

**Pam-Ann**  
**by Lindsey Brooks**

Smashwords Edition

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**Published by Strict Publishing International**

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With grateful thanks, to Becca K. and Carol P., whose assistance, advice and, not least, patience, was invaluable and very much appreciated. Thank you, ladies.

## Chapter One

“Keep your damned hands to yourself, Captain Todd!” Pam shrugged her shoulder out from under the man’s palm. Angry that he had followed her to continue their heated discussion, she did not turn to confront him. In the narrow, cramped space of the airplane’s galley their bodies would be almost touching.

“Will you just listen to what I’m telling you for one minute? For heaven’s sake, my career is on the line here!”

“Maybe you should have thought of that before you started groping me last night,” Pam snapped back, replacing the coffee pot and picking up her cup.

“I already told you, I was only steering you towards our table.”

“Yeah, with your hand on my butt. And I suppose your proposition to share your hotel room was entirely innocent too.”

“It was your waist, not your ass,” Todd said. “You’re an attractive young woman, Miss Weston, and we were both off duty. Or I thought we were.”

Pam felt a thrill of triumph. She had suckered him there, sure enough. She took a sideways step and turned to face him. “On or off Company time, Captain, you have a responsibility to uphold the airline’s standards. That does not include molesting the cabin staff.”

Todd’s expression grew more exasperated. “I repeat, Miss Weston, I do not molest our stewardesses.” He wagged a finger at her when she raised a sardonically sceptical eyebrow. “Don’t think I don’t know who’s behind these allegations, or that I won’t be denying them and backing it up with proof. I’ve got letters from Tracy Shaw describing in detail what she’d like to do to me. Graphic, explicit descriptions. You’ve got it all wrong. Tracy’s obsessed with me. She made the accusations because I wouldn’t play ball.”

“I’m not at liberty to divulge who made the allegations,” Pam said, “and I see no reason to discuss the matter further. You’ll have your chance to present your side of the story at our New York office. And I will be presenting the evidence I gathered during yesterday’s flight, *and* the rather disagreeable time I had to spend with you last evening.”

He snorted. “Evidence! Is that what you’re calling it? Entrapment, more like. You’d made your mind up about me before we even met, Miss Weston.”

“It’s *Ms.* Weston,” Pam said icily, carrying her coffee along the short passage leading to the small passenger cabin at the front of the cargo-carrying Boeing 707. She had immediately regretted agreeing to take the flight Todd had hitched with a colleague at Heathrow, instead of waiting for the airline’s own scheduled passenger service, but he had been eager to get back to New York as soon as possible. If he was so determined to hang himself why should she stand in his way?

“Whoever he was, the guy must have done a real job on you to turn you into what you are, *Ms.* Weston.”

Pam winced. A surge of fury made her stop dead, and she almost turned to hurl her coffee, cup and all, into Todd’s face. A second later she reasserted the calm,

rigid control of her feelings she had developed in the last two years, and continued towards the cabin.

The plane lurched suddenly and the floor momentarily fell away beneath her feet. Hot coffee spilled onto her hand. Once more Todd grasped her shoulder and once more she felt a disturbing tingle across her skin where his hand rested, as she had when he had done it the previous night. Had it really been her waist?

“It’s okay, it’s only a little turbulence,” he said.

She gave him a frigid look. “I flew as cabin staff for two years before I became a sexual harassment investigator. I can recognise turbulence.”

Without warning the plane dropped again, filling Pam’s stomach with the sensation of being in an express elevator. An abrupt jolt flung her and Todd against one wall of the narrow passageway and then the other. She dropped her cup.

“What the hell!” The man’s exclamation came at the same moment Pam’s mouth fell open as she watched her coffee spill upwards and her cup rise towards the ceiling instead of falling to the floor. She and Todd were doing the same. Her head bumped painfully on the cabin roof and a heartbeat later she hit the floor as gravity righted itself.

“That wasn’t turbulence.” Todd had fallen harder but got up, scrambled the short distance to the door of the cockpit and yanked it open. “What’s going on?” he demanded as the aircraft lurched again. “Jesus!”

Pam crammed into the doorway beside him, heedless of her body pressing against his as she looked between the shoulders of the pilot and co-pilot and through the windscreen beyond.

“What the hell is it?” Todd asked hoarsely.

“God knows, but I’m turning away, so hang on,” the pilot said. “What’s our position?”

“Thirty-nine degrees north, twenty-five degrees west,” the co-pilot answered as they banked hard to port.

Pam stared. Ahead of them was... something. Something a deeper, darker black than she had ever seen, blackness so intense it hurt her eyes to look at it. Yet she found it impossible to look away. It had no shape that she could have described. Around it the clouds boiled and writhed, thrashing and swirling with all the fury of a storm-tossed sea. Yet within the blackness was nothing. It could have been a solid wall or a bottomless pit, and with no reference point to judge by, as near as a mile or as far away as fifty.

The aircraft leaned further as the pilot banked more steeply. A teeth-jarring shaking joined its sudden lifting and dropping. Bracing one arm against the doorframe, Todd circled Pam’s waist with the other and she was glad of its comfort. There was something horribly, frighteningly unworldly about whatever it was she was looking at.

“This isn’t right,” she heard Todd say, and shivered at the tremor in his voice.

“What the hell is happening?” the pilot demanded. “I’ve turned nearly a hundred and eighty degrees and it’s still in front of us.”

“Get us away from it, for Christ’s sake!” the co-pilot said.

“What about diving under it?” Todd asked.

“Oh shit, it’s too late!”

The blackness swelled. It shot towards them in a heartbeat. The roiling clouds vanished and utter darkness filled the windscreen. Pam’s heart leapt. It was inside the cabin, rolling like an unstoppable wall of water over the pilots in their seats and hurtling towards her and Todd in the doorway. She opened her mouth to scream. Something with the consistency of molasses engulfed her, trapping the cry in her throat, filling eyes and mouth and nostrils. At the same moment she felt painfully heavy, and then abruptly had no weight at all. Her bottom hit the floor with a painful thump.

Pam’s mouth and nose were clear again. She could breathe. “My God, what happened?” She could speak too. She opened her eyes and her vision was normal. What she saw was not. The cockpit was gone and so were the pilots. The reassuring pressure of Todd’s arm was gone as well. In a weak glow of electric light she looked down a windowless corridor of shiny metal that ended after a few feet at an equally shiny door. Pam looked behind. The corridor continued until it stopped at another identical door. The plane had disappeared, or – she gulped and panic swelled inside her – she had disappeared from the plane.

She rubbed her eyes with her fists and looked again. The scene had not changed. It suddenly seemed important to stand but her legs refused to move. The metal floor was cold against her bottom and vibrating gently. She heard the faint hum of what might have been engines. Fear and shock were tying knots in her stomach and tangling her racing thoughts. Pam forced herself to stop her rapid panting and breathe deeply and slowly. Panicking would not help. Wherever she was, it was man-made and that meant there must be people here, and people would help her. At last she found the strength to get to her feet. The thin sheet metal of the corridor wall gave under her weight as she leaned against it. She looked from one door to the other. Which way?

The choice was made for her. A clunking noise came from one of the doors and its polished metal swung open. A man stepped over the bulkhead and paused as he saw her. He came closer and she got an impression of highly polished shoes, knife-edged creases in dark-blue trousers and shining brass buttons on a dark-blue coat.

He gave a short laugh. “Another one so soon. This is getting ridiculous.”

Pam stared at the face beneath the narrow-peaked cap he wore. “Captain Todd. Oh, thank God! I thought I was all alone here. What’s happened to us?”

To her astonishment he laughed again. “Nothing’s happened to me, girl, but I guarantee you’ve got yourself into a heap of trouble. Let’s see where you’ve been hiding.” A grip like a steel band closed around Pam’s upper arm and drew her to the other door.

“Wait, what’s going on? Do you...? Have you...? Oh, what’s happened to us? What’s happened to the plane? That... that thing, what was it?”

“It’s too late to be changing your mind now,” he said, opening the door. “You should have thought about the consequences before you snuck on board.” Pulling her

after him he looked around the metal-walled room beyond the door. Old-fashioned trunks and suitcases were piled together under rope nets. A corner of one of the nets was loose from its fastening hook and turned back. Todd drew her towards it.

