

Slave Girl No. 555

2023 Edition

The second story in the Gorean Club Series

Jack Norman

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Prologue

“Tell me about Cheryl Hardisty,” the young man said in clipped, public school tones. “If we are ever to rescue her, I’ll need to know everything.”

Sir Andrew Lowndes smiled thinly. He was looking pale and thin after his recent ordeal as he sat with the young man from the Foreign Office in an office overlooking the Thames. “My Personal Aide can you tell you more, perhaps,” he said, glancing to Sura.

Sura, a strikingly attractive woman, immaculately turned out with a chic mustard business suit and impeccable hair and make-up nodded and took her folder from her bag. “I find it hard to believe that you will be able to get her back,” she said. “Even the Columbian government can’t reach the rebel fighters. They own half of the God-forsaken country.”

“Tell me about her, anyway,” the man persisted, taking a black notebook from his jacket pocket. “You have recent photographs of the girl?”

Sura took two large 10 x 8 prints from the folder and handed them to him. “These are good likenesses. The first was taken when Cheryl was recruited by the Company six months ago, and the other is much more recent.”

“Undraped, as they say,” the man murmured, half to himself, as he looked at the pictures.

“The Gorean Club keeps several nude studies of all its girls, including me. That first one, where she is standing with her hands behind her head and her feet spread, was secretly taken during her initial medical examination. The other is a standard cheesy shot for the Gorean Club’s private members’ online catalogue of the slaves.”

“The girls who are kept in the Club are sex slaves?” The young man showed neither surprise nor disdain for the fact.

Sir Andrew made no comment and gazed out of the window at the muddy Thames flowing under Waterloo Bridge.

“We are kajirae, Gorean slaves,” Sura said, without a trace of embarrassment.

“You are a slave too?”

Sura, a beautiful woman in her early forties, smiled and unselfconsciously flipped the hem of her business skirt up to her left hip, revealing a large tattoo high on her thigh. “As you can see,” she said simply, stretching out her long, lissom limb to better display the design of the cursive lower-case ‘k’.

Sir Andrew glanced at her shapely leg and smiled.

“And Cheryl Hardisty was a sex slave? Why? She is 24 years old and only recently graduated with a good Masters degree.”

“Cheryl is Gorean kajira,” Sir Andrew corrected irritably as the man made notes.

“As such, she was known simply as Five-fifty-five,” Sura added. “She hadn’t earned a slave name before she was kidnapped.”

“But she had a job too?”

“Yes, she worked for me,” Sir Andrew said, “along with Sura and a couple of the other girls, employed by Axcentive.”

“And Axcentive is an international finance company in the City of London, based near St Pauls,” the young man said carefully. “It has nothing to do with the Gorean Club?”

Sir Andrew, a quiet Scot in his forties, returned the enquiring stare with an unflinching gaze. “You could say that. However, both the Chairman and I have an interest in the Gorean Club. Cheryl Hardisty is a Business Analyst and highly skilled. She was a valued member of my personal administrative team, like Sura.”

Sura, who still sat with her long shapely leg exposed to the thigh, said, “Sir Andrew is the Chief Executive of Axcentive. He is also my owner and Master, and that applied to Cheryl Hardisty too.”

The man looked up sharply, but he made no comment as he continued to make notes. Then he said, “Let me get this right. The Gorean Club was Cheryl Hardisty’s permanent residence until her abduction. She lived there as a sex slave.”

“Cheryl was kennelled at the Club’s premises in Mayfair, if that’s what you mean.”

“But she also went out to work as a highly-skilled business executive?”

“Yes, she did, when permitted to do so. At other times she was used at the Club on... other work.”

The man shook his head, as if bewildered or, perhaps, saddened. He looked at the pictures again. They each showed a beautiful dark haired young woman, stark naked, trim and with pert breasts, but they were markedly different images. The first, taken as she was being medically examined apparently, showed her as a gauche and somewhat awkward girl, obviously nervous and ill at ease with her nudity. The second picture, though, taken only a few months later, showed a sensual creature who oozed sex appeal as she lasciviously stroked her hairless pussy for the camera. The transformation between the first and second shots was remarkable. In the latter photograph, there was a red tattoo prominent on the girl's left thigh, exactly the same as the one on Sura's leg, but with the number 555 in black ink.

"Five-fifty-five," he said. "It's hard to believe that she is a business executive."

Sir Andrew smiled again. "I only recruit bright and intelligent women for my personal staff. Cheryl was very good at her job, believe me."

"Was?" he said. "You speak in the past tense."

"It seems hopeless. I only just escaped from South America with my own life, after all."

The young man smiled thinly. He said: "There are estimated to be 30,000 people kidnapped every year in Columbia. Ninety per cent of them are eventually released, just like you. So it's not entirely hopeless. We will try to get her back. Tell me everything you know, and I'll piece the rest together from other sources."

Chapter One

One of the things about a sex slave's life, the thing nobody ever really tells you, is that most of her time is spent in utter, mind-numbing boredom. So much so, that a girl will welcome being ordered to do almost anything, just to break the monotony. Perhaps that's the intention of it?

Be that as it may, Five-fifty-five, a Gorean slave girl in all things, and a business analyst in her professional work, was relatively glad to be on her knees alongside another girl, scrubbing the floor of one of the Gorean Club's long corridors. The two perspiring slaves both wore the same drab brown shifts, camisks, which were little more than strips of cheap cotton about 12 inches wide and five feet long, with a hole in the middle for the head. Five-fifty-five's hair was lank and straggly, and her camisk had been pushed aside to bare her arse as she worked, presenting a ready target for the overseer's switch. Like the other girl, her pale buttocks sported a couple of red 'encouragement' stripes. However, despite the overseer's spiteful quirt, and though the task was tiring and demeaning, especially to a young graduate with her business skills, Five-fifty-five was glad to do the work, just to relieve the boredom.

It was understandable. Before that Five-fifty-five, a bright and intelligent young woman, had been locked naked and chained in her kennel, alone, for what had seemed like a whole day. There was no way of knowing the time precisely, for there are no windows in the underground slave kennels, but she knew that she'd been in there for many hours. Unusually, no slaver had come to fuck her in all that time, much to her disappointment (for her wrists were clipped to her collar, preventing her from relieving her frustration). After some hours, her hands were released by an old menial woman who brought her a meagre breakfast: a croissant, an apple, plain gruel and a glass of orange juice. By that time, though, she had lost the desire to frig herself off. Instead, Five-fifty-five had done some exercises - sit-ups and presses - and then showered over the open Turkish toilet tray. After that she went back to her bunk with nothing much to do. She slept a lot, and read too. Hours and hours passed like this.

Eventually, mercifully, a slaver had come to open the gate to her kennel. There was a glimmer of excitement for Five-fifty-five: she'd thought briefly that he had come to fuck her, perhaps to relieve his own boredom. However, the man had simply thrust a brown work shift into her hands and sent her to the cleaning overseer, where she was teamed with the other girl and given rubber gloves, a foam kneeling pad, a scrubbing brush and a red plastic bucket. The overseer had set them scrubbing the yards and yards of corridors in the Gorean Club complex. The girls worked side by side on their hands and knees, steadily moving forward, encouraged by the overseer's ever-ready quirt. They were in the part of the Club devoted to the 'alcoves'. These rooms are devoted to sexual pleasure and suitably equipped with whips and chains, but most of them were unoccupied at that time of day, with their doors ajar. The occasional door was shut and had a red light glowing, showing that it was in use. The Gorean Club prided itself on being a 24/7 operation.

Five-fifty-five and the other girl paused when a couple of men walked towards them along the corridor. She glanced up carefully. Even the most accomplished red silk slave was expected to behave like a humble kettle and mat girl. She pushed a stray tress away from her eyes, and saw that one of the men was wearing smart pin-strip grey charcoal business trousers, and while other wore immaculately-pressed white trousers with sharp-pointed brown and white correspondent shoes. Five-fifty-five shuffled to one side on her knees so that they could pass. "I am sorry, Masters," she said.

"I will make you sorry, puta," the man said.

The voice was instantly recognisable. She gasped and looked up in alarm. Juan Pablo! This bastard was like a recurring nightmare to her. He had something about her, almost as if he was obsessed.

"Oh, it's you, Master," she said simply, dropping her brush into the bucket with a splash of dirty water that just missed his immaculate white trousers.

Juan Pablo looked down at her with a thin, evil smile and she just froze there, as if mesmerised. As usual, his sleek back hair was scraped back from his forehead and gathered into a long pony-tail. Five-fifty-five's Master had promised that she would be protected from him! The sinister mobster was supposed to have been rebuffed and back in Columbia with his drug cartel. Now, though, it seemed that Juan Pablo had her in his power, yet again.

"Avert your eyes, slut!"

Before Five-fifty-five lowered her own gaze she fleetingly recognised the Chairman, the most

powerful figure at the Gorean Club, senior even to Five-fifty-five's own Master.

"I will deal with her," Juan Pablo said.

"It's your prerogative, of course."

"Stand up, little puta," Juan Pablo said, producing a knife from his pocket and opening the blade with a flick of his wrist..

The Chairman pushed between Five-fifty-five and the other girl and strode off. The cleaning supervisor heisted for a moment, and then turned and scurried off after the Chairman, obviously thinking that discretion is the better part of valour. Five-fifty-five inhaled deeply and then rose to her feet.

"Master, it's my duty to tell you-" she started to say, but the gimlet-eyed Columbian silenced her by placing the sharp edge of his gleaming blade against her lips. She had been about to tell Juan Pablo that her Master had forbidden her to serve him. In normal circumstances, that would have been enough. However, she could feel the razor sharp edge against the full, tender flesh of her lower lip and knew that the slightest pressure would split her skin like a ripe plum. He might well cut her lips off, if provoked. Free Men who used the Club weren't supposed to damage or injure the girls, but she feared that Juan Pablo was capable of doing anything. His father was the head of a formidable Columbian drugs and human trafficking cartel which had been trying to buy into the Gorean franchise for months. That was disdainfully resisted by most of the key Club luminaries, but others openly supported it. The Columbians offered power, wealth and, more to the point, a ready supply of fresh girls. All of this gave Juan Pablo a lot of protection, and he was in the company of the Chairman that day, which spoke volumes.

Five-fifty-five quaked inwardly but she managed to remain still as Juan Pablo chuckled and leaned forward to kiss her forehead. His lips were icy-cold on her brow and yet she felt an inexplicable surge of heat in her belly, especially when he then licked the lobe of her ear, his breath warm on her neck, making her shudder, as much out of need as of loathing. To her relief, he moved the knife from her lips and then casually cut the fabric of her camisk, slitting firstly one shoulder strip and then the other. The brown fabric fluttered down to the sisal belt at her waist, but he reached for the knot and flipped it open, allowing the ruined camisk to fall to the floor. Five-fifty-five stood totally naked but for her collar and a pair of yellow rubber domestic cleaning gloves.

"Bracelets!"

She turned and crossed her wrists behind her back, and stood quietly as he used her rope belt to bind them together, leaving a long length dangling against her lower thighs. He turned her to face him again, and then thrust his hand between her legs to grasp the trailing rope, drawing it forward and yanking sharply. She gasped and grimaced, rising up on her toes as the rope bedded into the divide of her buttocks and rasped hard against the tender bridge beneath her torso. He gave it another violent jerk, and this time the lips of her cunt separated around the rope, exposing her tender inner flesh to the harsh sisal.

"Ha!" he said, reaching to tug at her fleshy pussy lips, stretching and distending the flesh around the sisal rope. "Now I have you, puta. Huh?" It was a strange thing to say. Of course he had her. She didn't need him to say that, and felt no need to confirm it either. "You are mine," he added with some emphasis. As if to prove the point, while he held the rope taut between her legs, he plucked at her nipples with his other hand as if he owned them. His fingers cruelly pinched firstly around one of the nubbins and then the other, stretching and distending her breasts, and painfully twisting the flesh. She grimaced, but her nipples treacherously tightened into hard knots. It was worse when he leaned forward to bite at her right nipple, keeping the turgid bud between the tips of his teeth. He nipped hard and then released the flesh, and carelessly flicked the back of his hand to the underbellies of her breasts. "These are too small, puta," he said. "You know that? Your titties and the teats are too small. I will make them bigger. Much, much bigger! Big tits... You will like that, huh?"

Five-fifty-five fought to maintain her composure, dancing on the tips of her toes, keeping her shoulders held back, trying to ease the pressure of the rope that was held taut between her legs. Juan Pablo never failed to complain about the size of her tits. As if there was anything she could do about them. Anyway, her breasts were pert and firm, with neat little pink nipples, and she liked them as they were. She decided that it was best not to antagonise him. He was stroking her body now, running his hand over the flesh, which was filmed with perspiration, partly from her previous hard work, and partly through fear. He yanked up on the rope between her legs so that she was forced to rise even higher onto the very tips of her toes. His finger trailed over the tattoo on her left thigh: the red kef with her number,

555, emblazoned across it.

"You have beautiful skin, puta," he crooned, pressing the toned flesh of her thigh. "It takes a nice mark. I will give you more decoration. But look, you are sweating like a pig. We need to clean you..." He stepped back and kicked the other, cringing slaves. He said: "You, filthy bitch, you will be her bath girl. Stand up, remove your rag and give me your belt." The girl obeyed instantly, quickly pulling off her brown camisk. She handed her rough sisal belt to Juan Pablo. He released the rope between Five-fifty-five's legs and then doubled the belt and viciously lashed the other girl across her breasts. "Now, bitch, bathe my puta and don't miss an inch."

"Master?" the girl asked in bewilderment, hugging her tormented breasts.

Five-fifty-five gave the girl a despairing glance, rolling her eyes, as if to imply that Juan Pablo was mad, which might well have been the case.

"Take one of the buckets of water and wash her down. Throw the water over her."

"The water is filthy, Master."

"Do it, puta!"

With a helpless shrug and a resigned expression to Five-fifty-five, the girl picked up one of the buckets. She stepped forward and carefully poured the grey water over Five-fifty-five's body, watching as it trickled over the contours of flesh and puddled on the floor.

"Now, you scrub her clean," Juan Pablo said, reaching to grasp and yank the rope that was still threaded between Five-fifty-five's legs, making her trip forward a pace of so.

"Yes, Master," the girl said, bunching the sodden discarded camisk and wiping it across Five-fifty-five's flesh.

"No! Use a brush!" Juan Pablo flicked out the rope belt in his other hand, catching the girl under the swell of her bottom.

A brush? Five-fifty-five looked up sharply. The floor brushes had stiff, unyielding bristles, designed for stone rather than flesh. The other girl hesitated despite the blow, but Five-fifty-five gave her a small, almost imperceptible nod. What else could she do? The slave bit her lower lip and dropped the brown rag, and then she reached for a scrubbing brush. Tentatively, she stroked the bristles across Five-fifty-five's belly. Then, though, she shrieked as the rope raked across her buttocks again.

"Harder! Scrub her good, bitch, or I'll flay the skin off your back."

After that the girl went to work with gusto, scrubbing the hard bristles over Five-fifty-five's body until it became pink and sore. Juan Pablo kept the girl at it, frequently whipping the rope across her thighs, legs, breasts, belly, and for good measure he occasionally lashed Five-fifty-five too. He was a sadist, that one. Five-fifty-five steeled herself to remain still, standing on tip-toe with the tension of the rope between her legs, stoically accepting the torment of the hard bristles as they scraped over her flesh.

"Enough! " Juan Pablo said at last, flicking the rope out like a snake and making her yelp as it snapped against her bare belly. "Get lost, bitch!"

The girl dropped the scrubbing brush into the remaining bucket of water, turned and fled. Five-fifty-five was already being pulled along the corridor by the rough sisal cord between her legs. She looked back helplessly over her shoulder just as the other girl's bare backside disappeared round the corner of the corridor.

Juan Pablo strode along, and she could only trip along on her toes, trying to reduce the pressure of the cutting sisal on her cunt. Every square inch of her skin was pink and tingling from the scrubbing with the floor brush, even though the girl had tried to be gentle. Five-fifty-five knew though, that worse was to come. There was always some horrendous finale with Juan Pablo...

He dragged her into one of the alcoves and shut the door. There, another man was lying on the bed naked, his arms behind his head and with his feet crossed at the ankles, and he was idly blowing smoke rings in the air from a large cigar. His large and fat flaccid cock was flopped across his thigh.

"Algunos de entretenimiento más, Carlos," Juan Pablo said, violently jerking on the rope to yank Five-fifty-five forward to stand beside the bed. "Seta es mi puta. ¿Qué piensa usted, ¿eh?"

Five-fifty-five knew enough Spanish: 'She is my whore...' Once more, it was if an icy hand had suddenly grasped her entrails. The man exhaled a cloud of the acrid smoke, and he looked at Five-fifty-five appraisingly through the swirling blue haze for a few moments. Five-fifty-five blinked and resisted the temptation to cough as the fumes assailed her nostrils and caught at the back of her throat. "Pah,

you've started collecting fucking Red Indians, Juanito?" the man said, looking at her pink, glowing skin. "I am resting!"

Juan Pablo laughed and dropped the rope. He didn't answer the man, but commanded Five-fifty-five: "Suck Carlos' big cock, puta, and cheer it up."

Immediately, without question, Five-fifty-five climbed onto the bed, knelt astride the man's legs.

Her hands, still in the rubber gloves, were fastened behind her. She looked down at the man. "May I suck your cock, Master?" she asked.

He sucked on the cigar and exhaled another cloud the pungent smoke, and she blinked as it stung her eyes. "Yes, do it," he said, as if bestowing a gift upon her.

She eased forward so that her still-tingling breasts were against his cool, hairy thighs as she licked the head of his cock, working her tongue in lapping movements over, under and across it until she felt it stiffen into a prominent erection. Denied the use of her hands, she had to rely on her mouth and tits to arouse him.

"Why did you bring her here?" Carlos asked as his cock began to stir. "We had enough sluts last night, after all, and there are even more cunts at home, whenever we want them."

Juan Pablo was removing his own clothes. He said: "This puta is special to me, Carlos. She's a good cock-sucker, huh?"

The man's cock became massively erect remarkably quickly, despite his affected nonchalance. She took it into her mouth, rolling her tongue against it and sucking hungrily for a few moments, before taking the whole shaft down her throat, pushing herself as she gagged, making certain her nose touched his belly before withdrawing, her eyes watering with both the cigar smoke and the discomfort. He grunted. She rubbed her face and mouth round his cock, making it soaked with her spit before lapping her tongue at the bulbous tip, tasting a little precum, and greedily licking it up.

"I've had worse," Carlos admitted, inhaling once more on his cigar, just as Five-fifty-five took his growing cock deeply to the back of her throat again. It made him suck harder for a moment on his cigar, and he gasped a little as he said: "She's good, very good."

The man continued to puff at his cigar, exhaling a succession of smoke rings that curled above her as she worked. The sisal rope clung obstinately to her pussy lips, and she knew that she was unaccountably wet there, despite or perhaps because of the rough treatment.

Juan Pablo laughed happily and leaned to smack Five-fifty-five's arse as she bobbed her head back and forth on the cock. He then wandered to the bathroom and returned with a siphon bottle of liquid hand soap. Reaching to grasp the rope which still clung between the lips of her pussy, he pulled it free and then squirted the soap into the furrow of her buttocks and sex. She tensed momentarily but then continued to give expert fellatio on the now sturdy and hard shaft.

"What are you doing, you crazy son of a bitch?" Carlos asked, raising his head from the pillow to look up. "You have to clean her?"

Again, Juan Pablo laughed, and he tossed the soap bottle onto the floor. "Lubricant, Carlos. Unlike you, I'm a considerate bastard. I don't want to tear her ass yet."

Five-fifty-five struggled to relax. She knew what must come next. Every time that Juan Pablo had used her, he had fucked her up the arse. She felt the glans of his cock nuzzle against the rose of her anus. For a split second, she was grateful that this was one of the few places the scrubbing brush had not assailed, for both her pussy and her anus had been protected by the sisal rope. She felt him spread her arse cheeks, and whimpered on the fleshy gaga in her mouth as the other cock nudged against her arsehole. She tried to relax her body enough to let him enter her there, arching her back and winced as the cock head pressed relentlessly forward.

