judging by the excitement raging inside me. This is just too much!

"Yes, sir," Karim says, handing the end of the leash to the Head Slaver.

"Come!" Gaffa says, clapping his hands, turning and walking away between the row of lockers. The bells tinkle and the silks sway aside from my legs as I hurry after him, almost running, trying to keep up as he strides down the corridor and past the kitchens, with Karim following closely behind. Serving girls run to the kitchen, while others emerge carrying steaming plates of food. These silked floosies hardly raise an eyebrow at me. At the entrance to the club room, Gaffa stops and turns to sweep his eyes over me from head to toe, like he's inspecting the goods before delivery, doing a final QA check, I guess.

"Posture!"

Posture? It's a regular thing with these people. They seem to be obsessed with my fucking posture. I inhale sharply and temper flares up inside me. However, despite myself, I throw my shoulders back and push my pelvis forward. I glare at him, as if to say, 'that's the best I can do right now.' Gaffa actually hisses in anger. I've never heard anyone do that before. It's damned unnerving, too. He draws the cane from his waist sash, and I cower back and whimper. I might have done it good and proper now! Gaffa passes my leash back to Karim.

"Left foot slightly in front of your right and bend your left knee slightly," he snaps, tapping my left leg with his cane. I'm quick to obey now. "Put your weight on your right foot and turn your body." His cane raps smartly on my right hip. "Place your right hand there and keep your elbow behind your right hip. Now look towards your left shoulder. That's slightly better."

My right hand lies lightly on the hip that was stung by his accursed cane. Leashed like a dog, I am ashamed to allow myself to be posed prettily, but what else can I do? Okay, I ought to speak out, and leave this place, and perhaps even go to the police, but somehow I am becoming conditioned to obey. Besides, I'm getting a perverse kick from it all. A strong flush of excitement is making my skin prickle in goose bumps. Anyway, there is no time to consider these things....

"Move!" Karim tugs my leash and walks back along the corridor. I follow him, as I must. Is he taking me back to the locker room? Oh no! Surely they can't bring me this far and then drop me down? An unexpected wave of disappointment washes over me. My shoulders slump down. Suddenly, though, Gaffa's cane raps across my bottom, making me squeal, and I give a little leap forward. It stings terribly, despite the silks. Yet I am almost happy to feel the sharp pain of the cane, inexplicably glad that I am not being rejected. I am becoming lost in this strange world.

“Walk well! Keep most of your weight on the ball of your foot, and walk like a dancer on the tips of your toes. Foot prints in a single line, as if you’re on a beam. Bend your knees more to lift your foot higher off the ground, and then place it down with a longer stride. Move your hips! Now turn...”

I swivel and walk back towards Gaffa, trying to comply with his absurdly precise deportment demands, making my paces longer than usual, and exaggerating the sway of my hips like a showgirl. The silks waft round me and the bells tinkle merrily with my every step.

“Keep your head and shoulders still as you move. Keep your chin level and your eyes up.” Then, to the younger Indian man who holds my leash, Gaffa says, “Alright, lead her to the private area in the corner, Karim.”

Surely he doesn’t intend to take me out into the club like this, leashed like a dog? He does, of course. I have no option but walk after him, out into the public area. Even worse, Gaffa follows closely behind, ready to punish any tardiness, and his cane lightly taps my bum as I walk, as if he’s taking a cow to market. It’s as though my real life has somehow merged with the virtual life I’ve been leading these past few days on Second Life. I sway my hips from side to side, and the light silks swish back and forth to reveal naked flesh up to my waist, while the bells at my ankles, waist and tits tinkle merrily. Karim leads me across the room to the private area, where the Columbians are enjoying beautiful submissive girls, fine wines, top-class cuisine and cocaine. Why would they be interested in little me?

“Five-fifty-five, sir” Gaffa says, delivering me to Sir Andrew as a belled, branded and collared slave girl.

I really am Five-fifty-five! Stupid as it seems, I had not connected the number 555 with my online name, Five-fifty-five. Sir has obviously been planning this for ages. The number was reserved and waiting for me.

Karim unclips my leash, bows, and melts into the background.

Sir eyes my near-nude body appraisingly and smiles. “I am very pleased, Gaffa. Well done. You may show her to my guests.”

“Turn!”

I can’t believe I am doing this, and getting a charge from it too. I obediently twirl and the gossamer silks waft up, briefly exposing my pussy and my bare bum. It doesn’t seem sufficient for the Head Slaver though, because he reaches to pull the front silks aside to display the prominent kef design and number on my thigh. He then makes me turn and display my rear, raising the silks to reveal my bum, as if showing a prize dog. Despite the intense humiliation (perhaps because of it?), this is incredibly exciting to me. My breathing has become all ragged. The Columbian men are dead interested in me, particularly the one with the bleak gimlet eyes and the awful black, glossy pony-tail. Do they know that are raging in my belly? I bet they don’t.

Sir says: “Five-fifty-five is my brand new girl. All of the London kajirae have a number with the prefix 5, denoting the franchise of the club: New York is 1, Berlin 2, Paris 3, Barcelona 4... It helps us to keep track when we exchange or lease our girls. Your own prefix, if you decide to affiliate, will be 22. It’s a bit unwieldy, I admit.”

“We simply sell sluts and capture new ones,” the pony-tailed man says dismissively, and I can feel his eyes burning on me.

“Yes, well, we do things differently here,” Sir Andrew says. “A volunteer is worth a thousand conscripts. Our kajirae are abject slaves, none the less.”

The mood has suddenly become a bit tense.

“Shake your breasts, Five-fifty-five,” Gaffa whispers tersely.

Exquisitely humiliated, I shimmy my shoulders and my clamped nipples throb as my tits move fluidly and the bells tinkle merrily. Anything to ease the tension...

Sir smiles and tells his guests. “Take my new girl, for example. A volunteer, almost totally untrained but, as you see, she is very willing. She will obey your every command, just like any other kajirae here. Won’t you, Five-fifty-five?”

“Yes, Master,” I hear myself reply, and the huskiness in my voice surprises me. I decide, here and now that, rather than Cheryl Hardisty, it will be a nameless, numbered slave who abjectly submits to their demands: Five-fifty-five. It will be just like playing my Second Life avatar, won’t it? I can deal with that.

The gimlet-eyed man flicks his head, and his sleek pony-tail swishes as he beckons to me. “Come

here, puta!”

Putá! I know enough Spanish to know that that isn’t a nice thing to call a woman. I swallow hard. Nevertheless, I go to stand directly in front of the man. He reaches out, brushes my silks aside, and casually insinuates his hand between my legs. I close my eyes but stay still as he probes my pussy with two fingers.

“Juan Pablo, my eldest son, he thinks he is a hard man with the whores,” the silver-haired man says with a laugh.

He’s the head honcho’s son and heir? Damn! Also, the old man called me a whore! The music is pounding in the room, in my head, in my body too, matching the throb of my nipples. My pussy flesh hungrily clenches around Juan Pablo’s fingers and I wriggle my hips to get more.

“Shake your tits again,” Juan Pablo orders. Hating myself, I obey. The bells on my breasts tinkle, and the movement of my body inevitably makes my pussy writhe against his fingers. “More!”

I hear him chuckle as the little bells chime merrily. His fingers press against the front wall of my vagina, making me go weak at the knees. I had hoped for the anonymity of being one among many serving kajirae, but that isn’t to be. Although Katrina and many other girls are entertaining the Columbians, massaging their shoulders, kneeling at their feet, generally simpering around them, the men are all watching young Juan Pablo and me.

“Hace siglos que no se come nada!” one says, I think (I know a bit of Spanish, but not a lot). Anyway, whatever he says, the men all laugh, including Sir and the silver-haired man.

“La puta es apretado, Juanito?” another asks.

“Si, una puta jaca!” Juan Pablo replies.

I gasp. If I understood that right, he said: ‘Yes, a bit of cunt!’

Juan Pablo isn’t taking the teasing banter too well, and he hooks his fingers behind my pubic bone and pulls me closer towards him. Well, whether my Spanish is accurate or not, I know enough to understand most of what they are saying. The first had said that ‘little’ Juan hasn’t had any crumpet for a long time, which I seriously doubt. The other asked, ‘Is the whore tight?’ They persist in calling me a whore! Worse, though, the men’s teasing banter seems to have goaded Juan Pablo into humiliating me all the more. I glance over at Sir, but he is engaged in serious discussion with the man in the white suit, and doesn’t even seem to notice me any more.

“Senor, how much do you want for this puta?” Juan calls to Sir Andrew.

“She’s not for sale, I’m afraid. There are private alcoves at the rear. Feel free to fur her, if you wish.”

What? Juan Pablo growls. His snarl scares me. Then, though, he calls to one of the other men in the group: “Hey, Ramon, do you want to share this bitch? She is new. We can give her a welcome she won’t forget.”

“Why not, I show you how to fuck a puta, Juan.” The speaker rises amiably to his feet, and he is an absolute giant. “Where is this alcove?”

Katrina leaps to her feet. “I’ll show you Master!”

Juan Pablo grasps a hank of my hair. My legs are shaking. I glance wistfully towards Sir, and he smiles and raises his wine glass to me in salute. For some strange reason, I am inordinately glad that he is pleased with me. I turn and follow Katrina and the two men, my bells tinkling and silks wafting as I walk.

The ‘alcove’ turns out to be a well-appointed bedroom with mirrors on every wall. As soon as the door is shut, Ramon drops his trousers to flop out his large, fat cock. I blink at the size of the organ. It is certainly big, even when in repose, as they say. However, Katrina immediately sinks to her knees and widens her mouth to envelop the cock, and it distends her cheeks as she gazes up with doleful cow eyes at the man’s moustached face. Ramon smiles and holds Katrina by the hair as she expertly sucks him to an erection. Then, though, he pushes her away and stretches onto the bed, lying on his back. “My pants...” he calls, waving to me.

I grimace. It’s too late to be coy now. I reach to unbutton the waistband of his trousers, and then remove his shoes, tossing them aside. Katrina has already returned her attention to Ramon’s massive cock, licking it like a giant lollipop, while I stand at the end of the bed and tug at his pants to remove them.

“Putá,” Ramon calls, grasping his cock and waving it towards me. “Strip off those silks and wrap your

cunt round this.”

There’s nothing else for it. Besides, I’m burning up inside now. I unhook the belt and climb onto the bed to straddle his hairy, olive-skinned legs. Katrina doesn’t move her head when I kneel astride his hips, but she grasps his cock in her tiny hand and guides its head into the glistening folds of my cunt as I lower myself down. I can only gasp in pleasure as I sink slowly onto the thick shaft, feeling its girth filling my cunt. Glancing down, I see the tightly stretched mouth of my vagina clasping around the huge cock. He jerks his hips, fully impaling me, slaps my tits, and then urges me to start riding him. Obediently, panting with a rampant lust of my own, I raise my hips up and then slowly snake down on the erect cock again, feeling the delicious stretch inside me. I begin to work with more vigour, my back straight, riding high and dirty, thrusting up and down on his cock. Ramon’s hands reach to fondle my breasts, tearing off the hated pasties and nipple clamps, throwing them aside, squeezing the soft flesh until it spills through his splayed fingers. The pain in my nipples as the blood floods back makes me groan. Ramon groans too, and from the hair that brushes against my arse, I know that Katrina is licking his balls. Then, though, something makes me look behind, and I see Juan Pablo standing naked, stroking his long, slim cock. His young body is beautifully firm and lithe.

“Juanita! Come, we make a sandwich,” Ramon calls. “You fuck her arse, and I’ll take her cunt. It’s a very good way to break a whore.”

I gasp and am about to protest, but Katrina moves her position and Juan Pablo climbs onto the bed. His hands press on my shoulders, pushing me forward, forcing my torso down until my throbbing tits are pressed on Ramon’s shirt-clad chest. Smaller, female hands are on my buttocks, prizing my cheeks apart, and then two slender fingers are worked into my rectum, one from each side, digging into the hole and stretching it wide. I mewl in protest, realising that Katrina is plundering my arse, but all the time my pussy sucks up and down on the stiff fat cock. Hands seem to be everywhere on my body. Ramon is grasping my hips to keep his cock buried in my cunt. Katrina opens my anus and licks around the brown well, lubricating it with her saliva, her fingers pulling my arse-hole further open for the young Columbian. When Katrina’s fingers are removed, they are immediately replaced by Juan Pablo’s cock. I yelp in astonishment. I have never been fucked by two men at the same time. Juan buries his cock deep into my anus. I gasp and squirm, aware of Katrina’s head working between my splayed legs. My body is trapped and pinioned between the two men. I can feel my sphincter stretching wide as the cock forces its way into my arse, and my hips still rotate slowly against Ramon’s shaft. I’m moaning and grunting like a bitch in heat but I no longer care. I just surrender to the two cocks in my belly. All I know is the raw, sensuous pain in my arse and the wild animal heat of my cunt. I buck and twist between the two male bodies, one slightly soft and yielding, and the other incredibly hard and angular. The shafts pump up and down inside me, and I can feel the two cock heads nuzzling together, separated only by the thin wall of flesh inside me. Katrina continues to lick and lap at the bases of their cocks, and at my pussy too, and her darting tongue elicits gasps and moans. My body explodes into a crescendo of orgasms once, twice, three times... I’m not sure how many times I am wracked with the delicious spasms. It is all different to anything I have ever known before. Ramon grunts and I know he is cumming inside me. Juan Pablo, though, pulls back from my anus and spurts cum across the small of my back. I slump down on Ramon’s giant body, panting, lights flashing in my head.

“Oh, my God!”

“La zorra seta mas salida que la punta de una pragua,” Ramon chuckles.

I think he said, ‘She fucks like a rabbit.’ The huge cock, growing flaccid now, is still embedded in my sodden cunt. I lay my head on his chest, beyond shame.

“I will have this puta for myself, Ramon.”

“She is not for sale.”

“No? We shall see!”

Chapter Six - Crossing the Threshold

It's 1pm when the two Columbians dismiss me. Utterly naked, leashed, I wearily pad on bare feet behind Karim, the young Indian in the white pantaloons and yellow bolero. Gaffa, the Head Slaver, brings up the rear. Things look different here, hotel-like, with well-lit and carpeted corridors, and doors line the walls at regular intervals. They are taking me by a different route, not through the Club room, presumably because of my dishevelled and soiled state.

I have been muchly used by Juan Pablo and Ramon, the Columbian gangsters. Juan was very taken by me and, in truth, I got a big charge of dark pleasure from his cruelty. "I must have that puta for myself!" he said more than once. I can't get his words out of my head. Secretly revelling in being used by a dangerous criminal is wholly different to being owned by him. Sir has already told him that I'm not for sale, of course, but Juan Pablo is arrogant and he doesn't seem the sort to accept refusal. I am frightened that he will try to claim me. If Juan Pablo has frightened me, then I am even more scared by my own licentious behaviour in the alcove, by my abject submission, and by the sheer debauchery.... I must get out of the Gorean Club before it's too late. In just a few short hours, they have done things to me that would have previously been unthinkable, and it is clear that my status in life will change abruptly and permanently if I stay. Already I am more accommodated to serving as an abject slave than I would ever have imagined possible. It isn't finished yet, either. Weary, I might be, knackered in fact, but I still take care to walk well, almost strutting with an exaggerated sway of my bum, because Gaffa is coming up behind, and his awful whippy cane is ever-ready. So I keep my head and shoulders steady as my body sways extravagantly, and I avoid looking either to right or left. I walk like a slave, in fact, and even now it gives me a perverse, amazing thrill! So I'm not too far from becoming helplessly lost, enslaved as much by my own urges as by the dominance of my Masters. There is still some resistance left in me, but it may soon become impossible to reach it. I'm being swept along by an irresistible tide and already out of my depth. I am drowning, not waving. I must get away from here and never come back. To hell with Sir Andrew's contract!

There are no lifts in this part of the building, and they take me down several flights of stairs. We are descending into the bowels of the building. It seems that I am not to be returned to the locker room, where I left my lovely new dress and Mulberry handbag. We are presently confronted by a stout door, which Karim opens by means of a wall-mounted security pad. When we enter, the door shuts behind us with a hiss. It is darker here, and it's like I have suddenly entered a strange underworld. I look around me. It is a large basement and, instead of the clean neutral-colours of the corridors, I am confronted by dark stone walls, and low-wattage electric bulbs cast barely adequate light in the cavernous area. It is obviously heated, because the air is warm on my naked flesh. Two more men, both clad in baggy white pants, sit at a desk near the door, and one of them is stationed in front of a PC monitor and keyboard which look distinctly out of place here.

"Where is this?" I ask, frightened.

"The Slave Kennels," Karim says.

"Silence, girl!" Gaffa rasps. "Curiosity isn't becoming in a kajira."

I am too astounded to respond. Slave Kennels! The very notion is preposterous. However, I'm not reassured by the row of barred doors on the far side of the basement. One of the men rises from his chair and flicks a control switch. A bright arc light harshly illuminates my nude body, and I utter a small whimper of surprise.

"Brand!" the man orders tersely, tapping my left leg.

I blink in the bright light and lift my knee slightly to display the temporary tattoo on my thigh. He lays his finger on the black number above the red cursive kef, making me shudder. Then he uses the same finger on the tip of my chin to raise my head, checking the dog tag on my collar before calling to the other fellow sat at the desk, "Five-fifty-five."

The man taps the keyboard. He glances first at the screen and then at me, before leaning to open a drawer and pull out a folder with '555' written upon it in large numerals. They have obviously been expecting me! When the man flips the folder open I see that it contains a number of printed pages and some large photographs. He holds up one of the pictures, and I can see that it is another nude photo of

myself, with my hands primly on my thighs and the neat bare slit of my pussy clearly visible. It must have been taken recently, but before the temporary tattoo was applied to my thigh, and certainly without my knowledge. "Aye, it's Five-fifty-five," he says, comparing the picture with my naked body. "That's her, alright. We've got her medical report and contract. No problems. There's another temporary tattoo for her too, if we happen to need it."

"She stinks like a sleen," Gaffa says. "Get her cleaned up and then kennel her for the night. I'll inspect and assess her tomorrow."

I give a start, wrenching at the leash. "Kennel me! Are you crazy? I'm getting out of here."

"Silence, Five-fifty-five!" Gaffa screeches. "Didn't they tell you never to look me in the eye? Don't speak until you are spoken to!"

"I am not Five-fifty-five. That's over now. My name is Cheryl! Please, just get me my dress and shoes..."

"Two strokes of the cane!"

Karim nods and draws the cane from his sash, tugging at the leash. "Bend over, Five-fifty-five."

"Don't you dare hit me with that!"

"Three strokes!" Gaffa hisses.

"No, please, someone call for Sir Andrew..."

"Four strokes!"

I quake. I am about to speak again but the words die in my throat. This isn't a battle that I can win, and one I would do well not to prolong. Besides, that treacherous glow is burning in my sex again. Despite all that has happened to me with the Columbians, this is a real turn on! What *is* the matter with me?