“Didn’t you realise you could have been injured or killed if the baggage had shifted?” he asked, keeping his grip on her as he stooped to drag a blanket out from a narrow gap between piled suitcases. He gestured at it and the folded overcoat and canvas bag lying on top. “And that’s hopelessly inadequate. You might have died of cold if you’d stayed here much longer. But I guess that’s why you decided to come out when you did. What’s your name?”

Pam’s bewilderment increased. “You know my name. Are you okay, Captain Todd? Has the shock affected you?” Or had it affected her much more than she thought? Was this all a hallucination, a dream?

“*I’m* okay, girl. Everything is routine as far as I’m concerned, which is more than you’ll be able to say before it’s over. And my name isn’t Todd. It’s Lieutenant Drake, but of course you will call me ‘Sir’. Now tell me your name.”

Pam blinked hard but the face she was staring at remained that of Todd. “But it’s me, Pam. Pamela Weston. Don’t you know me? We were on the plane together a few minutes ago. You must know me. You must!” Desperation joined the fear twisting her gut. Had he gone mad or was it her? Heart pounding she looked around the blank metallic walls of the room. “Oh, God, this can’t be happening!”

Todd, who said he was Drake, shook her. “Stop your nonsense or I’ll smack you. Stand there while I have a look through your bag.”

It’s not my bag, Pam wanted to say, but she had to concentrate all of her energy on slowing her breathing and suppressing her rising panic. She watched him rifle through the bag and withdraw a folded sheet of paper.

“It’s a good thing you brought your passport or it would have gone even harder for you,” he said, after unfolding the document.

Her passport was back on the plane. Looking at the paper upside down she could see it looked official, headed by the words ‘United States Of America’ printed in old-fashioned lettering in red and black ink.

Todd, who denied that he was Todd, met her gaze, his expression stony. “So Pamela Weston is really Ann Estemay of Dayton, Ohio, born June sixteenth nineteen sixty-one and described as...” He broke off to look her up and down, then read from the document. “Five feet seven inches, blue eyes, light-brown hair, small mole beneath the jaw line, right side. I’d say that’s a pretty fair description, wouldn’t you, Ann?”

Disbelieving, Pam realised that except for the name it was. “No. No! My name is Pamela Weston. I’m not...”

He spun her with one hand and smacked her bottom with the other.

“Ow! What the hell are you doing?” Pam demanded, indignation momentarily overcoming anxiety. “That’s sexual harassment *and* assault. I could have you on charges.”

Todd’s steel grip closed on her arm again. “It’s no use behaving like a Freewoman now,” he said, dragging her after him along the corridor. “Those days are

over for you. You made your choice when you stowed away. There's no going back."

"A stowaway? God, you think.... No, that's not how it is at all! I was on a plane and...."

He pushed her against the cold wall hard enough to flatten her breasts and smacked her three times where the tight material of her skirt clung to her buttocks.

"Ow, that hurts!" Pam yelled. "Will you quit hitting me! I'll be making a formal complaint about you for this. You have no right to treat me this way."

"Oh, I've got the right," he assured her, pulling her along again. "What are you complaining about? It's what you wanted, isn't it?" He opened the door, revealing another bare corridor along which he led her until they reached two steep stairways, one leading up and the other down. Her brain a fog of confusion and bewilderment, Pam did not resist his tug on her arm and began descending the stairs. In three steps she discovered her high heels were not made for its narrow treads. She slipped and began to topple. Todd's long, powerful arm clamped around her waist and pulling her tightly against him, he carried her easily to the bottom. Sudden warmth spread over her skin where their bodies touched. She pushed hard until he let her go and took her arm once more, a puzzled expression on his face.

Pam took her shoes off before going down more stairs that brought them to another door. As the man unlatched it, the throbbing hum she had been hearing since her frightening and inexplicable arrival grew louder and the vibration she had felt was much more noticeable. Todd opened the door and a wave of heat washed over her, as if she had stepped off an airliner at some tropical destination.

She stopped dead in the doorway. A short passage led to another staircase. At its foot was a scene from hell.

The room looked huge. The noise filling it was tremendous, no longer a muted hum but a rolling, rumbling roar, punctuated by clanking and hissing and thumping sounds like nothing Pam had heard before. In its centre was a massive, dome-shaped structure from which pipes of all sizes seemed to sprout randomly and make their way via floor and ceiling to another slightly smaller dome next to it and another, smaller again, next to that. Ranged alongside them was a row of six immense pistons from which steam spurted with every rapid, regular stroke they gave and swirled in clouds beneath the light of dozens of dim electric bulbs. Men stripped to the waist moved amongst them, checking and adjusting and lubricating the machinery. Beside the biggest dome were several figures, half in shadow and half-illuminated by a bright orange glow that came and went with no pattern or purpose that Pam could make out.

Todd opened a door on the right, pulled her in after him and closed it, shutting out much of the din assaulting Pam's already befuddled senses. A man sitting behind a desk and poking a penknife into the bowl of a pipe rose to his feet.

"Everything okay, Chief?" Todd asked him.

"Fine, Lieutenant. I've checked things out." He pointed a thumb at the big glass window that looked out into the hellish room. "There seemed to be a bit more vibration than usual a few minutes ago but everything's normal now."

“Yes, she felt really sluggish for a while but it didn’t last. We’ve cleared the crosswinds and we’re back on course, but we’re miles south of where we should be. The Commodore sent me to make sure everything’s running smoothly.”

“He already talked to me on the speaking tube. There wasn’t any need to send you too.”

Todd, or Drake as he was obviously known to the man, shrugged. “You know the Old Man. He always likes to double check. And it’s never a bad idea to take extra care.”

“Guess not.” The Chief looked at Pam. “Another one already? Hell, that’s one coming and now one going back. We’re making it too easy for them.”

“I don’t suppose the Company agrees. That’s why they keep security so lax. It’s cheaper than buying them, I guess.” He pulled Pam closer to the desk and she stared daggers at the man behind it as his gaze appraised her from head to foot. It came to rest on the swells of her breasts outlined by her tight uniform jacket.

“Pam-Ann?” he said, mistaking the purpose of the winged badge on her lapel as well as misreading it. “I knew a Sue-Ann once but I never heard that one before. You sure caught a beauty this time, Rafael.”

“Yeah, but she seems to be having second thoughts. She’s done nothing but lie to me and complain since I found her.” Drake laughed. “When I smacked her ass she said she’s going to report me.”

The Chief grinned at Pam. “Too bad. You sure pissed on your plate of beans, missy. Should have been dead sure before you decided you were one of That Kind. We’re eight hours out now. You’re in all the way and there’s no going back.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Pam said, his words only adding to her bewilderment. “I... I don’t know how I got here. I certainly didn’t stow away.”

“Then you’ll have a ticket.”

“She doesn’t.” Drake waved the paper he had found in the bag. “But she had the sense to bring her passport. She’s Ann Estemay, though for some reason she says she isn’t. I thought I’d let her sample your hospitality and see what her griping has got her.”

“Give her something else to gripe about, more like.” The Chief grinned at her again and waved his pipe. “Get your clothes off then, Ann. Let’s have a look at you before you join my girls. And you better have a good strong back ’cause you’re gonna need it.”

“Wha... what did you say?”

“He said strip,” the brute who called himself Drake said. “I already reminded you once you aren’t a Freewoman any more. Do you think you’re allowed to go around wearing clothes?”

Pam made a grab for the door handle but Drake’s hand against the door stopped her opening it.

“Looks like she’ll need help, Chief.”

She dropped her shoes when his iron grip on the back of her neck forced her forwards until her right cheek was hard against the desktop, from where she caught a sideways glimpse of the Chief moving around behind her.

“No, you can’t,” Pam cried. “You’ve no right to be mauling me. Let me go, damn you!” She felt the hem of her jacket lifted and hands loosening the button at the back of her skirt’s waistband. “I said no,” she almost screamed. “Oh, God, let me go!” When her attempt to prise the hand from her neck failed she tried levering herself up from the desk but it proved equally futile. She flailed her arms uselessly as the Chief fumbled with her skirt. It was too tight for her to kick out effectively.

“What the hell’s this?” He yanked at the skirt’s waist. “Well, I never saw anything fasten like that before.” His distraction was brief. He dragged Pam’s skirt down over her hips and let it fall. She lashed out a foot but it tangled in the material pooled around her ankles. “What the...? I never saw that before either.”