"One time," Juan Pablo was saying, "Ramon fucked her pussy while I took her up the arse. She went wild for it! Do you want to fuck her cunt while I stick her arse again?"

"No," Carlos said, closing his eyes as Five-fifty-five stroked her head up and down on his cock, "I'm resting. You fuck her as you wish."

"I will, of course, just as I wish," Juan Pablo said, thrusting his cock home into Five-fifty-five's anus and making her grunt against the gag of flesh in her mouth. "She is my puta."

Five-fifty-five took the shaft deeply into her throat and then pulled back for air, panting, just as Juan Pablo forced his way into her anus and the wide head of his cock stretched her arsehole wide. She

mewled and grimaced in pain, feeling the muscles of her arse clamp down on the main shaft of his cock as the head popped into her. She took Carlos' cock into her mouth again, and braced herself against the rear assault as best she could, moaning as Juan Pablo's searching hand touched her clitoris. Despite the cock in her mouth, she cried out audibly, unable to stop herself, as Juan Pablo began to fuck her roughly, increasing in speed and ferocity, his balls slapping on her buttocks, the friction on her tight arsehole making her eyes water and her legs tremble convulsively as he took her.

“You are mine now, puta!” he cried, as he rutted her arse.

Chapter Two

“Wake up Five-fifty-five! Lazy girl!” Karim the slaver said, unclipping the wrist chains from Five-fifty-fives steel collar and freeing her hands. The dusky young Indian already had his pants off and his cock was fully-erect as he climbed onto the bunk with her.

Five-fifty-five had spent a long, restless night, and her sleep had been disturbed by nightmares about Juan Pablo, the Columbian drug mobster. She smiled sleepily and opened her arms to welcome Karim. “Tal, Master. What’s happening today?”

“Curiosity is unbecoming in a slave,” Karim said, stroking her pussy and slipping his finger into its moist warmth. She wriggled her hips, making herself comfortable, and pressed her tits against his hard chest. “You cunt is already wet, you slut,” he said.

It was true. Such was her conditioning, her pussy always juiced as she awoke each morning, subconsciously triggered by the rattle of her kennel gate. She purred happily, relishing his touch. All was well with her little world again, and Juan Pablo and his Columbian henchman had left the UK, so they said.

“Am I to work in the Club today, or do I go to the office?”

“Silence!”

“Yes, Master.” Five-fifty-five reached for Karim’s erect cock and rubbed its moist tip along the slit of her pussy, then nudged it against her clitoris. He usually allowed her to do this and she always enjoyed it, especially when she’d been unable to touch herself throughout the night. Then she spread her legs and pushed his cock glans just inside her cunt, waiting for him to thrust it forward, just as if they were an ordinary vanilla couple grabbing a quick fuck before the day starts.

Karim was the nearest thing she had to a boyfriend in those days. He certainly fucked her more than anyone else did: although he had the pick of the kennels, he usually chose Five-fifty-five. It had been noticed, and the other girls teased her about it, usually with a decidedly jealous edge. Gaffa, the Head Slaver, had reprimanded Karim, telling him to spread his cock about more, but it made no difference. Karim wasn’t her boy friend at all, of course. He was just a slaver, and she was just a slave, but it seemed to work okay for them. Not only was he apparently immune from jealousy at her being constantly fucked by lots of other men, he actually seemed to enjoy getting her ready for them, dressing her up as if she was own personal life-size Barbie doll.

She was happy enough as an abject Gorean lifestyle kajira. She never knew what each day held for her, except that it would inevitably entail a good deal of fucking and sucking, right from the outset. Like all the Gorean Club girls, she had to pleasure whichever slaver came to rouse her, and that was not always Karim, so she never knew who would turn up for first dibs each morning. Also, like the other slaves there, she was often rudely shaken awake in the night by a duty slaver keen to ease the lonely boredom of his shift. These were always hot sex sessions in the night kennels, and she generally enjoyed them, but she lived on her nerves too, because sometimes the night slaver would simply chain her to a hook high on the wall and beat the shit out of her with a riding crop, and then leave her whimpering and chained, forced to stand on the bed until morning. Five-fifty-five never knew when the slavers might do that, or why they did it, and they never felt a need to explain.

Five-fifty-five closed her eyes and nuzzled against Karim’s neck as he slid his cock inside her to the hilt. He was a slaver, but he didn’t own her, of course. She was owned by Sir Andrew Lowndes MBE, luminary of the Gorean Club in Mayfair and a Gorean lifestyler - someone who lives by the concepts of the Gor Chronicles written by John Norman.

After a very conventional fuck, Karim took her to the ablutions area, where she shat and showered on demand, as usual. She no longer displayed the excruciating embarrassment she once had, although she still hated the mandatory enemas, of course. It’s amazing what you get used to. Five-fifty-five was brought up in a prim and proper semi-detached house where her mother was never seen to bare her tits. Now, though, after intensive training as a slave, Five-fifty-five didn’t give a second thought to parading naked every day, and performing her intimate bodily functions on command, under the watchful eye of a slaver. After her ablutions, Karim led Five-fifty-five to the make-up girl and hair stylist, and she remained nude as usual while the woman worked her magic. None of the girls could ever achieve such perfection left to their own devices. Then Karim took her to the locker room with its mirrored walls,

wash basins and wooden benches between the rows of wooden lockers. Each of the wooden cupboards displays 10 x 8 photograph of a nude woman on its door. Its where everyone gets changed for work, whether that be in the Club or outside. There are fifty or more kajirae who serve and dance in the club at one time or another, but only a dozen or so of them are permanent residents at the Club. Most of the girls live outside and report to the Club for their duties, as and when required. They just come to the locker room, swap their everyday street clothes for scraps of silks, put on their slave collars, and report to a slaver to be sent out to the Club's various rooms to pleasure the Free Men fully. Every one of them has a large kef brand tattooed on her left thigh with her own number. They aren't whores. They are lifestyle kajirae.

As Karim led Five-fifty-five into the locker room, Katrina, another resident girl was getting ready for her job outside the Club and she was naked except for dark hold-up stockings with a black lacy band. The girl was supervised by a young black slaver, little more than a youth, who was stooping and holding a red dress ready for her to step into. "May I greet, Master?" Karina asked

"Yes, girl."

"Tal, kajira," Katrina said to Five-fifty-five, stepping into the dress.

The girls are usually allowed to speak together for a few minutes if Gaffa the Head Slaver isn't about. Gaffa is as strict with his apprentices as he is with the girls. The younger slavers often have a bit of swagger and bluster (and ever-ready cocks with lots of stamina), but they are usually more relaxed with the girls.

Karim opened Five-fifty-five's locker and took out a black dress with a white pin stripe detail. None of the girls what they will be given to wear each day but, if they're being sent to the office, they know it will be stylish and well-cut - either a skirt and jacket set, or a formal dress, never a pants suit. Kajirae aren't allowed to wear anything that obstructs their nether parts, as the slavers put it. Sometimes they gave Five-fifty-five bra to wear, but not that day. This didn't bother her one bit because her breasts were firm and perky enough without a bra. She slipped the dress on and buttoned it up. It was very demur, actually, which isn't unusual. Katrina's dress was modest too, and she looked very cool in her sophisticated red number. People get the wrong idea. They imagine that sex slaves will always be dressed like hookers, but nothing could be further from the truth. Five-fifty-five's dress was belted at the waist and made a nice, trim silhouette that showed off her figure, but it had a high neckline that a vicar's daughter or wife might wear to church. A chiffon scarf was knotted about her neck to conceal her collar, although sometimes it was left on show like a piece of jewellery. The slavers like to dress their sluts in a way that makes them look like 'butter-wouldn't-melt' naive girls. None of them is your typical 'girl next door', though. For one thing, their bottoms are naked and usually well-striped beneath their demure skirts.

When Katrina and Five-fifty-five were led upstairs to the Club foyer, they looked like ordinary girls on their way to their 9-to-5 jobs, if rather more lovely and better turned out than most. Five-fifty-five's outdoor coat is a brown colour with ruched trims and turn-back cuffs on fabulous textured cotton; she'd worn it before, but then they can't provide a new outfit every day, of course. Katrina had a trendy grey military style dress with a high funnel collar.

"Straight to your office," Karim warned sternly.

"Yes, Master, of course."

Chapter Three

Cheryl Hardisty arrived at the modern tower block in the City looking very cool and elegant. She was no longer Five-fifty-five, at least to any outsider's knowledge. Looking at her, you would never guess that she was a slave.

Carl the Chairman's chauffeur, looking very smart in his dove grey suit and white roll neck sweater, was leaning against the glass topped reception desk, chatting up the young girl there, and ogling the women as they entered the building. "Tal, kajirae," he called as Cheryl and Katrina entered.

"Good morning, Carl," Cheryl said icily, frowning at his lack of discretion and looking around uneasily. The Club slaves weren't supposed to speak of these Gorean things openly. Cheryl didn't think the receptionist was a kajira, because she'd never seen her at the Club, although the girl was certainly pretty enough to need to be careful, and Carl certainly paid her a lot of attention. There were other people milling about in the busy foyer, but nobody seemed to pay them any attention, and the receptionist didn't seem to notice either. Katrina clipped off across the foyer on her high heels, heading for the mail room.

"I know something that you don't," Carl whispered to Cheryl.

"What's that then?"

"Wouldn't you like to know!"

"Would I?"

"Oh, yes," he said, giving her a sly smirk and plucking a rose from the vase on the reception desk. He broke the stem, sniffed at the bud, and then made a big show of offering it to her. She usually waved him away when he did this kind of thing, but this time she stood quietly as he threaded the rose stem into her coat lapel, even though he took the opportunity to cup her left breast in his hand. "I'll tell you everything for a nice lazy fuck," he said quietly.

Cheryl smiled sweetly, reached her hand teasingly behind his neck, and leaned up provocatively to whisper into his ear, as if about to tell him something special. Then, though, she hissed: "Fuck off. I'm for Free Men only." And, with that, she put her knee in his balls, none too gently, before walking calmly to the lift, leaving him standing there clutching his crotch.

"We'll see about that," he called.

Cheryl stood in the lift with her back to the foyer, checking her reflection in its mirrored wall. As the door closed, in the mirror, she smiled to herself when she saw Carl rubbing his bollocks. Yet there was something bothering her about this little episode with the Chairman's chauffeur. Carl might have been trying to con her, of course, but there was something about his confidence... Her ravaging by Juan Pablo and his crazy talk had unnerved her and shaken her sense of security, even though he had returned to South America. Furthermore, she instinctively feared that this might be connected.

She went up to Sir Andrew's executive suite on the 9th floor. The in-tray on her desk was piled high. There was a lot to do, because she hadn't been there for a few days and nobody else ever did her work. So she got stuck in, kind of taking on Sura's role for a day. There are a couple of items that required urgent attention, and in the absence of Sir Andrew, the only alternative was to take them to the Chairman. The trouble was, when she phoned down to make enquiries about the Chairman's whereabouts, the air-head receptionist put her straight through to Carl, the chauffeur,

"I'll come up," Carl said. ""We can talk about it."

"Don't bother," Cheryl said.

Carl went up to her office all the same, of course. He arrived there just as she was crunching some complex formulae on a spreadsheet. She glanced up for a second before looking back at her screen and saying: "Piss off, I'm busy."

"Hey, that's no way to speak to someone with important information about your future."

There it was again! That same cock-sure confidence he had shown in the foyer. She looked up and sighed. He was smirking again though.

"What information might you have that could possibly be of any interest to me?" she asked coolly.

"Like who your next Master is going to be? That will interest you, I reckon."

"What?"

He grinned hugely. She felt herself go pale, even though she tried to sound confident. "Pffft! How would you know anything about anything?"

“I’m the Chairman’s chauffeur and kajiru. He talks to people as if I’m not there, you know how it is.”

Cheryl *did* know how it was. The Masters have a habit of speaking freely when slaves are about, as if they are mere dumb pets. “What did you hear?” she asked.

“I’ll tell you if you fuck me.”

“Just tell me anyway.”

“A blow job then?”

Cheryl hesitated. She had sucked Carl’s impressive cock before, of course, but only when ordered to do so by her Master or by the Chairman. After a few moments’ thought, she sighed and rose from her chair and moved round the desk, flipping open the dove grey jacket of his chauffeur suit, deftly unzipping his trousers, pulling out his long limp cock. Cheryl hated herself for doing it, but he obviously wasn’t about to give up his information for free, and she needed to know whatever he might know about her. “Your info had better be damned good,” she said.

“Not here,” Carl said, glancing over his shoulder. “Sir Andrew’s office is free, I suppose.”

She nodded and led him by his cock along the corridor to Sir’s office. Once inside, he closed the door and leaning against it, leering at her. “Strip, slave girl!”

“Just a blow job!”

“Yeah, well, the least you can do is deliver it naked, or there’s no deal. Just strip off, like the slut you are.”

She inhaled in anger. He had seen her naked often enough, of course, but this was just a control thing, and he was a mere male slave himself, the lowest of the low. Still, Cheryl knew that if she wanted to know anything, she would have to go along with him. She slowly unbuttoned buttons of her pin striped dress and let it hang loosely, showing her naked body. .

“Satisfied?”

“Take it off.”

She shrugged it from her shoulders, leaving herself naked except for stocking and heels. He waited while she folded the dress neatly and placed it on Sir Andrew’s desk, and then he stepped forward arrogantly. “Down, girl,” he said, pointing directly to the spot at his feet.

Cheryl glowered but folded to her knees in the tower position, with her thighs pressed together, and she flashed an angry glare up at him as she reached for his trouser belt and unfastened his pants. She imagined that lots of girls in the Company HQ, the receptionist included, would just love to have swapped places with her at that moment. Cheryl, though, was utterly pissed-off by it. Carl was very good looking, of course, in his own fey way, but Cheryl felt that he was some notches beneath her, and certainly not empowered to casually order her to her knees and suck his slave cock.

“Nadu!” he said.

She sighed angrily and spread her knees. Carl was very well-hung and his cock was already semi-erect. In fact, the shaft had started firming-up even as she led him down the corridor with it in her hand. She leaned forward and licked at it, rasping her tongue along its length. It soon became fully hard, revealing the whole of his purplish helmet, and the veins along the shaft bulged. Carl seemed to be in perpetual horny mode, but that was part of his job. Cheryl opened her mouth widely and took his slave cock between her lips.

“Oh yes!” Carl said happily, gazing down at her.

Cheryl gave it short suck and then pulled her head back, looking up at him as she took his balls in the palm of her hand. “Alright then,” she said, giving his balls a squeeze. “Time to tell me what you know.”

“I’ll tell you when you’ve earned it.”

“Start talking, or I stop sucking,” she growled, but took his cock into her mouth, this time deeper, rolling her tongue round the shaft.

“Well,” he said after a couple of minutes, “I was driving the Roller with the Chairman in the back. The glass panel was closed but he’d left the microphone on, and was speaking on the phone...”

Cheryl relaxed her throat and ducked her head forward, taking him deeply, just long enough to keep him really interested, and then pulled back again until only the cock glans was nestling in her mouth.

Carl said: “Anyway, I heard your number mentioned, Five-fifty-five, and so naturally, I listen...” His hand was on her head now, yanking it back onto his cock. This annoyed Cheryl, and she fervently hoped

he wouldn't mess up her hair. She rolled his balls in the palm of her hand and squeezed hard.

"Okay," Carl said quickly, "I'll tell you what he said and who he was talking to...."

Just then, though, the office door opened. Wide-eyed, Cheryl looked towards the door, with Carl's cock making her cheek bulge. She was utterly shocked to see the Chairman standing there. Carl was shocked too, Cheryl knew, because he pulled his cock out of her mouth and leapt back, tearing his balls from her tight grasp. He gave a small dog-like yelp and clutched at his bollocks as he looked at the Chairman in horror.

"I'm sorry, Master, she-"

The Chairman stood glaring in anger for some seconds. He looked first to Cheryl as she knelt there naked, and then at Carl who had his trousers round his ankles and his balls in his hand. "I might have known, you slut," he said to Cheryl. "Put your clothes on, and get back to work. You will be dealt with later."

"Yes, Master!"

Cheryl scrambled to her feet and grabbed the black pin stripe dress from the desk, and scurried to the door.

As she left, she heard the Chairman say: "As for you, Carl, go back to the Gorean Club immediately and report to the Head Slaver. I won't have this insubordination."

When Cheryl had hurriedly dressed and brushed her hair, she went back to her desk and tried to submerge herself in complex number-crunching for the rest of the day. However, her brain was in a turmoil. Not only was there the thing about Carl claiming to have information about her having a new Master, but there would also be a price to pay for the unauthorised cock-sucking episode. Cheryl Hardisty knew the Chairman and the Gorean Club well enough to know that she wouldn't be let off lightly.

Chapter Four

Back at the Gorean Club that evening, as soon as she walked through the door, Cheryl once again effortlessly slipped into her role as Five-fifty-five.

Gaffa the Head Slaver was waiting for her. He was accompanied by Herbie, the young black apprentice slaver, who was grim-faced and subdued. They took her down to the locker room where she dutifully stripped, and Herbie then clipped a leash to her collar and led her away, without even taking her to the shower area. Gaffa followed closely behind, his hand on the hilt of the cane that was habitually thrust in the sash at his waist. They walked in silence, but there was a palpable air of tension as they progressed along a maze of corridors and then down a flight of steps into the deepest basement area. A couple of other slavers were sitting at a desk there and they nodded to Gaffa and Herbie as they passed. Gaffa pushed on ahead as Herbie hesitated. The bald-pated slaver led them across the cavernous area to poorly-lit tunnel on the far side. Just inside this tunnel, Gaffa stopped at a stout door with an iron grill set into it, and the very sight of it made Five-fifty-five quiver with apprehension. However, she took some strange reassurance when Gaffa opened the door with an electronic swipe card, which seemed utterly incongruous. However, when he led her into the room, Five-fifty-five's apprehension returned on a major scale. She had never been in that place before, and it seemed to be a large dungeon, no less, stretching back in the gloom. A brazier of glowing coals burned in the middle, and a warm draught carried a sooty stench from the tarred torches that flamed on the walls. It was pure theatre, of course, because electric lamps cast a subtle light on its bare stone walls. Judging by the warmth of the air, it must have been centrally heated too. It was obviously entirely devoted to punishment of one kind or another, because it was crammed with frightening machines and complicated arrangements of wheels and frames and chains. A large St Andrews Cross was set near one corner, facing into the room, and there were a few other wooden frames, hanging from stout chains, with manacles and web harnesses attached to them. There were other contraptions and devices too, their purposes too frightening for Five-fifty-five to contemplate: benches, racks, hanging iron cages, and low crates of steel mesh. One wall was utterly festooned with whips, crops, paddles and scourges, and she didn't think they were there just for bizarre decoration.

"Get a bag of oil and a medical stand from the store room," Gaffa the Head Slaver ordered, pointing to a door in the opposite corner.

Gaffa led Five-fifty-five to the far side of the room where four long and stout beams were set parallel to each other and about two feet apart, one at waist height and the other at knee height. A sudden grunt from above made Five-fifty-five look up at the ceiling in surprise. She stifled a gasp, hardly believing her eyes: way up above, suspended from the ceiling on chains and frames, were two naked slaves - one female and one male - slung horizontally and facing downwards. The woman was hooded, and in the dim light Five-fifty-five could just make out the kef tattoo brand on her widely parted thighs. The man, though, was gazing down, his mouth stretched wide by a ball gag.

"My God!" Five-fifty-five breathed.

It was Carl, the Chairman's chauffeur and slave. His tumescent cock was pointing down at her, sticking out. As she peered up in the gloom, she saw that a brass collar had been fixed around its base, and thin cord wound tightly round its shaft like a snake. Carl's eyes were wide as he hung face-down, star-shaped, strapped to the frame which slowly twisted back and forth.

Five-fifty-five again looked at the hooded woman who hung face-down beside Carl. The chains that secured this woman to the frame were pressing cruelly into her belly and chest. Worse, two weights were attached to her nipples with slender chains, distending her breasts, and another dangled from her pussy to cruelly stretch her sex lips.

"Lie on the bars," Gaffa ordered Five-fifty-five, pointing to the parallel beams fixed to the stone floor.