"Best that you bend over now, Five-fifty-five," Karim says quietly, jerking at the leash.

I cast a last glance at Gaffa, then inhale sharply and raise my hands high above my head before bending at the waist to touch the stone-tiled floor with my fingertips.

"Good girl," the Indian youth says, letting go of my leash. "Don't move."

He strokes my bare buttocks with the palm of his hand, and I remain still even when his fingers stray to the purse of my sex, and I loathe myself for being so debased and compliant. To be handled in such a way by a youth who is some years younger than me is particularly demeaning. His hand leaves my pussy but then his cane is tapping the cheeks of my bottom, as if marking the spot where he will strike me. Oh my God!

"You will count off the strokes," Gaffa says. "If you don't count, or if you move, then that stroke will be repeated."

WHOOOOSH! The hiss of displaced air reaches her ears momentarily before the pain sears across my buttocks. I yelp at the fiercely stinging stripe from the cane, which hurts far more than Sir's paddle or anything Jack ever used on me.

"One!" I hear myself cry with a sudden urgency.

"Who are you, girl?" Gaffa asks.

"I am Five-fifty-five!"

WHOOOOSH! This time, the pain is simultaneous with the sound, perhaps because I anticipate it, but I manage to control my reaction and merely grunt as it lands.

"Two!"

"What are you, Five-fifty-five?"

"This girl is a slave, Master. La kajira!" I answer, remembering the Slave Paces I have so recently learned.

Whoosh! The cane strikes again, and I lift my right heel involuntarily as the pain sears across my bottom. Again, I grunt in a guttural, unladylike manner, but manage to maintain my position.

"Three!"

"What are your duties, girl?"

"A girl's duties are exquisite beauty and absolute obedience, Master!"

Whoosh!!! This time I am unable to stifle the screech, because the cane lands precisely in the tender crease between my thighs and buttocks. The pain is particularly fiery, and I dance on my toes.

"Four!" I say in a strangled sob, straightening and reaching back to place my palms gingerly on my

poor burning bum.

“Thank the apprentice slaver for correcting you.”

“Thank you,” I whisper huskily, defeated, fighting back the tears as I rub the sore flesh and hop from foot to foot, making the dangling chain leash dance between my naked breasts.

“Thank you, Master!” Karim corrects me sharply, glancing at Gaffa.

“Thank you, Master.”

It is almost as if this cameo involves someone else, that I am watching it from afar. Naked, fucked, collared, belled, caned by a mere youth, and confined in a dank cellar! Gaffa harrumphs and turns to stride away, leaving me with the three assistant slavers.

“I’ll bathe you, and then you can get some sleep,” Karim says gently, holding out his hand for my leash.

I give him the end of the chain and stand with my head bowed as I gasp for breath. He leads me to a door on the far side of the basement, and pauses, by a dark tunnel. As if as an afterthought, Karim takes me down the tunnel and stops at a heavy door, just a short way inside. He takes a swipe card from his waist band and opens the door, pushing it open. I peer into the room.

“You should see this,” he says quietly. “Be warned!”

Wow, a dungeon! Well, it’s actually a large basement with a very high, vaulted stone roof, but it’s very atmospheric. From its appearance, it could even be a redundant sewer chamber (I know that Basalghett’s London sewer system had lots of these cathedral-like caverns, and some of them are probably disused now). Nobody is in there, but real coals glow in an old-fashioned brazier, and torches flame on the walls, so it’s obviously ready for use. I can see some frightening machines with complicated arrangements of wheels and widgets, and there’s a large wooden St Andrews Cross too.

Hardly daring to ask, I say: “Who uses this place?”

“It’s the Naughty Room, for punishing really bad slaves. Also, the Free Men use it, and the bad slaves, for their pleasure. You wouldn’t want to be put in here, so be good!”

“Ooh, I see!”

There’s a catch in my voice, and Karim seems to mistake it for fear. As Karim closes the door, I am still peering into the room, and see hanging iron cages, and one wall is hung with lots of whips, crops, paddles and scourges, like bizarre decorative pieces. Karim smiles grimly, seemingly satisfied that he’s frightened me. Little does he know!

He takes me up a couple of flight of stairs, along corridors, and eventually into a communal bathroom some thirty feet long and twenty feet wide. It is quite big, but not huge, and it’s impressive and well-appointed, and obviously for the use of guests as well as staff, for a couple of naked girls are busily tending to two men who are showering in the open wet room that comprises the entire left hand side. Numerous huge chromium shower heads hang from the ceiling along the length of the wet room, and another girl is taking a shower, while another lies in the rectangular sunken plunge bath in the central aisle. There are two blocks of wash basins with mirrors, and at the far end there is a massage table, with plenty of free-standing trolleys and units standing around, bearing fluffy towels, lotions, and stuff like that. On the opposite side there is a row of four Turkish-style closets sunk into the floor, divided one from the other only by low white marble platforms, about 18 inches high, four feet long and two feet wide. Chromed stand pipes with faucets and chromium flexible tubing, are positioned behind each platform. However, opulent though it all might be, there are no screens or partitions and the whole room is entirely open.

The young Indian slaver takes me to the lavatories and unclips my leash, gesturing to the nearest Turkish toilet. I look at him, horrified. My dismay must be apparent, because he shrugs and says, “Kajirae are not permitted modesty.”

I look around desperately. There is no provision whatsoever for privacy. Realising that there is no alternative, I reluctantly step onto the dimpled ceramic footpads of the unfamiliar toilet and squat down, quickly relieving myself. I have never before done that in public before, never mind under a man’s supervision. The degradation is never-needing. As my flow subsides, Karim steps forward and presses the small lever on the chromium stand pipe, and a cleansing jet of icy cold water directed onto my pussy and anus.

“You will soon get used to it,” Karim says with a smile as I hurriedly straighten and step away, the

cold water trickling down my legs. “This style of lavatory is far more hygienic and ergonomic than the Western versions.”

I doubt that I would ever get used to that. Anyway, I've no intention of staying here or ever coming back. Karim leads me to the wet room and gently pushes me under a shower head, a few feet along from where the naked men and women are frolicking together. I am not at all surprised or shocked to see that one of the girls is on her knees sucking cock, while the second girl is massaging lather onto the other man's body with her tits. I turn my back on them as I step under the shower head, and a powerful spray of warm water immediately rains down on me. Simultaneously, other nozzles at the side direct water at my body, and one carries a liquid soap of some sort, judging by the slick foam on my skin. I gently rub lather over my sore bottom and thighs. Karim stands by, with his hand on the cane at his waist. Supervised or not, I am glad to clean the filth of fucking from my body, and I soap my intimate flesh thoroughly, turning my back towards him. I am also glad to thoroughly lather my hair and wash the streaks of dried cum out of it. Then, quite unexpectedly, the water stops and powerful streams of warm air play over my body.

As I am drying off, we are approached by the girl who has been showering, naked and fresh, as she makes to leave the ablutions room. The girl folds to her spread knees in front of Karim. “May I have permission to pass and kennel, Master?”

“You may, girl.”

“Thank you, Master. I wish you well.”

I note the kef tattoo on the girl's thigh: her number is 476. The prefix ‘4’ denotes Barcelona, Sir said! The poor girl must be here on an exchange or lease arrangement. But she seems happy enough as she smiles and rises elegantly to go on her way. I glance down at my own thigh, half expecting the ink to have been rinsed away, but my temporary tattoo brand is still there, as clean and vibrant as before, with my number clearly visible: 555. Five-fifty-five! That's me. At least it has a ring to it. Karim insists that I brush my hair until it shines, which I would have done anyway, and he then takes me down to the basement again.

I pad behind the Indian youth, along a maze of corridors. There is no natural illumination here and the artificial lighting is dim. He doesn't seem too sure of his way, for he frequently pauses and checks his bearings. The place is quite big, a bewildering underground complex of passages and rooms; it must stretch way beyond the frontage of the Club, which seems so bland and ordinary to all outward appearances at street level. Who would ever know that there is an erotic slave-owning society based down here?

Presently Karim leads me to a corridor that is flanked by several barred recesses. “Ah, these are some of the main slave kennels,” he says, as if relieved to have found them.

Each of these so-called kennels has a numbered plaque. There are probably a dozen of them, six on each side, and there isn't much else to see in each recess. They all seem to be similarly and austere furnished. They are prison cells, it seems to me: three solid walls, but just stout bars face the corridor, floor to ceiling. Inside each, there is a wooden sleeping platform with a thin mattress, a low table with a wooden-backed hairbrush and large mirror... little else, from what I can see. Despite their small size, though, all the cells are *en suite*, with a washbasin next to a Turkish-style squatting toilet, and a shower head directly above it. So that's something then, but it's hardly the Ritz. There are no windows, of course, not down here.

The Spanish girl, Four-seven-six, stands gripping the bars of an open door, looking on passively. I look at the girl, horrified, but she merely smiles slightly, closes the door with a click, and turns away. There are a few empty cells, their doors ajar, but a lot of the others are in use, judging from the signs of towels on the beds and so forth, even though there is nobody in them at this time; the erstwhile inhabitants are presumably still at work in the club areas or alcoves. The weekend revels at the Gorean Club are undoubtedly still going on, somewhere above us.

I expect to be put into one of the empty cells, but instead Karim leads me through another door to a corridor that is in inky-black darkness. When he switches on the electric light, the sight is even more shocking to me than the barred cells. Half a dozen low oblong wire crates are lined up, butted together, set a few feet back on a concrete platform that is raised some 18 inches from the stone paving slabs. Each of these cages is about 3 feet in height and width, akin to a dog crate, but they stretch back six feet or so.

Two of these crates, the first and third in the row, are each occupied by a naked girl, who lie with their heads near the hinged and padlocked front. Both stir to look up as the light is turned on. I gasp in shock, recognising Mia, who was recruited with me at the Assessment Centre in Wales. There is a plaque on the wire door of her cage: '554', written with a thick black marker pen. The cage occupied by the other girl is numbered 556. In addition to the numbered plaques on the front of each cage, each has a clipboard with some papers attached.

"These are the holding pens," Karim tells me, leaning forward to flip open the front of crate No. 555. "You will be kept here until the Head Slaver has assessed you."

"Assess me," I splutter. "No!"

"When may a slave say 'No' to a Free Person, beast?" he asks sternly, his hand on the handle of his cane.

"Never, Master."

"One stroke! Climb into your pen. It is best if you enter backwards because there isn't much room to turn round."

"My pen!" I step onto the raised platform and kneel in front of the open wire cage. "This is false imprisonment, you know that?"

Karim smiles as I back into the low crate, and he waits until I lie on the thin mattress that comprises its base. "You voluntarily signed an agreement, Five-fifty-five," he says, shutting and padlocking the front panel and checking the notes on the clipboard attached to the wires and producing a pencil from his pocket to make a note, murmuring, "One stroke... insolence. Think yourself lucky - had I recorded it as defiance, you would have earned six strokes." He raises five fingers of one hand and one of the other, as if I'm too thick to understand without a visual aid. "Six? Imagine!"

I can well imagine. My bum is sore enough already. I glower and glance round, as best I can in the confined space, and see that, except for a water bottle - the kind used to suckle a pet rabbit - the cage is entirely bare. There is nothing for my wastes. I peer up through the mesh and rattle the gate, testing its security. The brass padlock is very small, but it's certainly strong enough to keep me in. "What if I need to get out in the night?"

"You have to wait until someone comes," Karim says with a shrug. "You must not speak or make any other noise."

With that, he switches off the light and leaves, closing the door, and we three caged women are plunged into Stygian blackness. I shake the wire sides of the cage again, testing their strength. It isn't heavy gauge wire by any means, but certainly adequate to hold a woman or a large dog.

"Don't be frightened," Mia whispers. "What time is it?"

"It's about 2 o'clock, I think."

"Shush, there are microphones," the third girl hisses. "They'll beat us again."

"Two o'clock in the afternoon?"

"No, it's early morning... How long have you been in here, for God's sake?"

"About two days, I think, maybe three," Mia whispers. "It's hard to tell in the pitch-black like this. They've let me out a few times for the lavatory, to make me exercise, to take a shower, and once to be examined by the Head Slaver. They also come to use us sometimes. I've lost track of time already."

"Use us? My God! They keep us in the dark all the time?"

A terse command suddenly barks out over a tannoy speaker: "Silence!"

I slump my head down onto the mattress, suddenly realising that I am very weary. At least it is warm and comfortable there. This doesn't mitigate my indignation, however, and I tug angrily and uselessly at the collar locked about my neck. My bottom is unspeakably sore from the caning. I hold the palm of my hand at the tip of my nose and can't even see it in the inky darkness. I kid you not! I've always hated the dark, and now I have to fight a sudden urge to panic. How dare they treat me like this? Most of my ire is directed at Sir: 'Collared, caned, caged... Bastard. Bastard. Bastard. How dare he? Signed agreement or not, this is illegal, isn't it?' In the pitch black, my thoughts meander on and on. 'Is it really illegal?' I ask myself, turning restlessly in the narrow confines of her cage. After all, they have carefully documented my consent at every stage, and even have video footage showing my enthusiastic compliance as a naked, writhing slut begging to be fucked. With these disturbing thoughts, I drift into an uneasy sleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but I'm wakened by the sound of the door opening and the electric light

coming on. There are voices too, men's voices.

"I've changed my plans. Keep her here for a few days," Sir is saying as he enters the corridor-like room. He hasn't been home yet, judging by his clothes. "I can manage without her until Wednesday or Thursday."

"I haven't examined and assessed her yet," Gaffa says. "She will be eating out of your hand by the time I've finished with her."

"Let me out of here, you bastard," I snarl, my fingers clenching the wire of the cage.

"Two strokes!" Gaffa says, reaching for the clipboard attached to the cage front and making a note with a pencil.

Sir Andrew laughs and he squats down to look directly at me through the mesh of my cage. "You will make a superb kajira, Five-fifty-five," he says, "but it will be a painful process unless you learn to cooperate. In the meantime, there are other matters to think about. Juan Pablo has already made two offers to buy you. He's very angry that I've refused."

"Angry?"

"Incandescent, I'd say."

"You can't sell me!"

"You're safe with me. It's dashed difficult, though. Juan Pablo is a young hothead and his father is an influential man in the South American syndicate. I'll honour your Contract, of course."

"I quit! I'll get another job, even if the pay is a lot worse."

Sir Andrew sighs sadly and straightens. He turns to Gaffa and says, "Open the cage, please. She's free to go. Notify the Columbians that I no longer have an interest in her."

"What?" I ask, aghast, as Gaffa produces a key and unlocks the small padlock.

"I'd counsel caution, Cheryl. Apparently, young Juan Pablo isn't above taking things into his own hands. He's already threatened to have you kidnapped and shipped off to Buenaventura in a wooden crate. Mark my words, he would and could do that, and you'll never be seen again, probably finishing up as some pox-raddled whore in a brothel. It's why I decided to keep you safe here, under lock and key, until the Columbian party returns home."

"My God! I'll go to the police."

"I wouldn't recommend it."

Gaffa unlocks the mesh door and swings the panel open. "Crawl out!"

I remain in the cage.

"Out!" Gaffa shrieks.

"You have decided to honour your Contract of Employment and be trained after all?" Sir asks.

"You will you protect me against the Columbian?"

"The Columbian negotiations were a mistake. We could jeopardise the entire franchise associating with them, in my opinion, so I'm recommending that we don't proceed with their application to join us. We are lifestyle Goreans, whereas they are little more than sex traffickers and pimps. I would never give one of my girls to them under any circumstances. They deal in whores, not kajirae."

"There's a difference?" I ask bitterly.

"Of course there is. This is a sophisticated organisation devoted to Gorean principles," Sir says. "You are a kajira, not a whore. A salary and bonus is provided to safeguard your future, but that is almost coincidental to you being a slave. Your slavery releases you to explore and live out your inner desires in a discreet Gorean lifestyle community, but it is total and 24/7. Make no mistake about that. Do you feel you can surrender yourself in this way?"

I hesitate as I gaze up from the open panel of the low and narrow cage. I know Sir's words are true. I am already more of an abject sex slave than I care to admit, but it is my own darker needs that enslave me, not their damned chains and collar. It has never really been about finance and fortune, or about being forced into slavery. All of that that enables it, of course, but it's a secondary consideration. Moreover, Sir's words about the sinister Columbians have resolved a worrying contradiction in my mind: I have been unnerved and deeply unsettled by the way that the arrogant and cruel Juan Pablo treated me, and by the way I responded too, as if I were nothing but a common prostitute. I need to know that I am not volunteering to be a whore, because that has been worrying me. "Yes, Master," I say at last.

"You are willing to submit yourself to training?"

“Yes, Master.”

“What are your duties, beast?”

“A girl's duties are exquisite beauty and absolute obedience, Master!”

Sir smiles. “Very well, if you truly want that, you must close and lock your cage door yourself.”

I reach out and swing the door panel shut, sliding across the small bolt that acts as a catch, and then I engages the hasp of the small brass pad lock. It is deeply symbolic that I have locked my own cage, with no means of releasing myself. So the small metallic click of the padlock somehow seems to be very final, and yet I know it is only the beginning.

“I shall leave Five-fifty-five to your tender mercies, Gaffa,” Sir says, and Gaffa's high-pitched giggle unnerves me even more.

The men leave the room, shutting the door. The electric light is turned off, leaving us in inky blackness again.

“You made the right decision,” Mia whispers. I had quite forgotten that she was there, watching events, but her words are reassuring.

“I hope so.”

“Silence!” a male voice rasps over the tannoy.

Chapter Seven - Test, Allies and Enemies

I am no longer sleepy, but have no option but to lie awake in the crate, alone with my thoughts. I can't get out, after all. It's the same with the other girls, Five-fifty-four and Five-fifty-six. We are all restless. Each time any of us tries to speak, even in whispers, we are commanded to silence by the tannoy and, after we each pick up the promise of a two strokes of the cane, we have to obey. Eventually, after what seems to be an interminable night, the lights flick on again and the door opens. Karim enters, along with another young black youth I have never seen before. They both wear the silky pants and short boleros that leave their chests bare, and the black youth carries a bundle under his arm. They chat together, as they check the clipboards attached to our cages and make notes. Then Karim unlocks the crates and the doors swing open.

"Crawl out! Har-ta"

Hurry! Quickly now! I am becoming familiar with the Har-ta cry. We all emerge from our low crates on hands and knees.

"Stop! Stay! Remain like that." Karim quickly clips leashes between our collars, fastening us together. I stay on all fours as I am chained in the coffle, my hair hanging in ragged tails in front of my face. The black youth takes a leather bag contraption from under his arm and pushes it over Mia's head. A hood! It's obviously something she hasn't previously experienced, because she shouts a muffled protest and is about to rise, but is steadied by a very sharp smack on her bare bottom, followed by some reassuring strokes from the same hand. I steel myself as he puts a hood over my head too, and fastens it with draw strings. A minute or so later, I am helped to my feet and ushered with care as I step blindly off the raised platform and out into the corridor. The leather hood smells dank and musty, and cool air wafts over my perspiration-bathed flesh, making me shiver a little. I can feel the tugs of the chains attached to my collar as we walk.