Pam wriggled frantically as his fingers hooked in the waistband of her pantyhose and pulled them down to join her skirt, leaving nothing but her skimpy pale-blue panties to cover her most intimate place. Her protests grew louder and more frantic and terror gripped her as powerfully as the hand at her neck. They were going to.... No, she would not even think the word! But it did not make the fear twisting her gut any easier to bear. Her head spun and only her long habit of control helped her stave off her rising panic.

“Loan me your rod, Chief,” Drake said and Pam felt a sudden jerk at her hips followed by the sound of elastic snapping and cotton tearing as he ripped off her briefs. Her vision misty with unshed tears, she only half-saw the Chief reach across his desk, and what he picked up was only a blur. A second later a fiery streak of pain scorched the soft skin of her buttocks.

“Oow! Agh! Oh, God, you hit me! How dare you? I’ll...”

Drake dealt her another swift, stinging stroke, jerked her upright and turned her to face him. “I’ve had enough of you.” His dark-brown eyes stared deep into Pam’s blue ones. “That’s two strokes. I don’t suppose a spoiled brat like you has felt the rod before. Well, I’ll strap you down properly and give you a dozen more if you don’t start behaving yourself. Unless that’s what you’re angling for. Is that it? Can’t you wait? Are you trying to get me to thrash you?”

Pam gave an emphatic shake of her head.

“Okay, then get the rest of your clothes off. I’ve more important duties than dealing with stowaways.” He let her go and Pam backed quickly away, only to take a hasty step forward as the smarting tracks across her bottom met the wall. Drake raised the long stick, as thick as her forefinger, and pressed it against the bare, soft skin on the fronts of her thighs. She saw his jaw lift along with an impatient eyebrow, sucked in a deep breath and began unbuttoning her jacket. Frightened and horribly embarrassed, she let it and her white blouse join her pantyhose on the floor. The Chief had her skirt and was toying with its zipper.

“Hey, that’s real clever! The teeth mesh into each other when you pull it up and separate again when you pull it down. Must be a one off. I never saw anything like it.” His enquiring look at Pam changed to blatant appraisal as he saw her standing in nothing but her bra. In the act of unfastening it she stopped and dropped both hands to cover the trimmed, light-brown triangle of her pubic hair, as the heat of embarrassment on her cheeks flamed higher.

“No one told you to stop,” Drake said, and tapped the stick on her thighs hard enough to sting.

“You son of a...” She cut herself short as he raised the rod. “Oh, don’t!” Pam freed the last hook on the bra. With a gulp she slid the garment free of her breasts. Afraid he would hit her again if she tried to hide her nakedness she forced her hands to her sides, fingers clenched tight.

“Stand straight,” Drake said, and she squared her shoulders and cringed inwardly as the posture thrust her breasts out. She flickered a glance at each man and then stared fixedly at the floor as her heart pounded, and she waited in dread for their assaults to begin.

“Nice tits,” the Chief observed. “I like them bigger but her nipples are cute. She’s got a fine set of muscles too by the look of things. Not overdeveloped but enough to give her a helluva figure. Turn around, Ann, let’s see your ass.”

Bitterly humiliated, Pam turned. Her bottom buzzed painfully from the rod’s impacts. She had no wish to provoke any more.

The Chief chuckled throatily. “Now that’s an ass, Rafael. Firm as a Georgia peach and just as juicy, I’ll bet. What do you say?”

“I expect it’ll be popular with the passengers once we introduce her. But she had better have learned to do as she’s told by then.” He tapped the rod on Pam’s smarting bottom. “Turn around. What do you say? Are you going to behave yourself?”

Angry at the way they were discussing her, but still horribly afraid, she faced them, fought the need to cover herself with her arms and, unable to hide her resentment, answered with a surly ‘Yes’.

“Say ‘Sir’,” Drake said. “Put your hands on your head.”

Pam saw his gaze drop to her breasts as the movement lifted the two firm mounds and made their rosy points tilt further upwards. He slid the rod over her skin from her belly to indent the round underside of her left tit.

“Well?”

Her head was still spinning and her heart thumping madly. Pam took several seconds to understand. “Yes, Sir,” she said at last, hating him for forcing the respectful word from her when all she felt was contempt. Yet she feared him.

“She seems unusual for one of That Kind,” the Chief said. “More often than not they’re panting hot and begging for it by now. You don’t think she’s crazy, do you?”

Pam stared at him as another of her fears resurfaced. Was he right? What other explanation was there? It had to be a hallucination. She had been on an airplane above the Atlantic. She had to be there still. Then she remembered the blackness.

“Not crazy. Just regretting her impulsiveness, I’d say,” Drake replied.

“Oh, please!” Pam blurted. “Please, if only you’d listen for a minute I can explain.”

The pressure of the rod against her breast increased, lifting it higher.

“You’ve done enough explaining,” Drake said. “You can start doing some obeying instead. I’ll leave her to you, Alex. I’ll come back in an hour.”

The Chief grinned. “Think she’ll last that long? Half of them are crying and begging to go home in the first ten minutes.” He gave Pam a crooked smile. “But she’s a strong one, I think. She might see it through.”

It dawned on Pam they were not going to sexually assault her, but she had heard enough to fear whatever it was they intended almost as much. She felt no relief when Drake laid the rod on the desk and opened the door.

“Come on then, Ann,” the Chief said, taking her arm in a grip as tight as Drake’s. “I’ll introduce you to my Zulu girls. They’re the finest in the *Empire Star Line*. In fact, I’d lay money they’re the finest in the world.”

The din of massive machinery assailed Pam again as he led her down the steps to the enormous room with its dim lights and swirling clouds of steam. It hammered her brain as well as her eardrums, denying her any chance of coherent thought. Once again only her practised self-control kept her fear and confusion at bay and stopped her collapsing into a gibbering wreck. She looked back on impulse. Drake stood watching her from the head of the steps. He met her eye, and her awareness of her nudity intensified. Horribly, humiliatingly vulnerable and utterly helpless, she looked away and tried to steel herself for whatever awaited her.

In the intense heat and humidity, Pam was streaming with sweat before they even reached the big, black steel box at the end of the biggest dome that was the source of the flickering orange glow she had seen earlier. A heavily muscled man, stripped to the waist, watched their approach and Pam shrank from the look he was giving her. White teeth shone in his grimy face as he grinned and pulled a lever on the huge box. The orange light flared to yellow and the indistinct figures in its shadow were instantly illuminated by a fiery glare. Pam would have turned and fled but for the insistent tug of the Chief’s hand on her arm. Painfully reluctant, she let herself be led to the group of nude, brown-skinned girls labouring in the harsh yellow light. Flames belched from four open doors at the end of the steel box, licking out until they were almost singeing their gleaming, sweat-streaked bodies. It was an enormous furnace and the girls were feeding it, hurling shovelfuls of coal into the dazzling heart of its fire.

“Oh, my God!” Pam’s words were lost amid the din of machinery and the furnace’s fearsome roar. She turned from the flames and saw two men with their faces and naked torsos blackened by coal dust looking at her with lustful expressions. The Chief’s grip on her arm turned her back and he thrust a long-handled shovel into her hands and leaned close.

“Okay, get going.” He pointed to a big bunker of coal that faced the furnace.

“Are you crazy?” She looked from his face to the shovel, let the tool fall and shook her head.

The Chief nodded to someone behind her. A line of searing fire tore across Pam’s shoulder blades. She looked around with a cry and saw both the men behind grinning at her. One of them was coiling a long, thin lash between his hands. The

other held an identical whip. Shocked, Pam shuddered at the stinging trail the lash had scored into her skin, and she grabbed the shovel.

“That’s better,” the Chief yelled above the noise. “And no slacking or you’ll get more.” He pointed to the bunker.

Desperately hoping that it was all a nightmare from which she would soon awaken, Pam dug out a shovelful of coal and turned to the fiery heat of the furnace.

## Chapter Two

Sweat stung Pam's eyes. It ran in rivers over her naked body, making irregular patterns in the coating of coal dust caked to her skin. It dripped from her brow, the end of her nose, her chin and elbows, the tips of her breasts, and even from the soaked and matted triangle of hair at the apex of her thighs.