Five-fifty-five faltered a little but obeyed, struggling to lie face down across the beams in the required position. It left her bottom high and her head near to the floor. Gaffa hooked her feet over the rear beam with the soles facing upwards, and he fastened her ankles to the bar in a way that bent her knees so tightly that the calves of her legs were flat against the back of her thighs. This supported her body to a degree, although much of her weight was borne on her outstretched arms as her hands grasped the lower beam. She remained thus, her terror made apparent by the quivers that coursed through her

body as Gaffa tied her wrists to the beam. She wriggled slightly in the uncomfortable suspension, but there was little movement in the straps that held her. Her upturned buttocks were widely separated by the tie, displaying the bulging purse of her sex like a ripe, split peach. From her inverted position, she saw Herbie's slippered feet as he returned across the room, pushing a wheeled stainless steel medical stands, from which hung a swaying plastic IV bag that contained clear fluid.

"Six strokes on her arse and four across her feet," Gaffa orders.

Five-fifty-five gave a small gasp. She hadn't expected that! She strained her neck to glance up wildly and saw the white's of Herbie's eyes as he nodded grimly and stepped forward, pulling the cane from his waist band and swishing it experimentally. When Herbie placed the rod against the sole of her left foot, she squealed as if it was a hot poker. He was just measuring the stroke, of course, but before her squeal had faded he quickly lashed the cane down in a low but swift stroke. She screeched, astonished by the pain across the sole of her foot. The next stroke was even harder, but it landed flush across her bottom, making her let out a gasped grunt. Herbie adjusted his position and delivered another, lighter blow across the sole of her right foot, making her screech again. The rhythm was thus established. Herbie, despite his callow youth, caned her efficiently, dispassionately, alternately beating her bottom, then her left sole, and then her right sole, back to her arse again... until all the blows were delivered. Five-fifty-five was screeching and bawling by the time the last, particularly hard blow lashed across her tortured backside.

"Good lad," Gaffa said to Herbie. "We'll make a slaver out of you yet. Now spread her cunt lips while I position the oil drip."

Five-fifty-five hung down from the beams, sobbing, her hair hanging forward and trailing on the stone floor, as Herbie used both hands to spread the leaves of her cunt while Gaffa positioned the medical stand beside her. She tried to recover her composure, but was terrified of what they had in store for her. She reflected miserably that this was a big punishment, just for sucking a slave's cock without permission. Yet, alongside the terror, there was an inexplicable frisson of excitement fluttering in her belly.

That excitement leapt when, suddenly, to her surprise, a light drop of oil dripped into the divide of her bottom. The first drips feel surprisingly pleasant and warm in the crack of her bottom, and the oil spread quickly over her skin and lubricated Herbie's fingers as he massaged her pussy. Gaffa checked the pace of the drip and adjusting the tap of the IV bag. After a few more droplets, Herbie stepped back but she could feel that her pussy lips remain gaping open. Herbie stroked Five-fifty-five's hair back with an oily hand and then pulled a black silk strip from his sash and used it to blindfold her.

There was a definite, delicious heat engendered by something astringent in the oil but the steady drip, drip, drip of the oil caused her no immediate discomfort. In fact the dull heat on her so recently-caned bottom seemed to embrace the fine warm slick that quickly formed down the groove of her bottom and seeped into the lips of her pussy. Soon, slowly but surely, she felt a tingling pool of the warming oil in the upturned well of her anus and then, with a few more of the viscous droplets, it overflowed and trickled over the open lips of her cunt, mingling with her own juices. Soon it seeped to the engorged nubbin of her clitoris where it dripped away, with each droplet seeming to tug at the sensitive tip.

In the darkness of the blindfold, she left to concentrate fully on the delicious torture, which tickled, tingled and caressed her entire sexual delta, leaving no nerve untouched there. When the oil dripped from the very tip of her clitoris it felt as though a fine thread was being drawn through the tight nubbin, and she let out an involuntary moan. She heard the two slavers leave, closing the heavy door with a thud, and all that she could hear then was the occasional low moan from Carl or the woman suspended above her, and the sound of her own gasps as each new droplet of oil landed in the furrow of her buttocks and the counter-droplet that sucked away from the tip of her clitoris. She soon began to learn the true nature of the torment: it was designed to arouse, tantalise and frustrate her, with no immediate prospect of any release. That tiny area of stretched skin between her buttocks, that exact spot where the droplets softly landed in a slow, steady and precise rhythm, quickly became the critical apex of her whole being. A fine filigree of nerves seemed to have become rooted there, its writhing tendrils swarming over her cane-warmed bottom, swirling around her anus, stroking deep into her pussy, spreading across her inner belly... the entire mesh seemed to be tied off tautly at the very tip of her clitoris, as if trying to draw the throbbing erect nubbin draw back into her. There was no way to gain any satisfaction. She could not close her legs

or even tense her muscles. She could only endure the teasing drip, drip, drip of the astringent oil.

Five-fifty-five wasn't sure how long she remained thus. What she did know was that Carl, after half an hour or so, groaned and growled in his gag, and shot his load of cum to splatter down across her shoulders and in her hair! After that, she frequently drifted off into a tormented half-sleep, only to be awakened by noises around her from time to time: new noises, different from those groans uttered by Carl and the woman. It all added to her frustrated torment. She heard the sound of chains clinking and ratchets on one occasion, followed by the steady cracks and anguished screams of a heavy whipping. Sometimes there were stern male voices, harsh and demanding, not slavers but Free Men by the sound of it, and then she heard the more timid female responses, obviously from slaves. Wheels cranked, chains clanked, and ratchets engaged. On one occasion, the beams to which she was tied shuddered and shook as another female was tied beside her. Whoever it was groaned and yelped when a cane hissed and slapped, but after a while her moans eventually subsided to the occasional sob. There was also the frequent sound of heavy fucking in the room. Five-fifty-five could only listen and squirm, and she found herself fervently wishing that it was her begging and pleading under rapacious assaults. After a few hours, she heard more voices. One of those voices, she knew, belonged to Karim, and it made her heart leap unaccountably. Then Five-fifty-five felt more vibration of the beams to which she was tied.

"Get astride the bar," she heard Gaffa say.

A woman's voice answered: "Yes, Master."

Suddenly Five-fifty-five's blindfold was untied. She blinked up at Karim before looking around to get her bearings. The sights in the dungeon startled her. Three other nude girls were fastened in various postures in her field of vision: one was affixed upside down to a frame in star-spread fashion, another was bent over a bench with her bottom high, and a third was crouched and cramped in a spherical cage no more than 30 inches in diameter. Alongside Five-fifty-five, to her left, another woman was fastened over the asymmetric beams; she was evidently acutely uncomfortable, which accounted for her frequent groans, as her legs were fastened to the floor with lengths of chain, and she lay with her waist over the upper beam, but with her back threaded beneath the lower bar with her arms pulled back over it and her wrists manacled together with a chain that presses hard into her belly; the result is that she hung draped over beams with her body contorted in a sort of distorted, toppled 'S' shape, her torso supported by the crook of her elbows that are cruelly drawn behind her, and her breasts thrust forward beneath her with the tips brushing the rough stone floor. Five-fifty-five took all of this in with one quick glance. Five-fifty-five then looked to her right, peering up under her outstretched arm, and saw that another woman now sat astride the upper bar, balanced upright, holding on with her hands stretched behind her, balancing on the fulcrum of her sex! Five-fifty-five gasped. Sura! This came as a great surprise to Five-fifty-five, because she had thought Sura to be in Wales with Sir Andrew. Karim was standing beside Sura, and he seemed intent on keeping his eyes away from Five-fifty-five's anguished gaze.

"Sura, beg Karim to pleasure you to completion," Gaffa ordered.

Sura sighed but glanced over her shoulder to the Indian youth and said quietly, "I beg you to pleasure me, young Master."

Gaffa rapped the five short blades of his whip across her shoulders. "To completion... and, from now on, no more 'young Master'."

Sura gulped. It seemed a hard thing for her to say. Nevertheless, she said: "I beg you to pleasure me to completion, Master."

"Proceed," Gaffa ordered Karim, and he then walked to stand behind Five-fifty-five as Karim moved forward.

The pace of the drops of oil dripping on Five-fifty-five's anus increased perceptibly, and she knew that Gaffa had adjusted the tap. She watched, fascinated, as Karim's dusky hand reached to separate and spread Sura's sex lips across the surface of the wooden beam. "Push forward," Karim murmured to Sura, putting his fingers to her lips to lick them. The dark fingers closed around Sura's clitoris, rolling it carefully, while his other hand was in the small of her back, pushing her forward so that her open vulva was pressed against the wood. "Spread your legs and point out your toes," Karim ordered, easing apart the cheeks of her buttocks around the beam. She obeyed and closed her eyes as he continued to play with her nubbin with his other hand. "Rock back and forth, girl," he said.

Girl? Five-fifty-five realised that Karim was taunting Sura, who was old enough to be his mother.

Nevertheless, Sura obeyed, rocking back and forth on the bar as the dusky fingers tweaked and rolled her clitoris. Two fingers now pushed up into Sura's oil-sodden sex. At exactly the same time, Five-fifty-five felt Gaffa's hand on her own bottom; his fingers traced down the groove, oiling themselves under the drip, and they swirled around the ring of her anus. Gaffa's coned fingers pressed against the well-lubricated mouth of her arse just as Sura let out a whimper of pleasure, and it made Five-fifty-five shudder as if someone had walked over her grave.

"This is called the 'Silent Duck' because my hand is shaped to resemble a duck's beak with all five fingers kept straight and held close together," he hissed maliciously as she felt the fingers push against the hard rim of muscle.

The very thought alarmed Five-fifty-five, but Gaffa soon had her squirming and panting under the insistent pressure of his hand, and her ring opened to take in the tips of his fingers. Sura too is presently sighing and groaning helplessly and shamelessly.

"Sura the slave will take her pleasure now," Gaffa said. It was a statement rather than an instruction.

Karim lifted Sura from the beam, with one arm around her waist and the fingers of his other hand buried inside her pussy. He laid her on her back, directly in front of Five-fifty-five.

"What is your pleasure, girl?" Karim asked Sura, easing down with his free hand to take her two feet and press the soles together, forcing her knees widely open..

"To please you, Master," Sura replied huskily.

Karim smiled and pushed her feet up so high that her bottom lifted from the ground and her pussy was forced further onto his intruding fingers. She gasped when her heels were pressed into the flesh of her belly. Karim was not gentle and he made no concession to her age, demanding that she contort her body as if a teenager, but Sura was supple and lithe enough, and her breathing was ragged and heavy as she writhed on his fingers. Karim didn't remove his baggy white pantaloons but merely pulled them down around his thighs, exposing his tight brown bottom and strongly standing cock. When he pressed down on her, assuredly guiding the head of his cock against the small brown eye of her anus, he kept Sura's feet pressed together, sole-to-sole, as if in perverse prayer. Sura groaned, realising his intent. However, he pushed hard, suddenly and violently, jerking his hips, making her feel it fully.

Gaffa precisely matched the Indian's thrust by forcing his tightly-steepled fingers up Five-fifty-five's arse. Five-fifty-five gasped as her sphincter widened and then she squealed in pain as the knuckles forced past the protesting ring of muscle. Gaffa thrust again and his entire fist pushed inside her. It filled her rectal channel completely and she felt as though it would tear. Five-fifty-five could vaguely hear loud wails as Karim's cock sank fully home into Sura's arse, but she had her own concerns to occupy her. Her body was sending conflicting messages, protesting at the intense pain but at the same time seeming to revel in the exquisite torment of being so widely stretched. Gaffa slowly twisted his wrist, and although it hurt, it was a kind of hurting that felt so good she didn't want it to stop. A tumult raged within Five-fifty-five as a rising swell of pain and delicious heat steadily washed back and forth across her senses. Every time she opened her eyes, she saw Karim smoothly fucking Sura's arse, impressing his dominance over the once-haughty slave, keeping her knees spread widely and her feet high, like a frog on its back, and with each thrust Sura moaned and rolled back and forth on her bowed spine. Everything combined to send Five-fifty-five over the edge...the squeals, moans and groans, the sheer eroticism, the scents of hot sex, the fist filling her bottom. She was entirely lost in the moment and she was engulfed by a massive orgasm, quite unlike anything she had ever experienced before. Her guttural grunts ended with a loud protracted squeal.

Five-fifty-five's loud orgasm seemed to be the cue for Karim to grunt and pull his cock from Sura's arse, and his jism spurted all over Sura's belly and tightly drawn-up feet.

"What are you, girl?" Karim asked, looking down at Sura.

"This girl is a slave, Master."

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

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

"What are your duties, girl?"

"A girl's duties are exquisite duty and absolute obedience, Master."

Karim climbed to his feet and nodded.

"You did very well, Karim. Consider yourself to have passed your apprenticeship," Gaffa told him

as he slowly withdrew his fist from Five-fifty-five's rectum, making her give out a loud groan. "In the meantime, I subjected this slut's to a duck-billing. It is a very singular type of punishment you should not neglect."

Karim merely shrugged and then said to Sura: "To emphasise your lesson, you are denied hot water for a week."

"Yes, Master," Sura answered weakly, and there seemed to be a new respect in her voice for the young Indian slaver.

Chapter Five

The next afternoon, Five-fifty-five was assigned to cloakroom duties in the Club. It was a degrading job for a highly-intelligent business analyst, of course, but she stoically accepted their instruction. Herbie, the young black slaver led Five-fifty-five up the stairs from the kennels and into the Club cloakroom. Gaffa the Head Slaver was already there, with his habitually morose and brooding expression. He didn't deign to even speak, but merely glared at Five-fifty-five and held up his index finger and made a circling gesture in the air. She understood immediately, and turned for his inspection. Her costume was miniscule of course, because they always dress the cloakroom girl in next-to-nothing. On this occasion, Five-fifty-five wore a backless blue chemise with a gaping cowl neckline that plunged almost down to her pussy, and the skirt part of it, such as it is, only just stretched over her striped arse, not that any of this mattered anyway, because the chemise was utterly see-through, and she might as well have been naked. Gaffa grudgingly nodded his approval and turned away. Herbie, the young black slaver, seemed grateful for Gaffa's approval. After all, he had chosen the camisk for Five-fifty-five to wear and any criticism would devolve on his shoulders. Herbie, relatively new to the Club and keen to please, was probably very conscious of the pressure recently heaped on his shoulders in the past couple of days. It seemed that he had been appointed as Five-fifty-five's main steward instead of the Indian slaver. There had been no discussions about this, and Karim had certainly not broached the matter, even though his displeasure and resentment was apparent. It was now Herbie who awoke Five-fifty-five in her kennel every morning, and he was savvy and horny enough to fuck her comprehensively before taking her to the ablutions area. Five-fifty-five couldn't help but feel that the lurid demonstration of Karim fucking Sura in the Naughty Room had been as much for her own instruction as anything else. She knew this instinctively, but couldn't understand why for the life of her.

Five-fifty-five smiled wanly and curtsied slightly, her tits bobbing, as Gaffa nodded his approval of her appearance. She knew that she would have to watch her manners because the Head Slaver habitually stood by the entrance door to the main club room to greet the patrons, and he would watch her every move. She went to the wooden Cloaks counter and Herbie chained her to a large ring bolt there, using a long heavy chain that just allowed her to get to the racks where the patrons' coats were stowed. This chaining is all for show, pure theatre, just to emphasise her slavery, for it was hardly likely that she would attempt to run away. Anyway, for the sake of appearance, the chain is heavier than necessary to hold a girl, and it clinks and yanks at Five-fifty-five's collar when she moves.

The antique lift creaked and groaned, and readied herself for customers, giving her nipples a tweak. "Greetings, Master," she said, giving a little curtsy as a dark, swarthy man stepped from the lift, with a good-looking young ash-blonde girl on his arm.

"Tal, kajira," the man replied as he took off his astrakhan overcoat and placed it down on the counter. He stared at Five-fifty-five's bare breasts, of course, but then, so did the girl by his side. In fact, the girl's eyes were positively popping as she gazed at Five-fifty-five in apparent disbelief, and she kept glancing at the chain that is padlocked to the slave's collar and bolted to the counter. It must have been her first time at the Club, and her eyes widened further when Five-fifty-five turned to hang up the coat, because red-blue welts are clearly visible on the exposed arse and thighs. Five-fifty-five turned and smiled disingenuously at the girl, curtsying so that her tits bobbed in the open cowl of her camisk, and then she held her hand out to her expectantly.

"What does she want?" the girl asked, confusion written all over her face.

"Give her your shoes. Girls must be barefoot in the Club. You'll get them back when you leave."

The girl looked astounded but stooped to undo her shoes. Five-fifty-five glanced down to watch and saw that the blonde was wearing fashionable opaque brown tights under an incredibly short skirt that is little more than a pelmet. When the woman handed over her shoes, Five-fifty-five just chucked them carelessly behind the counter with a clatter. The girl was about to protest, but the slave got in first, saying, "Now, your tights, please, mistress."

The blonde girl looked in astonishment at the swarthy guy who had brought her to that strange place. "My tights?" she asked, aghast.

"Your feet have to be bare," the man said, "and you're not allowed cover your nether parts."

"My nether parts?"

"No pantyhose or panties are allowed, mistress," Five-fifty-five explained sweetly, turning slightly and flicking up the camisk to show her own bare bottom.

The lift creaked again. It was quite early in the day, but the club tends to be busy at all hours. The day time users are mainly tired businessmen, or people having extended lunches, or people entertaining associates for particularly exotic meetings.

"Oh, very well, where can I change then?" the girl said crossly.

"The women's room is inside the main Club room, but you can't go in there until suitably dressed, mistress," Five-fifty-five said. "Here will be fine, though. Nobody notices."

This last bit is a lie, of course. The young woman still hesitated, particularly when the brass concertina door of the lift was pushed aside and another man entered the cloakroom.

Gaffa wandered across. "May I be of assistance, sir?" he asked the swarthy man, eyeing the blonde girl.

The patron was evidently annoyed with the brat-like behaviour of the girl he was escorting. A man's credibility as a Master tends to be judged on things like this, after all. The girl might be vanilla now, but it's taken for granted that when a girl is brought to the Gorean Club as an observer, her slave collar is already measured, made and waiting in her locker. Even if she doesn't know that, it's a fact. It wouldn't take much for Gaffa to whack his cane on her arse, even though she was technically still free.

The blonde girl blanched at Gaffa's intimidating stare, and she awkwardly removed her tights. She vainly tried to keep herself decently covered as she lifted the hem of her top and reached under it to lower the pantyhose waistband, which seemed to come up somewhere just under her tits. Anyway, she pushed the welted waist of the tights beneath the waistband of her tiny skirt, and then had to ferret up under its hem, raising the skirt up over her arse to pull the tights and knickers down in one quick sweep. It was not a very dignified performance, and the newly-arrived punter watched her with amused interest. The girl's knickers were still tangled inside the tights when she handed them to Five-fifty-five, and she was blushing furiously. Five-fifty-five just shrugged and threw the tights and knickers into the waste bin.

"Come," the man said in a surly tone. "And don't look the Head Slaver in the eye."

"Head Slaver?" the girl asked, shaken and bewildered, but she turned and trailed after the man into the club room, careful to avert her eyes from Gaffa.

Five-fifty-five smiled at the blonde's discomfort as she heeled her escort into the Club room. She knew that things would become more uncomfortable for the girl in the next few minutes, but from the way that she had responded and obeyed it was evident that she was deeply submissive. Five-fifty-five envied the blonde, in a way, knowing the delicious new torment that was soon to be visited on the girl.. Moreover, Five-fifty-five was disappointed to be made to work in the cloakroom, especially at the weekend. She assumed it to be further punishment for her unauthorised cocksucking episode. It is almost certain that most girls working on the Gorean Club floor on a Saturday night will get shagged and richly used, but there's not much chance of that in the cloakroom.