"Posture!" A sharp sting cuts across the back of my thighs. I straighten instinctively, throwing back my shoulders and thrusting out my tits. It seems that, even though hooded, we must remember that we are under the eyes of men! I take care to walk well after that.

We are eventually brought to a halt, and our hoods are removed. I have broken out in a cold, clammy sweat. There doesn't seem to be any earthly reason why they should have hooded us, other than to show that they could, and maybe to illustrate our utter helplessness. I look round and see that they have brought us to the ablutions area. A few kajirae are using the showers, and two masseuses are at work at the far end of the large room. Besides Karim and the black youth, a couple of other robed slavers are also there supervising the women this morning. So, four kennel assistants, plus Gaffa, the Head Slaver... the Gorean Club obviously maintains a sizeable pay roll. That's my degree in Business Studies for you: always automatically calculating costs.

My heart sinks at the very thought of again performing my bodily functions in front of others. There is nothing else for it, of course. However, as the other two girls obediently scurry to squat down over Turkish toilets, Karim grasps my elbow and guides me to one of the low platforms. "Kneel here, on hands and knees, Five-fifty-five!"

I do as I am told with some apprehension. Then, to my dismay, his hands are on my buttocks, spreading them apart and laving thick, slick, lubricant onto my anus, his fingers working inside my rectum.

"What are you doing?" I shriek.

Five-fifty-four, squatting at the next toilet, looks up momentarily, but she then sinks back within herself.

"You are to be examined and assessed today by the Head Slaver, Fife-fifty-five," Karim says, as if that explains anything. "Reach behind and hold your butt cheeks apart. Relax, and take a couple of deep breaths."

With a groan, I obey, putting the flat of my palms on my arse and spreading my buttocks wide. A cold nozzle is presented to my greased anus and I give a little 'ooh' as it slides into me. An enema? Oh no, please, not that! I return my hands to the marble slab, supporting my body on all fours, my tits hanging under me like a cow, hair falling forward over my head. I wriggle my bottom as Karim beds the cold,

unyielding object inside me. My anus isn't particularly sore, much to my surprise, despite the reaming it got from the Columbians' cocks yesterday. I hear a slight hiss and something inflates behind my sphincter.

"Relax, Five-fifty-five," Karim says again.

Relax! The humiliation is appalling. I try to rationalise my embarrassment by telling myself that it's no different to a medical nurse administering the same procedure. Anyway, I take some comfort from the anonymity of my number: this is happening to Five-fifty-five, not to a free and liberated young woman named Cheryl. Karim holds a bag of pink liquid above my arched back, connected to the tube in my bum hole. Within seconds liquid gurgles into my bowels. After a very short time, I moan as awful cramps grip my stomach. Karim seems to understand, for he reduces the flow and then reaches beneath my belly and begins to massage my stomach area. The cramps go away, and I can feel my stomach expanding even more as he continues to massage the tightening flesh of my belly. The whole process takes ten minutes or more. The humiliation isn't forgotten, but it's superseded by an urgent need to evacuate my bowels. I glance back, eyes silently pleading with Karim to be allowed to use the Turkish toilet, but he makes me remain kneeling on all fours for a three or four minutes longer. Then, finally, he allows me to climb carefully from the low platform and accompanies me to the toilet hole, holding the bag high, with the tube still inserted into my anus. When I squat over the hole, he releases the seal.

"Remove the nozzle," Karim commands.

I reach back and pull tentatively at the tube, sliding the nozzle clear of my anus. Immediately the contents of my bowels evacuate in a liquid gush, and I close my eyes against the shame, and also with some relief.

"Take deep breaths," Karim tells me, pressing a lever on the stand pipe to flush the lavatory and release a cleansing jet of water onto my arse and pussy. "You feel the lightness inside? That is good, huh?"

I smile wanly to him as I straighten and step away from the dimpled ceramic footpads of the toilet. However, as he leads me to the showers, I do experience a lovely light feeling in my lower body.

"You're clean inside, now you must clean outside," the Indian boy says with a smile, turning on the powerful streams as I step beneath the large shower head. "Then I will make you beautiful for the Head Slaver."

In any other circumstance, I would have considered the treatment I subsequently received there that morning as being pampered to the ultimate degree. It certainly compares favourably with my trip to the expensive Mayfair beauty salon a few days before. Was it really only a few days before? It seems a lifetime ago! I am massaged, waxed, powdered and perfumed; my dark hair is expertly groomed and styled until it hangs in lustrous waves about my shoulders; a make-up girl does a wonderful job, giving me a sultry and smouldering look with kohl black eyes and long lashes ... Throughout, though, I am supervised by Karim. He fusses and preens me, persistently intervening to make this or that point, to insist on some minor detail, or to remove some imagined blemish. I remain naked except for my collar and brand (which has not been affected by the soap and water, although I notice that the masseuse is careful not to apply any oil near to the temporary tattoo.) Throughout this, though, my thoughts are preoccupied by the forthcoming assessment by the Head Slaver, which Karim repeatedly mentions, as if it's some great honour, or something. So all of that rather diminishes the pampering experience, and I feel rather like a prize cow being prepared for a livestock show. Whatever, happens, it can't be any worse than the medical check at the Assessment, I tell myself.

Karim leads me to a large room with a bare wooden floor boards and walls decorated with extravagant, colourful murals. On the floor, the perimeter of a large circular area is defined by two concentric lines, side by side, painted on the floor, one blue and the other yellow. There is little in the way of furniture, just a tall lectern-style desk. Three feet or so outside the edge of the circle, there is a stout and tall round polished post, set in the floor. Karim positions me to the side of the circle and snaps: "Nadu, kajira!"

I sink to my knees. However, that doesn't satisfy the Indian boy, and he painstakingly and humiliatingly arranges me to his very specific requirements. When he has finished posing me I sit upon my heels with my back and shoulders very straight, tits out-thrust, belly sucked in, and head up; my thighs are open, widely-spread, with my left knee just touching the outer blue line of the circle, and my hands rest lightly upon my thighs, palms upward. Five-fifty-five, not Cheryl, obeys Karim's demands, but

I still feel incredible vulnerable and utterly degraded. There is no way for a woman to kneel naked in nadu without being fully and openly exposed. I remain like that for some minutes. Karim warns me to keep my head up, as if looking ahead but with my eyes slightly downcast. However, I steal glances at the murals on the walls, and he doesn't seem to bother. Perhaps he wants me to view the explicit images. Each mural depicts a graphic scene of degradation and slavery: a girl held, doubled over, her legs splayed and feet behind her head, as a male ravishes her with a hugely tumescent organ; a naked girl dancing beneath the lash while all around her other slaves were being ravished in imaginative ways; a woman on all fours, a whip in her mouth, while a man took her from behind; a girl tied at a whipping post; a girl kneeling and giving oral service at the feet of an imperious male; a girl performing on the block. Many of the slave girls in the pictures kneel in nadu, just as Five-fifty-five is kneeling now. Presently the door opens, and Karim snaps to attention.

I quickly lower my gaze, and see Gaffa's voluminous blue pantaloons, gathered in at the ankle, and his blue, almost dainty, gold-embroidered slippers. I also see the cane in his broad sash. However, to my consternation, he also carries a short multi-blade whip with five strap-like leather lashes.

"Five-fifty-five, stand!" Gaffa orders.

I rise quickly to my feet, heart pounding.

"Enter the circle, and stand in the centre." He waits until I have complied. "Head back! Hands behind head! Bend backwards! Farther! Farther!" He turns to Karim, his apprentice, who has gone unbidden to stand behind the lectern desk with a pen in hand. "Acceptable," he says.

I can feel a warm flush suffusing my face and spreading over my shoulders and tits as I stand with my hands behind my head, fingers laced, bending my back in a taut bow so that I look up at the ceiling. My treacherous nipples have become tight and prominent knots. I am involuntarily aroused by his inspection of my naked body! Are other girls are like that? There is no time to consider this more, for Gaffa is issuing a stream of orders in his shrill voice. He cracks his whip, and I flinch away, even though the flying lashes have not touched my flesh.

"Hands on hips! Hands behind back! Hands crossed before you, as though bound!" His orders are harsh and abrupt, but he holds me in each position long enough to exhibit me, before crying out a new command. "Fall to the floor! Nadu! Head down! Head up! Bend backwards! Farther!" His whip cracks again, and I lie back on my heels until my head touches the floor. "Roll on your belly," he says. "Now lift yourself slightly and look up. Appear angry! Appear frightened! Appear aroused! Smile! Look insolent. Lower your head to the ground. Raise your bottom upward. Thighs widely spread."

My God! What am I doing? What are they doing to me? I respond to his rapid commands as if an exquisite marionette, a puppet controlled by invisible strings, pathetically anxious to please, obeying instantly and without question. For more than ten minutes, the Head Slaver puts me through his swift, staccato regimen of humiliating movements. I react instantly to each new demand. However, I perform like an actress playing a role: I play the slave girl, Five-fifty-five. It is as if I am objectively observing her degradation. It is not Cheryl, but Five-fifty-five who twists and writhes in the circle, as she must, and complies with the calculated and sensual performance inflicted upon her.

"Onto your back, right leg high, now flex it. Left leg high, now flex it. Hands at your sides, palms upward, legs widely spread... Soles of your feet flat on the floor. Lift your hips."

I finish with my flexed legs widely spread, thrusting my gaping, bald pussy up to Gaffa's view. I am breathing heavily, and there are tears in my eyes.

"Acceptable!" Gaffa says for the benefit of Karim, taking notes at the lectern. Then, to Five-fifty-five, he snaps, "Nadu."

I kneel again, striving for the same open-thighed, straight-backed perfection as before. Gaffa stoops to sweep his hands over my body, touching every part of me that he can easily reach, and I fight to keep myself still. His hands encircle my throat, and then his fingers stroke down my neck and over my shoulders, tracing my collar bones, trailing down my arms, pausing to press at the muscles, and his finger tips swirl in the wells inside my elbows. I look steadfastly ahead as he squats in front of me to run his hands down my flanks, pressing the finger tips against my ribs, and then cupping my boobs in his pink-brown palms, pressing the flesh upwards, then letting them fall, and he repeats this a couple of times - testing their bounce, I suppose. He grunts with satisfaction, but why wouldn't he? A lot of people have told me I've got great tits. I think my long, dark, wavy hair is the best thing about me, with my tits a

close second.

Then he adjusts his position to press his left hand in the small of my back, holding me steady while his other hand probes and kneads my belly, which tightens instinctively under his touch. I've work hard to keep it trim, yet I'm always self-conscious about soft flesh there. He doesn't seem that concerned though, because his right hand reaches between the wide bridge of my splayed thighs, and his palm cups my entire cunt, his fingers alternately pressing and relaxing against my puffy pussy lips. I think I will die! I let out a little mewling sound when his third finger briefly slips into my sopping quim.

"Ease up off your heels." I obey, and his large hands encircle and squeeze each thigh in turn, and then cup my buttocks, lifting me slightly as if I am sitting on a warm, soft leather saddle. "Open your mouth and show me your teeth." He grasps my chin, tilting my head back, peering into my gaping mouth. Then, to my surprise, his hand returns to my left breast, grasping the turgid nipple and twisting it painfully. He waits for long seconds before releasing the throbbing nubbin, and then does exactly the same thing to my right nipple, and then goes back to the left one again... He plays with me like this for a couple of minutes, his hand alternating between each of my nipples, twisting, plucking, stretching and pinching. When my teats are throbbing and painfully erect, he gives each of them a final pinch, and then gives each of my boobs a heavy and stinging slap with the flat of his hand. I gasp, but remain in position. He must be into tit torture, or something..

"Lean back, support yourself on your outstretched arms behind you, and raise your hips high," he commands. When I obey, curving my spine like a bow, I again present my hungrily gaping pussy for his inspection. I shudder as Gaffa delicately spreads cunt, opening me widely. When he pushes two straight fingers up into me, they slide in like a hot knife through melting butter. I groan audibly, despite myself. That, though, seems to be his cue for a rapid pussy-slapping session. He immediately withdraws the two fingers and in the same lightning move, he whips them down against my spread pussy, and then immediately penetrates me again. He repeats this with lightning speed for a full minute, maybe more, I cannot tell, for I am beside myself and only know that I am gasping and grunting by the time he desists, and that my copious cunt juices now coat my entire sexual delta and the soft creases of my upper thighs. He keeps me with my back achingly arched, supported on arms stretched behind me, as he presses a finger against the hood of my clitoris and then rolls the engorged nub back and forth. Then, quite suddenly, it is over.

"Nadu," he says, his hands leaving my quivering, panting body. Then, to Karim, at the lectern desk: "Acceptable."

I kneel back on my heels, fully and exquisitely open now, as never before. My breathing comes in short gasps, and I can smell the fragrance of my arousal. When the Head Slaver offers his fingers to my lips, I obediently and shamelessly take them into my mouth and suck them clean, tasting my own flavours.

"How many punishment strokes has she accrued?"

"Five, sir."

"Good. It is well that she should know the whip after her assessment."

Eight strokes with a whip? Can I stand eight lashes? I listen in horror as I suck the Head Slaver's fingers. He intends to inflict a punishment beating on me, when I have cooperated so abjectly? My arse is still sore from the caning I got last night. Karim emerges from behind the lectern and pulls me to my feet. He thrusts me against the stout post beside the assessment circle. A whipping post! I should have known. The smooth, polished wood is cold between my breasts and inner thighs as I hug myself piteously to the post. Karim's expertise belies his age as he produces a soft cord from his sash and binds my wrists in two turns, and he then hooks the rope on a hook embedded in the pole high above my head. I find myself on the tips of my toes, swaying slightly. Can they really be doing this to me?

Gaffa nods and hands the short five blade whip to Karim. I glance fearfully over my shoulder and see the five leather lashes, each 1 inch in width and some 18 inches long, dance from the wooden whip handle. My thighs seem to quiver, and I press my pussy hard against the post. Then Karim's arm rears back and he lets fly and the lashes land with a splatter across my shoulders. I shriek and dance crazily on my toes. He swings the lashes again and the air whirrs as they strike my shoulders again. Strangely, though, despite the pain, I somehow embrace the thrill it brings. I tense my shoulders and actually look forward to the third strike, but it unexpectedly lands across the globes of my bum and slams my hips

against the post. He delivers the fourth blow over the fiery heat of the preceding strike on my backside, and it feels as though my entire arse is on fire. There is no trick of the mind to help me now. Whether it is slave number Five-fifty-five or Cheryl who is taking the whipping, the agony remains the same. It takes over my whole being, and my body seems to dance and churn inside and out, with every nerve end writhing and tingling. "Noooooooooooo!" I scream, but the fifth blow splashes like boiling red paint over my buttocks and I dance like a dervish against the post, my toes scrambling on the wooden boards, as if trying to sprint away from the pain. I am light headed now, giddy, and then, inexplicably, without warning, an inner calmness suddenly descends on me like a comfort blanket. I breathe out, and feel utterly resigned to the punishment. Whatever they want to do to me is fine. They have total and utter control of my mind, body and soul. I lose all sense of time, all sense of anything outside that room. I only vaguely hear whirr of air or the splatter of leather on my bare buttocks when the blades next land. The pain is real enough but, at the same time, it is unreal too, and it seems to become the very core of me, flowing through my blood, taking me over. How could I live without it? I drift into a zone of utter peace and harmony. The next two blows from the whip only serve to further envelope me in a glow of warmth, then I drift away completely.

I'm not sure how long I am slumped against the post. When I surface, I can vaguely hear them speaking.

"She's coming round."

"The second stroke on her shoulders was largely wasted because it merely warmed her to the lash, but you noticed that and switched your attack, and found her weakness on her buttocks. Every woman has a sweet spot where the whip is particularly effective in punishing her, but you have to search for it."

I sob quietly and slump against the post as I listen to the two men calmly discussing my thrashing. The fight has been whipped out of me, and replaced with a euphoric but weepy feeling. They leave me there, tied to the post, slumped on my stretched arms, until I have recovered enough to stand without falling.

"What are you girl?" Karim suddenly asks, stroking his fingers over the flames that seem to spread from my buttocks, over my belly, and lick around my heart.

I can hardly speak, but manage to answer: "This girl is a slave, Master! La Kajira!"

"What does being a Gorean slave mean, beast?"

"It means a girl is property and owned, Master!"

"What are your duties?"

"A girl's duties are exquisite beauty and absolute obedience, Master!"

Karim says: "She is functioning, sir, but that's about all."

"Take her to her kennel. If she can't walk, make her crawl. Don't carry her."

However, Karim does carry me, like baby. As soon as Gaffa leaves, Karim unties me, attaches a leash to my collar, and then scoops me up in his arms. He carries me, seemingly effortlessly, to the cell that bears the 555 plaque. Then he gently places me back on my feet, unclips the leash, and pushes me inside my kennel, closing the door with a heavy click as the self-locking mechanism engages. At least it is better than the wire cage in the pitch dark. I stumble slightly, still unsteady on my shaking legs.

"This is your kennel," he says. "You will always live here when you have no other duties."

"Always live here? I have a job..."

"When you are required to work elsewhere, then you will be released to do that. However, you will always return here. This is your home now."

My home, a slave kennel! So this was Sir's idea of providing me with a place in Mayfair! "My God!" I breathe, my head reeling.

"There are books you must read. One of them has been left on your bed. Read it. You will be tested."

With that Karim leaves, although giddy, I inspect my new home. It doesn't take me long, even in my befuddled state. The entire front of the cell is open, so I can see out into the corridor directly in front. My bed is a low wooden platform, with a thin mattress, and a paperback book has been placed on the pillow. The inevitable Turkish toilet combines as a shower tray.

I sit gingerly on the bunk and pick up the book. '*Dancer of Gor*'. The book's pages are slightly brown and dog-eared, and it's obviously been muchly used. I glance at the title page and see that it was printed in 1985, so it's hardly surprising that the novel is in such a tatty condition.. The battered cover bears the

picture of a chained slave girl kneeling at the feet of a sword-wielding warrior who wears Roman-style tunic and armour. The extract blurb at the front of the book makes me blink:

'I felt a key thrust into the lock on the collar I wore. It was then removed from me. I was dimly conscious of Taurog coiling the chain and replacing it in the attaché case.

"Struggle now, if you wish," said Tiebar, "slut."

But I could scarcely move. I could not raise me arms. I could not even bring my hands to the mask, and had I been able to do so, I would have been too weak to push it away. About the peripheries of my vision it seemed dark. It was hot under the tight mask. I felt another drop of liquid within the mask.

"You are ours now, 'modern woman'," said Tiebar.