For the first few minutes she had thought that she could cope and all the hours spent working out to her exercise video were going to pay off. Drake plainly thought she was too weak to keep going. She was determined to prove him wrong. Her confidence had lasted only until every muscle had begun to ache and then to burn, when the shovel in her hands and each load of coal she flung into the furnace had seemed to double in weight. But the moment she had paused for a breather one of the overseers had lashed his stinging whip across her back, not as viciously as the first time but painfully enough to immediately get her moving again.

Pam had learned the hard way that the only time she or any of the other stokers were allowed a pause was when the four steel doors of the furnace were closed. For perhaps a minute they would stay that way while the man who controlled them watched the pointer of a dial. The second the pointer began to fall he would open the doors and Pam and the African girls with whom she was toiling would begin stoking the fire again. If any of them were tardy a fiery flick of the whip quickly set them in motion. Only during those brief rest periods could they drink from the big water buckets near the bunker. Pam had had a raging thirst even before she had begun. Whenever the chance arose she drank, ignoring her blackened hands as she scooped the water into her dry mouth and washed the clogging coal dust from her throat. Her thirst returned the moment she started shovelling again, the fierce heat and the effort of feeding the furnace sapping her strength, while her sweat streamed down.

Still she struggled on, mostly because to stop was to invite the cruel licking of the whip on her back or buttocks, but also because she was not used to failure and hated to admit the hard, physical work was too much for her. If she had had strength to spare she would have marvelled at the Zulu girls' stamina. She knew little about the tribe except that it had a reputation for courage and endurance. Pam could believe it. There were eight girls, two to each of the furnace doors. They worked twice as fast as she did and felt the lash on their naked, gleaming bodies just as often, yet the two labouring beside her still found time to jostle her and spill the coal from her shovel, and from their broad grins thought it was a huge joke.

The bite of the whip that curled wickedly around her right buttock and the front of her thigh told Pam she was flagging and she hurried to fling her load of coal into the fire, struggled to get out of the way of one of the black girls doing the same and turned back to the bunker. Surely the hour was long over. She gave a weary but resentful glance at the man who was re-coiling his lash. His gaze roved over her bare, sweat-run body and Pam still had the energy to shiver in shame and humiliation. She looked away from his lustful grin but not quickly enough to avoid seeing the bulge in

the front of his grubby trousers. Her belly turned over. If it meant nothing to them to treat her as cruelly as this they would certainly not hesitate to.... Once again she refused to think the word, but the threat of sexual assault heightened her fear and further sapped her dwindling strength.

As she stooped and dug her shovel into the coal, a lash scorched the width of her back and the whip's knotted tip curled around and bit hard into the soft swell of her right breast. Pam gave a cry that no one else heard and fresh tears sprang into her eyes. Her head was swimming and aching. Her lungs felt as if they were on fire and every muscle screamed. It was all she could do to lift the shovel with trembling arms and hurl its load towards the furnace door. Half fell short and through the haze before her gritty eyes Pam saw the white flash of teeth as one of the Zulu girls laughed at her. Too far gone to feel the rage the mockery would usually have provoked, she staggered as she turned from the flaring heat. Her knees were close to buckling.

A firm grip on her shoulder stopped her puny effort to thrust her shovel into the coal heaped in the bunker. Blinking away sweat and tears she saw the Chief. He motioned to her, and almost too tired to feel relieved that her ordeal was finished she tottered after him. How she made it up the stairs she did not know; perhaps only because Drake was standing at their head and she wanted to show him she could do it.

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She had courage, Drake admitted, as the girl stumbled into the office ahead of him, and strength and stamina too. Not many stowaways managed the full hour of backbreaking toil he had put her through. He took her by the shoulders and turned her with her back to the wall. She sagged against it.

"Stand straight," he told her. When she did not, he pulled her upright. Blinking sweat from her eyes, she swayed, managed to lock her knees and stood with shoulders sagging. Alex Riley handed him a grubby towel and he wiped the coal dust and the girl's sweat from his hand.

"Give her her due, she stuck it out to the end," the Chief said. "But that was nothing, Ann. My Zulu girls do six hours at a stretch around the clock, so don't go feeling proud of yourself for managing one."

"I don't know how you can work at all in that heat," Drake said.

"That's why I'm the chief engineer and you're not."

"And glad of it. I'd better tidy her up before we go."

Ann's half-closed eyes widened when he rubbed the towel over her breasts, wiping away the worst of the sweat and grime. She was breathing hard and shaking from reaction. She was firm-muscled too, and prettily curved and her pointed nipples felt hard and resilient against his palms. Her gaze lifted to his and a flicker of what might have been surprise crossed her dirty face before her head lolled once more.

She was a strange one, but then they all were. To some extent he could understand what drove them to it, but it had to run deeper than their obvious desire. Some would call it a need. They were usually ready to throw themselves at the feet of the first man they saw and beg to be used, but this one had not, nor shown any of the

hysteria that sometimes quickly replaced the lust when a girl realised exactly what she had got herself into. Ann groaned as his rubbing reached her belly and he felt it twitch under his hand. Excitement or just pain? Her eyelids fluttered briefly when he towelled the little prominence of her mons and revealed its neat crown of light-brown hair beneath the coal dust, before moving on to her thighs. The smell of her sweat was strong and mingled with another scent, more piquant and stimulating, but maybe that was just the result of her labours too. Drake stepped back.

“Look, her nipples are hard,” Chief Riley said. “Maybe she’s not so different from the usual sort.”

“She had better not be, for her sake,” Drake replied. “And it’s no more than you’d expect from one of That Kind. I hope you’ve decided to be sensible from now on, girl.”

Ann did not reply. She almost fell as he grasped her hips with both hands and turned her. Resting her forehead against the wall, she let her arms dangle, whimpering occasionally as he rubbed the towel over her wealed back and buttocks.

“She’s not too badly marked,” he said. “She must have done a pretty good job.”

“Not bad for a first time,” the Chief allowed.

“Maybe I should assign her as one of your regular stokers,” Drake said dryly.

Riley laughed. “I’d find better things for her to do than shovelling coal. I told the boys to go easy on her considering everything else she’s got coming.”

“You shouldn’t have. She must have known what to expect. She knew the law and the consequences if she stowed away, just like the rest of them.”

“Yeah, I guess so. Yet they still keep coming.” He met Drake’s eye. “You don’t have to follow the Company line with me, Rafael. It’s not like we haven’t talked about this before. I know you don’t like what the sorry bitches go through any more than I do. It’s a hard introduction to a hard life, and we both know it.” When Drake did not reply he glanced at the girl. “I wonder what goes on in their heads. It’s hard to figure why they do it, and so many are the higher class ones with much more to lose than most.”

“Yet they often turn out to be the best,” Drake said. “I reckon they love it the way a drinker loves alcohol or an opium smoker the pipe. And in the same way, the more they get, the more they want.” Was that true of this one too? She looked to be asleep on her feet, unresponsive to the last dabs of the towel he gave to the smooth curves of her bottom. The Chief was right; she did have one hell of an ass, and tits to match, and there were those deep-blue eyes and full lips too. He turned away. “I’ve seen a good few in my time, but never one who acted quite as crazy as this one. She was babbling some nonsense at first, and acted like she recognised me, though I’d never seen her before. She kept calling me ‘Todd’ for some reason. I had to smack her ass to shut her up.” Drake remembered the pleasant sting on his palm as he had slapped the girl’s firm backside. “You’re right about her being a beauty though.”

Riley grinned. “You thinking of changing your rule about the girls, then? There’s nothing in the book says you can’t enjoy them.”

“There’s nothing that says I have to either. They have enough to put up with when they’re on duty. Besides, I like a break when I’m on board. It means I savour it more when I’m not.”

“Are you still hiring them? Still looking for that perfect girl, eh?”

Drake gave him a wry grin. “You know there’s no such thing. Not in my case anyway. Hiring’s easier. I get to have them when I want and I don’t have to house and feed them when I don’t. And since I’m paying for them, I can be sure I’m getting exactly what I ask for. There’ve been no more vibrations, I assume?”

“Not a one. Everything okay at your end?”

“Routine and normal. I guess I’d better get this one settled. I’m officer of the watch in an hour. Come on, girl, move your ass.” He smacked her right buttock. Ann mewled like a kitten and weakly raised her head. Her knees buckled and she slumped forwards.

“Damn,” Drake said, and closed his hands around her waist before she hit the floor. “Give me another towel, Alex. It looks like I’ll have to carry her.”