The night slaver had come to her kennel on the previous night and fucked her, and Herbie, of course, had had his pickings each morning. But it seemed an age since she had pleased either her Master or the other Free Men though, which is the true purpose of any kajira. Herbie the apprentice slaver was nice enough, and he fucked with gusto, but he was hardly a connoisseur of prime slave flesh. Worse, she knew from Katrina that Sir Andrew had been in Wales at the Assessment Centre, which probably meant that he was recruiting yet another girl to his special team. That would make five girls in all, including Sura, so Five-fifty-five knew things might become a bit crowded on the chain. She already felt deprived enough of bang hot sex! They had released a hunger inside her and it could not be assuaged.

Bored, she gazed towards the Head Slaver. Gaffa was standing sentinel at the Club room door as usual, his baggy blue satin pants shimmering and the oiled black skin of his bare chest gleaming. His hand rested ominously on the handle of the cane that was thrust into his broad yellow sash. None of the girls had ever known Gaffa to actually fuck a slave. The other slavers used the kajirae all the time, especially the randy young ones, but not Gaffa. He seemed to get his rocks off by whipping the shit out of them, or by giving them really weird punishments in the Naughty Room, but he never actually fucked them. Gaffa caught a glimpse of Five-fifty-five's curious stare and he turned his beady eyes on her until averted her gaze. An experienced kajira now, she deflected his adverse attention by salaciously tweaking her nipples and turning as if to look at the coat rack, bending a little to present her bare caned bottom.

She knew that that was the kind of behaviour he wanted to see. Her job that night was to greet the punters as they arrive, look cute, flash her arse and wriggle her tits... oh and hang up their coats too. Soon, her boredom was alleviated somewhat as the punters started to arrive thick and fast.

Saturday night is always busy in the Gorean Club, and on that night Five-fifty-five spent most of her time bobbing up and down curtsying as the guests came in a steady stream. There really should be two girls behind the counter on nights like that. Five-fifty-five had been working her butt off for a couple of hours, when her Master arrived. He nodded to acknowledge Gaffa's scraping bow.

"Greetings, my Master!" Five-fifty-five shrieked.

"Tal mine," Sir Andrew said with a warm smile. "How are you settling in?"

Mine! She loved it when he called her that. "Oh, I'm doing well enough, Master," she said, taking his coat and inhaling the fragrance of his aftershave. "Did you have a nice time in Wales?"

"You know about that?" he said, surprised. "The slave grapevine has been working, I see! Well, Five-fifty-five, curiosity is unbecoming in a kajira, she could get beaten for it."

She bit her lower lip and hurriedly hung his coat on the rack behind her.

"May I be of assistance, Sir Andrew?" the Head Slaver asked hopefully, half-drawing his cane.

"I'll shout if I need you, Gaffa," Sir Andrew said with a smile. Then he turned to Five-fifty-five and added: "As a matter of fact, you have a new chain sister, in more ways than one."

With that, he wandered off into the Club room, leaving her chained at the cloakroom counter and hanging onto his words. The Head Slaver seemed disappointed as he slid the cane back into place. Five-fifty-five was disappointed too, on two counts. For a start, she didn't want another chain sister. And for another thing, she'd rather be in the Club room serving her owner instead of being chained to a counter looking after coats and hats. She found herself getting very jealous, imagining all kinds of things the other girls might get up to with her Master, taking advantage of her enforced absence. That kind of thing happened all the time. It didn't lessen her jealousy, though. The green-eyed monster is never too far beneath the surface of even the most timid slave girl. Every time the Club room door opened Five-fifty-five stretched up on tip toes to try to catch a glimpse of Sir Andrew, and (more importantly) trying to see who he was with, but she didn't get a sight of him.

Anyway, she didn't have too much time to dwell on it. Patrons continued to arrive thick and fast as the evening progressed, and she was kept occupied shamelessly sucking up to them, making sure that Gaffa didn't get the chance to cane her arse, or worse. This wasn't easy because sometimes there was a small queue, so she had to dash back and forth, with the chain on her collar clinking and dragging, trying to avoid any complaints of tardiness..

That's how it was when the lift creaked and she saw a tall man step out of the gates with a young woman on his arm. Five-fifty-five was just taking the coat, hat and gloves from a little Oriental Master with a reputation for strictness, so she didn't give the incoming couple much more than a glance as she went to the coat rack. It was only when she turned and the Japanese man stepped aside that she saw recognised the newcomers.

"My God, Jack!" she said, seeing her one time lover standing there, smiling, as large as life. And right beside him was her own younger sister Becky. That figured, because she knew Jack and Becky had been an item for a few months...ever since Five-fifty-five had become a Gorean Club kajira, in fact. Why had Jack brought Becky to the Gorean Club though? She just blurted: "I can hardly believe it. Jack and Becky Boo!"

There was another Free Man waiting in front of them, but Five-fifty-five ignored him completely.

"Hi, Cherry," Becky called.

Gaffa coughed and Five-fifty-five remembered the punter who was next in line, and she curtsied and bobbed her tits and said, "Greetings and welcome Master. May I take your coat?" He gave her his coat. "Thank you for allowing me to serve you, Master, I hope you found this girl pleasing and that you have a really wonderful night."

The phrase tripped glibly from her tongue, but she was embarrassed at saying it in front of Jack and her younger sister. It is one of the trite lines the cloakroom girl has to spout to the Free Men and, embarrassing or not, Five-fifty-five was a slave and had to do the job. She turned to the rack, hearing her chain rattling as she walked to hang up the coat. 'Oh God,' she thought, 'this is awful!' She knew her exposed arse was bright with cane marks. When she returned, Jack was smiling broadly, and two more

Free Men had arrived in the cloakroom and were waiting for her to serve them. Five-fifty-five was suddenly acutely conscious that she was chained to the cloakroom counter, virtually naked in her utterly see-through camisk.

"Greet the Free properly, girl," Gaffa snarled and he seemed to grow about 6 inches as he turned towards the counter.

She gulped and hastily curtsied to Jack and said: "Greetings, Master. Welcome to the Gorean Club. Greetings, mistress."

"It's good to see you, Cherry," Jack said with a smile, taking off his heavy black overcoat.

"There's a lot of me to see, dressed like this," she said, trying to make light of it. Jack was her first Dom and he had introduced her to the BDSM scene, so it was nothing he hadn't seen before, but these circumstances were something else altogether.

"I was told that you might be here," Becky whispered in delight as her sister took Jack's coat.

"What the hell are you doing here, Boo?" she hissed. When Becky didn't answer, Five-fifty-five turned to hang up the coat and then returned, holding out her hand to her sister. "You have to give me your shoes," she said. "Your stockings too."

Becky just smiled and kicked off her shoes. She bent to pick them up and placed them side by side on the counter. Then, seemingly mindless of the two men who were watching behind, Becky flipped up her skirt on her right thigh and peeled down the black hold-up she's wearing, and then does the same with the left one and hands the stockings to Five-fifty-five. "Okay?" she asked.

"Yes, mistress, thank you," Five-fifty-five said for the sake of Gaffa. Then lowering her voice to a whisper, she said: "You do know what kind of place this is, sis? You shouldn't be here."

"You obeyed about not wearing anything underneath, slave babes?" Jack asks Becky.

"Of course I did, Sir."

"Show me!"

Without a blink, Becky leaned forward to reach for the hem of her skirt with both hands, raising it up to her waist to display the folds of her pussy, completely devoid of hair. She held the skirt like that, waiting for Jack's nod. Five-fifty-five gasped in astonishment. Little innocent Becky Boo had a large red kef tattoo on her left thigh, with the number 573.

Five-fifty-five blinked. Jack had called her Becky 'slave babes'! That was his nick for her, before she became a kajira. The bastard! Moreover, Becky had called him 'Sir'! Five-fifty-five suddenly realised that things had changed with her younger sister since she last saw her a few months before. Rebecca's pet name in the family was Becky Boo, because she wouldn't say boo to a goose. It seems that Jack has brought her out of her shell, just like he had done with Five-fifty-five before her.

"Is that a temporary tattoo?" Five-fifty-five asked weakly, her hand flat against her chest.

"Yes, of course it is, silly," Becky giggled.

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

Five-fifty-five had to stifle her response. She wanted to tell Becky that all of the new slaves were given temporary tattoos to start with, but they all ended up being permanently marked. She could only glance down and display her own tattoo, one and a half inches wide and three inches high, with the number 555 in black, indelibly inked on her skin.

"A matching pair," Becky said with a small smile, catching her sister's meaning.

"Enough. Come!" With that, Jack turned to go into the Club room.

"You can't come in too?" Becky asked her sister, allowing her skirt to fall back into place.

Five-fifty-five lifted the chain and shook her head, glancing at Gaffa. "I'm attached to the job," she said with a helpless shrug.

Becky smiled and then followed Jack, hurrying to heel him as he strode past the Head Slaver. Five-fifty-five wanted to scream as she watched them go. 'That's my kid sister,' she thought desperately. Of course, Rebecca wasn't a kid at all. She was a beautiful young woman, only three years younger than Five-fifty-five.

It was a long night for Five-fifty-five at the cloakroom counter after that. There was nothing for it but to apply herself to her task. Later that evening, much later, in the small hours of Sunday morning, Sir Andrew returned to the cloakroom and Jack was with him. There was no sign of Becky, though. Gaffa had deserted his post, presumably looking for other girls to cane, and she was alone in the cloakroom, for

a change.

She chanced a demanding question: "Jack, where's my sister?"

Sir Andrew spoke before Jack could answer. "I told you, girl, you've got a new chain sister in more ways than one?"

"But my real sister, for fucks sake?"

"Get my coat!"

Five-fifty-five flounced off to the rack and found his overcoat, and Jack's too, and she returned and slapped them unceremoniously on the counter. Sir Andrew just grinned and took his coat over his left arm. Another time, she knew, he would have punished her severely for such and outburst

"Good to meet you again, Jack," Sir Andrew said

"Yes, nice to do business with you again, Andrew," Jack replied, shaking Sir Andrew's hand.

Five-fifty-five glowered. Andrew! Not 'Sir Andrew'... it's was if they're old friends, or acquaintances at least.

With that, Sir Andrew went to the lift and closed the brass concertina doors. There was a hiss and a creak as ancient hydraulic pump started. Jack looked at Five-fifty-five and grinned.

"You two know each other?" she asked.

"How are you doing, Cheryl?"

"I'm fucking furious, Jack," she said, her bare breasts shaking in anger.

"You're looking really great."

"Where is Becky?"

"Curiosity is unbecoming in a kajira," Jack said. "It could get you beaten."

She blinked. He even had the Gorean lingo off pat. He stepped behind the counter, tentatively tugging at the chain which tethered her there.

"The chain is real enough," she said.

"Yeah, it looks substantial. You must be a real hard case, slave babes."

"Don't give me the 'slave babes', you bastard. Anyway, the chain is for show and—"

"Just shut up and suck this!" He flopped his dick out and waited expectantly.

Her eyes flared angrily but at that very moment, Gaffa the Head Slaver returned to the cloakroom. She hesitated momentarily and then sighed and folded to her knees at Jack's feet and took his cock into her mouth, but not before she had noticed that he'd had a pattern of barbed wire tattooed round the shaft since she'd last sucked it. 'He's had his dick tattooed!' she thought, relaxing her throat and easing her head forward to take him deeply.

"You'd better make a good job of it."

She would do that, of course, despite her anger. Her training and abject submissiveness rendered her incapable of doing anything other. She murmured in response, her mouth full of cock, and then she eased back and licked the head, seeing a bead of precum ease out of its eye and catching it on the end of her tongue, licking it up. Then she worked her tongue all over the head, nibbling down the shaft, licking at the strange tattoo around its girth. She then took Jack's cock fully into her mouth again, so deeply that her nose buried in the nest of his pubic hair. She willed herself to remain calm with the shaft of turgid flesh fully blocking her throat.

"I see you've had some training since the last time, slave babes," he said, stroking her hair as she worked.

Her eyes bulged as she glared up at him. It was true, of course. She had received intensive training in the arts of fellatio. It had been a painful improvement process, learned under constant threat of whip and cane. As a way of some riposte, she eased back and then began to bob her head back and forth in a frenzy, humming to give added vibration. Jack's orgasm arrived quickly and she swallowed every last drop of his cum, as any slave must. It was good enough for Jack. After the efficient and functional blowjob, he simply zipped up, picked up his coat, and walked to the lift without a backward glance.

Five-fifty-five was stuck at her station for the next few hours, and Becky didn't leave via the cloakroom during that time. Five-fifty-five hadn't really expected her young sister to leave. She knew that Becky would still be in the Gorean Club somewhere, maybe even fully serving a Free Man in an alcove. More likely though, as a new slave she would be in the kennels deep below ground. If so, Five-fifty-five knew little Becky Boo would be naked, probably freshly-caned and weeping softly, locked in a

wire holding pen, lying in the pitch black, monitored and supervised by horny apprentice slavers. Five-fifty-five well-remembered her own introduction to the Gorean Club, lying in one of those low and long oblong cages with scarcely enough room to turn over, forbidden to speak. Judging by the temporary tattoo on Becky's thigh, it was virtually certain that in the next couple of days the Head Slaver would assess her, but until then she'd stay there, lying silently in the dark, except when the young slavers let her out to use the loo or to feed her, or when they came to fuck her.

Five-fifty-five felt really guilty. She reasoned that Becky she must have decided to follow her big sister and join Sir's special team, and now she was almost certainly a slave of the Gorean Club. A chain sister in more ways than one indeed! Five-fifty-five thought sadly that she was not really the best example for a younger sister to follow? Poor Becky Boo was finding out right then just what she'd let herself in for!

Chapter Six

Because Five-fifty-five had worked so late in the Gorean Club cloakroom, she was chained to her bunk for much of the next day. However, thoughts of Becky kept disturbing her sleep, so had a fitful few hours. She imagined her naive younger sister being utterly shocked by the way the slavers would be treating her. From her own experiences, she knew how frightening those lonely hours lying in the dark holding pens could be. Only a few months before, she herself had arrived in the big city as a not-so-naïve 24 year old, newly-graduated job-seeker. She had immediately gained a super job as a business analyst in Sir Andrew Lowndes' special personal team, and thereafter had been constantly invited to wonderful, exotic places with powerful people. It all came at a price, of course: nothing short of slavery, actually, but she had already had some limited BDSM action with her ex-boy friend, Jack, and it had all seemed perfectly natural. Now, though, her kid sister had walked into their clutches too.

It seemed that an age passed before Herbie the apprentice slaver eventually arrived to open her kennel, but he jolted her from the welter of miserable thoughts by fucking her rigid with the wild, raging abandonment of black youth, so that was okay. He then took her to the ablutions area and administered a dispassionate enema and showered her before he led her along a short corridor, and into the locker room with mirrored walls and widely-spaced rows of metal clothes lockers fronted by wooden benches and islands of wash basins. Some girls were still getting changed in the room when they arrived. One woman was applying her make-up, and another was shaving her legs at a wash basin. None of them looked up as the young black slaver led Five-fifty-five past, leashed and naked.

Herbie took Five-fifty-five to locker number 555, with its picture of her posing seductively naked, and he reached to flick the door slider sign to 'IN'. He dressed her in exotic diaphanous blue pleasure silks which decorated concealed her body and then delivered her to the Club Room, where the night is already in full swing. His job done, the black youth quietly slipped away to his other duties.

The Gorean Club room was familiar to Five-fifty-five, and the scenes never failed to excite her. The music was loud and its thudding beat was matched by pulsing strobes and laser lights. All of the seating recesses seemed to be occupied, and every dance dais in the room featured a gyrating and swaying slave girl. The serving girls - kajirae, as the Club's Free Men insist on calling them - are all undressed to kill. Those who wear anything at all sport gorgeous silks draped over their loins in the manner of belly dancers; some had similar drapes over their pert bottoms, while others are bare-arsed; and without exception, the girls' delicious breasts were provocatively bared. These beautiful women were an exotic and colourful sight as they swirled between the tables and recesses, carrying food and drink, or as they knelt at the guests' feet. Free Men sat in the discretely-lit recesses, and a few burka-clad Free Women too, chatting and eating their meals. The who were dancing seductively on the low round daises, wriggling their bottoms and shaking their tits, were all totally nude. This is still the typical scene at the Gorean Club, deep in the heart of Mayfair. The girls are all kajirae, sex slaves, and each of them is fully available to the guests, and Five-fifty-five was certainly no exception.

Like Five-fifty-five, all of the slaves, women and men, have the red cursive letter 'k' tattooed high on their left thighs. Their sexual wares are readily available, of course, but they aren't paid in the accepted sense of prostitution. In fact, Five-fifty-five, as a true Gorean lifestyle kajira was not allowed to own any property at all, and all of her assets had been signed over to her owner for careful management and safe-keeping. True, the money was kept in trust for her eventual retirement as a slave, and she had neither control over it nor access to it. She had no need for money anyway, because Sir Andrew provided for all of her material and spiritual needs.

Five-fifty-five inhaled deeply, breathing in the mixed heady scents and fragrances and taking in the ambience. A hard-core porn video flickered on the giant plasma screens, and the scene featured a girl writhing and soundlessly screaming under a vicious whipping. Five-fifty-five glanced up at the screen curiously, but on this night the video scene featured one of the other girls, and not her. The blue pleasure silks wafted around her thighs as she walked across the large club-room to the kitchen area, sashaying extravagantly along, her tits out-thrust and hips swaying, her eyes scanned the recesses, looking to see if Becky was serving there, which was scarcely likely. Five-fifty-five also half-expected to see Juan Pablo sitting there, because she wasn't quite able to believe that he had really returned to Columbia. She saw Mia, the Chairman's girl, nude and simpering over the Oriental man who seemed to spend most of his

evenings at the Club; nearly all of the girls had had intimate experience of the sadistic little fellow, and Five-fifty-five didn't envy Mia. Other girls were already hard at work, bent on pleasing the guests, crawling to lick their feet, or even sucking cocks under the dining tables. Five-fifty-five always found all of this to be curiously, wonderfully sexy and juice-making. Her pussy was sopping wet by the time that she reported to Karim, the slaver who was acting as the Club's Maitre'd that evening. He assigned her to attend a couple of tables in the rear, private section of the Club.

"Can I ask what's happening to my sister, Master?"

"Curiosity is unbecoming in a kajira. She could be beaten for it."

"Yes, Master."

"Serve the guests at tables 20 to 25, little one," Karim said, his face softening into a smile. "You are the wine slave for those tables tonight. Remove your silks."

She smiled and pulled away the snatches of blue silk. Stripping herself naked. Little one! She usually hated to be spoken to like that, but she had missed Karim's attention in recent days and his words were rather reassuring. Five-fifty-five walked over to the first of the allotted tables, where four wealthy-looking men were seated. She walked in long strides, and her hips waved an exaggerated hello as she approached the allotted table. She folded to her knees at the feet of the nearest man. "May Five-fifty-five serve you with drinks, Master?"

"Ka-la-na, kajira," the man said. "A good Shiraz. Bring a couple of bottles."

"Ka-la-na...an excellent choice, Master."

Five-fifty-five rose gracefully to her feet and hurried back to the well-stocked wine racks on the far side of the room. The Club somelier, was waiting there.

"Table 20, two bottles of good shiraz, Master."

As the somelier pondered this, she turned and reached to a high shelf, nicely lifting the lines of her pert breasts as she selected four large wine glasses. She placed the glasses on a serving tray and then lifted the hem of her silks and used it to carefully polish each one in turn, running the fine silk over the rims to ensure there were no imperfections that may displease the men she served. The somelier returned and placed two bottles on the tray; he had already drawn the corks, and loosely placed them back in the necks of the bottles. Five-fifty-five then returned to the table where the men waited, her long mane of hair flaring about her shoulders. When she reached the table, she lowered her eyes respectfully before sinking to her knees smoothly, with perfect balance. She knelt with her knees spread, unabashedly displaying herself, openly seductive, sensual and submissive to the men she was serving. She knelt before them, her back slightly arched, and she encouraged their gaze upon her glistening intimate female folds, lifting her chin proudly and displaying the steel choker around her neck. She placed the tray between her thighs, took one of the bottles and used her teeth to remove the already-loosened cork. She leaned forward like a pet dog, offering the cork between her clenched teeth and the man took it, inspected it briefly, and then tossed it aside. Then she poured a small amount of the wine into one of the glasses, lifted it, and swirled it expertly. A few months before, she wouldn't ever have been able to achieve this level of assured perfection in a serve. Even as she worked, though, she thought that Becky, her sister, would soon be relentlessly trained and conditioned in exactly the same way.