But I scarcely heard him, or understood him. I supposed, in some sense I was a 'modern woman'. Then I lost consciousness...."

I gasp, recognising the parallels with my own treatment at the Gorean Club. The book is obviously intended to further educate me in the ways of these Gorean lifestylers. Unable to take the pain of sitting much longer, I stretch on my stomach on the bed. Two girls walk past in the corridor, chatting quietly, and I realise that, despite the solitary nature of my confinement, I have no privacy whatsoever. There isn't even a thin bed sheet to cover my nudity. I begin to read the book, flicking through the pages - there are 479 of them, all closely-typed - and the first chapter doesn't really grab me. I had better make some effort to read it, though, given their readiness with the lash in this strange new world.

'What day is it?' I wonder suddenly. It's either Saturday or Sunday! My recent trip into sub space has left me feeling intoxicated and unable to think properly. It must be Sunday, I reason. That would explain why girls are still sleeping in their kennels, after the excesses of a Saturday evening at the Gorean Club.

My attention deficit isn't helped when Karim reappears at the bars of my kennel. "Five-fifty-five," he calls, and I turn to see that he carries a small medicine cup. "Come, drink this."

It is an order, not an invitation. The right to make decisions is removed from me here, as if I am a child. I quite like that, and giggle a little. I rise painfully from the bed and go to the bars to take the cup. After sniffing the bitter-sweet smell of the liquid it contains, I throw my head back and drink it.

"Thank you, Master," I say, returning the cup Karim.

I drift in and out of sleep for the next few hours. I lie on my front, alternately half-dozing and then waking and reading the paperback book, struggling to keep my eyes open. The earlier events, plus the effects of the mysterious medicinal draught, leave me feeling both exhausted and pleasantly languid. The few passages of the book that I manage to read serve to fuel my dreams, as does the dull ache across my shoulders where the lashes struck, and the fire in my unspeakably sore bottom, which is splashed with two fiery red blotches, one on each buttock. Karim returns again some time later, and for a moment I worry that he is going to ask me about the book, which I have barely started to read. Instead though, he makes me drink another lovely dose of the soporific drug. As I drift off to sleep again, I find myself caressing my pussy. Although the whipping was severe, I am just utterly happy that I have managed to visit the so-elusive world of sub space once again, and I certainly have no regrets.

Chapter Eight - Sura

It is probably early in the morning, maybe 5 or 6 o'clock. Karim, the apprentice slaver rouses me. He is followed by a mature, grey-haired woman in a white smock-type overall, who carries a tray laden with a coffee pot, a cup and saucer, a small milk jug, a sugar bowl, a bowl of grey porridge, large pat of butter, a jar of marmalade, a rack of toast, spoons and a butter knife. The woman gives me only the slightest of glances as she pushes aside the ceramic water jug and wash bowl to make space on the solitary table and places the breakfast tray there.

"You may use the toilet," Karim says. I need to relieve myself, and there is little point in being coy now. So I quickly step onto the ceramic footpads and squat over the hole. "Wash your hands, and then you must eat everything," he says when I straighten. "Afterwards, you may sleep again for a few hours, until it's time for your training session. I will wake you."

A training session? I rinse my hands as Karim and the woman leave my kennel. I sit on the hard wooden stool at the table, but the pain from the whipping makes me decide otherwise and I take my breakfast while standing. The coffee is good, but the porridge is bland with a distinct lingering flavour that reminds me of cum. I spoon the gruel down, though, and its disgusting after-taste is taken away by a lavishly-buttered slice of toast spread with bitter marmalade. When I have cleared the tray of food, I drain the glass of juice, and then stretch down on the bed. Those drugs they gave me are certainly effective, for I immediately sink into a deep, if fitful sleep. The next thing I know, Karim is against standing beside my bunk, this time alone.

He lowers his pants and points to his cock, which he must have wanking, because it is already erect. "Suck it!"

I give him a wry look, but slide from the bunk, kneel at his feet, and wrap my lips around his cock. It is obviously a perk of his job and, let's face it, he could have commanded any one of a number of pliant kajirae to suck him off, so I suppose it's a compliment of some sort that he chooses me. Anyway, I am one of those rare girls who actually likes to suck cock. So I go to work with a gusto, moving my head back and forth on the shaft, working my tongue round the rim of his glans. After only a short time, he cums and pulls my head back from his penis with a yank of my hair. That is uncalled for! I am even angrier when he says, "You'll have to learn to suck cock better than that if you want to avoid getting whipped."

The cheek of it! I inhale sharply, but don't say anything. He leashes me and takes me from my kennel and to the ablutions area, where he ensures that I clean every orifice, nook and crevice of my body. Then, after he has made me brush my hair to a gloss, and when a girl has applied my make-up, he leads me to another area of the bizarre underground complex.

Again, I am struck by the sheer size of the place. Karim eventually stops at a door and taps tentatively with his knuckles to get attention.

"Come!" It is a woman's brittle voice, familiar and cold. Something about it makes me nervous.

"Sura, I have brought the kajira as instructed," Karim calls, pushing the door open.

Sura! Sir Andrew's Personal Aide. Of course! It all makes perfect sense. I glance nervously round the room. It is large, with three bare walls, and a fourth mirrored wall that is vertical from knee height to ceiling, but below that it sharply slopes out for 18 inches or so to provide an angled, upward-facing mirror. Somewhat worrying, a few feet a way from the mirrored wall, there is simple but stout wooden frame made of two uprights and a crossbar, perhaps six feet wide and eight feet high, with a short length of thick rope dangling from its centre, and slender gleaming chains fixed at various points. The highly-polished wood floor has a single fur rug, placed to one side, and the only furniture is a low table, some wooden chests spread around the edges, and a large chaise longue covered in white fur, upon which Sura is languorously stretched. Instead of her usual immaculate business suit and chignon hair style, Sura's hair is brushed down like a wave and she wears red velvet robe. Her long shapely left leg is stretched forward, bared from toe to hip, and there is a somewhat faded kef tattoo on her thigh with the number 504. So she is a kajira too! That's a turn up for the book. What might have happened to slaves Five-zero-one, two and three, I wonder? Despite her brand, Sura obviously has some authority here, just like at the office, for she holds a slender cane, albeit smaller than those carried by the slavers. The carefully

manicured and painted fingers of her other hand are wrapped around the shaft of black phallus-like object, about a foot in length and an inch or so in diameter. Sura is not alone in the room, for another naked girl is kneeling in nadu directly in front of the fur-covered chaise longue with her back to the door.

"Thank you, young Master," Sura says, and although her actual words to Karim are submissive enough, her tone is authoritative and she doesn't offer to move.

I chance a glance into the mirror at the other kajira and she see that it is Mia, Five-fifty-four, the Chairman's girl. 'New girls together', I think to myself, but I don't know where Five-fifty-six is. I've not seen her since that night in the pens, come to think of it. I am not reassured that Mia is weeping softly, though.. It takes a lot to make Mia cry.

"When shall I return for Five-fifty-five?" Karim asks.

"I will send for you."

"Send for me? You will not send for me!"

"Very well, young Master, she will have need of you, or perhaps a more experienced slaver, in about an hour's time," Sura replies sweetly, laying the wand-like object aside. She then strokes the hair of the kneeling, weeping Five-fifty-four, and says: "You may take this one away. She has had quite enough stimulation for the time being."

Karim glares at Sura for a few fraught seconds, but she insolently and defiantly holds his stare. Eventually, thin-lipped, he merely nods and unclips the leash from my collar, and then attaches the same leash to Five-fifty-four. He merely snaps his finger, waits for Mia to stand, turns on his heels, and walks from the room.

Sura smiles and idly flexes the cane. "Ah, little Cheryl. Come and stand in front of me. What do they call you here?"

"I'm Five-fifty-five, as I'm sure you know," I answer tartly, as I reluctantly step forward.

"Yes, well, in the privacy of my training room, I shall call you....Cheryl."

Cheryl? No! It comes as something as a surprise to find that this calculated use of my personal name disarms and frightens me! In just a couple of days here I have become accustomed to standing outside myself, as if it is not Cheryl, but Five-Fifty-five, another entity entirely. I am now suddenly acutely aware of my nudity, perhaps because Sura has addressed me by name, cutting through my abstract construct that a nameless and abject slave is naked and abused there, and not the real me (well, they do teach us something in sociology studies at University, you know). Now, though, Sura insists on calling me Cheryl. Maybe my theory doesn't work, anyway, because this yank back into reality not only serves to heighten my humiliation, but it also nourishes the forbidden excitement too.

"Call me whatever you wish, of course," I say coolly, but mentally resolve to still consider myself as Five-fifty-five while I'm in this strange world.

Sura gives a low throaty chuckle, and then flicks the cane sharply against my left flank, making me yelp. "Lower your arm, you stupid girl. Modesty isn't permitted to a kajira. I am First Girl here and you must always address me as 'mistress'. Come closer, so that I can reach you."

Mistress! I recall Katrina addressing Sura as 'mistress' once in the office. And First Girl! Girl? Sura must be forty years old if she's a day, a mature and assured woman, even if she is very well-preserved. I lower my arm, resisting the urge to rub the stinging flesh of my flank, and step forward until my shins touch the long white fur of the chaise longue. Sura's vermilion-painted lips part in a smile and she gazes up at me, watching for a reaction as she reaches out to probe between my legs. Oh my God! I steel myself as Sura squeezes the purse of my vulva in her palm.

"Oh, yes, you are very full here... I like a kajira to have lovely puffy outer lips, particularly when the petals of the inner labia protrude strongly, like yours. There is so much more to play with."

Despite myself, I find myself squirming against the touch. I have to struggle to hold still as Sura's manicured fingers probe the smooth, recently oiled folds of my pussy. Worse, the middle finger is stretching up between the cheeks of my bottom. Mortified, I lift up on the tips of my toes as the pad of Sura's finger presses against my bum hole.

"I haven't had the opportunity to properly see you before now, Cheryl," Sura murmurs. "You are quite, quite beautiful."

I flush with embarrassment but stay in place, staring helplessly down into Sura's eyes, as if hypnotised. My hips begin to move slowly in a circle when Sura's thumb enters between my pussy lips

and start to move tantalisingly back and forth. I know that Sura is playing with me, toying with my emotions, demonstrating her power... She pushes her middle finger slowly, very deliberately, up into my bottom. It is all so very humiliating, yet the low, sobbing sounds murmuring in my throat are not moans of resistance but of rising passion. I can even hear the gentle sucking noises of my own sodden cunt against her thumb as she wriggles it about. I am caught in the moment, and quite unable to resist, honestly. Sura isn't immune either, for she catches her breath as she works her middle finger out of my tight rear hole and then slowly pushes it back in again, bringing little grunts from me and forcing me even higher onto my toes. I have never been into women, particularly, but I am gasping now and my chest is heaving. Sura stops abruptly and removes her hand. Yet I remain balanced on the balls of my feet, still shaking and rotating my hips.

"Oh yes, I shall love having you. I like to savour every trembling curve, the pouting of your perfect pussy when it's aroused, the way your lovely breasts move, and how your taut nipples lift." A shiver of excitement seems to run through Sura, because she suddenly shakes her head, as if clearing her thoughts. Then she rises from her chaise longue and picks up the short, wand-like object. "Welcome to the Gorean lifestyle franchise," Sura whispers huskily, standing close so that the velvet of the robe brushes against the tips of my breasts as she presses the cold, hard baton against my lower belly. Sura leans forward to close her perfectly painted mouth over my lips, and I unashamedly yield to her kiss. When she eases back, she says, "It's a whole new world for you, Cheryl, and you must learn it thoroughly."

Suddenly a fierce pain literally shocks my lower body, and a hundred vicious little electric eels seem to squirm through the flesh, making me dance and yelp. I hear Sura chuckle, and I try to recompose myself, blinking back tears as I gaze in horror at the baton. It must be an adapted cattle prod of some sort, or maybe the kind that some foreign police use nowadays. Sura chuckles again and touches my nipple. I leap back, but too late, and another horrid snaking pain makes me scream and clutch at my boob.

"I am Sura, fear me. This is a slave goad, and that sample was served at a very low setting. I won't hesitate to use it freely as I train you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mistress," I say, still gasping for breath, with both hands shielding my tits.

"What are you, Cheryl?"

"La kajira, mistress!"

"Drop your hands you silly girl. What is your duty?"

"A girl's duty is exquisite beauty and obedience, mistress!"

"How do you fulfil your duties, slut?" Oh, God! I have forgotten the remainder of the slave paces. I have blanked. The spiteful goad is pressed to my other breast, and the pain is excruciating. "You will learn not to forget, believe me. You will answer, 'A girl is to serve and be pleasing to all Free Persons, mistress!'"

"A girl is to serve and be pleasing to all Free Persons, mistress!" I gasp through strangled sobs, hugging my arms across my tortured tits, which tingle at every nerve end. I now fully understand why Sura commands so much deference and respect from the girls in Sir's special private team.

"Excellent. You will soon learn. I will teach you everything I know. Would you like me to do that?"

"Yes, mistress," I say, breathing heavily from the shock of the pain.

"Then you must beg me to train you, Cheryl."

I try to beg, just as she demands, honestly, but although my mouth opens to speak the words just won't come. I eventually look down, defeated, expecting another flash of excruciating pain through my tits. Instead, though, Sura gives a deep chuckle of satisfaction, as if she has tasted something delicious. "Ooooooh, that lovely first resistance, just begging to be broken... You are priceless, my dear. Don't be unnerved by your conditioned first responses, the shameless slave inside you will soon overwhelm them."

With that, Sura leans forward to plant another lascivious kiss on my mouth, sucking in my lower lip like a lush ripe fruit. She presses herself closer to me now. The velvet of her robe brushes delicately against my skin in a million places, making me shudder, as she strokes my body. Putting her arms around my shoulder, as if I'm suddenly her friend, or her lover maybe, she leads me across the room and makes me stand at the centre of the wooden frame, facing the mirrored wall. I hold still, in some kind of trance, as Sura kneels to twist a chain around my left ankle, fastening my foot and stretching my leg to the left upright near the floor. She then takes hold of my right wrist and pulls it up high, fastening another chain around it and putting the chain over a hook on the upright, three feet or more above my head. This

leaves me stretched on a diagonal line, with my right hand suspended high to the right, and my left leg stretched to the left. It's very uncomfortable, and my buttocks are tensed by the unnatural position. I look into the mirror, and see Sura behind me, yet I still shudder as if startled when she pushes my hair aside and brushes her wet lips under my ear. As Sura breathes hot moisture on the tender skin of my neck, she reaches down with both palms to cup and squeezes my buttocks.

"Keep watching me as I play with you, Cheryl," Sura says.

It is an unnecessary command, for I can only watch, transfixed, as her hands sweep down my thighs, over my knees, caressing my calves, massaging and testing the flesh. The angle of the lower part of the mirror gives a graphic view of the glistening folds of my pussy, and I can see what Sura meant when she said that it pouts when aroused.

Sura is kneeling now, and she brushes her lips against the tightly-bunched cheek of my bottom before slowly running her palms up the left lower thigh and then cupping the wet gaping lips of my cunt. There is a delicious queasiness in my belly and below, and this increases when Sura reaches under to spread my sex lips further and tickle my clitoris, pushing back its tiny hood and tapping on the exposed tip. My left leg is so widely spread to the side that the crease of thin tender skin where the thigh meets my body is stretched taut, and Sura tickles there with her little finger as she continues to tease my clitoris. This makes me squirm and raise my right leg involuntarily, as if to close my thighs.

"No! You must keep yourself open to me. I shall play with your pussy and make the lips even more full. Would you like that, Cheryl?" Sura says. When I don't reply, Sura flicks my hard pea-like nubbin with her finger nail, and it makes me gasp. "You'd like it...hmmm?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Ask me to play with your pussy then, Cheryl."

I bite my lower lip. Damn! I know that Sura is deliberately demonstrating her domination over me. Eventually, though, as the delicious tremors course through my body, I say, "Yes, please..."

Sura sighs contentedly and licks at the taut muscle of the buttock. "Yes what, Cheryl?"

"Yes, mistress..."

"No, silly girl, tell me what you want, precisely."

"Oh God!" My breath is coming in short gasps now. "Please play with me there, mistress."

"Where, exactly?" Sura tenderly presses her finger tips on my outer labia, as if testing their resilience. "Here? What do you call this?"

"It's my pussy..."

"What else do we call it?"

"My cunt... please, play with my cunt, mistress," I gasp, at last forced to say it, staring into the mirror, fascinated, excited. It looks incredibly kinky, with me stretched from one side to the other, and her sitting on the floor, looking up at me in the mirror from between my legs. She's awesome.

Sura chuckles throatily and her teeth nip at my bum as her fingers tenderly massage the inner lips of my cunt. She teases them, tugging and primping the leaves until they're almost rigid and the glistening pink frills stand proudly from the puffy outer lips like a cockscomb. This goes on for some minutes and Sura slides beneath my spread legs and cranes her neck to suck the inner lips of my cunt deeply into her mouth.

"See how prettily they stand out, Cheryl?" she asks, peering into the mirror from between my legs, and flicking my inner pussy lips from side to side.

"Yes, mistress," I murmur, hopping slightly on my right foot.

I gaze down at the angled mirror. In truth, I've never spent much time examining my own pussy before, much less when I'm all aroused. Is there a difference, I wonder? As Sura has said, my inner labia are very pronounced, like frilled pink petals flowering from the puffier, outer lips. The sight of myself surrendering and responding to a woman's ministrations is a bit unnerving, I have to say, so I close my eyes and just enjoy the delicious sensations washing through me.

"Open your eyes! You must always look lovingly at the person who is playing with you."

Damn! This sharp instruction makes me realise that Sura is not just indulging her own salacious desires; she is actually methodically training me in the ways of forbidden love. It is a lesson. How shame-making! As she crouches between my legs, and as her long slender fingers artfully trace around my swollen clitoris, I open my eyes and again stare into the mirror, fixing my gaze on Sura's limpid,

liquid eyes as they stare implacably back at me, and it seems to be such a profound gesture of utter submission that it makes me feel weak. For a long moment there is an almost unbearable moment of empathic tension between us. However, that moment is rudely broken when the door opens and Karim walks in.

I feel Sura's hot breath on my pussy as she sighs in exasperation and looks up at the youth from her position on the floor between my legs. "Yes, young Master?" she asks, quite obviously put out. "What can I do for you?"

"You said Five-fifty-five would need my services..."

"An hour as already passed? I doubt that, young Master." Sura sighs as she reluctantly slides back and unfastens the chain from around my left ankle. "Very well, the slave is prepared. Unless you wish to ask a more experienced slaver..."

"No!" Karim snaps, and his tone makes Sura flinch slightly. "I will see to her."