\* \* \* \* \*

No less confused than when she had first arrived in this madhouse and even more afraid, Pam plodded along a metal corridor with the woman who had woken her from her exhausted sleep following close behind.

“Wait.” The order was accompanied by the woman jamming the short, bamboo stick she carried between Pam’s bare buttocks. She stopped with a squeak of outrage, though she was not entirely surprised after the other humiliations she had suffered. The stick’s pressure eased as the woman swung open the door in front of them. “Go on.”

“Please, where are you taking me?” Pam asked. “Won’t you give me some clothes?”

“Shut up.” The woman gave the same reply she had to all her other anxious questions.

“You can’t just ignore me,” Pam complained. “I have a right to....” The woman slammed her against the wall and held her there while her free hand clamped around Pam’s left breast. A thumb and forefinger pinched its nipple until her eyes were watering.

“Listen, you cow, I’ve done twenty years and I’ve got a perfect record.” The woman’s accent revealed she was English. “Three more and I can apply to be free of this lousy Company, and you’re not going to mess it up. All you need to know is you do as you’re told. I have caning rights and if you don’t start right now I’ll use them, you hear?”

The welts on Pam’s back and buttocks were buzzing painfully from the pressure of the wall. The woman had already added another one earlier and she did not want to feel the sting of the little cane across her bottom again. Belly fluttering, she nodded. Her tormentor let her go and pushed her through the doorway.

The passage beyond was wider, its walls painted, and the floor was cold under Pam's bare feet. The others had been warm, probably from the heat rising from the engine room below them. That had to be what that infernal place was. Though she had had little time to think since she had awoken, Pam was almost sure she was on a ship. How she had got there remained a mystery, and how she could possibly get back made her gut churn and heart race every time she tried to think about it. Maybe she was really lying unconscious or comatose on the plane. Even that would be better than to be really experiencing the beating and bullying she had suffered. In desperation Pam closed her eyes, fervently hoping that when she opened them she would be looking into Todd's concerned face. He had been quite attractive really, and maybe not as much of a sexist pig as she had been ready to believe.

"Hurry." The terse command and a sharp tap of the stick on Pam's rump made her open her eyes. Her heart sank. She was still in the passage, as she had known she would be. She could not escape the horrible feeling that she was not dreaming and that this unsympathetic world of callous, casual cruelty truly had become her reality.

"I don't know what makes you mad bitches do it," the Englishwoman said. "You've got everything and you throw it all away as if it's nothing. I've struggled for years and even now, only if – and it's a big *if* – I'm lucky I might get a taste of what you gave away without a thought. You're not just mad, you're bloody stupid."

Unnerved as well as puzzled, Pam wanted to ask what she meant but her previous experiences told her she would be better silent. They turned a corner, passed two doors and a tap of the stick halted her at a third with the words *First Officer* stencilled on it. The Englishwoman knocked gently.

"Come in."

Drake, who looked in every way identical to Todd, slipped the cap on his fountain pen as they entered, laid it on his desk and sat back in his chair.

"Hello, Ann. I've got the paperwork prepared."

Pam stared. Directly before her was a large, rectangular window but she could see nothing beyond it. It was dark outside and all that was visible was her own reflection in the glass, reminding her she was entirely naked before a man who was a complete stranger. She put a hand over her sex and crossed a forearm over her out-thrust breasts. Despite her embarrassment the need to know where she was made her want to go to the window and try to see out. The sudden smack of the cane on her buttocks quashed the feeling with a fiery sting.

"Stand in front of the desk," the Englishwoman barked, "and get your hands at your sides." Apart from two brief pieces of material slung from a cord around her hips, barely covering her before and behind, she was as naked as Pam but clearly nowhere near as self-conscious about it.

The heat of Pam's blush flamed on her cheeks as she obeyed and looked at Drake with a mixture of wariness and resentment.

"That's all, Christine." When the Englishwoman had gone he looked Pam up and down. "You've cleaned up well. You look very pretty."

Pam had no recollection of being bathed but it must have happened, for she had been clean when she had been awoken. One bite from the Englishwoman's cane had been enough to make her submit to having her face made-up and her hair brushed and pinned, when all she had wanted were answers to the questions crowding her mind. Neither had the indignities ended there.

Drake pushed the printed paper he had been writing on across the desk and pointed to an inkpad that lay beside it. "Right thumb print on the right bottom corner."

"W...what is it?" Pam dared to ask.

"Your provisional acceptance papers, of course." His mouth tightened as he stood, picked up a rod like the one he had used in the Chief's office and moved around the desk towards her. "I don't know what this innocent act is all about, or what you expect to gain from it, but it's trying my patience. And it's going to stop now. You know it makes no difference if you've changed your mind, so get your print on the paper." When she still hesitated he smacked the rod on the desktop. "Now!"

Pam jumped at the crack. Awed by his broad figure towering so close and terrified by the thought of him carrying out his earlier threat to strap her down and beat her, she jabbed her thumb onto the inkpad and pressed it to the printed sheet.

"That's better." Drake let the rod lie, took the paper and the passport he had found in what he thought was her bag, paper-clipped them together and slipped them into a brown folder on his desk. His hand seizing hers made Pam catch her breath but he only wiped the ink from her thumb with a damp cloth and released her. The skin of her wrist felt oddly warm where he had gripped it. The same feeling tingled through Pam's jaw as his finger tilted her chin until she was looking into his eyes. A shiver of gooseflesh ran over her skin, spread across her shoulders and down to her breasts. To her alarm her nipples stiffened.

"I expect you're afraid," he said.

Dumbly, she nodded.

"Well, it'll all be over soon and then you can start to learn the routine and settle in. It might seem strange at first but you'll pick it up quickly enough."

Even though she had no grasp of their meaning, his words were the first that had held even a hint of sympathy for her since she had been somehow plucked from the airplane. Pam felt a stirring of gratitude. It vanished as soon as he spoke again.

"They've done a good job on you. I like to see a neat little pussy like yours without any hair hiding it."

An image of being held down by three near-naked girls while the Englishwoman waxed her sex and armpits filled Pam with instant indignation.

"Oh, do you?" she said hotly. "They had no right to...." She did not expect him to slide his hand between her thighs. Stunned, Pam stared open-mouthed into Drake's eyes as his fingertips smoothed over the bare, pouting lips of her newly depilated sex. A second later she leapt away with heat flaring in her sheath and a startling cascade of juices bathing its quivering walls. Her head whirled. Only Rick's touch had ever had such an immediate and intense effect before. Remembering him

stabbed her heart as it always did, but Pam had no time to spare for past hurts. She had enough in the here and now. She shuddered, panting. “You m... mustn’t do that. It’s....”

“Not right,” Drake finished. “Nothing is, according to you. Come back here.” When she hesitated he curled his hand around the rod. To Pam’s relief he let go when she obeyed. She squeaked in anger and outrage when he immediately smoothed his fingers over her sex-lips again, and was thankful as well as surprised when he did no more. As his hand withdrew it brushed the apex of her sex. Pam looked down and gave a little mew of astonishment. The tip of her clitoris was standing out amid the flesh that should have concealed it. Her cheeks flamed, then flamed again as she saw her deep-red and erect nipples.

Drake laughed. “Now that’s what I expect from one of That Kind, not this coy, modest act you’ve been putting on. No one’s going to buy it anyway. Not after you stowed away.”

“But I keep telling you I didn’t stow away.”

“Then I guess you just appeared out of thin air?”

“Yes. No. Oh, hell! I was on a plane....”

His upraised hand stopped her. “There are no plains in the Atlantic Ocean, girl, as you know very well.”

“The Atlantic? Then I’m where I was, except... not where I was, or maybe when I was?” It was a difficult idea to grasp, let alone put into words.

Drake was not listening. He took out a large pocket watch. “Time we moved along. The passengers will be gathering in the saloon before dinner.”

“Oh, why won’t anyone listen? Doesn’t anyone have any respect for anyone else here?”

Drake’s glance at her seemed surprised. “Sure, but not for you. That’s something else you sacrificed the right to when you gave up your freedom.”

“Freedom?” Pam’s belly felt instantly and horribly hollow. “Please, for one minute pretend I have no idea what’s happening and tell me what it is I’ve done to make everyone mad at me.”