"Red ka-la-na, the finest shiraz, Master, served at room temperature." She pressed the glass to her heart and then raised it as if to brush a small kiss on its side. With that, Five-fifty-five offered the glass to the man with both hands, her head lowered between outstretched arms. She held this pose for half a minute or so, statue-like, her arms scarcely wavering, as the Free Man assessed her form. Eventually, the man reached to take the glass but he paused to place his hand on her wrist, his fingers lightly checking her pulse. She waited, and then he took the glass, sniffed the bouquet, and took a mouthful of the wine, swilling it over his tongue.

He nodded and said, "You may pour, kajira."

"Yes, Master!" Five-fifty-five gratefully took back the glass and quickly poured a full measure of wine into it before again proffering it with outstretched arms. "I am honoured to serve you, Master."

"You are a credit to your owner, girl," the man said.

Five-fifty-five flushed with pleasure at his words, and hurried to serve wine to the other three guests. When she had done this, she noted that another girl was already dealing with their meal orders. The dance dais in the recess was unoccupied, and she approached the first man

“May Five-fifty-five dance for you, Masters?” She stood stark naked, provocatively posed, her hip turned and right toe pointed.

“Very well, you may dance.”

She smiled and stepped up onto the dais. Her body had been toned by regular exercise and training. She began to dance slowly, sensuously, swaying her hips, suggestively stroking her fingers up and down her writhing torso. She lowered her long-lashed eye lids and smiled, artfully licking her lips as the fingers of her right hand caressed her thrusting pink nipples, teasing them to even stronger prominence, while her left hand trace over the brand on her thigh and then fluttered over her pussy which was completely shorn. The heady fragrance of her perfume scented the air around her but she fancied that she could smell her own sex juices too. She was not merely dancing, of course, she was offering the use of her body to any of the men who chose to take it. Like all of the other kajirae in the Club, she had been taught to dance under the spiteful switches and whips of demanding expert tutors. Five-fifty-five knew that this training awaited her little sister Becky Boo, and it wouldn't be too long before she too was gyrating sensuously naked on a dance dais and offering her body.

Five-fifty-five was still dancing when the food arrived, brought by a naked girl bearing a huge wooden serving tray laden with plates and dishes. The tray was balanced at her hips and supported by a leather sling around her neck and at her waist, and the girl's hands were held in bracelets at the small of her back, clipped to the broad leather belt that also anchored the serving tray to her belly. This was one of the first serving roles a girl did in the Gorean Club, an easy task to perform and hard to get wrong, but it was very demeaning and certainly acted to impress a girl's lowly slave status on her psyche. Now, due to Five-fifty-five's own ill-judged role as a sisterly role-model, Becky, the little sister who wouldn't say boo to a goose, would soon be doing that too, standing like a statue, bound and naked as a mere beast of burden, afraid to move a single muscle. The porter-girl was escorted on either side by two statuesque black women, barely clad in tiny leopard-skin aprons, their thrusting gold-pierced nipples on large, unfettered and magnificent breasts that bounced in synchrony with each stride as they walked towards the recess. The identical, seemingly barbaric twins were in great demand as exotic kajirae... Five-fifty-five had often seen them working together in the Club. When the trio arrived at the table, the porter-girl stood stock still, looking straight ahead, as the black girls served the dishes, kneeling to proffer each platter with outstretched arms, backs ramrod straight, breasts lifted to the guest. Finally, the porter-girl was sent back to the kitchen with her empty tray, but the black twins knelt side-by-side in nadu, a perfectly matched pair, patiently awaiting the opportunity to serve again. Towards the end of the meal, one of the men raised his empty wine glass. “More wine!” he called to Five-fifty-five.

“Yes, right away, Master!” Five-fifty-five said, quickly stepping from the dance dais and hurrying to retrieve the full bottle of Shiraz from the side table.

Whether dancing or not, she was still the wine slave for the table. She quickly poured fresh wine into first one glass, and then another. However, just as she was reaching over the table to pour wine into a third glass, her hand shook and she spilled the blood-red liquid onto the otherwise pristine white table cloth. Worse, some of the wine splashed onto the Free Man's shirt. He growled in anger.

“I am so sorry, Master,” she stammered, grabbing a napkin and nervously dabbing at the spreading crimson patch. The man grabbed her wrist with his left hand and his other went to her quim, pinching her sex lips. She steeled herself against his teasing touch.

“Clumsy bitch,” he said.

“A girl begs mercy!”

The man smiled grimly and jabbed a finger into Five-fifty-five's pussy. When his other hand released her wrist she did not move but remained leaning over the table, still clutching the napkin as the fingers pushed up into her cunt. The man gestured with a jerk of his head to the black women who were silently watching from their kneeling position nearby. They immediately rose to their feet and approached the table, standing on either side of Five-fifty-five. The man removed his fingers from Five-fifty-five's quim and beckoned, and one of the black twins leaned forward, her large breasts swaying, so that he could whisper into her ear. The woman listened for a moment and then immediately dropped to her knees and rasped her tongue across the lips of Five-fifty-five's sex.

“Open your legs, girl,” the man ordered, as Five-fifty-five gasped in surprise.

However, the other twin moved behind and reached round to cup Five-fifty-five breasts so that the

firm white flesh bulged between the jet black fingers, and the fur loin cloth brushed against Five-fifty-five's buttocks as she was pulled upright. The alien tongue flicked and probed at her pussy, while fingers pinched her throbbing nipples and hot full lips brushed against her neck. The black twins seemed to be all over her. For a moment, it seemed as though they were going to eat her. Their oiled breasts rubbed up and down on her flesh. Five-fifty-five felt the familiar heat of need stirring and glowing. Five-fifty-five gasped as a long tongue slithered over the engorged button of her clitoris and then rasped up the lips of her labia. The black woman knew exactly where to nip her with sharp teeth, and lick her with a snake like tongue, even as her hands sensuously caressed and massaged her thigh. This was a strange but delicious punishment for spilling wine!

Five-fifty-five leaned back for support against the woman who still held her breasts, and she spread her legs to that the other one could have greater access to caress and kiss her cunt. Long fingers pressed up inside her, prizing her open, and the air felt cool against the exposed moist flesh. Five-fifty-five closed her eyes, sighed, and relaxed against the woman who held her, seemingly unaware of the people that watched the tableau. The twins seemed to instinctively sense the moment and, without exchanging a word, they moved as one, with the one grasping Five-fifty-five's thighs and the other closing her arms around her torso, picking her up bodily and dumping her face down on the table amongst the remnants of the meal. She yelped and tried to rise, but one of the twins leapt upon her with feline agility, like a wild cat leaps upon its helpless prey. The black girl straddled Five-fifty-five's back, pinning her down, compressing her breasts onto the damp, wine-soaked cloth, and Five-fifty-five felt the warm moistness of the girl's cunt flesh as her sex lips divided an split against the ridge of her spine.

Momentarily later there was the hiss of displaced air and a fiery pain suddenly streaked across Five-fifty-five's buttocks. She felt the twin tighten her knees about her ribs, just as the next stroke of the cane screamed across the top of her thighs. It was a hard blow that landed with exquisite torment on the sweet stretch of tender skin between thigh and buttock. That, combined with the eroticism of the moment, was Five-fifty-five's complete undoing. It was as if a volcano had erupted amidst the seething lava of her senses. Stroke after stroke lashed across her buttocks and thighs. She knew that her arse was a tortured and bleeding mass, yet she was almost immune from it, for Five-fifty-five had retreated to the darkest recesses of her brain, where she wallowed and swam in the delicious maelstrom of pain and humiliation.

She was only vaguely aware of being turned onto her back, with her splayed legs dangling and her sore arse perched on the edge of the table top, streaking the snowy-white cloth with traces of her blood. The faces that gazed down upon her were just a blur, but she closed her eyes against them just the same. After a few moments, the strong musk of female sex juices assailed her nostrils as a gaping black-pink pussy pressed down, and a hand lifted her head and firmly pressed her face into the sodden slick folds of cunt flesh. Five-fifty-five licked furiously, stretching her tongue up into the dripping inner contours, just as another tongue rasped up the length of her own pussy and swirled around the well of her anus. A sudden explosion seemed to erupt inside her, and a mind-blowing orgasm made her writhing wildly under the woman whose thighs straddled her head, and her legs kicked and clasped at the girl crouched at her cunt. Then she drifted into a space of her own making, somewhere in the hidden redoubts of her own submission, where pleasure and pain coexisted together, each feeding the other.

Chapter Seven

Five-fifty-five was awoken early on the next day. Her buttocks and thighs were red and fiercely striped, despite the soothing salve that had been applied on the previous evening. There was a persistent dull ache in the bruised flesh and she twisted her body on the bed to take a rueful look. Suffused and fiery patches of crimson skin badged each of her arse cheeks, and her thighs bore red-blue streaks where the cane strokes had been particularly fierce. Herbie the apprentice slaver took pity, and gave her a couple of strong pain-killing tablets before he fucked her. Then he took her to the locker room, dressed her in a loose and light frock, and sent her off to Sir Andrew's office.

The moment she stepped onto the pavement outside the Gorean Club premises, she changed from Five-fifty-five to Cheryl Hardisty, effortlessly and automatically, just as a chameleon changes colour. Then, though, the pain of her tortured bottom suddenly seemed more intense and humiliating. There were some vacant seats on the Tube train that morning, but Cheryl chose to stand, and even the light fabric of her dress caused a sore tremor of pain as she walked. When she arrived at the riverside tower block, Carl was nowhere to be seen in the foyer. She was disappointed by his absence for once, because she hadn't been able to speak to him since their mutual punishment. Also, she wondered if he might have some information about Becky Boo.

Sir Andrew was unusually remote and morose as he pored over papers and reports, making telephone calls, and rapping out emails on his computer keyboard. Cheryl silently and watched all of this, because she spent the entire morning standing naked beside his desk, with no purpose other than to look desirable. She was rarely put to this use, thank the Priest Kings, but perhaps on that occasion it was a concession to her tortured buttocks (sitting for any length of time at her desk might have posed a problem). Sir Andrew usually chose Katrina when he wanted a dumb office ornament, simply because she had the fewest everyday commercial skills. Usually, Cheryl was required crunch and analyse numbers for complex reports, and Sura was far too valuable running Sir Andrew's office and his life to be used so wastefully.

Anyway, when Cheryl had arrived at Sir Andrew's executive suite, she had been promptly stripped, posed like a doll, and admonished to silence. She hated it, but did not complain. That wouldn't have been a very good idea at all. Whenever Sir Andrew chose to use one of his girls in this way, it usually signalled his intensely black mood. All of the slaves, even Sura, trod warily around him on such occasions.

As Cheryl stood there, looking out at the Thames, she pondered on the possible reasons for her Master's anxiety and depression. Things had not been going well in the company over the last few weeks in the global recession; that much was evident from the reports she had generated. Some big deals had gone down. One hitherto major account transformed overnight into a huge, multi-million dollar bad debt. Sir Andrew carried the burden, and Cheryl had recently seen some less than complimentary communications from the Chairman.

"Are you happy with me, Cheryl?" Sir Andrew suddenly asked her.

"Yes, Master, of course."

"You are managing alright with your accommodation at the Club?"

"Yes, Master."

"You want to stay with me?"

"Yes, Master, of course I do!"

Her alarm was growing. Where this was this leading? It was all very strange. Something was troubling him deeply. She responded in the only way that she knew, folding to her knees at his feet and deftly unzipping the trousers of his smart navy blue Savile Row suit. Then she reached in to find his limp cock and take it into her mouth, rolling it with her tongue. This usually did the trick, but his cock stayed soft. He stroked her hair absently, and she could tell that he was intensely preoccupied with something..

"You're a joy to me, Cheryl, you know that?" he says. "You know that you can trust me."

She couldn't reply to him, other than with her wide, adoring eyes as she sucked his cock. She did trust him implicitly. Moreover, he embodied her main hope of exploring sub space again. That is the Holy Grail that drove in her slavery. The weird and public session with the black twins had very nearly achieved it, but not quite. Despite some very heavy sessions, the ethereal descent into sub space hadn't

happened too often, but she lived in constant hope. Her Master's cock began to slowly show signs of life in her mouth and, to further encourage it, she rolled the sac of his balls in the palm of her hand.

"My mind is made up," he said suddenly, reaching for the phone as she went to work on his now tumescent shaft. He spoke into the phone: "Sura, come in here."

Cheryl's head was bobbing energetically on Sir Andrew's penis when Sura walked into the office. As usual, Sura was cool and assured, acting as though nothing untoward was happening in the room. "You called, sir?"

"Aye, Sura. I need to go to Columbia, as soon as possible... Buenaventura in Valle de Cauca. Book the flights and accommodation. Clear my diary for a week and get open-ended reservations. I don't know how long it might take."

"Shall I notify the Chairman of your absence, sir?" Sura said, pursing her lips and frowning slightly.

"Aye, of course. He'll need to appoint someone to deputise for me here. But only tell him after I've left."

Sura paused and glanced down at Cheryl, who was still working earnestly administering a honest-to-goodness blow job to her owner, and then she said: "Master, but is this wise? The Foreign and Commonwealth Office has advised against all but essential travel to Columbia."

"Aye, well, this journey *is* essential," Sir Andrew said, suddenly grasping Cheryl's head with both hands and thrusting his cock deeply into her throat.

Afterwards, as Cheryl dressed to return to the Gorean Club, she said: "Master, can I speak about my sister, Becky?"

"Rebecca? Aye, you may speak, lassy."

"Becky is very young. Her nickname in the family is Becky Boo, because she wouldn't say boo to a goose. She's a good girl and not the sort to be a lifestyle kajira."

Sir Andrew smiled slowly. He reached to lift the hem of Cheryl's skirt, lifting it to inspect her bruised buttocks. "I don't think that's for you to judge, my girl," he said, letting the skirt fall back into place after a few seconds. "Rebecca is a young woman, not a child, and I've taken her onto my chain. That's all there is to it. Who knows, in the future, you two might be teamed as an exotic pair, just like the black twins."

Cheryl shuddered, but she made no reply. Cheryl couldn't imagine sexually serving Free Men in tandem with her own kid sister. Well, actually, she *could* imagine it, all too vividly. She knew that her Master could indeed ordain that she and Becky be trained in that way, should he wish it. There would be nothing that either sister could do about it. As she pulled on one of her stockings, she said: "I don't even know where Becky is. I haven't seen her since that night in the Club cloakroom. It's eating away at me, Master."

Sir Andrew nodded. "Rest assured, Cheryl, Rebecca is being well looked after. But to put your mind at rest, I'll instruct that you are to see her while I am away in Columbia."

Cheryl bit her lip. Columbia! That was something else that was eating away at her, and it just wouldn't go away.

Chapter Eight

After her day at the office, Cheryl Hardisty returned to the Gorean Club and became Five-fifty-five again. She stripped and showered before the slavers locked her in her kennel. This was her usual regime. However, that very evening, less than 15 minutes after Five-fifty-five had eaten her lonely evening meal, Herbie arrived and tossed her a red silk camisk. This was a puzzle. Usually, she would either remain alone and naked for the evening or, more often, be bedecked in pleasure silks and taken to serve in the Club Room. However, Herbie did not explain. She pulled the thigh-length satin slip over her head, straightening it tautly over her pointed breasts, and then dutifully raised her chin for him to attach a leash to her collar. Herbie then strode away and led her like a scampering puppy down the maze of corridors. He eventually stopped at a door, and Five-fifty-five waited with growing apprehension as he fumbled for a plastic swipe card from the yellow sash of his white pantaloons. When she was led inside, though, she recognised the room immediately, even though she had only been there once before in all her time at the Club. It was the slavers' Assessment Room, with its polished wooden floor boards and walls decorated with extravagant, colourful murals. There was a large circle outlined on the floor, some twenty feet across, drawn with blue and yellow parallel painted lines, with a 3ft diameter solid white circular patch at its centre. Herbie took her to the far wall of the room, next to the tall lectern-style desk that was the only furniture in the room. He clipped her leash to an eye-bolt there.

"Nadu," he murmured, and she knelt with splayed knees and a straight back.

With that, Herbie turned and left, closing and locking the door, leaving her alone in the room. She waited apprehensively. Why had he brought her here? Surely she was not to be assessed again? She glanced around the room as she waited, looking at the stout and tall round polished post that was set in the floor to the side of the assessment circle. She studied the vivid murals on the walls, each graphically depicting a scene of degradation and slavery: a girl tied in a doubled-over position, feet beside her ears, as a male ravished her with a hugely tumescent cock; 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 naked girl dancing beneath the lash while all around her other slaves were being ravished in imaginative ways. The last mural caught her attention most: it showed a girl performing on the sales block under the whip of an auctioneer. Was this why she had been brought here? Is this what Carl had been warning her about? She could well imagine that this room could be used to display slaves for sale, just as it was used for their initial assessment. Her heart began to beat a little quicker.

After some time, the door opened and Karim, the India slaver entered, leading a naked blonde girl on a chain leash. Five-fifty-five stifled a gasp, but found herself smiling. Becky! Becky gave her a small, wan smile as Karim led her to a position on the side of the assessment circle and snapped: "Nadu, kajira!"

Becky immediately sank to her knees, rather clumsily and not in a manner that satisfied Karim.. He turned her to face Five-fifty-five and painstakingly posed her to the very specific requirements of the wide-kneed nadu position.. When he had finished, Becky was sitting back on her heels with her head up, looking directly ahead at her sister, her thighs widely-spread, back straight and shoulders pulled back, belly sucked in, and tits out-thrust. She kept her chin up and stared straight ahead, as if unseeing. Five-fifty-five knew that her sister would be feeling incredibly vulnerable keeling in that unaccustomed, degrading position. There is no way for a naked woman to kneel in nadu without being fully and openly exposed, and Five-fifty-five could see the plump lips of Becky's depilated sex.

Karim moved to stand beside the lectern, and his baggy silk pants brushed against Five-fifty-five as he passed her. The two sisters remained like that for some minutes. They both seemed unnerved by the virtual silence in the Assessment room, with only the sound of each other's breathing, and Karim also seemed tense as he stood behind the lectern, with his dusky hands constantly fiddling with edges of the large leather-bound ledger that was set there.

Five-fifty-five studied her younger sister. Becky's body still carried some puppy fat, and her flesh was soft and slightly pink, fresh from the shower. Her long blonde hair had been brushed to a sheen, and her make-up was immaculately applied, but still her face looked pale, as if she had been somewhat shocked by what happened to her since entering the slave pens. Becky would almost certainly have just been subjected to her first degrading enema before being brought to that room. Jack would have introduced BDSM games into Becky's young womanly life, but it certainly would have hardly prepared

her for harsh reality of life in the Gorean lifestyle's kennels. Life was about more than just sex games in the kennels; it involved 24/7 domination and the absolute surrender of power and control.

Presently the door opened, and Karim snapped to attention behind the lectern. Five-fifty-five knew better than to look up at face level. However, she dared a glance and saw Gaffa's voluminous blue pantaloons, gathered in at the ankle, and his blue, almost dainty, gold-embroidered slippers. She also saw the cane in Gaffa's broad yellow sash, and the five blade whip in his hand.

"Stand, Five-seventy-three!" Gaffa ordered, shaking out the five broad leather lashes of the whip.

Becky gave a little yelp, as if startled, as she leapt to her feet, her full breasts bouncing with the sudden movement. Her sister could only watch. Five-seventy-three! Becky had a number, and it was inked on her thigh with the large red 'k' for kajira.

"Enter the circle, and stand in the white spot at the centre," Gaffa ordered, and he waited as Becky scurried to comply. "Head back! Hands behind head! Bend backwards! Farther! More still, girl! More! Bend your back."

Gaffa turned and nodded to Karim, who had taken up a pen at the ledger on the lectern.

Five-fifty-five watched Becky struggling to perform to the Head Slaver's demanding standards. Gaffa only lightly whipped Becky Boo, just flicking her with the leather a couple of times, but Five-fifty-five knew how terrified, vulnerable and humiliated her sister would be feeling at that moment. A pink blush suffused Becky's face and crept down over her shoulders and full breasts as she stood with her hands behind her head, fingers laced, bending backwards so that she looked up at the ceiling. Five-fifty-five appraised her sister's naked body, not really having had the opportunity to ever candidly study it before. Becky's breasts were rather larger than Five-fifty-five's own pert, firm and perky tits. Becky's nipples were larger too, on big brown areolae, and they were very prominently erect at that moment.