I press my thighs tightly together, until I can see just the neat shaven slit of my pussy at the apex of her legs. My right hand is still suspended high, lifting my breasts invitingly, and my stomach is tight. Looking into the mirror, I see that Karim is licking his lips as he unties the sash from around his waist. I realise that Sura has methodically readied me to be fucked by this callow youth. So that was what the woman had meant when she said, 'She will have need of you...' It is true, too. A delicious heat is smouldering inside me, in my belly and below, and it's the very edge of bursting into flames.

Sura reaches to unwrap the slender chain from around my right wrist and when I am allowed to lower my arm for a few moments, I notice that it's aching. I stand awkwardly, watching surreptitiously in the mirror as Karim removes his voluminous pantaloons, folds them meticulously, and lays them aside on the bare dark wood floor. Oh my God, can this really be happening? I remain standing under the wooden frame. When I adjust my stance slightly, the floor-level angled mirror clearly shows my pussy, and its protruding inner lips seem to beg hungrily for more attention. I find myself urging the young man to hurry in his preparations.

"Reach up as high as you can and grasp the rope, Cheryl," Sura orders, indicating the thick skein that dangles from the wooden cross rail.

I rise onto the balls of my feet and wrap the rope around my fists. I sway a little as Sura positions me sideways-on to the mirrored wall. Karim steps in front of me, directly under the crossbar. His familiar, cocoa-coloured is already erect (that's one good thing to be said about a young adolescent male: he's always ready for a fuck at the drop of a hat). He reaches forward with both hands and grasps my tits, kneading the flesh and tweaking the nipples between his fingers. At last! 'Get on with it!' I want to shout, but of course I don't.

I sway on my toes but doggedly cling on the rope, for what seems like an age. Then he reaches between my legs and pushes his fingers into my cunt in a much less artless manner than Sura had used. The roughness definitely isn't unpleasant, though. It's a marked contrast between Sura's light, considered feminine touch, and the straightforward male 'have it' approach. On the whole, I prefer the man's touch and my cunt is already sodden, of course. For me, though, sex is a cock thing. When his hands cup my buttocks and bodily raise me from the floor, I willingly spread my legs. Glancing in the mirror I watch him bend his knees slightly to position his cock, and he then lowers me on to it. I groan with pleasure and clamp my inner flesh around his shaft as I sink down with a deep, contented sigh.

"Wrap your legs around his waist and hook your ankles together," Sura instructs. "Look at him lovingly and fuck him, don't wait for him to fuck you. Take him deep inside you and then lift yourself almost free, and then sink back down again. Use every muscle of your body to fuck him, Cheryl."

Although I strive to obey, and even though I want to do that anyway, Sura begins to use her switch to stripe my arse, encouraging me to rise and fall on the cock with greater urgency. At the same time, Karim thrusts and grinds his hips to meet my exertions. My cries echo in the bare room, soon I can smell the unmistakable odour of animal rutting. After some time, my fingers slip on the rope as I lose my grip.

"Put her on the fur, young Master," Sura instructs.

"Mind your tone," Karim warns her.

"I am merely obeying the Head Slaver's instructions and training the girl, young Master. I was told to expect the cooperation of yourself... or of a more experienced slaver, perhaps."

Karim growls in response, but keeping me fully impaled on his cock, his hands under my upper thighs,

he carries me across the room to the fur. I wrap my arms around his neck and presses my tits against him, feeling the little thrusts of his cock inside me as he takes each step. When he puts me onto my back on the lush rug, he slams hard into me, taking my breath for a moment, and making me grunt and squirm.

“Don't dare cum until you're given permission, Cheryl,” Sura warns. “If you do, it'll be the last orgasm you'll be allowed this week.”

In spite of that warning, my legs kick in the air, and Sura insists that Karim pins them back under his shoulders. Karim again glowers up at Sura, his patience obviously wearing thin. I'm not sure if I want her to go away or not, because she does have some good ideas. Anyway, whether I want it or not, she carries on coaching the young slaver from one sex position to another as we writhe about on the floor. Karim has the impressive stamina you'd expect for a young man, but he also has self-control, which isn't so common. He smoothly fucks me as I squeal and hump like a stuck pig. All the time, Sura keeps hitting me with her little slender cane, flicking it painfully onto any available part of my body: buttocks, thighs, breasts, back of the legs, soles of the feet... Soon I am crying from the pain and the pleasure, but Sura doesn't care either about my tears or my pathetic pleas to be allowed to cum. Well, not until Karim's cry finally announces his own climax, anyways.

“You may cum, Cheryl!” Sura says at last, and I fuck Karim in a frenzy, humping and grinding like crazy as a mighty orgasm engulfs me.

When Karim is finished, he rises to his feet and leaves me panting in a crumpled heap on the rug. “You did quite well,” Sura tells him, “for an apprentice.”

“Do not underestimate me, Sura.”

“I shall bear that in mind, young Master,” Sura replies, waving him away.

Chapter Nine - Juan Pablo again!

“Wake up! Lazy girl!” Karim unclips my wrist chains from my collar, freeing my hands. He is not accompanied by the breakfast menial this morning, and he already has his pants off and is climbing onto the bunk with me.

I smile sleepily and open my arms to welcome him. “Tal, Master. What’s happening today?”

“Curiosity is unbecoming in a kajira,” he says, stroking my pussy and slipping his finger into its moist warmth. I wriggle my hips, making myself comfortable, and press my tits against his hard chest. “You cunt is already wet, you slut,” he says.

“Yes, Master,” I say dreamily. “It’s been waiting for you.”

He bites my ear and growls: “Silence!”

“Yes, Master.” I am happy enough. I close my eyes and nuzzle against Karim’s neck. I reach for his erect cock and rub its moist tip along the slit of my pussy, then nudge it against my clit. He allows me to do this, and I enjoy it, since I’ve been unable to touch myself throughout the night.

After a very conventional fuck, Karim puts on his pants and, as he leaves, he orders me to wait for my breakfast. When it arrives half an hour or so later, it’s the usual meagre affair of gruel-like porridge, toast and marmalade, and fruit juice, but I wolf it down, hungry. Then I wait again, sitting on my bunk and reading ‘Dancer of Gor’, until Karim returns and takes me to the ablutions area. After my ablutions, Karim leads me to the locker room. Three girls are still in there, including Katrina, getting ready for their jobs outside the Club, I suppose. Katrina is wearing a nice royal blue frilled top but, except for dark hold-up stockings with a black lacy band, she is naked from the waist down. She is supervised by the young black slaver, who is stooping and holding a black skirt ready for her to step into.

“May I greet, Master?” Karina asks, and the black youth nods. “Tal, kajira,” she says to me, stepping into the skirt.

We girls are usually allowed to speak together for a few minutes if Gaffa isn’t about. Karim opens my locker and takes out a brown Turian camisk. I grimace. That’s the gear I’ve seen the cleaning girls wearing.

“You are going to the office, I see,” I say to Katrina.

“Yes,” she says happily, as the young black guy fastens the waist band of her skirt. “That’s two days on the run.”

“Har-ta!”

“Sorry, Master,” I say to Karim, picking up the brown camisk and shaking it out, finding the hole for my head and pulling it on. That’s it, my sole garment: just a single strip of cotton, cut into a skimpy poncho-style garment, simply tied with a thin rope round my waist. It comes down to mid-thigh, front and back, but the sides are fully open, and it well-reveals my temporary brand.

Katrina turns to leave. She looks a picture, in her flared black skirt and blue top. “Have a good day,” she calls over her shoulder.

I don’t have a good day at all, as it happens. Karim delivers me to the not-so-tender care of a crabby old woman acting as the cleaning supervisor. I’ve seen her before, delivering breakfast to my kennel. She already has four other brown-clad girls kneeling in a line. What the fuck is this? They could employ cleaners, for God’s sake. Mind you, why would they bother when they already have slaves? I kneel glumly with the other girls and wait to be assigned to my task.

“You know how to work as a chamber maid?” the woman asks.

“What?” I say. “Of course I don’t.”

“Never too late to learn,” the old cow says. “You have 10 alcoves to clean and service.”

Ten alcoves (bedrooms, to the sane world)! They seem to have got me confused with someone who is interested in domestic stuff. It’s a tough morning, and I’m not your average cleaner. Nobody is very tidy when using these places, it seems, and the rooms are a disgusting mess of used condoms, discarded silks, filthy ash trays, oil-soaked sheets, floggers, chains, and all manner of sex toys left lying about. God knows what they do with half of them. The old woman is a demanding supervisor too, and insists that each room is pristine before allowing me to move to the next. She doesn’t have the same powers as the slavers, or even Sura, but I daren’t tell her to go fuck herself, because I imagine that would just get me a

sore arse from Karim or, worse, from Gaffa. So I have to work at the cleaning chores until I'm sweating like a pig, even though I'm only wearing the single strip of cotton and might as well be naked.

When I get to my ninth alcove, my day goes from bad to worse. I enter the place backwards, lugging a trolley laden with cleaning materials. Music is playing loudly from the TV or sound system, but then people often leave those things playing in empty rooms, so I think nothing of it. I should have knocked on the door first, of course, but I'm inexperienced at this chamber maid lark.. Only when I turn do I realise that people are still in the room, lying on the bed.

"Ah, Five-fifty-five! So, we meet again."

I am gob-smacked to see Juan Pablo there, propped in the bed, with Mia on one side, and another kajira, a pretty blonde Polish ditzzy girl they call Zelda, on the other. They are all naked, of course, and the girls both have that well-fucked look. Juan Pablo is chewing on a cheroot and messing with a remote control thing. The girls have their thighs draped across his, and they press their tits against him, and stroke his sleek black hair (which is hanging loose round his shoulders). I am just amazed that Juan Pablo should be here in the Gorean Club at all. From what Sir told me, I thought the Columbians had been excluded as scummy sex-traffickers and drug runners. Yet here he is, as large as life, with Mia and Zelda drooling all over him. Not that I blame the girls, because they don't have much option, I guess.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Master," I blurt, pushing a lank strand of damp hair from my face. "I'll come back and do the room later."

"No. Stay. Take off that rag."

"Yes, Master." My heart sinks and leaps, both at the same time. How can that work then?. I pull the slip-knot of the rope belt and then hoist the brown camisk over my head. I feel a mess, standing nude with perspiration glistening on my skin, no make-up, and my hair a complete fright. His eyes are drinking in every inch of my flesh, though, and he spends ages looking me up and down.

"I swore that I would have this puta for my own," he says to the girls.

Zelda giggles, because she doesn't know any better, but Mia frowns a bit and raises her eyebrows towards me. I just bite my lip and stand there like a lemon.

"Come here, puta!" I approach until my knees touch the end of the bed. "No, round here. I want to touch you."

Fuck! My heart is pounding like crazy. The music in the room is insistent, loud, and my blood seems to pump in time with its beat. You know what, though? That old giddy feeling has hit me, and I can feel myself getting helplessly aroused, even though I'm scared half to death. I'm just a hopeless case, I reckon, especially where Juan Pablo is concerned. He's a handsome bastard, I have to admit. I inch round the bed, my eyes fixed on his, like a doe rabbit transfixed by a rabid fox. He reaches out and his fingers ferret between my legs, probing my pussy.

"You know the Post Dance, Five-fifty-five?" he asks, jabbing his fingers up into me.

"No, Master."

"What kind of piece-of-shit kajira doesn't know the Post Dance? I will teach you."

Zelda, the Polish girl, who is a bit of an air head, giggles. I hate giggly girls. I bet she thinks the Pole Dance is something from Warsaw, and therefore bound to be good.

"I have to clean the rooms, Master," I say uselessly, shifting my hips a bit.

"Ach! Dance on my fingers, as if it is a wooden post up your cunt. Move your body, puta."

What can I do? I hesitantly move my pussy against his fingers. He flicks the remote control with his other hand and the music volume increases. I find myself self slowly writhing, twisting against the invading digits. I am trapped, with no way out, held captive by both his cruel fingers and his hard piercing eyes, but also imprisoned my own dark desires, which have inconveniently turned my nipples into hard little knots. I raise my arms and run my fingers through my lank chestnut hair, pulling it free from the loose chignon that held some of it back while I was cleaning. I finger the steel collar about my neck. My hands descend over my tits, brushing against the nipples which have inconveniently become tight little knots and throb with unspeakable intensity. He pushes his third and fourth fingers into my cunt, and they slide easily into the slick channel. I can only groan as I feel the mouth of my pussy sucking at his bunched knuckles. I stroke the soft swell of my belly and yield to the arrogant mastery of the swarthy Juan Pablo. He smiles cruelly up at me, eyes gleaming, and inserts his thumb inside my pussy, stretching its elastic mouth to birthing proportions. I shudder at the touch of my own finger tips,

trailing across my flesh, and imagine that, instead of the cone of his tented fingers that now stretches me, a slender and pole transfixes my body, holding me helpless, a hypothetical centre of gravity. I sway and twist to the music, hands at my thighs, grinding down against the insistent upward pressure of his fist. The hand is inserted inside me up to his knuckles now, fully stretching my vaginal opening, and yet still I move my hips... My right arm is high now, very high, and my left hand is at my thigh. My eye-lids are half shut, my mouth is slack, and my lips are parted as my belly undulates. Suddenly, my cunt pulses to fully admit his fist, and it make me moan, cry out, as though in agony, but it's not agony at all. It startles the other two girls, though, and I hear one make a small 'oooh' sound. I don't care. I am fully impaled upon Juan Pablo's fist, his prisoner. My hips slowly rotate, seemingly independent of the rest of my body, though my fingers continue writhe to the music as if they have a life of their own. Only Juan Pablo knows that my fingers writhe in synchrony with his fingers inside my cunt. He is flexing and twisting his hand inside me. I am entirely lost in it all. A tumult rages within me, and the rising heated swell is steadily washing back and forth across my senses. I move more urgently on his fist. My hands caress my flanks, finger nails digging deeply into my own flesh. I raise my right knee, toes flexing, balancing my body on his invading fist. I caress my throbbing nipples between fingers and thumbs. Yet I am still unprepared for the frightening intensity of the overwhelming orgasm that crashes over me. My guttural grunts match the pumping of the fist inside me, and they end with a loud protracted squeal. After long moments when I seem to be lost in time and space - not the sub space I crave, but very near to it - I crumple forward on the bed. I have a vague impression that Juan Pablo is smiling arrogantly at me, and then I squirm and mewl as he slowly withdraws his fist from my cunt. "That is my idea of the Pole Dance," he says.

I hear Zelda's light laugh, the little bitch.

"He pagado por ustedes hace algún tiempo, puta," Juan Pablo says (something like that, anyway). "Pronto voy a aceptar la entrega."

I lie on the bed, face down, utterly spent and quite unable to respond. What is he talking about though? He claims that he bought me some time ago, and that he will soon take delivery! Is he crazy?

After a while I wearily climb to my feet. "I have to clean the other rooms, Master," I say weakly, grabbing my camisk from the floor.

"No, clean this room, now!"

"No, Master." Still naked, I get my trolley and push it through the door. "I'll do this one later, when you've finished."

"Don't ever refuse me!"

I hastily shut the door and move to the last room allotted to me. Instead of cleaning it, I take a quick shower and try to regain my composure. How can Juan Pablo still be at the Gorean Club? Sir had told me that he wasn't welcome here, and that they were going back to Columbia.

After my shower, I hurry and clean the tenth alcove on my list. It's not too messy, all things considered. Just a few marks on the carpet, which I don't want to think about too much, knowing how messy some sex can be (that doesn't seem to matter when you're actually doing it, but it's not so nice to clean up after someone else). Anyway, when I've done that, I go back to Juan Pablo's room, and press my ear to the door. The music is still blaring out loudly but, like I said before, that doesn't mean anything, does it. I mean, Juan Pablo isn't the sort who worries about other people's electricity bills or noise pollution, is he? Anyway, I daren't chance opening the door and looking in the room, in case he's still there and caps me again. So I get my trolley of cleaning materials and take it back to the supervisor's room. She's not there, of course, so I just park the trolley and hurry off to the ablutions, where I'm glad to strip off the horrible brown cleaning. There's nobody else in there, so I can take my time. I can still feel Juan Pablo's fist inside me, if you know what I mean. It's not exactly sore, but there is a dull ache, a bit like a period pain, but I know I'm not due yet. He might have stretched me for life, for all I know, and I certainly don't want that. A cold douche on the Turkish toilet makes my pussy seem a lot tighter, though, and then I step into the wet room area to take another thorough shower, but not before I lift a bottle of their best shampoo for my hair.

I am just getting fresh under the shower when Gaffa comes marching in. He stops and glares about the ablutions room, and the look on his face is even grimmer than usual. He spots me, of course, and comes striding over. I try turning my back, as if to rinse away the suds, and hope it isn't me he really wants, but

his shrill voice quickly dispels that hope. "Five-fifty-five," he says. "The Cleaning Supervisor has received a complaint from a Free Man. He says you refused to clean Alcove 21, which he is occupying."

What? That's Juan Pablo for you, just a vicious, rotten bastard! I mean, that is so mean! I splutter and wipe the water from in front of my eyes, and turn to face the Head Slaver. "Hey, I was going to clean the room, Master, but he was busy with two kajirae in there, so I said I'd do it later."

"He says he ordered you to do it while he was there, but you refused."

"Well, I did, but—" He stops me with a slash of his cane across my arse. God that hurt!

"When may a slave question a command given by a Free Person, beast?"

"Never, Master." See? A slave can never win.

"So what is the meaning of this?"

"Juan Pablo said— " My words are cut short again, but this time with a screech that echoes round the marble tiles as his cane lashes across the top of my bare, wet thighs. There seems little point in asking me any questions when he won't even let me answer.

"When may a slave speak a Free Person's name, slut?" he screams, wiping his cane dry on his pants.

"A slave may never speak the name of a Free Person, unless the Free Person has granted the slave permission, Master!"

"You will receive 6 strokes for disobedience. Now, though, hurry back to Alcove 21 and clean the room. The Free Man will direct you on his requirements. Don't you dare to displease him again."

This is going from bad to worse. "The same Free Man is still there, Master? If so, with respect, I won't go back there until he's gone. My Master said?" Again the cane slashes me, this time across my arse again. It really hurts when the skin is wet and tender from the warm shower.

Gaffa is beside himself now, going ballistic. "When may a slave say 'NO' to or question a command given by a Free Person, beast?" he screeches.

"Never, Master."

"Hair!"

Oh God! Without waiting to dry myself, I scurry to stand behind the Head Slaver, bending deeply at the waist with my legs flexed. 'Hair!' he had screeched. It's a position that Sura taught me only a couple of days before, and I loathe it. Still, discretion being the better part of valour, knowing I'm already in enough bother, I cross my wrists behind my back and put the side of my head to his hip, and hold still while he wraps my long wet hair round his fist. Then, without another word, yanking my hair every so often, he leads me out of the ablutions room, with me bent over at the waist, scurrying beside him, along corridors, down flights of steps to the bowels of the building. Christ, we'll be in the London Underground if we go much further! Actually, though, I find that I'm back in the basement area they took me when I first entered the Gorean Club kennels, just a few days before. God, it seems a lifetime ago! A couple of slavers are sitting at the desk, just as before, and they nod to Gaffa as he drags me past. We go through the cavernous area to poorly-lit tunnel on the far side. Just inside this tunnel, Gaffa stops at an arched stout door with an iron grill set into it. I recognise it immediately. The Naughty Room! Oh my God! Immediately, my insides seem to turn into liquid lava. Gaffa produces an electronic swipe card to open the door, and it seems incongruous, given its ancient appearance.