“No one’s mad at you, but a lot will despise you.” Drake sighed. “Okay, I’ll play along this once, but only once. You stowed away. That’s an international offence with a mandatory punishment. You automatically become the property of the Company whose vessel you illegally boarded, in this case the *Empire Star Line*. That’s why I’ve signed you on as a stewardess third class on the crew of the *Empire’s Triumph*.”

“P... property?” The hollow feeling intensified. “What the hell are you saying?”

“What I’m saying, as you already know, is that you belong to the Company. You’re a bonded slave girl.”

“Oh, my God!”

It took every shred of control and willpower Pam could summon to stop her from passing out. She was still reeling when Drake took her forward from his office to a part of the vessel where the corridors were carpeted and their walls painted in

tasteful pastel shades. Questions crowded her mind but the lieutenant's patience was exhausted, and in her shock and near-panic Pam forgot them as quickly as they arose. A slave! The word ran round and round in her head as Drake guided her along passageways and through a double door. The room beyond was more brightly lit than anywhere Pam had seen so far. And it was full of people! Senses still swamped by what she had learned, she took in little of her surroundings but could still cringe inwardly as heads began to turn in her direction.

Big, rectangular windows at either side of the room showed it extended the width of the vessel. Between two of the windows on one side was a small stage with tables arranged in semi-circles in front of it. On the stage was a tall, chromed-metal post and beside it another shiny metal object shaped like half a barrel and mounted on two pairs of legs of different lengths and set at different angles. Drake made for the stage but his glance at the bar that occupied most of the other side of the saloon made him head in that direction instead. Horribly conscious of her nudity and especially her newly depilated sex, Pam felt her cheeks grow hot. There must be thirty men and women in the room and they were all looking at her. The buzz of her wealed back and buttocks reminded her that they too were clearly visible and Pam cringed once more at the knowledge everyone could see the evidence of her abuse and humiliation. She had an awful certainty that none of them would care.

They approached a man in a uniform similar to Drake's but wearing gold-tasselled epaulettes on his shoulders and three gold stars in his lapels. As they reached him a slim, blonde-haired young woman glided along the bar and slipped her arm through his.

"Oh, is this the stowaway? How fascinating." She extended the long, black cigarette holder in her free hand and deliberately flicked hot ash from her cigarette onto Pam's left breast. The American girl hissed and rubbed at the discomfort. The blonde pushed her hand away. "Keep still, darling, while I look at you."

Her gaze travelled slowly over Pam's nakedness. Uncomfortable under the blatant scrutiny, she could still feel surprise at how the young woman was dressed. Her long, ivory-coloured gown of knitted silk clung to her like a second skin, revealing every curve and hollow of her slender figure. What most astonished Pam, however, was that it only covered the blonde's left breast, leaving the right one completely bare except for a jewelled, gold clip covering her nipple. Equally astonishing was the fact that she was not the only female in the room dressed that way, and that none of them seemed at all self-conscious about it. Pam looked up from the small, firm swell of the young woman's breast and found herself staring into two large, green eyes.

"My, she's a beauty." The pink tip of the blonde's tongue ran slowly over her glossy red lips and her smile bared two pointed eyeteeth. To Pam, they looked sharper than usual, almost feline, like the smile itself. Leaning closer, the young woman took a long sniff. "I think she's excited too. Did it thrill you, darling, hiding from everyone until you saw your chance to sneak on board? I'll bet it was exciting finding a little corner to cram yourself into and huddling there all hot and shivery

between the legs, knowing you were bound to get caught.” She laughed and her eyes shone. “And all the time thinking about what was going to happen when you were.”

Pam lowered her gaze with her cheeks flaming. She too had caught the scent of feminine musk that clung in the air around her. Her sex and inner thighs were damp from the startling effects of Drake’s brief exploration. She heard him clear his throat.

“Excuse me, Miss Peake, I have duties to perform. With your permission, Commodore.”

“But I’d like to talk to her.” The blonde turned to the Commodore, smiling sweetly but insincerely. “Latimer, darling, you don’t mind if I bend the rules a tiny bit, do you?”

The man’s look of annoyance gave way to a faint smile. He nodded to Drake. “I think we can make an exception for Miss Peake, Lieutenant, providing it doesn’t become a habit.”

“Thank you, darling. Be a treasure, Mister Drake, and bring her along to my stateroom, would you?”

Drake cleared his throat again. “I don’t think that’s what Commodore Traske meant when he gave you permission to speak to the slave.”

Pam shuddered at the word and gave him a resentful glance. His mouth was a thin, disapproving line.

“Permission?” The blonde smiled, cat-like once more. “I didn’t ask for that, Lieutenant, only the *merest* favour. And since I own half the Company don’t you think that technically half of the girl belongs to me already?”

“Maybe so, Ma’am,” he said stiffly, “but we have rules and regulations we must follow.”

“Never mind, Drake,” the Commodore said, though he looked displeased. “Carry on. We’re always glad to accommodate Miss Peake.”

The blonde laughed, eyes flashing mischievously. “Oh, I shall hold you to that one day, darling. And thank you. Come along, Mister Drake. I won’t keep her long.” Her gaze travelled the length of Pam’s nudity. “Just long enough.”

While Pam’s belly performed somersaults, Drake’s grip propelled her in Miss Peake’s wake. Before they left the saloon through another set of doors an almost naked girl carrying a tray of drinks passed them. With horrifying certainty Pam knew she was a - what had Drake called her - a stewardess third class? Her gut growing tighter at every step, she had a blurred impression of corridors decorated with tasteful murals, thick, plush carpets beneath her bare feet, and abruptly found herself in what looked like a well-appointed hotel room.

Three attractive young women were there already. One, dressed in ankle boots, black leather trousers and a flimsy white blouse, had a large, holstered pistol at her right hip. Another wore a small scrap of silk around her hips and a nearly transparent band that revealed beneath it the firm mounds of two full, pink-nippled breasts. The third was completely naked and to Pam’s consternation was kneeling on the floor, her cheek to the carpet and her hands stretched back to pull her thighs apart where they met her buttocks, revealing the gape of her pinkly glistening sex to anyone

who walked through the door. Stricken, Pam stared at the red, raised ridges that lined the girl's tight, pale-skinned bottom.

"Get up, Milly."

The girl rose and turned. She was short and petite but large-breasted, and as blonde as the young woman who had given the order. Her round eyes looked briefly at Pam and then, with a hunger she made no attempt to disguise, focused on Drake.

"Do bring the slave in, Lieutenant," Miss Peake said. "I promise you can have her back in an hour."

His fingers tightened on Pam's arm. "She should be on display now. An hour...."

"Isn't too much to ask, is it, darling? Why don't you join us? I'm sure Milly would enjoy it." The blonde crossed the room, closed her hand over Pam's wrist and drew her away from him. "And *you* might enjoy Milly, too."

Drake stiffened. "You know that would be inappropriate, Persephone."

She laughed. "Oh, you and your Company rules, Rafael. Don't you ever bend even the least important of them? There must be times when you're not bound by them, or don't you have time these days for anything but duty and responsibility?"

"Not while I'm on board. And my job takes up most of my time."

"All work and no play. You didn't always take everything so seriously. Perhaps you'd prefer Tania?" She angled her bare right tit towards him and pulled the jewelled clip from its red, upright nipple. "Or maybe you'd like me, darling." Her air was challenging and slightly mocking.

"That would be inappropriate too, Miss Peake," Drake said with obvious annoyance.

"What happened to Persephone? Or 'Sephone? You used to call me that, darling, remember?" Her glossy lips pouted. "But you don't like me anymore, do you? You think I have too much freedom for a female, and too much money. I even suspect that you think I deserve to be bent over and flogged like one of your naughty slave girls for my impudence and my Sapphic ways." Her laughter tinkled. "I do, darling, but I'm far too rich for that to happen. And I like men too, especially if they're handsome and strong." She sucked in a breath that lifted her bare breast invitingly towards him.

Drake cleared his throat noisily and Pam saw a hint of colour across his angular cheekbones, anger or embarrassment, or both.

"What I think is of no importance, particularly to you. I have the same concern for your safety and well-being as I have for the other passengers, and that's what I should be seeing to." He checked his watch. "Your hour began five minutes ago."

"Do come back *personally* to collect her, darling," the blonde said before he closed the door. She turned to Pam, laughing softly. "He's a bit stuffy sometimes but I always feel safer knowing he's on board. And he has the balls to stand up to me. He's attractive, don't you think? Did you notice it wasn't Milly or Tania, or even me he was looking at? I think he's taken a liking to you."