The girl flinched when Gaffa cracked his whip as if taming a wild animal, and he then issuing a stream of staccato orders in his shrill voice. Five-fifty-five held her breath, both enthralled, and afraid for her sister, as Becky submitted to Gaffa's assessment with a series of time-honoured, precisely planned moves.

"Hands on hips! Hands behind back! Hands crossed before you, as though bound!"

Karim watched closely and made notes on the ledger as Becky complied and presented her body for inspection. Gaffa's orders were abrupt, brooking neither question nor dissent. Each command was calculated to hold Becky in position just long enough to well-reveal and exhibit her before issuing a new command. Becky, desperate to obey, surrendered to the full and harsh choreography of the traditional Gorean slaver's assessment: "Fall to the floor! Nadu! Head down! Head up! Bend backwards! Farther!" He repeatedly cracked his whip, and she flinched each time and strove to achieve perfection, even though the leather lashes did not actually touching her sensitised skin.

Gaffa paused as Becky lay back on her heels in the white spot at the centre of the assessment circle, with her knees widely spread and her shoulders touching the floor behind her. With Becky in that vulnerable and open position, Five-fifty-five could see the plump nether lips of her sex slightly parted, and the frilled, glistening pink petals of her inner labia were protruding slightly. Becky had a very pretty pussy.

"Roll on your belly," Gaffa commanded after long seconds. "Lift yourself slightly. Look up at me. Appear angry! Appear frightened! Appear aroused! Smile! Look insolent. Lower your head to the ground. Raise your bottom upward. Thighs widely spread."

Five-fifty-five watched, scarcely breathing. She had never seen another slave girl being assessed, although she had obviously been subjected to the humiliating and yet exciting assessment herself. Becky was excited too, she knew. Her body was mottled with a pink flush and her breathing was ragged. Her eyes were wide and bright, and the lips of her mouth were lasciviously parted as she responded to Gaffa's rapid commands, anxious to please as she writhed, twisted, leapt up, strutted, pranced, pirouetted, not just on the small white spot, but using the whole area of the assessment circle, as she must, complying abjectly and shamelessly with the calculated and sensual performance inflicted upon her.

"Onto your back now. 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."

When Gaffa finally desisted, Becky was lying with her feet flat on the floor, her legs flexed and widely spread, and she was shamelessly thrusting her gaping, bald pussy up to the Head Slaver's view.

"She is acceptable!" Gaffa said, nodding to Karim, taking notes at the lectern. Then, to Becky, he snapped, "Nadu, Five-seventy-three."

Becky knelt again, striving for the same open-thighed, straight-backed perfection as before. She seemed suddenly shy again, embarrassed, as she knelt with her heavy breasts rapidly rising and falling with her ragged breathing. A sheen of perspiration filmed her body. Gaffa tossed the whip aside with a clatter and stepped into the circle. Five-fifty-five knew what must now follow.

Gaffa the Head Slaver stooped to sweep his hands over Becky's body, touching every part of her as she remained kneeling and looked determinedly ahead. His hands encircled her throat, and then his fingers stroked down her neck and over her shoulders, tracing her collar bones, trailing down her arms, pausing to press at the muscles, and his finger tips swirled in the wells inside her elbows. This examination was a ritual of the salver's trade, with little deviation if any from the established pattern. He ran his hands down Becky's plump flanks, pressing the finger tips against her ribs and dimpling the slight layer of puppy fat, and then he cupped her breasts in his pink-brown palms, pressing the flesh upwards, then letting them fall, and he repeated this a couple of times - testing their bounce. He pinched one of the large, turgid nipples and twisted it, waiting for long seconds before releasing it, before giving her other nipple the same treatment. After he had done this, Becky's teats were of a size similar to the end joint of a woman's thumb.

"Superb nipples," Gaffa called.

Becky gave a small yelp, more of surprise than anything else, when Gaffa delivered a stinging slap to each of her full white breasts, making them sway and leaving the reddened print of his hand there. She gasped, but remained in position. Then he pressed his left hand in the small of Becky's back, holding her steady while his other hand probed and kneaded the soft flesh of her belly, and he grunted a couple of times, as if slightly dissatisfied. His hand then reached between her splayed thighs, and his palm cupped Becky's pussy. Becky remained stock still with her chin held high, but she gave a little grimace as his fingers palpated her pussy lips. Then she murmured slightly when his third finger slipped inside her.

"Ease up off your heels," Gaffa ordered, and Becky obeyed instantly.

The slaver slid his finger from her pussy and wiped it in her long dark hair. She remained on her knees, but with straight thighs now, kneeling up, and the large black hands encircled and squeeze each of her pleasantly plump thighs in turn. Then his hands cupped her buttocks, and the soft white flesh spilled through his black fingers. He nodded and called to Karim. "Excellent arse." Five-fifty-five smiled slightly. Again, she knew that the slavers favoured a nice rounded bottom on a girl. They also liked big nipples and blonde hair. Perhaps Becky might make a more desirable slave than her elder sister?

"Open your mouth and show me your teeth." He grasped Becky's chin, tilting her head back, peering into her mouth. "Good enough," he called.

Karim made a note.

"Lean back, support yourself on your outstretched arms behind you, and raise your hips high," Gaffa ordered. Becky obeyed, curving her spine like a bow, presenting the plump purse of her pussy for inspection. Gaffa delicately took each of the lips between finger and thumb and separate them. He used the flat of one hand with his fingers widely splayed to hold the labia apart, and Becky grunted when he pushed two straight fingers of his other hand up into her cunt. Then, though, he instantly withdrew the two fingers and in the same lightning move, he whipped them down against the pink glistening flesh of the spread pussy, and then immediately penetrated her again with the same fingers. His other hand kept her pussy gaping open, and he repeated the slaps and penetration with lightning speed for a full minute until Becky was giving out little mewling sounds. Then he pressed a fingertip against the hood of her clitoris, pushing it back and he stooped to peer critically at the small, hard pink kernel. "Very acceptable clitoris," he called to Karim, stepping back and standing upright, gazing down at Becky's supine body. He said quietly, "Stand up and move to the white spot, Five-seventy-three."

Becky climbed to her feet and went to stand in the centre of the assessment circle. Gaffa moved to stand before her and placed his black fingers against her full red lips. Becky obediently took the fat digits into her mouth and diligently sucked them clean. Five-fifty-five could smell her sister's sex juices, or it may even have been the fragrance of her own arousal. Gaffa used Becky's long hair to wipe his hands, and then turned to Five-fifty-five.

"Stand, Five-fifty-five," he said. She started with surprise but immediately leapt to her feet. "Strip

off that rag and enter the circle.”

She pulled the red satin slip over her head and tossed it to one side, before stepping forward into the circle.

“Move to the white spot, and stand back-to-back with the new kajira.”

Five-fifty-five moved forward, gazing at Becky, who bit her pensively. She turned her back against Becky and stood straight, and inching backwards until their shoulder blades and buttocks touched. Gaffa stood back, walking round them, dropping to one knee for a few seconds, moving forward, then back again, as he eyed them appraisingly.

“Same height and confirmation, although Five-seventy-three is slightly overweight and her muscles need toning,” he called to Karim, for the record. Then, approaching closer, he asked: “What is your bra cup size, Five-seventy-three?”

“Thirty-six D, Master.”

“And yours, Five-fifty-five?”

“Thirty-four B, Master.”

Gaffa nodded and stroked his chin, and then gestured to Karim. “Make a note... a considerable difference.” He then ordered the two girls, “Turn to face each other.”

They both turned and stood precisely as he demanded.

“*Closer!*”

They moved nearer together, until Five-fifty-five felt her sister’s hard and elongated nipples brushing on the underbelly of her own pert breasts. Again Gaffa inspected the two slaves closely, moving round to view them from various angles, comparing one against the other.

“Hands behind your heads!” Again he walked around, viewing them appraisingly, until he said, “Very well, walk hand-in-hand together round the perimeter of the circle until I tell you to stop, and walk well, kajira. Take slow and steady steps, and keep time with each other. By the left...”

Five-fifty-five, gazing straight into her sister’s face only inches away, gave a small, imperceptible grimace. She moved to stand beside her and took Becky by the hand, and they both stepped forward on the left foot. They reached the painted outer edge of the Assessment Circle, and then walked around as commanded for a full turn of the area.

“Now, again, but raise your knees.” They set off again, raising their knees with each pace. “Higher!” It was a stylised walk, and it took a few paces to find the rhythm, but they were urged to comply by Gaffa drawing his cane and holding it in front of them at the height of their hips, demanding that they touch it with their knees with each pace.

“Run!” Gaffa rasped, wielding the cane so that it rapped simultaneously across the front of each girl’s thighs.

The two sisters broke into a trot, running side by side round the edge of the circle, as Gaffa retreated to the white centre spot and watched critically. Becky’s breasts were bouncing with each step. But although there was some fluidity in the movement of Five-fifty-five’s smaller orbs, they remained virtually static by comparison. After a couple of laps of the circle, they were brought to a halt and stood breathing heavily.

“They might be sisters, and they are the same height and confirmation, but they are not a matched pair,” Gaffa said to Karim, sliding the cane into his waist sash. “The difference in hair colour is not an issue and Five-seventy-three is carrying extra weight, of course, which will be removed in the coming weeks. But her breasts are much larger and heavier by nature. I will advise Sir Andrew that the should be treated as separate kajira.”

Karim nodded and scribbled in the ledger atop the lectern. “I will arrange for a suitable exercise regime for Five-seventy-three, sir,” he said.

“How many punishment strokes has Five-seventy-three accrued?”

“Four, sir.”

“Very well, administer them now.”

Becky gasped and squeezed her sister’s hand. She probably didn’t know it at the time, but newly-assessed slaves are always whipped anyway, just to impress their newly degraded station upon them.

Karim emerged from behind the lectern and grasped Becky, thrusting her against the stout whipping post. He pulled a length of soft cord from his sash and tied her wrists before hooking them high on the

pole above her head. Becky whimpered slightly, swaying on the tips of her toes, her thighs and breasts pushed either side of the highly-polished pole. Gaffa stooped to pick up the short five-blade whip, and Becky glanced fearfully over her shoulder, just as the Head Slaver handed the whip to Karim. She whimpered again and pressed her body hard against the post.

Karim's arm reared back and the blades whirled and sang in the air before lashing down across Becky's creamy-white shoulders. She screeched loudly but he swung the whip again and the leather straps wrapped around her waist as if in some kind of obscene caress. Becky danced and scrambled on the tips of her toes, as if trying to run away. Five-fifty-five could only watch helplessly as her sister sobbed with the shock, pain and humiliation of the whipping. The third blow was administered on her full bottom, and the flesh there seemed to go white momentarily before being quickly suffused with red. "Nooooooooo!" Becky screamed, but the final strike landed fully on the backs of her thighs with a ragged splatter of leather on flesh, with each of the five blades striking momentarily after the other.

Karim had expertly flogged Becky so that the flesh on her back would seem to be ablaze from shoulder to thigh. Five-fifty-five had received enough whippings to know the devastation it wreaks and (for her at least) the utter excitement it can bring too. She wondered if Becky also possessed that strange capacity and yearning to derive exquisite pleasure from indescribable pain. There was no way of telling, for Becky just sobbed quietly, and her naked whipped body slumped against the post.

"What are you girl?" Gaffa suddenly asked her.

"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!"

Becky's voice was small but clear. Five-fifty-five realised that someone had obviously taught Becky her Gorean slave paces. Perhaps Jack had something to do with that? Or maybe their Owner and Master, Sir Andrew, had made Becky learn the paces? It was required of all kajira, of course.

"Arrange for the tattooist, she will be permanently branded."

"Yes, sir."

"Come," Gaffa said, snapping his fingers, and he led Five-fifty-five from the Assessment Room, leaving her sobbing sister still tied to the whipping post.

Gaffa took Five-fifty-five back to her kennel and chained her to her bed in the sleeping position, with her wrists fastened, prayer fashion, to her collar. He then locked the kennel gate and left her there, alone with her thoughts. She sighed, pondering the events, and curled in the foetal position. Her mind was racing and it was too early to sleep, but she had been put to bed, like a child, and that was all there was to it.

Chapter Nine

“This is your first gym session, Rebecca?” Sura asked Becky when she arrived with Cheryl at the health club.

“Yes, it is, mistress.”

“Ssshhh, and just change into a robe,” Sura said, glancing around the changing room. “We are always discreet if non-Goreans are present.”

Sura was already wearing a white fleecy robe. It was a snooty gym in the middle of Mayfair, which the Gorean Club rented by the hour a couple of times a week, and a few vanilla women were dressing after the previous open session. Cheryl had noticed that Sura always casts a professional eye over each of the vanillas as they wandered nonchalantly nude to and from the showers. That day, a trim blonde girl with good firm breasts remained ostentatiously naked for ages as she dried her hair with a blower, little knowing that she was being appraised as a possible sex slave. Cheryl was fairly sure that Sura would have ear-marked that one for further investigation..

Becky and Cheryl stripped. Neither of them wore knickers, and Cheryl doesn't wear a bra, but Becky was wearing a pretty underwired black lace platform number which she leaves draped over the peg in a locker. They each put on a robe and went to the medical room at the side of the gymnasium area where Mr Mubarak, the pervy Egyptian doctor retained by the Gorean Club, was waiting. The rotund doctor looked distinctly out of place in his smart charcoal grey business suit.

“Oh God, it's him!” Becky said.

“You know him?”

“Yes, he examined me at the Assessment Centre in Wales. He gives me the creeps.”

Cheryl smiled, remembering her own traumatic first experience at Mubarak's hands, being made to stand with her hands behind her head and legs widely spread during the entire examination, except for when he wanted her to lie on her back with her legs propped up in medical stirrups. “Did you realise that someone was taking pictures during that examination?” she said. “There's a big glossy print on my locker door at the Club, just to prove it.”

The other kajirae drift into the medical room. After ten minutes or so, presumably when the vanillas have all left, Sura locks the doors. At that point they all entered into the their slave personae.

“You will come here at least once a week, Five-seventy-three. The doctor attends every month.”

“How lovely,” Becky said, bringing a glare from Sura..

Five-fifty-five smiled, well-knowing that her little sister, chubby Becky Boo, definitely was not a typical gymnastic type of girl..

“Strip, girls!” Sura called out, clapping her hands and slipping off her own robe. “Get in line.”

Five-fifty-five tossed her robe to the side, along with the others. .

Sura looked appraisingly at Becky's naked body. “Tsk, tsk. You have a duty to look after your Master's property, Five-seventy-three. It's your responsibility to keep yourself fit, healthy and trim.”

“I'll do my best, mistress,” Becky said.

“You'll have to do better than that. You have a lot of work to do, kajira, so you'll be on a particularly arduous programme to begin with.”

Sura was naked, like the rest of the Club slaves. She was rather older than the others - old enough to be the mother of many of them, in fact. However, Sura had a trim, supple body without an ounce of surplus fat. Five-fifty-five could see her point regarding Becky, too. Becky had a nice curvaceous figure, but her body soft and cuddly rather than trim and honed like the rest of the kajirae. Gaffa, the Head Slaver, had considered that they were similar in confirmation and style when he formally assessed them together, as if judging pedigree bitches. Thinking along those lines, Five-fifty-five had always considered that Becky took after their mother, with her blonde hair and fuller figure, while she had always been dark and slim, like her father's family. Five-fifty-five was suddenly conscious that her sister knows she has been staring at her, and smiling slightly. By now, Becky has learned that a kajira isn't permitted any modesty whatsoever. Five-fifty-five wants to give her a hug and squash against her big spongy breasts, but she wasn't allowed to do that, of course.

They waited in line to get checked out by Dr Mubarak. Mia the Chairman's girl was first up and, without being told, she stepped forward and stood very erectly with her fingers laced behind her neck,

elbows back, and legs widely spread. Mubarak was assisted by Sura who, although quite naked, stood beside him with a clipboard and pencil, making notes. That day, the doctor was taking blood samples, swabs and a urine specimen, so it took some time for him to process each girl. The other girls waited naked in the line as he dealt with Mia..

“They expect us to do keep-fit stuff every week?” Becky whispered, a little louder than is wise. “What a pain!”

“Silence!” Mubarak snapped, looking up as he measured Mia’s skin-fold thickness with callipers.

Becky Boo almost leapt back when Mubarak barks, and Five-fifty-five suppressed a giggle. She looked at her pouting sister and smiled reassuringly. Little did Becky know, but these weekly exercise sessions can be a pain, in more ways than one.

“Acceptable,” Mubarak eventually said, concluding his first examination, and Sura gave Mia a pair of lycra shorts, a sports bra, and a broad shaped belt with a battery pack.

“At least we get some clothing,” Becky whispered.

Five-fifty-five just raised her eyebrows and gave a wry smile as Mia pulled on the tight mid-thigh shorts. They waited while the second girl in line was duly processed, and eventually she too was pronounced acceptable and given her sports gear and belt.

Five-fifty-five was next, although it should have been Becky’s turn by rights. Five-fifty-five stepped forward and put her hands behind her neck, pulled back her shoulders, and stuck out her chest, standing compliantly as Mubarak checked her blood pressure, listened to her heart, and drew two blood samples. She peed in a paper cup, there and then, because she knew that if she didn’t he would use his little electric probe to make me urinate. She was then duly weighed, measured, her BMI was measured with the callipers.

“Acceptable,” Mubarak finally said, waving her aside.

She gave a silent prayer to the Priest Kings for that! Any deviation from her set physical plan would usually bring a couple of strokes of the cane, at least, not to mention extra heavy gym sessions and an even more stringent diet than usual. Sura handed her her gym gear and she pulled on the red sports bra with the number 555 emblazoned on it. It was purpose-designed to fit her very snugly, of course, and she could feel the in-built electrodes nestling against her nipples. She then pulled on the tight mid-thigh length lycra shorts, feeling the soft, lined fabric hug her pussy, moulding into every nook and cranny. Although the Gorean Club kajirae always had the gym for their exclusive use, there were large windows overlooking the swimming pool and coffee lounge used by ordinary members, so they had to be decently covered. That was to protect the public’s finer sensibilities, of course, and to safeguard the standing of the kajirae’s owners. Anyway, every kajira, including Five-fifty-five, always wore a sports bra when exercising to give support and reduce the risk of getting saggy tits. However, there was another reason and the real secret lay in the special intimate engineering of their garments. Five-fifty-five fitted the belt around her waist and cinch it tightly, feeling the weight of the battery attached to it. She glanced towards her sister as she stood in front of Mubarak, and then went to the main exercise area.

The gym is very well equipped, as might expected for a place that charges boodles for annual membership. It’s got treadmills, cross-trainers, weights benches, and loads of other training machines. The trainer in the black singlet and shorts checked Five-fifty-five’s battery-pack and connected a couple of cable leads to her bra and shorts. He then pressed a button on his hand control and she squealed as a sharp electric current momentarily coursed through her pussy and nipples. The shocks came from the power-pack on her belt, via electro-conductive pads strategically woven into her bra and shorts. She had been ready for the low-level test shock, and could have steeled herself to keep quiet, but had long since found it’s best to yell loudly in case the trainer thought it might not be working and gave her a bigger dose, just to make sure. As it was, the trainer just laughed and smacked her lycra-clad bottom good-naturedly, and sent her scurrying away.

She waited for Becky to enter the gym door, and watched as her sister stood glancing over her shoulder with curious interest as the trainer wired her up. Then, though, Becky yelped in shock and danced on her toes, clutching at her pussy. Five-fifty-five knew that the trainer had given Becky a major jolt to teach her a lesson, just because I was her first time. They always do that.

“What the fuck?” Becky complained as she joined her sister, ruefully rubbing her tits.

“The juice is triggered from the power pack on your belt. It’s the same technology they use for

electronic dog collars.”

“So I have to carry the means of my own punishment.”