He takes me into the room, and I look around. In truth, I'm getting a bit light headed and giddy, and that's a sure sign that I'm losing control. I've got a few butterflies fluttering in my belly now. No wonder I'm having a bit of tizzy, though. It's a dungeon, no less, and the very sight of it really turns me on. In the middle of the room, there's an old-fashioned brazier with glowing coals, and a warm draught of air carries the sooty stench of the tarred torches that flame on the walls. It's pure theatre, of course, because there are discrete electric lamps too, and central heating as well, I wouldn't wonder. Even so, I shiver and my teeth chatter, but that's not from the cold, even though I am hardly dry yet from the shower. The room is quite large with bare stone walls, and it seems to be entirely devoted to punishment of one kind or another. It's full of frightening machines with complicated arrangements of wheels and widgets, and frames and chains, and things. Just theatre, as I say. I hope so, anyway. There is a large St Andrews Cross set near one corner, facing into the room, and a few other wooden frames too, hanging from stout chains, with manacles and web harnesses attached to them. Wooden bars and beams seem to be placed haphazardly at various heights. There are other contraptions and devices as well, their purposes too frightening to contemplate: benches, racks, hanging iron cages, and low crates of steel mesh. One wall is

utterly festooned with whips, crops, paddles and scourges, and I can't imagine that they are there just for bizarre decoration. Nobody else seems to be in here, but I can't believe it's all intended for little me.

Gaffa goes over to a wheeled pulley and gives it a few turns. There is a creak above me, and when I look up I see a large square frame, hanging horizontally from the high vaulted ceiling, starting to descend. I glance at Gaffa and a strange inner calmness takes me over. Whatever the Head Slaver wants to do, he will do, and that's fine by me. He has total control of my mind, body and soul, and there's nothing I can do about it. There is nothing I *want* to do about it. The flickering flames of the torches cast shadows and highlights across Gaffa's gleaming, oiled black skin as he lowers the frame, and he then brings it the vertical, standing on end. I'd guess it must be about 8 feet high by 4 feet wide, maybe a bit less, and it's made of stout timber, hung with green canvas webbing. I glance at the frame with some apprehension, and my legs are turning to water, because it's obviously designed with cruel suffering in mind..

Gaffa doesn't say anything. He just thrusts me against the frame and goes to work, grunting and wheezing, as he fastens canvas webbing straps that seem to fit me like a jacket. It's a harness, comprised of various widths of strap depending on position and purpose, broad where they pass around my chest, hips and lower thighs, and narrow where they encircle the base of each breast, secure my ankles and wrists, and go around my thighs and between my legs like a really rough G-string. When he's finished, and it doesn't take him long, I am fastened in the frame with arms and legs outstretched. The harness is fairly loose, but it holds me in place. What now? A whipping? I doubt it, because the frame and the straps would get in the way. The Head Slaver now tightens the buckles, cinching the harness really tight, so that my tits stand out strongly from the narrow straps, and my legs and arms are fully spread-eagled, until I can hardly move a muscle. It's just like some of the cornier BDSM scenes I've seen, but for real this time. My pussy is creaming to the point of frothing, and I am almost bubbling inside. I just have this really intense apprehension, anticipation and fear of what he may have in store for me and it's launching me along a dark road, somewhere in my brain.

I nearly swoon when Gaffa winds a leather thong around each of my breasts, so tightly that their flesh balloons out unnaturally. He then takes a couple of metal clamps from his pocket and draws my nipples through them so that they are stretched under constant tension. Oh my God, I might orgasm right here and now!

Breathing heavily, Gaffa goes back to the pulley arrangement and begins to turn the wheel. I can hear the ratchet of cogs and gears, or some such, and the frame starts to rise in the air, with me attached to it. I remain utterly calm, Zen-like, even when the frame is hoisted high above Gaffa's head, right up into the arch of a stone roof vault. Then the frame lurches and tips horizontally, and I surprise myself with a small whimper in fear as I find myself suspended face down, hanging in the webbing, twisting slowly, as if in a breeze. It is a strange feeling, one of weightlessness on the one hand, and yet the straps are forcing my flesh tight as a drum skin. It is a fiendish contraption and I now dangle from the roof, looking down at the floor, like a soaring bird. I feel as if I am floating to the ground, but not actually getting anywhere. That's when it all happens again. My mind and body seem to separate from the environment, and then they even separate from each other. The endorphins have well and truly kicked in and they are mixing with the adrenaline to create a natural barbiturate in my body. My breathing has changed, and I seem to be deeply inhaling the colours of a rainbow - red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet - and then exhaling with a long, slow sigh that I imagine as gentle rain. I can't hear anymore, all sound has gone. There's a hush like velvet up here in the roof, all sense of being has gone, and I am in my own beautiful comfort zone where peace and harmony is wrapped in a glowing warmth.

God knows how long I have been out if it. I am in a dreamy sleep when Sir's voice gently awakens me, and then I realise that I have been lowered to the floor, and the frame has been tilted upright. Sura is beside Sir, wearing her red velvet robe and carrying a thin cane, and her eyes seem to sweep over my splayed body. Karim is standing back, chest out and hands behind him, his body bearing a huge wooden tray that is slung from a strap around his neck and anchored to a belt at his waist. I don't want to look too closely at the array of implements on that tray.

"So, misbehaving, I see," Sir says, drawing his finger across my achingly protuberant nipple, distended

by the clamp. I glance down and see that my tits are an ethereally blue-purple colour in the dim light.

I close my eyes against his touch. My belly stirs as he lays his cupped palms over each of my rock-hard breasts, feeling their tight drum-like skin as they protrude through the restricting straps of the harness and the leather thongs (which seem to have tightened even more, with my perspiration). His hands are very cool, almost cold on my unnaturally hard flesh.

"I shall punish you, Five-fifty-five. I cannot allow you even a fraction of a moment of rebellion. You do understand that?"

Punish me? I thought I had already been punished. "Yes, Master," I whisper.

Sir Andrew lays his fingers on her belly, below the broad strap, and I sigh a little when he cups his cool hand on my burning sex, where the narrow webbing has bisected the lips of my pussy.

He smiles and turns to select an item from the array on the tray, his hand hovering for some moments as if in indecision, and then he finally selects a tapered leather strap that is no more than 6 inches in length, and about half an inch wide, thin and supple at one end but expanding to 2 inches and nearly half an inch in thickness at the other. Sir Andrew reaches to pull aside Sura's robe and expose her right leg to the hip, and he then brings the strap down sharply on the meat of her thigh. Sura doesn't even flinch, but remains with a slight smile on her lips, holding back the robe and flexing her knee slightly to display her thigh as the creamy flesh turns pink where the leather has struck. I can only glance wide-eyed, still in my euphoric, giddy state. I am excited and slightly afraid when my Master strokes the cool leather down the inside of my upper thigh, and it makes shivers tingle across the thin, tender skin there.

"Untie her," Sir Andrew says, and he waits as Sura unbuckles the webbing straps and releases me from the frame. She has to support me to prevent me from crumbling to the floor. Then he says, "Bring me a chair."

Sura smiles and licks her lips, going to fetch the chair from the other side of the Naughty Room. I can still feel the imprint of the straps as I wait while Sura positions the chair behind Sir. He sits down, looks up at me, and pats his thighs expectantly. He doesn't need to give me the order. His meaning is perfectly clear. I lay face down over his lap, bare bottom high, like a naughty child. I feel the leather strap press into the divide of my bottom and it remains there, trapped between my clenched buttocks, when he removes his hand to push it between my thighs. His thumb courses along the lips of my sex..

"Keep your bottom tight and raise it up. Don't drop the strap," he warns. "Now spread your legs wide and turn your ankles inward to expose your inner thighs."

Sir is patient, and he waits while I try to obey, keeping the cheeks of my bottom very taut while widening my legs... I feel the leather strap being manoeuvred so that its length is held snugly within the tightened crack of my arse, its thick tongue pressing edge-on between my sex lips. I grunt when the first blow, delivered with the flat of his hand, lands on those clenched buttocks, and then the second makes me yelp. He spansk methodically, his hand flying in a steady rhythm, slapping down hard on the tense flesh until I squirm and salty tears run down my cheeks.

"This is what happens to naughty girls," he says, laying his hand on my heated bottom and then delving between my buttocks and pulling the strap out. "Cane her bottom, Sura!"

Immediately, a searing stripe is laid over the dull, aching heat laid on me by Sir Andrew's hand. His hand is on my back to hold me down, but I wouldn't try to rise anyway. This is just what I need right now, as I slowly drift up into top space. He demands that I spread my thighs again, and even as I move to obey another hot stripe lands on my bottom. Then the thin leather strap slaps down on my left inner thigh, and then the right, then the left again... at first moving in counterpoint with the viciously-stinging blows of Sura's cane, and then independently, slapping down in a mad flurry on the tender flesh. I am still in another world somewhere. It is as if I am still suspended in the vault of the roof, looking down on the room, where a clothed man and a woman in a red velvet robe are tormenting Five-fifty-five, a naked slave.

I vaguely hear myself screeching, but it sounds like someone else, and then it suddenly stops. "Separate her buttocks and keep your hands back, Sura."

Sura's moves to place her knees are either side of Five-fifty-five's head, clamping it between them, as she leans forward to place her cool feminine hands on the slave's burning bottom to hold the reddened cheeks prized widely apart. Five-fifty-five yelps when the small dampened strap slaps down in a hard and fast staccato on the hitherto unpunished inner facing surfaces of her buttocks, grazing the swollen

purse of her sex with each frenzied stroke. Presently, the whole of her bottom seems to be aflame, and below too, on her engorged sex lips, even though the leather has not bitten there, and there is deep, deep pleasure amidst the pain.

“That’s quite enough.” I think, Sir says gently, and I am jerked back into some reality when he pulls me upright and sits me on his knee like a small child. “Now what’s this all about then?”

“Juan Pablo...” I begin, and then hesitate, tears suddenly spilling down my face. “He was here, in the room...”

“I know, I know.” He strokes my hair. “It’s very regrettable. It’s nothing to worry your pretty little head about though. I have made sure he won’t get near you again. Now, you must rest.”

Karim is told to carry me to my kennel. As he scoops me up and heads for the door, I hear Sir tell Sura: “Gaffa has received a written warning for his conduct over this. Be very wary of him.”

“Yes, Master,” Sura says.

Chapter Ten - Office Duties

It's probably the fifth or sixth morning of my stay at the Gorean Club - I'm not really sure, in truth. I slept for ages after that stint in the Naughty Room, and I've only just come back to my senses really. Karim comes to rouse me in my kennel. "Lazy girl! Wake up. You are leaving us today."

"I'm really leaving?" I am just so surprised. Nothing about their treatment of me has indicated any short-term objective.

"You must go to the office. Your Master expects you to work today. You think you will be maintained in a life of leisure forever?"

It seems then that this is the end of Five-fifty-five's stay at the Gorean Club! I find myself unaccountably disappointed. On the other hand, I recall hearing Sir say that Gaffa has been given a formal warning, all on my account. He won't like that! So maybe it's a good thing that I'm getting out of his way. All of these thoughts fly through my mind. However, all I can say is: "I'll need to go home for some suitable clothes."

"Your clothing has been selected and placed in your locker," Karim says, dropping his white pantaloons to his knees.

I glance at his flaccid penis and smile wryly. Karim obviously doesn't intend to excuse me from sucking his cock today, even if I am leaving, and despite my ordeal in the Naughty Room. I am weary, for it has been a hard night, and I was comprehensively fucked twice by the duty slavers during the small hours (perhaps on Sir's orders, to compensate for the down after sub-space), but Karim is holding his shaft in his hand and waiting expectantly. I roll from the bed and onto my knees in one movement, and then lean forward to take his cock glans into my mouth. Over the past few days, I have sucked that cock more frequently than any other in my entire life. It has been part of my training, often supervised by Sura, under threat of the cane. I have been introduced to the arts of fellatio, rather than mere cock-sucking, and they have rigorously taught me how to exploit a man's erogenous triggers. So that's something. Much of it has been practised on Karim. Even though it has only been a few days, I think I could recognise his cock in my mouth, even if they blindfold me. So, this morning I make short work of the chore (if it is a chore), kneeling with my thighs on either side of his feet, rolling the sac of his balls in my hand while licking the silky skin of his shaft with long strokes until he groans, and then taking him deeply into my mouth, bobbing my head up and down until he cums. I swallow the last drop of his cum, as he demands. All in a matter of a few minutes!

"Hair!" he commands, as I settle back on my heels and wipe my lips on the back of my hand.

"I need to use the loo."

Karim holds his left hand open, at his waist. "Hair!"

I glare up at him angrily. I am leaving the place this very morning, for God's sake! "That won't be necessary," I protest.

The young Indian just eyes me sternly and, instead of replying, he closes and opens his left hand, pointedly, just once. Then he rests his hand on the handle of his cane. It is enough. My conditioning makes me obey immediately, and I leap to my feet and move to stand behind Karim, bending deeply at the waist with my legs flexed. I place my hands behind me and put the side of my head to his hip, like a pet dog, and I wince when he wraps my long hair round his hand so that he might lead me easily while walking. It is a humiliating position and it renders a woman utterly helpless, and it always tangles up my hair. He leads me like this, out of the kennels and to the ablutions room. I have to scurry along beside him, stooped over, and trying to keep the pressure from my scalp. He walks quicker than usual. I know from his stride that he is angry with me, but then I'm not best pleased either.

There is already a lot of activity in the ablutions, with a dozen or more girls there. Karim takes me to one of the low ceramic platforms near the Turkish toilets.

"Hands and knees," he orders, releasing my hair and pointing to the platform.

What? Another enema! I should have known when he didn't let me use the toilet in my kennel. If this is my punishment for daring to question his command, I would have preferred a couple of strokes of the cane on my bum. It is another lesson: a girl just cannot win against the slavers because, ultimately, they hold all the aces. I sigh and kneel on all fours, and when Karim gives the order, I obediently reach

back to hold my buttocks apart so that he can spread the lubricant inside the mouth of my rectum. There is nothing for it to but to stoically endure the degrading procedure. He uses a full enema bag on me too, filling me until fit to burst. It takes an age. When Karim finally orders me to squat and release the noxious fluids, I am thoroughly chastened, believe me. I am glad to get under the shower and sluice myself clean. Then, naked and fragrant, I am taken to the hair stylists and make-up artists. No expense is spared at the Gorean Club! They are good at their jobs, and some, not all, are themselves slaves, so they know all the tricks. Finally, properly leashed this time, hair beautifully styled, make-up perfect, delicately perfumed, I am led to the locker room. As we enter, Sura is walking away, all on her own, wearing an immaculate cream business suit with green detail braid on the collar. She nods briefly, but doesn't speak, the haughty bitch (it's a bit much, seeing as how she was licking my pussy only yesterday, and now she can't even be bothered to say hello, but some people are like that). Other women are there too, apparently also getting ready for a conventional working day, putting on smart street clothes under the watchful eyes of a couple of slavers.

"Time to get dressed, you brazen hussy," Karim says, taking me to Locker No. 555.

Then, with some ceremony, he produces a small key and unlocks the collar from my throat, hanging it around a peg in the locker. I stretch my neck and run my fingers across the unadorned flesh. It feels strange. Karim is already carefully taking some clothes from the locker and laying them on the wooden bench seat. Once again I am struck by the fact that even the most basic decisions have been removed from me: my hair style, make-up, and now my clothing... all prescribed, without even asking me what I think. My beautiful designer cocktail dress and my precious Mulberry bag have gone. Where are they? Karim fusses around me as I dress. It seems strange to be wearing conventional clothing again. The underwear is minimal: a platform bra that doesn't conceal my nipples, and nothing else. That doesn't seem to matter now. I wouldn't have personally chosen the red wrap dress, yet have to acknowledge that it perfectly accentuates my trim waist and makes a great form-fitting shape for my curves, if you know what I mean. In fact, the dress is at once sexy and restrained. Sheer nude hold-up stockings and high-heeled stilettos add an extra classy touch to my appearance. The whole ensemble is completed with a black double-breasted wool coat that must have cost a fortune. When I am dressed, Karim parades me in front of the mirrored wall. "Ha! See what I can do when they give me a suitable subject!" Karim says, taking credit for my immaculate appearance.

I can only smile. Even though I say it myself, it *is* a beautiful creature who stares back from the mirror, but I'm not sure that it's even me. I have never achieved this look before, and doubt whether I can ever manage it again, left to my own devices. It all seems too much effort for an ordinary day at the office anyway, but I love the sight of my immaculate turn-out, and might as well make the best of it for that day, at least. Karim leads me up a flight of steps and into the foyer of the Gorean Club. He speaks briefly with Millward, the fussy little manager who stands at the reception counter, and then returns carrying a classy black leather handbag, which he hands to me (it's not as good as my Mulberry, mind).

"Go straight to Sir Andrews' office. Your passport is in the bag, with sufficient money for the day too."

"Thank you," I say, and give him a small kiss on the cheek. "Goodbye, Karim, and good luck with your slaver stuff."

The young Indian just smiles and gives a small bow. With that, I turn my back on the Gorean Club, and on Slave Five-fifty-five too. It is finished. It was just a short and very exotic holiday. I head out into Mayfair, making for Green Park Tube, near the Ritz Hotel, unable to resist peeking into the shop windows at my own reflection. Something indefinable has changed inside me, and I'm a totally new woman after my hedonistic and bizarre adventure. They ought to package and sell it, like they do pamper breaks at spa centres! I feel like a million dollars. It isn't just the designer clothes, the terrific hair style and the immaculate make-up... there is something new and amazing about my whole bearing. I walk as a kajira, proud and erect, with perfect carriage and deportment, unashamedly displaying my sexuality and allure. Well, why not? Anyway, it seems that I am quite unable to do otherwise. It's great! I attract loads of admiring glances from men in the crush of the London rush hour as I calmly and serenely make my way to the City office near the Thames.

"Wow!" the Chairman's chauffeur exclaims when I walk into the foyer.

"Good morning, Carl."

He leans over to the reception desk, plucks a single red rose from the vase there and offers it to me as if his is offering me pure gold or something. "A good break, I hope?"

"Yes," I say airily, ignoring the rose. "It was very...interesting."

He smiles, glancing down ruefully at the rejected rose in his hand as I step aside and go to the lifts. Then he turns and calls after me, "I knew you'd like it."