Pam could not have cared less. She watched the blonde woman suspiciously, heart thudding. Miss Peake chafed her palm over her exposed nipple.

“Remind me to return this to *Tiffany’s*, Tania. The clasp is too tight.” She dropped the jewelled clip onto the dressing table and slipped the single strap on her dress from her left shoulder. The brunette girl in the breast band and obscenely short skirt plucked the discarded garment from the floor. Naked, Miss Peake went to the bed, sat and pointed to the floor at her feet. “Come and kneel by me,” she told Pam. “Tell me your story. Why did you decide to get yourself enslaved?”

“Oh, I didn’t!” Relieved that at last someone was ready to listen, Pam knelt without hesitation. “I was on an airplane over the ocean...”

“What?” Miss Peake’s carefully plucked eyebrows arched.

“An airplane. It has wings and flies. Oh, please! I know it’s going to sound impossible but it’s true. Really it is.”

The blonde’s green eyes, which emphasised the feline cast of her beauty, searched Pam’s face. All trace of her frivolous air had disappeared, replaced by what may have been a worried frown but quickly became a calculating appraisal. She gave a short laugh.

“All right, darling, but it had better be entertaining.”

Pam kept it short for fear of losing her attention. When she reached the part where she had been stripped and forced to stoke the boilers Miss Peake cut her off.

“That’s to be expected, darling. They’re never gentle dealing with one of That Kind.”

“But they say they’re going to make me a slave.” Tears brimmed Pam’s eyelids.

“You’re already a slave. You became one the minute you stepped aboard, however fantastical you claim the method of your arrival was. It was an imaginative little tale, though.”

“Oh, you don’t believe me. Please, it’s the truth. Won’t you help me?”

Persephone Peake laughed, looking more feline than ever. Leaning back, she spread her legs. Without thinking, Pam looked between them, to find herself staring in horror at the fleshy, crescent-shaped lips of the young woman’s sex, swollen and reddened and glistening with moisture.

“Darling, I didn’t bring you here to help you. I brought you to lick my pussy.”

### Chapter Three

“Eve,” Persephone called as Pam leaped to her feet and backed quickly towards the door.

The woman in the leather trousers caught her easily. She was tall, big-breasted and broad hipped, and twice as strong as Pam, as she proved by grabbing her wrists, bending her arms behind her and marching her back to the blonde.

“Not a good start, darling. Slaves are supposed to be obedient and compliant. When they aren’t they get punished. Do I have to punish you?”

Pam wriggled uselessly in Eve’s grip. “Please, I’m not like that. I’m not... not interested in women.”

Persephone chuckled. “Neither are Milly and Tania, but they know better than to let it stop them doing as they’re told. And you’re going to have to learn it too, darling. On the post, Eve. Help her, Tania.”

Pam had not noticed the post mounted close to the wall near the bed. Short bars stuck out at its top and bottom, with two leather straps hanging from the upper ones and two more attached to the lower. Eve easily overcame Pam’s attempts to resist and backed her against the shiny metal. Tania seized her right arm and raised it.

“If you continue fighting I’ll make sure it goes harder for you,” Persephone warned.

With the welts across her back already stinging from pressing into the post, the American girl exerted every ounce of self-control and stopped struggling as Tania fastened the straps around her wrists. At the feel of the tight leather Pam immediately thought of Rick. Her legs trembled when Eve joined the other girl in buckling the ankle straps tightly in place.

“Get her arms higher,” Persephone instructed when they were finished. “I want her stretched.”

“Oh, no,” Pam wailed, as they raised the upper bar and the pull on her wrists and shoulder joints increased until her body was strained taut and the mounds of her breasts lifted higher on her chest, jutting out with their rosy nipples pointing right and left. The stiff anklets stopped her rising on her toes to ease the tension. For the briefest of moments a shiver of nervous excitement ran through her at the memory of what Rick had called their ‘games’. Persephone stepped closer, and Pam felt gnawing anxiety and awful helplessness in the grip of the leather binding her limbs. Smiling, the blonde reached a fingertip to the outer curve of Pam’s left breast and traced a line over its rounded fullness.

She squeezed her eyes tight shut. “Oh, God, I’m not a dyke,” she hissed through gritted teeth.

“You mean a Sapphic, darling,” Persephone purred, “and we’re barely tolerated here. Being too open about it can get you a public flogging or even slavery. Unless, of course, you’re as obscenely rich as I am.” Her light laughter tinkled close to Pam’s ear. “I’d have to do something very silly indeed to end up being enslaved.

Like stowing away.” She gave Pam’s nipple an uncomfortable tweak. “Look at me, Ann.”

The American girl opened her eyes. The blonde’s lips hovered inches in front of her own.

“That’s your real name, isn’t it? It says so on the notice they put up about you. Do you know you’re the star of tonight’s entertainment, darling? You should. There’s plenty in the papers warning girls like you what will happen if you stow away. Yet so many still do. Why do you think that is?”

“I don’t know,” Pam said. “Please let me go. I’m not Ann, I’m Pamela Weston. I told you how I came here. It’s the truth.”

Persephone closed her hands on her breasts and squeezed.

Pam gasped as the fingers sank deep into her tender flesh. “Ooh, no.”

“You mustn’t go around telling stories no one will believe, Ann. You’ll only get hurt. What you should do is be obedient and cooperative, then you won’t get half as many beatings. Right, Tania?”

“That’s right, Mistress,” the brunette answered at once. Like her Mistress’s, her accent sounded British.

“There, you see?” Persephone stopped squeezing Pam’s breasts and rubbed them firmly with her palms. “Now forget your little fantasy and concentrate on being a good slave. Otherwise you have a lot of painful experiences ahead of you. What do you think a slave girl should be above all else?”

Pam’s stomach knotted. She had been asked the question before. She gave the same answer she had given Rick. “I... obedient.”

“Very good.” Persephone’s smile held no warmth. “And respectful of her betters. What do you think she should call them?” She pinched Pam’s nipples.

“Ow! Ooh! Mistress! She should call them Mistress.”

Persephone continued pinching, tightening her grip until the pain seemed to be flowing from the pulsing points into the rest of Pam’s body, the way it had with Rick. “Not if they’re men, silly.”

“Ooh! Master! Master if they’re men, Mistress.”

“Good girl. You’ve learned a useful lesson. Remember it.” Slowly and deliberately she scraped her fingernails over the delicate skin of Pam’s breasts as far as her nipples, then again squeezed the twin points hard between fingers and thumbs.

“Ooh! Ooh! Stop, please! I’ll do whatever you want. Don’t hurt me any more.” The idea was utterly abhorrent but she could take no more of the blonde’s frightening torments.

Persephone laughed wickedly. “I know you will, darling. But not until you’ve had another lesson.” She released Pam’s fiercely throbbing nipples and went to a cupboard. Through tear filled eyes the American girl saw it was not the dresses it contained that the blonde was looking at, but the rack attached to the door.

“Hm, the light hazel wand for now, I think,” Pam heard her say and her belly turned over as she caught sight of what Persephone held in her hand.

“Oh, God, no more! I can’t take any more!”

“Nonsense! They’ve just been having a little fun with you so far. You’re barely marked.”

The smart of Pam’s weals was telling her something else altogether. The blonde leaned close and lightly tickled her armpits before rubbing the smooth, tapered wand in her hand across the American girl’s breasts until it rested on her up-tilted left nipple. Pam squirmed in the tight straps at wrists and ankles and stared into her tormentor’s cruelly smiling face.

“Oh, you’re frightened,” Persephone crooned. “But I thought girls of That Kind liked this sort of thing. Isn’t that what attracts you to a life of slavery?” She shrugged. “Well, I can’t let you off, darling. It’s not done, you see? You have to learn that you obey at once. And if you don’t you get this.”

She stepped back and swung the thin length of wood into the underside of Pam’s left breast. It landed with a smack, and a blazing streak of pain seared her flesh. Pam jerked, snarling and shaking her head. A second stroke scorched her skin in almost exactly the same place and before she could even draw breath to cry out a third smacked down on the full upper curve of her breast. Strained tight on the post Pam could barely writhe as the fiery blow sank deep and the blonde raised the wand again.