After a few warm-up exercises, they are each sent to a different training machine. Through the large picture windows, Five-fifty-five can see people in the coffee bar, sipping their skinny lattes and black Americano coffee as they calmly watched the exercising girls. From their appearance, with their matching and prominently numbered sports gear, the girls could have been mistaken for a well-funded gymnastics or athletics team. Five-fifty-five waited on a treadmill as the trainer in the singlet tapped some figures into its computerised control. He set her moving at a steady walk on the belt, and then went to see to Becky, who was on the treadmill next to her sister. Becky was soon striding along at the same pace as Five-fifty-five, and the trainer moved on to the other girls. Five-fifty-five’s treadmill steadily increased in speed and angle, and she was presently walking at 6 kph on a 5.5% incline. Becky’s machine began to speed up too, and she was blowing hard after only a few minutes. Five-fifty-five saw her sister glance round to see if the trainer was looking and, before she could warn her not to do it, Becky sneakily pressed the speed control to reduce the treadmill pace. Suddenly, though, she was screeching and dancing on her toes, nearly falling from the moving belt. The trainer heard her shriek and hurries over.

“What happened?”

“Shocks! I got shocks,” Becky gasped, staggering into a walking rhythm on the treadmill.

“Your power-pack activated because the programme was illegally interrupted.”

“I’m short of breath. I think I’m having a heart attack.”

The trainer smiled. “Do you want to dismount and pay the penalty?”

“Yes! Yes, please.”

He punched a few numbers into the machine’s control panel and slowed the belt to a gradual stop. “Okay, step off the belt,” he tells Becky.

“Thank you. I’ll probably be alright in a minute.”

Five-fifty-five carried on striding in long paces on the steep incline on her moving belt, almost afraid to watch as Becky stood beside her.

“Okay, Five-seventy-three,” the trainer says. “The penalty is six strokes of the cane for wilful disobedience.”

“What? You can’t, not here.”

“Go to the medical room,” he says, pressing the remote control and making her dance a little jig.

Five-fifty-five watched as poor Becky scurried to the room, followed by the trainer, and the door closed behind them. After a few seconds she could hear Becky squealing and yelling and knew that she was receiving a bare-bum thrashing, because that’s how it always is. Presently the door opened again and Becky ran tearfully back to the treadmill. As ever, the slavers’ punishment was summary and instant. They could hardly cane the girls in public, but there are ways and means. Becky’s buttocks would be well-striped and very sore under her gym shorts.

“Okay, Five-seventy-three, back on the treadmill.”

“Please, Master, I can’t do it,” she whimpered.

The slaver pressed a button on his remote and Becky immediately screeched in pain and hugged her tits. He gave her another admonitory jolt, and this time she almost leapt onto the treadmill. The trainer pressed keys on the control panel and the belt steadily speeded up until poor Becky was jogging along, breathing in great gasping sobs. Every time she faltered, she yelped as another shock shoots through her pussy and boobs. Not surprisingly, Becky did pretty well to keep up after that, though. The doctor and trainers had worked out her fitness limits, of course, but they pushed her right to the edge.

The girls each worked round their prescribed circuit of the gym machines and weights. Five-fifty-five received a couple of sharp jolts from the power pack when she failed to keep up with the pace on a cross trainer, and that concentrated her mind. Actually, the bra and pants aside, she quite like the exercise sessions, but then she had always turned to exercise for stress-relief, right from when she was a young girl. Becky Boo, though, had always turned to comfort food. Presently, they are all allowed to go to the showers.

“That was horrible,” Becky says, taking off her shorts and twisting her body to ruefully stare at her cherry red cheeks.

“Best get used to it, Boo,” Five-fifty-five said. “The slavers will control your food intake and increase your exercise so you lose fat and gain muscle. It’s what they do, and you can’t do anything about it.”

One of the girls was collecting up the discarded sports clothes and putting them into a laundry bag, and another was gathering the battery packs and belts.. Becky snatched up her shorts and turned them inside out, seeing where the metal filaments are sewn into the gusset lining. “These people are inhuman,” she said, tossing the shorts into the bag.

“Well, you did volunteer, sis,” Five-fifty-five said as she turned and headed for the showers. “I’m just feeling guilty that you blindly followed my example without really knowing what it’s all about.”

Becky joined her in the shower. “You really think I joined because of you, Cherry?” she asked.. Becky laughed as she laved soap on her body. “Don’t worry, it’s not on your conscience. I didn’t even know you were in Sir’s special private team. I didn’t join because of you.”

“What?”

“Jack arranged it. He sold me to the Gorean Club. He sold you too. You mean that you really didn’t know?”

“What?” Five-fifty-five stood with her mouth agape, assimilating her sister’s words.

“Jack’s on a commission with the Gorean lifestylers to find likely recruits and soften them up. He breaks us in, and then moves us on... you first, and then me. Right now, he’s probably working on his next acquisition.”

Five-fifty-five was utterly flabbergasted. Jack, her one-time lover and some time Dom... and all the time he was pimping for the Gorean Club! Everything suddenly made perfect sense, and she knew it to be true. She had met Jack while still at university, and he charmed her and then gradually introduced her to the BDSM scene. She had liked it, it was exciting, and they’d played some Master/slave games for a while. Then, as she had gradually got more and more turned on by the scene, Jack had steadily increased the stakes. She gasped and spluttered under the shower. She could see it all now. All of this was down to dear Jack. He was the one who had ‘casually’ showed her the newspaper advert for graduate jobs with Axcentive, Sir Andrew’s international finance company, and he encouraged her to apply for a role. Also, as she had later found out, Jack had had secret dealings with Sura and given information about her BDSM kinks. It was all fixed! Unbeknown to herself, she had been thoroughly prepared, good and ready for plucking and fucking when she turned up at the company’s Assessment Centre in Wales. Then, when she had been recruited into Sir special private team, Jack had quietly moved on to groom her younger sister. Five-fifty-five had never imagined in her wildest dreams that he’d earmarked Becky for procurement. Fuck, he had earmarked them both for procurement!.

“So you knew that Jack was delivering you into this?” she asked Becky weakly.

Becky hesitated and then said: “Well, kind of... Didn’t you?”

“I’m fucking furious about this!”

“Well, we aren’t kids, are we? I mean, we could have walked away at any time.”

Five-fifty-five reflected that Becky seemed to have grown up overnight. She was right. They were twenty-five and twenty-two years old respectively, so neither of them were children. They had both known what we are getting into, and they had each cooperated with their own enslavement. Well, Five-fifty had, anyway. And now she found that little Becky Boo had known Jack’s game all along.

“My God, Boo,” Five-fifty-five said as she stepped dripping from the shower. “And I thought you were the naive one.”

Chapter Ten

Two days later....

Cheryl was bemused and unsure of the context of the meeting when Sura ushered her into Sir Andrew's office at the Company HQ. The Chairman was seated at Sir Andrew's desk and he looked up as she entered, grim-faced. Gaffa, the Head Slaver from the Gorean Club was there too, looking slightly incongruous with his bulk crammed into a sombre grey business suit. Cheryl didn't know whether to kneel or not. Was she there as Five-fifty-five, the Gorean Club kajira, or as Cheryl Hardisty, the business analyst? The Chairman's own girl, Mia, Five-fifty-four, was sitting on a chair to the side of the room, so Cheryl decided to remain standing.

"Can she be trusted with confidential information?" the Chairman asked Sura, and he waited for her almost imperceptible nod. Then he turned to Cheryl and said: "I wasn't aware that Sir Andrew was going to Columbia until it was too late to stop him. It seems he took it on himself to go and negotiate personally with Don Rafael. Be that as it may... He was contacting Sura on a regular basis, but she hasn't heard from him for two days. Has he been in touch with you?"

"No, sir," Cheryl said, surprised that he should have asked. How could he have contacted her when she hadn't had any access to internet or email over the past few days?

The Chairman paused for long seconds as he observed her reaction. Finally, he said: "Today Sura received very serious news about Sir Andrew, and she has sensibly, if belatedly, referred the matter to me. Tell her, Sura!"

"It seems that Sir Andrew has been kidnapped," Sura said, her voice small and wavering..

Cheryl let out a gasp. Her mouth opened as if to speak, but no words came.

"Don't look too shocked," the Chairman said. "It's an everyday occurrence in Columbia, and most of the people are usually recovered. Many cases are not even reported, of course, and neither will this be."

"My God!"

"We can't risk police involvement. I have to find other ways to get him released. For a start, get me all the information you can about kidnappings in Columbia. Send it to Sura. In the meantime, you are not to repeat a word of this. Is that clear?"

Cheryl was numb when she returned to her desk, but she sat at her PC screen and looked for sources that might give information about kidnapping in South America. There's stacks of it on Google! She gathered lots of data, and the information wasn't reassuring. It shocked her, in fact. She hadn't even realised that kidnapping is so prevalent in the world.

Cheryl collated the figures and put them into a report, and she then emailed it to Sura:

- 30,000: the estimated number of annual kidnappings in Columbia.
- 3% of kidnappers caught in Columbia are convicted compared with 95% in the US.
- 21%: the number of hostages who survive rescue attempts.
- \$5,000-100 million: the range of ransom demands.
- \$500m: the annual global takings of the kidnap industry.
- 40% of kidnap victims are released safely after payment of a ransom, according to Control Risks of London. Estimates, however, vary with one source stating that as many as nine out of ten are released.
- 11% of kidnap victims are released without a ransom being paid, either through negotiation or because the abductors realise that no-one's going to pay up.

It was a slow long day, and Cheryl was almost beside herself with worry. She wanted to talk to someone about the catastrophe, but that was forbidden, of course. Even Sura was unavailable. It was a full four hours later when a phone call summoned Cheryl back to Sir Andrew's office, where the Chairman was still sitting, and Gaffa, Sura and Mia are still there too. The atmosphere seemed even more strained than before.

"How committed are you to your Master?" the Chairman asked Cheryl.

“Totally, sir.”

He nodded grimly. Gaffa’s face was face stonily impassive. Sura is pale and pensive as she stands by the desk.

“I think you can be of assistance, Cheryl,” the Chairman said carefully. “We have received a ransom demand from kidnappers, and a photograph too for verification. There’s no doubt it’s genuine, as you can see from the newspaper included in the picture...”

The Chairman showed her an A4 sheet of paper with a coloured photograph printed on it. It had apparently been sent via email. She glanced at the picture and saw Sir Andrew, stark naked, bruised, sitting on a wooden kitchen chair with his hands behind his back and his ankles strapped to the chair legs. A newspaper - ironically, *La Liebertad* - was prominently displayed with the date visible. More sinisterly, a small compact package is strapped to Sir Andrew’s neck just under his chin: two metal cylinders about 3 inches long, and about the size of a match box, all taped together.

“That thing at his throat...?”

“A bomb. The kidnappers will only defuse it when they have the ransom in their hands. It’s to prevent an armed rescue, and discourage any attempt palm them off with a dud ransom payment. That’s common practice, apparently, and these are very experienced kidnappers. One false move and, with a press of a button, and BOOM!” He mimed a theatrical explosion of his hands. “Sir Andrew’s head will be blown clean off.”

“My God!”

“Well, maybe not so clean, actually. Anyway, I have decided to meet their demands in full, without any attempt to negotiate. It’s a high price, but I see no alternative.”

Cheryl smiled weakly. “I’m really glad to hear it, sir.”

“Gaffa will go to Buenaventura and the ransom will be made available to him there. However, the kidnappers are quite specific that it must be a lone woman who is sent to meet them. There’s no getting away from that, I’m afraid. So I think it’s appropriate that one of Sir Andrew’s special team should be chosen, one of his girls. Sura can’t be spared, of course, and she tells me the others aren’t too bright.” He paused for effect and glanced at Gaffa. Then he said, “Cheryl, I want you to deliver the ransom and make sure that Sir Andrew is safely exchanged.”

“Me, sir?”

“Yes. Gaffa will take you to Buenaventura under his protection, and then you will personally make the ransom exchange with the kidnappers. Do you think you can do that?”

“Well, yes, I suppose so.”

“Gaffa will be with you right up to the point you actually meet the kidnappers. Once at the rendezvous, you will have to go in alone, I am afraid. You will simply deliver the ransom which will facilitate Sir Andrew’s release. I’m told it happens all the time in Columbia.”

Cheryl could only gulp and nod. “I’ll do my best, sir, of course.”

“Your flight to Bogata leaves Heathrow at 9.45 tomorrow, and there is a connecting flight to Buenaventura,” Sura said smoothly. “Herbie will select some suitable things and pack a bag for you.”

Chapter Eleven

Gaffa and Cheryl left the Gorean Club early the next day. Karim had chosen a crisp cream suit and Yves St Laurent cream canvas wedge sandals for her to wear, and the ensemble was laid out in the locker room when she emerged from her daily enema and shower. There was a pair of nude stockings too, but no underwear. She dressed quickly, and Karim handed a small suitcase to her. Contrary to what she told the airport staff at check-in, she had no idea what was in that bag until she arrived at the hotel in Buenaventura, when she found that it only contained a toilet bag, cosmetics, enough clothes for just one day. The trip to the Republic of Columbia was uneventful, if fraught with tension. Gaffa exchanged scarcely a word with her on the flights. He retained her passport and ushered her just as conscientiously as if in the Gorean Club. They arrived at the hotel in the port of Buenaventura in the early evening

“Do you have your current government-issued proof of identity, sir?” the desk-clerk asked.

Gaffa produced documentation for both himself and Cheryl. She was surprised that he had it, given the haste of their travel arrangements, but it was obviously in order because the clerk handed Gaffa a small key and led him to a row of safety deposit boxes. “The special delivery is waiting for you, sir.”

“Excellent,” Gaffa said, opening the indicated wall safe and taking out a small attaché case “We’ll take dinner in our room.”

Once installed in the opulent room and alone together, Gaffa laid the crocodile-skin case on the bed and checked its contents: it was neatly filled with wads of crisp new green banknotes. ‘The ransom!’ Cheryl thought, and she wondered why Gaffa had not let the case in the safety deposit box. However, he merely put it in the corner of the room beside the dressing table. Still, he took no chances, and they spent the entire evening sequestered in the room. They retired early but, despite the exhaustion of the journey, Cheryl spent a restless night on the floor at the foot of Gaffa’s bed.

The next day, after a meagre breakfast, again served in the room, Gaffa supervised Cheryl’s toilet and checked her make-up and hair-styling with his usual scrupulous attention to detail. He then dressed her in a simple black, red and white print summer dress by Miu Miu, teamed with Jimmy Choo strappy sandals. She was naked under the dress, of course. They then waited for half an hour or more, impatient and ill at ease, until Gaffa’s cell phone rang. He received the call in silence and then picked up the attaché case and escorted Cheryl to a Mercedes car that waited outside the hotel.

A bearded man sat in the rear seat of the car, and Cheryl slid to sit beside him with Gaffa on the opposite side of her. “She is prepared and ready?” the man asked, looking across Cheryl to Gaffa, who clutched the attaché case on his lap.

“Yes, she is prepared.”

The man nodded and produced a pair of dark glasses from his pocket. “You must wear these,” he told Cheryl. “Close your eyes.”

He fitted the sunglasses to her head rather than giving them to her, and fastened them with an elastic strap under the drape of her hair. The dark shades were in fact a very efficient blindfold, with rough-textured pads that pressed snugly against her eye-lids, preventing her from opening her eyes.

It wasn’t a long journey, perhaps twenty minutes or so by Cheryl’s judgment. Unseeing, she could only listen to the sounds of the car engine and the traffic. Soon though, the wheels seem to be encountering uneven ground and the thrum of traffic faded. Eventually, the car stopped, and when she got out an arm was slipped inside hers for guidance.

She could hear the shouts of children playing, and a snatch of conversation from some passing people. Somewhere, quite close by she thought, there was a persistent sound of lapping water, as if by a sea or a river jetty. Then she felt wooden boards beneath her feet, uneven, with gaps frequently snagging the heels of her shoes, creaking, and she counted 89 paces as she walked in the warm, humid morning air: perhaps fifty yards, the way she was walking. A church bell tolled mournfully in the distance, and the air smelled of oily water and rotten wood. Cheryl’s heart was pounding with fear, with three beats for every toll of the church bell. She was made to pause briefly and a door opened on rusty hinges before she was pulled forward, and the door creaked shut behind her. Without a word, the sunglasses were removed, and she looked round and found herself in what appeared to be a rickety shack. From the unglazed window she could see a run-down, slum-like area outside and, directly across, separated by a narrow track of mud and oil-slicked puddles, three black men were playing dominoes on a dilapidated porch. A

couple of urchins were playing in the litter-strewn filth nearby, and a skinny young black girl, perhaps thirteen or fourteen years old, clad in tiny blue shorts and a tight pink vest that clung to her budding breasts, glanced in the window as she stalked past on the boardwalk. The bare room was only a frontage of a larger building, Cheryl thought, because there was another door on the far wall.

"I need to be sure that Sir Andrew is alive and well," Gaffa said.

"The girl can check that," the bearded man said carefully. "That is the arrangement. We need to maintain security, you understand. We are wary of concealed weapons or, more likely, hidden microphones. May I strip your woman?"

"Certainly," Gaffa replied, giving Cheryl a small nod.

Cheryl hesitated. They wanted her naked? She unbuttoned the dress and stepped out of it, handing it to Gaffa, leaving herself naked.

"The shoes too."

She removed the heeled sandals and placed them neatly to one side. The man eyed her body from tip to toe and indicated for her to turn for his cursory inspection. As she did so, she looked directly at the domino players across the slurry of the street.

"Okay, she can go in," the bearded man said, gesturing towards the far door.

Gaffa nodded and pushed her towards the door. "Report back here when you are certain that Sir Andrew is alive."

"He will be released when we safely have the ransom," the bearded man said.

Cheryl glanced nervously at the Head Slaver as she straightened her shoulders and stepped forward. The door closed behind her. She found herself in a bleak stairway, lit by a single bare bulb, with stone steps leading down into the gloom, and she shuddered as a cool draught of air made her skin prickle. She moved diffidently down the steps to a basement area which smelled of must, decay and old hessian sacks.

It was a large cellar, and the place was almost in darkness, but at the far end there was an arched doorway and pale yellow light spilled from it. By this dim illumination, she could see stacks of crates and tea chests in the main part of the basement. She moved forward carefully, her bare feet chilled by the stone floor, moving from one stack of crates to the next and then pausing, her eyes darting from one side to the other. She crept up to the arched doorway and dared to peek inside.

"Oh my God!" Cheryl exclaimed, almost leaping forward.

There, at the back of the chamber, Sir Andrew sat bound to the chair, stark naked, his knees spread because each leg ankle was tied to a chair leg, and his cock and balls nestled on the seat. He looked shocked to see her and struggled against the bonds that held him fast on the chair.

"No, Cheryl... Get the hell out of here. Go! Now!"

She looked round wildly, instinctively thinking to obey him and flee. However, there were three other men in the small cell-like room, and one of them had moved from the rear wall and was directly behind her. Cheryl gave a squeal of alarm when a hard masculine hand grasped her shoulder. Turned, she found herself looking into the pock-marked face of a man with narrowed brown eyes. A vicious scar coursed the length of the man's left cheek, from the side of one eye to the corner of his mouth, giving the appearance of a permanent snarl. Like the others, he wore camouflage combats and a forage cap. He smiled and reached to heft her left breast.

Cheryl turned her head to look over her shoulder at Sir Andrew in utter despair. Lurid blue-purple bruises covered his ribs and there were livid marks round his nipples that looked like burns from a cigarette or a cigar. The strange twin-cylinder contraption was still strapped to his throat with duct tape, and she could see a couple wires leading from its small control unit.

The man squeezed hard on her breast and twisted the flesh, making her grimace and mewl. "We have brought the ransom," she said. "Please let Sir Andrew go now."

The scar-faced man merely laughed, and one of the others coolly backhanded Sir Andrew across his mouth.

"You know that he has a bomb attached to his neck? It is triggered remotely by a cell phone." The man paused and fished in the pocket of his jacket for a handset to show her. "The number is pre-loaded and it just needs one press of a button, and boom!"

"My God! That's not necessary," she said.

"So you are owned by this man... You wanted to assure yourself that he is well? You can do that

now. Suck his cock.”