I stand in the lift with my back to the foyer, checking my reflection in its mirrored wall, and as the door closes, in the mirror, I see Carl crush the rose in his hand, tear its petals, and sprinkle them to the marble flutter around his brown and white correspondent shoes. Poor lamb!

I go up to the ninth floor, to Sir's executive suite. Sura, wearing her lovely cream suit, of course, is already at her station in the annexe, guarding the place. "Remove your coat and leave it here. Do you have your passport?"

"Yes," I say, opening my bag and fishing out the maroon passport, glancing briefly at the ID photograph. "Do you need it?"

Sura takes the passport and says: "Our Master is waiting for you. The Chairman too..."

I glance back at her in surprise as I hang my coat on the stand behind Sura's desk. "The Chairman is with Sir?"

"The Chairman," Sura affirms.

With a small shrug, I tap on the door of Sir's office and wait for the call to enter. I find the two men lounging in black leather easy chairs, drinking coffee at the low table beside the window, overlooking the murky-brown Thames. They both glance up as I walk in.

"Ah, talk of the Devil and she's bound to appear," Sir says with a smile. "Greetings, my dear, you look absolutely stunning. See what some skilled treatment and plenty of discipline can do?"

"Greetings, Master. Thank you for noticing." It seems entirely normal to address him as 'Master' now, and the word comes easily to me. I turn to the Chairman and give a small curtsy, saying, "Greetings, Master. I trust you are well?"

"Yes, I am indeed, girl. I hope you enjoyed your little adventure."

I smile slightly and look down shyly, unsurprised that the Chairman knows of my activities at the Gorean Club. After all, his girl, Five-fifty-four, was in the kennels too. Did I enjoy my adventure? 'Enjoy' is the wrong word, not the one I would have chosen, but I say, "Yes, Master."

"Show me your left thigh."

The Chairman's order takes me by surprise. I had thought myself finished with all of that. However, slag that I am, I flip aside the wrap-over skirt to reveal my thigh to the hip. The red kef design is still prominent above the band of my stocking. "I forgot it was there," I say, almost in wonder as I flex my knee and glance down at the mark. The fake tattoo has almost become a part of me during the past few days, and it's not showing any sign of wearing off.

"My own girl decided to have a permanent brand. Do you think you are ready for that yet?"

"No, Master, I don't think..."

Sir laughs. He says: "Quite right too. A collar and a brand is a very big commitment, and not something to be taken lightly."

A permanent tattoo, a collar... it is all too much to think about. The Gorean Club was electrically exciting, but I have no intention of ever going back there. I am a bit scared, in truth, not so much by their harsh treatment of me, but more by the way I helplessly responded to that domination. Even now, standing with my leg displayed to the hip, and with my bare pussy almost winking at the Chairman, I experience a familiar flutter of wanton heat in my belly.

"She is under contract, Andrew?"

"Aye, Cheryl is in my special private team, Bob. I haven't extended her contract to the Gorean Club as yet. The additional expenditure will require your personal approval, of course."

"She understands her role? Is she good at it?"

"Cheryl's still got a lot to learn, Bob, but she usually satisfies me alright. You are free to borrow her anytime you wish, of course. I doubt you'll find her wanting."

They speak over me as if I'm not here, and I just stand like a lemon, with my knee flexed and thigh prettily exposed, looking out of the panoramic window at the tug boats towing barges in the choppy waters of Thames. Everything seems to have changed so much for me in such a short time. Can I ever go

back now? Only a few weeks before, I was a respectable girl with just a little naughty BDSM experience. Now I am sleeping regularly with my boss and indulging his kink for bondage, and getting a huge salary on the back of that. Or, more like it, getting a huge salary for getting on my back. That very weekend, I allowed Sir to prostitute me with his awful Columbian business associates, and then submitted so wantonly to the degrading domination of the Gorean Club slavers. I seem to have spent my whole time over the last few days just fucking and sucking. Talk about a dirty slag! Worse, I know that being made to do things that I have no power to resist is intensely exciting and arousing. So much in such a short time... So how can I ever go back to my dull and safe self now?

“Cheryl!” Sir Andrew’s sharp voice jerks me from my thoughts.

“Yes, Master?”

“The Chairman gave you an order. Remove your clothes. He wishes to see you.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I was miles away...”

I flip open the tabs of the wrap-round dress and shrug it from my shoulders without even thinking. It is bizarre, but even now I get a charge from the humiliating instruction. I lay the lovely new dress on a nearby seat and then reach behind to remove the platform bra, which scarcely covers my tits anyway. Then I stand, posing for them. I assume they wish me to retain the stockings and high heels. The Chairman’s eyes sweep over me from head to toe.

“Turn round and display for him,” Sir says.

I obey, spinning to present my back, spreading my feet apart to the width of my shoulders, and interlacing my fingers behind my neck in the prescribed way, as so painfully whipped into me by Sura and Gaffa.

I realise that the Chairman has not seen me naked before. He says: “Acceptable. Nice arse. Bend forward.”

Heart pounding, I comply without hesitation. What am I doing? Protests and doubts race through my mind again. When I walked out of the Gorean Club, I decided that I was through with all this. I should stop now. I’m being drawn on by some forbidden lust inside me, that’s what it is. Conflicting thoughts simply paralyse my ability to think properly. Or perhaps it is because my decision-making ability was removed from me during the past few days, and I’ve lost the knack of saying ‘no’? The Chairman’s warm right hand is on my bottom now, stroking its soft skin, tracing across the marks of the cane that still show there, and then slither down the divide to my buttocks. He reaches under and presses a finger into my pussy.

“You are a slut, Cheryl.”

“No!” I answer with a gasp that shows my lie.

“Don’t give me that. You are sopping wet. I will enjoy fucking you.”

It surprises me to hear this, because after that first time at the Gorean Club, when Carl sucked the Chairman’s cock to completion, I had assumed him to be gay. “Yes, Master,” I say.

“You may get dressed.”

The Chairman’s hand leaves me, and I straighten, reaching for my discarded bra and dress. It takes less than half a minute to put them on, but the door opens before I have fastened the waist tab of the dress, and Sura enters with Carl, the chauffeur. A smile plays on the corner of Carl’s mouth, and I look away, blushing, as if caught in some shameful act.

Sura tells the Chairman: “Forgive the interruption, sir, but you should leave now, if you’re to be in time for your 10 o’clock appointment at the House.”

The Chairman glances at his watch and nods. He rises to his feet and offers his hand to Sir Andrew... the same hand that has just been probing my heat. Sir Andrew shakes the hand.

“You wish to take Cheryl with you for the day, Bob?”

I look up in surprise. Carl grins and licks his lips. ‘God, no! Not that!’ I think in desperation.

“No thanks, old boy. I don’t think the Minister would thank me for turning up at the House with a wet slut in tow.”

They both laugh. Sura smiles coolly and jerks her head to me, indicating that I should leave the office. I feel thoroughly humiliated, dismissed, but I’m glad to get out, all the same.

Outside, Sura tells me: “There is plenty of work for you to do. Your in-tray is full.”

“I may quit the job, and just leave, here and now,” I hear myself say.

“You’ll do as you think fit,” Sura says, as if she doesn’t give a damn one way or the other.

I don’t leave, of course. Instead, I go back to my desk and start to plough through the pile of work that’s accumulated in my absence. It seems that nobody deputises when you’re away, and there’s shed loads of work to do. Still, it’s good for my soul at this time, and I immerse myself in it.

Later that morning, I am summoned back to Sir’s office. He is alone and sitting by the window again, and this time he motions me to sit in the low chair opposite.

“How important is money to you, Cheryl?”

“Hardly important at all,” I say primly, carefully crossing my legs with a hiss of nylon.

“Interesting you should say that. I am about to offer you a pay rise.”

“I only signed my new contract last week, with an excellent salary,” I point out. “I was satisfied with that.”

He smiles, reaching into his pocket and taking out a folded document that seems to run to some four or five pages thick. “Aye, well, that was a preliminary offer, shall we say. Since then, you’ve spent time at the Gorean Club. I am assuming that you will become one of the kajirae there. This new contract recognises your... added duties.”

“I’m not a prostitute. I don’t fuck for money or gifts.”

He laughs. “Then you are quite unlike any other woman I’ve ever met, including my wife.”

It’s no laughing matter for me. This whoring thing has been bothering me a lot. I am not a whore. It isn’t the money that lured me into this strange and exotic adventure in the first place, it was my wonderfully shattering experience of sub space in that Welsh gymnasium. Since then, my own forbidden excitement has kept me locked in my own chains, so it’s not been me wanting their money. In fact, more than that, the whore thing is a step too far and I’m not having it.

“Well,” I say, “You can’t deny that my job carries a ridiculously high salary, and it crucially entails my being fucked by anyone you care to nominate. You ordered me to pleasure the Columbians, after all, and I did as you instructed. In my book, that makes me a whore, with you as my pimp. As far as I’m concerned, your Gorean Club is just a glorified knocking shop.”

He makes a harrumphing sound. “That’s ridiculous! All of the girls there are committed to the lifestyle. A few of them live in the kennels, like you and Katrina, while others live their family lives elsewhere, but come to the Club to serve.”

That explains why there are so many girls at the Club, when there are only a few kennels, as far as I know. “They’re prostitutes!” I say.

“Kajirae!”

“Whatever...” I am not persuaded. “Now, you’re offering me an even better contract, in payment for services rendered. Well, no thank you. I won’t sell myself like a hooker.”

“Hear me out, Cheryl. It’s not like that. Actually, if you sign this contract, it means that you give up all of your material possessions, including your salary, at least for the foreseeable future. A Gorean kajira isn’t allowed to own anything, you see. This contract lists all of your assets, and you will be transferring them to me. That’s hardly prostitution.”

I blink. Questions tumble out. “Give you all my things? My apartment and stuff? Why ever would I do that? Do you think I’m mad?”

“Not at all, this contract sets sensible ground rules. You won’t need money or possessions. There is a financial aspect, of course. Unlike John Norman’s Gor, we unfortunately can’t offer you any anti-aging stabilisation serums. Sura is an exception, but kajirae tend not to go on forever. It’s a young person’s thing. For that reason, a sum of £300,000 will be reserved in a Trust in your name, payable at the end of a three year period of continuous employment. It’s not a fortune, of course, but quite a nice tax-free nest egg to get you on your feet again. Besides that, of course, your assets will be returned to you at any time that you choose to terminate the agreement.”

I try to wrap my brain around this. It seems to me that he’s offering me less than I get under my current contract, but I can’t be fussed to do the sums right now. “You’d expect me to continue to live at the Club kennels?”

“Aye. Your board and upkeep will be paid for. You’ll have no expenses. That’s a good thing, because you won’t get a salary. You will have no need of money. Not only will I care for your physical necessities, but your emotional and spiritual needs too. The £300,000 payment is contingent upon your complete and perfect cooperation. Your employment will of course be terminated in the event of...misbehaviour.”

“And what about Juan Pablo?”

“Aye, Juan Pablo... As I said, it’s all very regrettable. I won’t lie to you, Cheryl, there have been some big arguments among the Gorean Club High Council. Many people wanted to include them because of their wealth, but they are just too dangerous. I’ve no time for sex-traffickers and drug runners. It’s all resolved now, and they’ve gone back to Columbia.” He leans forward and hands the contract to me. “As you now know, in the Gorean way, all power is in the hands of the Master, who controls not only your actions but your whole life, and it’s my job to protect you.”

I glance through the pages of the contract. The list of my assets is quite detailed, which doesn’t surprise me, since I know they’ve been into my apartment. “You want me to transfer my bank accounts and property to you?”

“Yes. That’s your protection. As your legal guardian, I will assume full control of them. Gorean slaves are forbidden from owning property, and this is our way of addressing that. Have no fear, your finances will be in very good hands and they will flourish as never before, but you will have no access to them while the contract is in operation. Then you get it all back. Rest assured, I recognise it as a deep bond when a girl gives her life to me out of trust. Does that bit make sense?”

“I’m not sure that any of this makes any sense, but I understand what you say,” I say with a slight smile.

“It is hardly being a whore - diametrically opposite, in fact. You will have no say in your life whatsoever, financial or otherwise. It’s the ultimate freedom for you. You can have full faith and trust that your owner will take care of the rest. You have a right to refuse and retract any time, but that would involve killing your contract and ending your life as a Gorean kajira.”

“Okay, I’ll think about it, sir,” I say, rising to my feet.

Chapter Eleven - Into the Abyss

Slave Fife-fifty-five lies on her left side on the hard bunk in her kennel in the pitch darkness. I cannot sleep and it is hot, despite the absence of any sheet to cover my naked body on the hard bed. My hands are confined to my collar, held under my chin, palm to palm, as if I am praying. Karim tied me like this, before his shift ended, seizing both of my hands, swiftly tying them together with soft cotton rope before looping the end of the rope under my collar and pulling it tight. Moreover, a leash chain on my collar confines me to the head of the bed. I have limited room to move, and cannot use my hands to touch myself. This denial is disconcerting. Given the opportunity, I would have caress myself, without a doubt. Presumably, they have tied me in such a way as to prevent that. Clearly, my body is meant to be inaccessible to my hands. My own cunt lips are forbidden to me, and this of itself, the very presumption, is shame-making.

Every now and again I hear footsteps, and sometimes the beam of a torch briefly illuminates the corridor outside the bars of my kennel. Also, on two occasions, I heard the sounds of hard fucking. This makes it even harder to get to sleep and just feeds the needs raging inside me. Quite how long I have lain here in the darkness, I don't know. The night seems to be interminable.

I hear footsteps again. Someone is approaching. From the sound of it, it's the tread of a male's shod feet. Maybe a kajira is scurrying bare foot and soundless ahead of him, or being dragged behind on a leash? I can't tell. The torch light casts a weak diffuse yellow arc of light and then it becomes gradually brighter until it is almost blinding, shining directly through the barred gate of my kennel. I rise up on one elbow, as best I can, blinking into the light, trying to see who is there. Whoever it is, he is unlocking the gate.

"And here we have the lovely new kajira," the man says as he enters.

I feel utterly helpless as he shines the powerful beam over my body. I draw my legs up to my chest. As the light is diverted a little, I see that my visitor is a man I have not seen before, another slaver, with the usual baggy trousers and a bare chest. He focuses the torch beam on my bottom and stoops to peer at the opening between my thighs. I can only whimper. Then he unfastens the chain that keeps me confined to the iron bed head, but leaves it attached, dangling from my collar. "Stand on the bed!" he says.

I struggle to rise, hampered by the position of my hands, tied to my collar. I kneel first and then put my shoulder against the wall to steady myself as I scramble to my feet. The chain dangles over my elbows and forearms, and trails against my belly as the slaver turns me to face the wall and presses his hand on my bottom so that my hips are hard against the cold and rough bare bricks. He steps onto the bed and the mattress gives slightly under his weight, and I feel the pressure on my neck as the chain is fastened taut to a hook high on the wall. He then steps onto the floor again, and props the torch on the solitary table so that its beam illuminates my body.

His hand unexpectedly touches my waist and I give a little murmur of surprise. Then though, without warning, I hear a hiss and a blaze of agony suddenly explodes across my bottom. I scream, mostly in pain, but in astonishment too. Why is he beating me? And what on earth could cause such agony? Even before my first scream dies away, he strikes me again, and then he continues, four or five more times, with each strike swiftly following the last before I have time to even think. I am still screaming when he grabs me by the haunches and turns me about-face so that my unspeakably sore bottom is hard against the wall. Then he twice applies the crop with all his might to the front of my legs, carefully measuring the position of the first strike just below my left hip, and the second one lands some three inches lower on the meat of my left thigh. I scream and scream again, and when he leaves me, taking the torch and locking the kennel door, I am a sobbing wreck, swaying piteously on the end of the chain. I hear the sound of his retreating feet eventually fading away. It appears that I am to be left chained, standing on my bed in the pitch darkness, hands in supplication at my throat, alone with my thoughts, until whatever passes for morning dawns in this strange and frightening world.

For the next few, seemingly interminable hours, I wait, listening for the slightest sound. I hear girls being returned to their kennels at various times. On one more occasion, the sounds of ardent fucking crudely break the cathedral-like silence, and I wonder miserably if the slaver who so brutally whipped me is taking his pleasure with another kajira. All I can do is stand and wait in the pitch black.

It must be hours later when the lights go on, and I stifle a sob of relief. I glance down at my body and see two dark red-purple raised welts, angry ridges, on my left thigh. The welts have been expertly positioned on my flesh, directly above and beneath the temporary kef tattoo, as if to highlight my brand.

There are sounds of movement in the kennels, voices, and the rattle of barred gates. It is some time before anyone comes to me, though. Karim eventually opens my kennel and, as usual in the mornings, he is followed by a woman menial in a white overall, who carries a tray laden with a coffee pot, a cup and saucer, a small milk jug, a sugar bowl, a bowl of grey porridge, large pat of butter, a jar of marmalade, a rack of toast, spoons and a butter knife. Evidently, it is no surprise to her to see a naked and well-cropped girl standing miserably chained on a bed. Karim steps onto the mattress and reaches up to unfasten the chain, and he then unties the rope that secures my hands. I stretch my arms, and then accept his steadying hand as I step carefully down from the bed. The serving woman leaves the kennel without a word.

"Use the lavatory," Karim orders. "Then wash your hands, and eat everything on the tray. After, you may sleep for a few hours, until it's time for your training session with Sura. I will wake you."

It is all reassuringly familiar: the same routine as every other day. I pour cold water into the shallow ceramic bowl and wash my hands as the young Indian slaver leaves the kennel and locks the door. Although not hungry, I know that I must eat if I want to avoid being force-fed, so I make to sit gingerly on the wooden stool at the table, but the welts on my bottom make me decide otherwise, so I take my breakfast while standing. When I have eaten all the food, including the disgusting gruel, I wearily climb on the bunk and try to find a position where the welts aren't too sore, and I sink into a deep sleep.

In the event, it isn't Karim who wakes me, but the black apprentice who has accompanied him previously. This black youth is learning fast, and he already has his pantaloons down round his knees when I wake up, and he gestures to his semi-erect cock. His meaning is clear. I grimace but climb from the bed and kneel at his feet, wrapping my hand around the half-flaccid ebony cock and licking across the exposed purple-black helmet. The shaft quickly becomes rigid in my hand, and I then take the cock into my mouth, applying myself to this first task of the day. It doesn't take me long. The youth only wants purely functional fellatio, not even requiring me to deep-throat him, and he soon gives a low growl and pulls back, spurting his jism over my face and chest in viscous streaks. He then orders me to my feet and leads me down the corridor, unleashed, to the ablutions area. I pad silently behind him, not even trying to wipe the cum away, for something about his manner indicates that he wants to display me wearing it, perhaps to demonstrate his power. If that's his objective, it doesn't seem to work, because we pass a few other people - slaves, slavers, and a couple of menials in smock overalls - and none of them seems to even notice my dishevelled and soiled state. Nevertheless, I am glad to get under the shower and sluice myself clean.