Cheryl blinked in surprise, glancing at Sir Andrew. “That’s perverse.”

“Boom!” Scar-face said.

The third man, who had hitherto remained silent, stepped forward and inhaled deeply on his cigarette, making the tip glow in the pale light of the cellar room. He then slowly and deliberately positioned at the very tip of Sir Andrew’s nipple before pressing the glowing end onto the flesh. Sir Andrew let out a deep groan of pain, writhing on the chair.

The man turned Cheryl again and pushed her, stumbling, towards the chair. “The next time, little slave, my friend will burn Sir Andrew on the very end of his cock, unless you have it in your mouth.”

“No, please...” Cheryl knelt in front of Sir Andrew. She reached for the familiar cock with both hands, stroking it, cupping her palms around it protectively.

Sir Andrew looked down and grimaced at her. “Don’t lassy... Tell them to go to hell.”

Even as he spoke, though, she felt his cock twitch in her hands. She leaned forward to lick at the end of the exposed cock glans. Then she sucked the flaccid member into her mouth. She heard Sir Andrew catch his breath and a low groan rumbled in his throat.

“No, not like that,” Scar-face said. “Stand up, place your palms on the chair seat, and bend over to suck his cock.”

Sir Andrew moved his thigh against her cheek. Cheryl nuzzled against it for a few seconds before climbing to her feet. She stood upright and reached to stroke Sir Andrew’s face, smiling sadly. Then she leaned forward, a hand on either side of his thighs, spreading her legs and flexing her knees so that she could double over to take Sir Andrew’s cock in her mouth again. This position, she knew rendered her utterly vulnerable from behind.

A hand grabbed her head and pushed her face forward until she felt her nose nuzzling in Sir Andrew’s his pubic hair.

“Make him feel good,” the man said in a jeering voice.

She rolled Sir Andrew’s soft cock on her tongue, and sucked hard, willing it to gain life. It twitched again. Despite Scar-face’s precise instructions, she dared to reach for Sir Andrew’s balls with her right hand more, cupping them and rolling the sac gently as she continued to suck and lick at the end of his cock. This time, there was an immediate response. He groaned and she felt the cock stiffen in her mouth, and she relaxed her throat to take it fully as it grew, despite her bending position.

“No,” Sir Andrew groaned, fighting his bonds. “Stop this, Cheryl!”

“Boom!” Scar-face said with a laugh, and he reached round her to cup her breasts and cruelly pinch her nipples. She felt the man’s jacket as it draped open against her skin but his loins were naked against her arse. “Suck off your Master, like a good puta.”

She felt fingers prying her bottom cheeks apart and then felt Scar-face’s cold and wet glans rubbing between her buttocks. She wanted to cry out, protest, but dare not remove the gag of Sir Andrew’s cock from her mouth. Scar-face tightened his grip on her tits as he pressed his cock forward insistently. She grunted as she felt the head pressing at her tight little sphincter and then moaned loudly as it pushed into her. She felt every inch of its travel as it forced its way into her bowels but continued to bob her head up and down on Sir Andrew’s cock.

“You bastard!” she heard Sir Andrew snarl.

Finally, Scar-face’s cock stopped forcing forward and she realised that it was fully embedded in her. He remained still for some time, mauling her breasts in his hands, and all the while the other fellow’s hand kept her head forced down on Sir Andrew’s cock. There was no need for that, for she was sucking her ex-Master’s cock diligently, as if in homage, taking the shaft deeply into her throat, even when Scar-face began to piston back and forth in her anus as if matching the rhythm of her head. Then she felt the cock in her mouth spasm, and Sir Andrew pumped copious cum into her throat. Almost simultaneously, Scar-face rode to a climax in her arse, yanking her body onto his pulsing weapon as he bludgeoned it into her. She writhed her hips against the man’s brutal invasion, and swallowed every drop of Sir Andrew’s cum, fighting to fend off the climax that threatened to overwhelm her. Resistance was futile, of course. She was conditioned for fucking and helpless to resist her own treacherous needs. Her body tensed and she let out a low, rolling growl as her body erupted in an unwelcome but devastating orgasm.

“Something to remember her by,” she heard Scar-face tell Sir Andrew with a sneer as he

unceremoniously dragged his cock from her sore anus.

In impulse, Cheryl raised her head, wiped her lips on the back of her hand, and planted a long and languorous kiss on Sir Andrew's lips. "I will tell Gaffa you are well," she said. "He's waiting upstairs to deliver the ransom."

Suddenly though, Scare-face grasped her hair and yanked her viciously backwards. She yelped as he twisted her round and then forced her to her knees at his feet. She saw, as she had suspected, that he hadn't bother to remove any clothing before fucking her arse. He still wore his flak jacket, and his combat pants were bunched around his ankles.

"Clean my cock," Scar-face said imperiously.

Resignedly, Cheryl took the soiled, semi-flaccid member into her mouth, tasting the filth on her tongue as she sucked it clean. Then she eased back and looked up into his face. "Now may I report back and tell them to make the ransom exchange?" she said.

"Yes, go ahead. Tell them General Morales has acted with honour."

The other men laughed as Cheryl climbed to her feet and pushed her dishevelled hair from her face. She gave one last glance to Sir Andrew and then made her way back across the basement. She quickly climbed the stone steps, two at a time, and opened the door at the top. However, as she entered the shack she stopped and gave a gasp of shock.

"You!" she said. "I should have known."

Chapter Twelve

Cheryl found herself looked up into the black gimlet eyes that had pierced her nightmares over the previous months: Juan Pablo! The Columbian smiled with satisfaction when he saw her shock. "We meet yet again my puta," he said. "My friend the General fucked you, yes?"

"Where is Gaffa?" she asked, glancing at the bearded man who was still waiting there.

The man merely smiled.

"The Head Slaver had to leave," Juan Pablo said, holding up the crocodile skin brief case.

"He's left? He wouldn't just leave, not without me. We came here in good faith to deliver the ransom."

She crossed her arms over her bare breasts and went to look out of the unglazed window. A hot and moist noon breeze blew in and it was welcome after the cool dank air of the basement. The men across the road were still playing dominoes, and she could hear the rat-a-tat of their tiles on the table as they played at machine-gun speed. There were three urchins now playing in the muddy water, all of them crouched in a gutter looking at something with avid interest and squealing with glee. One of these children wore only a small sodden pair of baggy soccer shorts that were two sizes too big, and the other two wore little more than rags. There was no sign of Gaffa though.

Juan Pablo laughed and opened the lid of the attaché case. To Cheryl's amazement, instead of the case being full of neatly-packed green banknotes, it contained only a maroon-coloured passport and a tiny key with a label fob. Juan Pablo took the passport and flipped it open in front of Cheryl's eyes, showing her the identity photograph. She blinked: it was her own passport. He said, "He has already delivered the ransom, puta. You *are* the ransom."

Cheryl struggled to make some sense of it all as Juan Pablo reached for the collar at her throat and twisted it to find the small keyhole. "I don't understand," she said, although she was beginning to understand only too well.

"As I told Sir Andrew, I always get what I want," he said as he inserted the key into the collar and released the catch. "I haven't stolen you, puta. I have paid for you. You belong to me now."

Cheryl gasped as Sir Andrew's collar was removed from her throat. Her mind reeled. She had been sold? "So, now you've got me, let my Master go," she said, astonished by her own calm voice.

"Not just yet, my puta, not until I'm satisfied that you will cooperate fully," Juan Pablo said, producing a cell phone from his pocket and holding it in the palm of his hand. "This cell phone will activate the little package at his throat. The number is already programmed into its memory. If you misbehave...."

Cheryl shuddered as her sadistic new owner tossed the cell phone to his bearded henchman. The man made a show of juggling with the handset, and then he leered as his forefinger hovered theatrically over the small key pad.

"I'll do whatever you ask, you have my word."

"Did you bring a dress for her?" Juan Pablo asked the other man in Spanish.

The bearded man nodded and dug into the pocket of his coat, producing a small tangle of red fabric and tossing it at Cheryl. She caught it and briefly shook out the lurid lycra garment. "I have my own frock," she said, thinking of the lovely Miu Miu dress she had worn to the rendezvous.

"Put that one on," Juan Pablo said. "It is the kind of thing our whores wear, and you're no different."

She wiped cum from her face and tried to rub the dirt from her knees before stepping into the tube-like dress. When she hoisted it over her body, the stretch fabric clung to her every curve and contour, and the V front was deeply slashed almost to her navel, revealing most of her breasts. It was a simple backless halter dress, and to finish dressing she merely had to tie the straps behind her neck and tug the slinky skirt down as far as it would reach over her arse and upper thighs. She then tried to restore some semblance of order to her dishevelled hair, plucking at it with her fingers in the absence of a comb or brush. She wiped the back of her hand a few times across her mouth, hoping to remove any smears of lipstick.

"Shoes..." Juan Pablo said, holding out his hand and clicking his fingers.

"They're in the car, Juanito," the man replied in Spanish. "I haven't enough pockets to walk around carrying whore's shoes."

Juan Pablo sighed. "There is something more you should see," he said to Cheryl, reaching into his pocket, producing a couple of 6 x 4 colour photos and handing them to her.

Cheryl looked at the prints which showed a naked woman being comprehensively fucked by two men she knew to be Juan Pablo's henchmen. However, she had to look twice to recognise the girl, particularly as one of the picture showered her with her mouth widely distended by two cocks at the same time, and the other she was being taken from behind with her blonde hair hanging forwards like a curtain. Without a doubt, though, the young woman in the pictures was Becky, her sister. "What's this all about?" Cheryl demanded.

"My men are still in London. If you cause me any trouble, besides the small matter of Sir Andrew's head being blown off his shoulders, I will also make sure that your sister is dealt with."

"You would abduct her too?" she asked bitterly.

"I was offered one or the other of you to buy. I would deliver her to the worst whore house you can imagine, where they specialise in pain sluts. Believe me, the girls don't last long there, and it wouldn't be a pleasant end either. She's be fucked by a donkey."

"My God," Cheryl breathed. She was coming to realise that Juan Pablo's tentacles indeed extended across the world and into the Gorean Club in London. Furthermore, it was apparent that there was no depth too low for the Columbian drug-runner and human trafficker.

"You don't need to harm Becky," she said. "You have me now."

"And you'll be a good girl and do as I tell you without a fuss?"

"Yes," she said grimly. "I don't seem to have much choice."

Juan Pablo grinned and took back the prints, and he offered the crook of his arm, as if a gallant gentleman inviting Cheryl for a morning stroll. She glowered but glumly slipped her arm inside his, and he escorted her down the long, ill-maintained boardwalk, with the other man walking alongside her. She was as much a prisoner, as she would have been wearing steel cuffs. They walked up the incredibly poor, shanty-lined track, and Cheryl, padding along on bare feet, knew that she looked like the whore that she had become. Worse, she had been unable to wash and tidy up or renew her make-up following her sordid sucking and fucking in the dank and filthy basement room.

"Where is this?" she asked, hoping to get a fix on Sir Andrew's whereabouts.

Juan Pablo smiled. He obviously didn't care if she knew or not. "This is Lleras, a slum controlled by my cartel and a rebel group. We own this barrio."

A man emerged from a falling-down cabin, stepping over low planks that served as a baby-guard to protect the toddler who peered dolefully out of the doorway, her face already too old for her years. Two dusky-skinned young girls, clad in the tiniest of shorts and skimpy tight vests, were sitting on the edge of the veranda. The girls, probably sisters, would have been only 13 or 14 years old, judging from the mould of the vests over their sprouting breasts. The man called out as they walked past and Juan Pablo stopped and reached into his pocket, pulling out a small white packet and holding it up, trapped between his two forefingers. The man approached. "Quanto es?" he asked warily.

"Gratis, Manuel," Juan Pablo said, tossing the packet to the man. "My gift to you."

The man caught the little pack of drugs and grinned widely. "It is free?"

"I am in a good mood."

"Muchas gracias," the man said. He glanced appraisingly at Cheryl and said, "Ella es una chica muy bonita."

Cheryl blushed. She knew enough Spanish to know that he has said she was a pretty young woman. Dressed in the revealing red dress, particularly in that area and at that time of day, and unkempt from recent fucking, she knew exactly what she looked like, and the man would be in no doubt that she was a whore.

"It is why I'm in a good mood," Juan Pablo said with a laugh, reaching to put his hand inside the neckline of her dress and cupping her breast. "I might let you fuck her for free."

Again the man smiled broadly, even eagerly, licking his lips as he looked at the exposed breast nestling in Juan Pablo's hand. Cheryl held her breath. She knew that, on a whim, Juan Pablo could order her to pleasure the man, and she would have to do it.

"Maybe another time, Manuel," Juan Pablo said eventually, releasing her breast. He glanced at the two young girls on the veranda and said: "Soon those two will be ready for me, huh?"

“Ellos ay tienen teats bien,” the man said, grinning, and the two girls looked up and smiled shyly, hearing his words. “Usted me va a dar un buen precio?”

Cheryl understood and she stifled a shocked gasp. The man had said: ‘They already have good titties. I hope you will give me a good price.’” He was obviously planning to sell the girls to Juan Pablo when they approached womanhood.

“I will give you a good price. Mamma Inara will teach them the trade.”

Cheryl pulled the halter of the dress over her exposed breast as they blithely discussed the future sale of the man’s own young daughters. Even as the men spoke, another young girl towards them, only slightly older than the two on the boardwalk, and she wore a slutty dress that was not unlike the one that Cheryl wore. It was suddenly evident to Cheryl that there was an inexhaustible supply of fresh young women for the Columbians sex-trafficking trade, and the abject poverty made them readily available. So why had Juan Pablo schemed and contrived to have Cheryl transported across the world?

“Who is Mamma Inara?” Cheryl asked.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” Juan Pablo said, and his henchman laughed..

They carried on walking, and were soon at the edge of the barrio, near the litter-strewn waterfront. A gleaming black H2 Hummer was ostentatiously parked amidst the squalor. Kids scampered around it, and sullen men and women loitered nearby, but nobody had dared to approach the vehicle. They watched quietly as Juan Pablo and his henchman loaded their new whore into the Hummer.

Cheryl was about to sit on the seat, but she was stopped abruptly.

“On the floor, puta,” Juan Pablo growled. “You think you are a princess to be chauffeur- driven? You are not in London’s Mayfair now! You are a Buenaventura whore, and you will not sully the leather seats of my vehicle.”

The driver laughed as Cheryl crouched on the floor in the rear of the vehicle..

“To the Professor’s place, Raul,” Juan Pablo said, and the driver laughed again.

As the Hummer’s engine fired, Juan Pablo casually placed his expensively-shod foot on her shoulder, and she remained huddled there as the car pulled away and journeyed across the strange city. When they eventually allowed Cheryl to crawl from the vehicle, she found herself in a busy, traffic-ridden city centre surrounded by shabby high-rise buildings. Without bothering to give her any shoes, they led her across the pavement, past the people who were shopping there or scurrying about their business. Everyone seemed to give Juan Pablo a wide berth. People pulled back against the shop windows or stepped off the pavement into the gutter as the two gangsters swaggered past escorting the luridly-dressed and untidy barefoot white woman.

They entered a relatively modern-looking building and walked across a small reception where a bored, gum-chewing young woman wearing a white nurse’s uniform was reading a glossy magazine. They entered a lift and emerged on a floor that had a sign on the wall: ‘Clinica Harmony’.

“You must do everything I say. Remember, that Sir Andrew’s life hangs by a thread,” Juan Pablo warned her. “I merely have to dial the number...”

They were met by another uniformed nurse. This young woman disdainfully eyed Cheryl from head to toe. Turning to Juan Pablo, without waiting for him to speak, she said: “You wish to see the Professor? I will see if he is available.”

A couple of minutes later, they were ushered into a large room with a picture window that overlooked the Buenaventura cityscape. A swarthy man with red braces and necktie sat at a desk and he looked up enquiringly as they entered

“Strip!” Juan Pablo ordered Cheryl.

The man behind the desk merely raised his eyebrows but he remained silent, staring at Cheryl. After only a moment’s hesitation, she sighed and undid the halter straps of her dress, pulled the garment down over her hips, and stepped out of it. The man studied her naked bodied for a few moments. “She is very beautiful, senior,” he eventually said, “but she needs a bath.”

“Yes, Professor,” Juan Pablo agreed. “You can give her a bath and also make her look even more beautiful. Her tits, for one thing, are too small.”

Cheryl gulped and stifled a cry of protest. She immediately recalled that Juan Pablo had repeatedly promised to have her body modified whenever he had fucked her in the Gorean Club alcoves. He was evidently good to his word.

The Professor raised his eyebrows eloquently again, but he rose from his seat and walked from behind the desk to assess Cheryl. "She has fine, well-proportioned breasts, senior. Many women would give a lot to have breasts such as those."

"Bigger! I want them bigger, much bigger."

The man sighed. "How large?"

"Big," Juan Pablo said, cupping his hands in front of his own chest. "And no scars!"

The Professor nodded and stroked his chin as he continued to study Cheryl's breasts, and he reached to cup her pert left orb, palpating the flesh experimentally. He said, "And does the young lady agree to this?"

"Yes," Juan Pablo said, reaching into his pocket and producing the mobile phone..

"Yes," Cheryl said, unenthusiastically. She had no choice anyway. Even if she refused and they killed Sir Andrew, she would still be in Juan Pablo's clutches and at the mercy of his depraved whims.

The Professor nodded, and he balanced her breasts in the palms of his hands, raising and lowering the orbs. Then he reached for a surgical marker pen that lay on his desk. "Stand still," he ordered Cheryl, and he slowly drew a diagonal line on her skin from her navel to a spot above her right breast. The marker was slick and cool on her skin as he similarly drew a second line, from her navel to her left breast.

"She is suitable for a Transumbilical Breast Augmentation procedure. I can insert the implants through her belly button and up a track to behind her breasts, thereby eliminating obvious surgical incisions. Once in place, the implant is then filled intra-operatively with a sterile saline solution. There are no visible scars with this procedure."

Juan Pablo nodded. "How big?"

"Another bonus is that TUBA decreases the recovery time, as compared to other incision choices. That will mean she will soon be able to go back to work."

"How big?"

The Professor put down the marker and squeezed Cheryl's breasts again. He told her: "You have no need for concern. I am Board-certified by the Columbian Society of Plastic Surgery. Instruments using fibre-optics and endoscopic remote manipulation, combined with advances in technique, have resulted in consistently good results. Your breasts will still be very...nice."

"And big! How big?" Juan Pablo demanded.

"I think 36DD is the best that I can promise. She has a relatively slim build and anything larger could look unnatural."

"Thirty-eight! And I want large nipples."

The Professor sighed. "Very well, I will try for 38DD. I will just add more solution..."

"And the nipples? I want large teats on her, Prof!" Juan Pablo held up his little finger and indicated the last joint. "This big, at least. I want them to take a piercing for a heavy ring. You can do that at the same time, huh? Save some time, like with that black bitch I sent you a couple of months ago."

Cheryl gasped and shot Juan Pablo another agonised glance. Was there no end to this nightmare?

"Very well, I can enlarge her nipples as you request and add suitable piercings," the Professor said, sighing again. "When would you like it to be done?"

"Today," Juan Pablo said.

"She'll have to stay for a couple of days. Breast augmentation is usually an outpatient same day surgery procedure but the TUBA procedure requires rather more after-care. After that, the patient usually needs about 1 week away from work... depending on her job." He paused to glance at Cheryl, and then went on, "However, it will be necessary to restrict her... activities. She will need to wear a sports bra or compression bra for one month with no excessive... manipulation."

"Do it, Professor!" Juan Pablo said. "You know that I pay well."

With that, the two gangsters turned and left the Professor's consulting room. Before he left, the henchman stooped to collect the discarded red dress from the floor, and he bunched the fabric to stuff it into his pocket.

When they had left, the Professor smiled paternally at Cheryl and said, "You could probably have left today, after the operation, but I think you will be safer here. We will get you bathed and find you a gown to wear. Then the nurse will prepare you for your surgery."

Cheryl sighed. She realised that she had no option but to await her fate. The crazed Juan Pablo

seemed determined to have her body modified and decorated to his own bizarre tastes, and there was nothing she could do about it.

THE END