"So, you are suitably refreshed, I see, Cheryl," Sura says, reaching for her cane when I am eventually delivered to her training room. "And well-marked, I see."

"Yes, mistress," I whisper, looking down, as if shamed by the two livid ridges on my left thigh.

Sura is wearing exquisite scarlet pleasure silks that show off her trim figure to perfection. The top is sheer and the large dark areolas surrounding her thick, thrusting nipples are clearly visible through the taut fabric; the bottom comprises of just two long trailing silks, attached front and rear to a slack cord draped round her hips. Her make-up is immaculate, as always.

"Nadu! Look at yourself in the mirror. Take note of what you see, kajira."

I fold to widely-spread knees. My bottom is still exquisitely sore from the systematic beating, and I wince as I settle back onto my heels. After wriggling somewhat to find some comfort, I then stare fixedly ahead into the mirror, inspected, meekly complying when Sura demands minor adjustments to my posture, drawing in my stomach when it is tapped with the tip of the cane, and pulling my shoulders back when the cane is pressed flat against the underbelly of my breasts.

Sura eventually nods, satisfied, and says, "You will get used to the slavers and guards visiting you in the night, as you will now live here until further notice. The lease of your apartment in Streatham has been terminated, and your clothes and belongings have been removed from the premises. They have been safely stored for you. Is that clear?"

I expected this of course. When I signed the new contract, I simply yielded myself up to the possession and power of my Master. In submission to Sir, I gave up, abandoned, and relinquished my personal rights and control, and that includes all my worldly goods. That was fully understood, of course.

I'm just surprised that he should have acted so quickly to liquidate my assets. Anyway, it's much too late to argue now. I inhale sharply, adjust my kneeling position, and merely say, "Yes, mistress, I understand."

"Good. You defer first to your Master, then to any Free Men, then to Free women, and then to me. Always make sure that you greet in that order."

"All free men and women, mistress?"

"Ah, that's another distinction we have to draw between John Norman's Gor and our lifestyle franchise. We refer to the Gorean franchise members as 'Free Men' and 'Free Women' and they are clearly identified by their distinctive signet rings. You must always defer to them, but nobody else. Anyone who isn't a Club member or official guest doesn't count with us, and we are all obviously bound by Earth's laws and customs."

I look in the mirror at my naked body, crop marks and all, and I adjust my position, widening my knees, noting how it exposes the partly-sheathed inner petals of her sex.

Perhaps Sura notes this subtle change of posture, because she suddenly snaps: "Into the Love Bow position, Cheryl! Bend your body backwards, head to the floor, place your hands by your head, and pull up into a back bend."

I strive to adopt this humiliating position, leaning back with my thighs widely splayed, arching my spine and thrusting my hips up, presenting my vulnerable pussy. The welts left by the slaver's crop are very painful as I stretch. After a few moments, Sura speaks again, pacing round the room as she gathers her thoughts:

"To properly understand this lifestyle, you need to know a little about Gor. Imagine, if you will, a planet where the men are strong and honourable. Gor, also known as the Counter-Earth, originated in 1967 and continued through a series of 27 fictional books, the Chronicles of Gor, written by John Norman, the pen name of John Frederick Lange Jr., Ph.D. You have been reading Dancer of Gor, I understand?"

"Yes, mistress," I answer, hoping that she will not tested me on it. My voice is somewhat strained, for the Love Bow position, besides being intensely humiliating, is proving to be very uncomfortable, even after such a short time. I am beginning to realise that I have not yet properly learned the rules of this game, if a game it is. I have read part of one book, a tattered old paperback, played about a bit in a virtual reality world, and experienced some torrid use and abuse in the Gorean Club. Everything else has been driven by my own innate submissive nature and by my yearning to access sub space again. I have told nobody of that latter, crucial part of my motivation, although I'm fairly sure that Sir knows.

"John Norman's books have always been controversial, of course, and have even been censored and banned from time to time. Yet his Gorean Chronicles are very strong on the need for truth and honour among men, and honesty is a core belief of our philosophy. Honour means everything to a Gorean lifestyle, whether Free or slave, but particularly for the owners because we trust them to take care of us. It is a code of conduct; it is the measure by which men are judged. One of the greatest and most important points of personal honour is a person's word; a person's word and pledge is quite literally his word of honour. Honour also means being true to yourself. To most Gorean lifestyle, it is about discovering yourself and who you truly are, and in the case of a slave, to dare to live it." Sura pauses for a moment and looks down as I strain to maintain the Love Bow, saying: "That position is very uncomfortable to hold for any length of time, Cheryl, especially when you have been soundly beaten. You have done well."

"Thank you, mistress."

"Sula, kajira!" says Sura. "Slide your legs from under you and lie on your back, hands at your sides, palms up, legs open. You can rest like that for a while."

"Yes, mistress," I say gratefully, obeying the instructions, straightening my legs and spreading my feet apart, and lying gingerly on the pleasantly cool polished floorboards.

"Don't be embarrassed to fully display your womanly charms, Cheryl. Unlike normal society today, we Gorean lifestyle glorify gender. You have agreed to surrender all human rights, except the right to be a woman. Being a woman, according to Gorean lifestyle philosophy, means pleasing a Master. A kajira's only goal in life is to bring pleasure and comfort to her Master. Far from hopelessly trying to minimise the differences between men and women, we celebrate and develop them. That's not just the

physical differences but the innate emotional differences too. You must strive for perfection. The trainers and slavers here will assist you with that, and it continues throughout our slave lives, even for me after many years. They will nurture you and provide day-to-day care, and they will constantly watch you so they might know your minds and the way you think, and know when to push on so that you either move to a new place in your slavery or learn something new about who you really are. In accepting you as his slave, Sir Andrew has taken on the awesome responsibility to nurture you and help you to grow, not only as a slave, but as a person as well. What are you, Cheryl?"

"This girl is a slave, mistress. La kajira!"

"To your belly, prone, hands at the sides of your head."

I immediately roll over and adopt the position, lying face down, pressing myself to the cold, polished wood of the floor.

"What are your duties, beast?"

"A girl's duties are exquisite beauty and absolute obedience, mistress!"

Sura uses her bare foot to nudge my head into a better, straighter position. "You must not only do your work well, but it must always be done in a feminine, graceful way that expresses your sexuality. Your master can discipline you at any time and can end your slave life - in the context here, that will mean terminating your contract and its benefits. Is that clear?"

"Yes mistress."

"You may not question anything, and must always do as you are told. Refusal to obey an order will result in punishment, usually a whipping. As far as we are concerned, anything you did before enslavement is erased from your past: you are not to talk about it, since your identity now is as a kajira, a slave, a human animal. Your Master makes all decisions for you. As you have already found, you even lose rights to your name. Don't think I don't know of your little rebellion, Cheryl."

My head down to the floor, my features concealed, I merely say, "Yes, mistress."

"Stand!" Sura snaps, and she waits until I scramble to my feet. "Display! Face the mirror with your feet a shoulder's width apart, fingers laced behind the neck, elbows back, head up. You may look in the mirror for now, but usually your eyes will be lowered when in the Display position." As I adopt the humiliating position, the door of Sura's training room opens and Gaffa, the Head Slaver, strides in. "Maintain your position," Sura whispers urgently, sinking to her knees in wide nadu.

"Tal, girls," Gaffa says.

"Greetings, Master. I hope you are well."

"Aye, tolerably so, Sura," the heavy black man says, fondly stroking her head before turning his attention to me. "She is apprised of the Gorean lifestyle?"

"As far as can be achieved in a few sessions, Master."

Gaffa nods and walks round me, inspecting me as I remain vulnerably exposed in the Display position. He reaches out his hand to gently trail ebony fingers over the welts on my buttocks, and then similarly over the two tracks on my left thigh. "I ordered that she be marked in this way. He did a good job."

The Head Slaver personally ordered that I should be so cruelly beaten in the night? Sudden anger quakes inside me but I daren't show it.

"You wish to consummate your contract, Five-fifty-five? If not, now would be a good time to back out," Gaffa says.

"Consummate it, Master?"

"Yes, are you ready to endorse it with a permanent brand on your thigh?" His fingers stroke the smooth flesh of my thigh between the two crop welts.

I am taken by surprise. I have become used to the red kef and number on my thigh and hardly notice it, just as I hardly notice it on the thighs of other kajirae, and I have almost forgotten that my own mark is a temporary tattoo. What difference can it make? They have already sold my apartment and taken my belongings... There is little left of my old life. Yet I immediately recognise the harsh finality in accepting an indelible mark on my flesh, forever pronouncing me as a Gorean slave. The fires that are burning inside me tell me that it is the right thing for me to do.

"Yes, Master, I am ready for the permanent tattoo," I say.

Gaffa doesn't speak or smile, but merely attaches a leash to my collar, grasps me by the upper arm with a strong hand, and leads me from the cell. I glance back at Sura, who remains in nadu, looking straight

ahead without a flicker of emotion.

The Head Slaver takes me down the corridor to a smallish room that is kitted out with strangely contrasting, ancient and modern implements and equipment: there is a black iron frame, long and narrow with an assortment of pulleys and wheels attached to it, tilted down at an angle; beside the frame stands a modern leather and chrome metal adjustable stool and there is a pole that has tiers of small round tables on arms, not unlike a dentist's equipment stand, with various items arranged there; a little further away, beside the wall, there is a metal brazier containing a number of iron rods but no coals. There are shelves and glass fronted cupboards on the walls, laden with what appears to medical supplies, and a wash basin is in the corner.

"This is the branding room," Gaffa says, releasing my arm. "Bracelets!"

I kneel on the floor, and he squats to cuff my wrists behind me before clipping my leash to the iron frame and leaving me alone in the room. Despite the pain in my bottom, I rest back on my heels, with tits out-thrust, and my head is swimming a little. I am not afraid or even apprehensive. It is not long before the door opens and Gaffa ushers in a young woman who is dressed in a tee-shirt and incredibly short denim shorts, worn over the top of opaque brown tights. The girl looks like a typical school six-former, except that every inch of exposed flesh on her arms and neck is covered in tattoos. She glances down at me appraisingly and smiles.

"Another nice one, Mr Gaffa," she says.

Gaffa unclips the leash and jerks it slightly. "Stand!" he says, and he then uncuffs my wrists. "Lie on the branding rack, kajira."

I gulp, glancing at the iron contraption that looks like a medieval instrument of torture, but I steel myself and stretch back on its cold, obdurate frame. When I am settled, Gaffa spins a wheel and two half-moon clamps tighten against my hip and left thigh, hard over the purple-black welts on my flesh, precisely framing the temporary tattoo I still wear. More obdurate metal bands tighten above and below my breasts. I am held securely, and any attempt to move my thigh brings excruciating pain from the welts left by the crop.

"The standard kef brand, left thigh, numbered 555," Gaffa tells the girl, turning the rack so that my left side is presented to the business side of the equipment. He then turns and leaves the room.

The gap-toothed girl smiles and reaches to caress my left boob and flick her thumb across the turgid nipple. Her eyes seem to rove appraisingly over my naked body, as if assessing a blank canvas, and her fingers trail lazily down over my torso, circle around the dimple of my navel, and then reach lower to stroke my silky-smooth pussy lips. "Hi, Five-fifty-five," she says. "I am Lady MacBeth, and I'm going to ink your slave brand. Don't worry, I'm no scratcher. I always do a great job."

I gaze up at the strange girl, unable to move against her disturbing caresses.

"They marked you with the crop, huh, and I bet that hurt," Lady MacBeth says, tickling at the welts. "They always do that here. It's meant as a surrogate for the pain of a branding, so you'll remember it with a passion. The actual tattoo won't hurt anything like..."

Then, to my dismay, Lady MacBeth leans down to kiss me languorously on the lips like a long-lost lover. I am utterly taken aback but cannot resist, and can only accept the deep tongue-raking kiss.

"It won't hurt too much, anyway," the girl says, straightening and taking a pair of blue latex gloves from the table stand. As she snaps the gloves on she leans over and lightly kisses my pussy, licking with a kitten-like tongue along the slit. I lie there like a helpless doll. She then rasps the tong along my left thigh, in the space between the iron clamps, licking the smooth flesh between the raised welts, tracing around the outline of the temporary tattoo. "Here is where the permanent brand will go. Anyone who sees it will know you are a compliant and abjectly submissive creature of pleasure." She giggles like a schoolgirl, and then says: "Are you ready for that?"

Lady MacBeth licks my cunt again, and I find myself languidly accepting the artful cunnilingus. I mean, what else can I do? Even so, some distant part of my brain rebels against it. Lady MacBeth stops tonguing my pussy with a parting kiss, as if reluctant to leave it, and then she goes to a cupboard and returns with a two glass bottles and some tissues. She first applies an oil to the temporary tattoo and wipes the ink away, and follows this with a thorough swabbing of cooling antiseptic liquid. She then sits on the stool, adjusts its height, and goes to work, taking a stencil and laying it on my thigh between the welts, using heady-smelling solvent and a tissue to transfer the outline of the design. Satisfied that the

mark is well-placed and clear, she takes an electric tattoo pen from the table stand and sets it humming.

I lie back as Lady MacBeth works, aware of the prickling sting of the pen, but not really disconcerted by it. She works efficiently, the pointed tip of her tongue between her lips in concentration, and it takes her less than an hour to finish the job. Each delicate flourish was added carefully. The flowing “k” is filled with the deep vermilion ink, and the number 555 is clearly scribed in black.

“That’ll be a bit sore for a while, but not as sore as those damned welts,” Lady MacBeth says, swabbing the inked flesh and leaning back to objectively check her work. “Yeah, another great job, even if I say it myself,” she adds, removing her blue latex gloves.

I remain resignedly on the iron frame as Lady MacBeth leans down to kiss my turgid left nipple, running her tongue over the pronounced dimples of its brown areola, simultaneously reaching down to my pussy and gently caressing it. The hand squeezes sex lips together, making me murmur softly as a surge of passion rises inside my body. I know I am groaning when her practiced fingers push between the engorged lips and enter my pussy, and I try to move to the touch, but the iron clamps across my hips and thigh are unyielding. All I can do is lie and submit to Lady MacBeth’s lascivious caresses, raising my head to meet the lips and tongue that ravish my mouth and taste vaguely of my sex juices. I am astonished when the artful fingers unerringly find the enthralling sweet spot of pleasure inside, as no man has ever done, and I groan in forbidden ecstasy. Lady MacBeth is as accomplished at this as she is at her tattoo work, and she works relentlessly until I cry out, engulfed by a sweet, rolling orgasm. The girl thrusts her tongue deep into my mouth as the passion sweeps over my restrained body, setting my flesh quivering. Once over the top of the climax, I shudder with the after-shocks of almost unbearable pleasure, and close my eyes in languorous passion as Lady MacBeth slows her caresses. It is all so different from callous and harsh treatment I have received in this subterranean world I have entered.

Training on

The next few days and nights take on a regular pattern. Every night is punctuated by random visits from guards or slavers. The slavers frequently come to my kennel, roughly rouse me and use me, and I am always left in a state of sleeplessness, no matter how comprehensively they fuck me. After their visits, I am invariably unable to get back to sleep, especially on the occasions when they tie my hands to prevent their access to my own body. It isn’t only the frustration that prevents me from sleeping, though. I suspect it might be because my body rhythm is at odds with the schedules of the slave kennels. Whether I am ready for sleep or not, like the other girls there, they simply send me to bed, like a child, and I have no option but to obey. The lights are always turned off at a certain hour, but there is no way of knowing how that might correspond to the hours of daylight outside.

I am given a light breakfast each morning. Sometimes they let me sleep for a while after that, and other times they take me straight to the ablution area, and after that to the training rooms. On the third or fourth day there, I am again working under the threat of Sura’s slave goad and cane. We are both trying to be extra conscientious, because Gaffa the Head Slaver is watching. On the previous day, when Gaffa staged a snap inspection and was critical of my progress, not only did he cane my arse until it was purple, he also punished Sura, whipping her soundly and denying her silks and hot water for a week. He has made Sura remain naked since, and the marks of the whip are still evident on her back. This temporary loss of status in the kennels and the prospect of cold showers each day make the haughty First Girl ever-ready to use the cane on me in retribution, and she has taken it to swinging it with both hands.

Sura still works in Sir’s office on a daily basis. I can well imagine her chagrin at being required to remove her smart business suit and take a supervised cold shower on her return to the Club each day, and then remain naked for all to see her punishment. This gives me some malicious satisfaction, and it is almost worth the caning I incurred. Nevertheless, the incident serves to make me more diligent in my lessons.

“Lesha,” Sura snaps.

I turn gracefully, lift my chin, turn my head to the left, and place my wrists behind me, ready for slave bracelets.

“Nadu!” Sura says.

I swiftly turn again and drop to my knees in the vulnerably open position of a pleasure slave.

“Sula, Kajira!”

I slide my legs from under me and lie on my back, hands at my sides, palms up, with my legs open. It is utterly indecorous, of course, but I have no option. Kajirae are not permitted modesty. I have painfully learned this series of positions, the so-called slave display paces, during hours of training with Sura.

“Bara!”

I roll quickly to my stomach, place my wrists behind me, and cross my ankles.

“She is a pretty little thing,” said Gaffa.

“Yes, Master,” Sura agrees.

“Sula!” Gaffa says suddenly, drawing the cane from his blue waist band. “Bara! Nadu! Lesha! Nadu! Bara!” He strikes me with the cane when my transition between movements is insufficiently graceful. Then he begins again: “Nadu! Lesha! Nadu! Bara! Sula! Nadu!”

I move elegantly and immediately to this precise choreography. It is totally degrading. There are tears in my eyes when I am finally returned to the nadu position, and I am gasping for breath, but he hasn't felt the need to strike me again.

“Satisfactory,” Gaffa says, and Sura exhales an audible sigh of relief.

Five-fifty-five's training as a Gorean kajira is relentless. I am trained as one might train dog, with much repetition until the lessons are imprinted on my mind. They make the most of this time while the bandage on my tattooed thigh precludes my use in the Club room, and I am not yet permitted out of the Club to work for Sir, my Master. Thus, I find myself totally submerged into my training as a novice kajira. I am not so much being trained, as reshaped, remoulded, with my own unique personality not being destroyed, but adapted and immersed in the Gorean lifestyle culture. They teach me proper deportment as a pleasure slave, how to walk, sit and kneel. I learn to display myself erotically. I am taught all manner of complex serves of food and drink. Experienced make-up artists show me how to decorate my face and body to entice men. That's not too difficult when you are naked most of the time.

I take to it all like a duck to water. My inner slave heart is gradually emerging, like a jewel from a lotus, and I find peculiar satisfaction in my harsh submission. The only thing is, though, I still seek those mind-blowing trips into elusive sub space... Sir, my Master, was right: I am a natural kajira, a slut. I settle down to the life, not knowing what the future holds for me, but not really caring too much either.

THE END