“Please!” Her breast bounced under the impact, stinging and throbbing horribly as the pain tore into her yielding flesh. Tears blurred her vision and she wriggled and arched her back in a hopeless effort to ease her torment. It only thrust her defenceless tits out further and, with a precision that could only have come from long practice, Persephone dealt two biting strikes to the swell of Pam’s left nipple. She howled and continued howling as her tormentor landed six identical and equally wicked strokes of the slim rod to her right breast.

Breathing hard, bathed in sweat and with her flesh stinging wickedly, she watched Persephone replace the hazel, scarcely able to believe that such a small, innocuous-looking instrument could have caused such torture. Her gut shrank as the blonde stood before her once more.

“Mm, that was nice.” Persephone’s smile revealed her sharp little eyeteeth. Pam shuddered. A heartbeat later she wriggled and cried out as the blonde’s hands closed over her burning breasts. A wet tongue lapped the tears clinging to her right cheek. “Are you sorry for your naughtiness?” Persephone crooned.

Pam gasped as fingers dug into her scorching flesh. “Ow! Yes, Mistress.”

“Are you going to be obedient?”

“Yes. Oh, yes!” she cried breathlessly, and heaved against her straps when Persephone’s grip left her tits and her hand slid down Pam’s belly and rubbed the newly waxed and sensitive skin on her mound.

“I got very wet punishing you, darling.” The hand slid lower and Pam’s heart pounded. “I wonder if it had the same effect on you.”

Pam squirmed as a finger pushed uncomfortably into her sex.

Persephone pouted. “Oh, you’re not excited at all, you bad girl. Don’t you know you’re always supposed to be ready? Your sort usually can’t get enough. Tania, Venus Dust.”

The slave girl lifted a small phial she already had in her hand and a glass of water. The pressure of Eve's fingers forced Pam's jaws apart. She could not evade the little sprinkle of whatever the phial contained, which Persephone placed on her tongue. It was hot and peppery and it fizzed as it met the moisture in her mouth.

"It's nothing dangerous," the blonde mistress said. "Just something to get you in the mood. Wash it down." She held the glass to Pam's lips.

Throat raw from crying out, she would have been glad to drink but for her fear of the drug being forced into her. The peppery heat spread down her gullet and all the way to her belly as she swallowed.

"The effect is instant. I'll show you." Persephone smoothed her hand down the American girl's soft-skinned stomach, paused to lightly pinch the fleshy bump concealing her clitoris, delved once more between her labia and rubbed the sensitive membranes within.

Pam gasped. Her sex tingled and tickled, the feelings quickening as the exploring finger pushed deeper and moved more rapidly. She squirmed. "Oh, what have you done to me? For God's sake, you're a girl!" It made no difference to her body's response. Her hips were wriggling as much as her bonds allowed and thrusting ever more eagerly to meet the blonde's penetrating fingers. Pam's head began to spin and even the sudden pressure of Persephone's other hand on her smarting breasts did not diminish her quivering arousal.

"There, darling, that's how you should always be – wet and compliant and ready to be used. Now, you want to lick my pussy, don't you?" Persephone's thumb and forefinger tightened on Pam's right nipple and its wicked throbbing increased.

"Ooh! Yes, Mistress." Shamed and humiliated by her surrender, she was nevertheless relieved when she was quickly freed.

Persephone sat on the edge of the bed, leaned back on both hands, and spread her legs. Her feline gaze met Pam's tearful one. "Crawl to me."

The American girl sank to all fours with a sob. She did not want to obey. The pain of her weals and of her swaying breasts as she crossed the carpet reminded her why she must. Only once before, had she pleased another woman. The memory made her think of Rick and increased the prickling between her thighs. God, was she never going to forget? She thought of Drake and how she had reacted to his touch and found herself between Persephone's thighs, her face inches from her damply glistening sex and nostrils quivering from its ripe perfume. What in God's name had they given her that could make her tremble like this? Her sheath rippled. And why did the awful thing she was being made to do seem far less repugnant than it had only minutes ago? Bewildered and forlorn she looked at the blonde. Eyes heavy-lidded, bright and smouldering with passion, Persephone ran her tongue over her shiny, red lips.

"Clitty first, darling," she said breathily. "And don't stop 'til you're told or you'll have another tit-whipping. Eve, cuff her."

Even though it had been more than two years since Pam had dared allow herself to experience any sexual pleasure, she was awed that the drug could so swiftly start to overcome her loathing. She let the powerful girl pin her arms behind her with

a pair of handcuffs. Persephone slid her buttocks to the edge of the bed until the wispy blonde curls crowning her sex tickled the tip of Pam's nose. Her woman-scent was strong and heady.

"Tania," the blonde mistress said.

Pam had been unaware Tania was close behind her. The shock of the slave's fingers thrusting into her sex made her jerk forward. Her mouth met the swells of Persephone's pussy-lips and the blonde's hand abruptly gripping the back of her head held it there. Sex quivering, belly churning and head spinning, Pam accepted her fate. She pushed out her tongue and began to lick. It was horrid, nauseating, or it should have been. But the drug was doing its work. With her hurts a reminder of the penalty for failing to please the cruel mistress, she lapped and flicked her tongue on Persephone's bud, nibbled with her lips and drew on it until it was firm and elongated and the blonde was sighing her pleasure.

"Pussy now," Persephone said breathlessly, apparently as heedless of those watching her as Pam was acutely conscious of their presence. Yet she dared not refuse. The drug did not seem to affect her feelings, only the sensitivity of her body. She cringed at her shameful submission as she slipped her tongue between the blonde's swollen inner-lips and tasted the ripe tang of what she had only smelled before. Persephone moaned and undulated her belly, pushing harder. "Deeper," she urged, hips moving rhythmically, and as Pam thrust her tongue further a spill of juices flowed over it and into her mouth. The hand on her head pulled harder, the hips moved faster and Persephone gasped and panted, grinding her pussy on Pam's lips and drenching them with the dew of her climax.

The blonde's grip relaxed. Pam wanted to draw back but remembered in time that she was not to stop until she was told. Her pussy tingled alarmingly from the friction of Tania's fingers. Clearly the girl had been given the same order. Once again, only Pam's years of habitually controlling her emotions gave her the strength to continue. With Persephone's flavour filling her mouth and her stomach close to rebelling each time she had to swallow, she repeated her degrading service a second time. The result was the same for both of them.

As Persephone sprawled panting across the bed a loud tap sounded on the door.

"Open it, Eve," she said.

Freed at last from the handcuffs and the slave girl's teasing touch, Pam lifted her bowed head. Drake stood in the doorway, surveying the scene impassively with narrowed eyes. Her sex gave a wriggle, swamped immediately by her overwhelming humiliation as his glance passed quickly over Persephone and fixed on her own kneeling figure. Pam's cheeks flamed and she turned her wet, smeared face away.

"Time's up," he said. "You had better be finished."

Persephone's laugh tinkled. "For now, darling. Unless *you* want to join me." She seemed indifferent that she was naked in the man's presence.

Drake pulled Pam to her feet. Startling, horrifying heat flowed across her skin and continued all the way to her prickling sex. The blonde rose, took the towel Milly

held out and rubbed it over her sweat-run breasts and down her smooth belly. She raised a hand in mock salute.

“Carry on, Lieutenant,” she said in obvious imitation of the Commodore, and smiled in Pam’s direction. “Go along. I’ll be there shortly to watch your performance.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Drake stopped on the way back to the saloon and handed Ann his handkerchief. “Wipe your face.”

Pink-cheeked and panting she wiped off Persephone’s juices. He eyed the fiery tracks across her breasts and tried to ignore the sensation that stirred in his loins.

“I didn’t want to,” she said hoarsely, handing the handkerchief back.

Drake knew Persephone’s ways. He was well aware the girl had been forced, but her attempt to excuse her behaviour was unusual for one of That Kind. “Call me ‘Sir’.” He reached a hand towards her face and she shied from it. “Your lipstick is smeared. Keep still.” He wiped his fingertip along the edge of her trembling upper lip. The rich aroma of female arousal filled his nostrils. Ann had looked so appealingly helpless trapped between Persephone’s thighs with Tania fingering her from behind. She had seemed to be enjoying it too, though her tits must have been burning at the same time. They would be still, but there was nothing he could do about that for now. He took her arm again.

The tables in the saloon were filled with people. Dinner was being served. The murmur of conversation faded and every head turned towards them. Drake saw Ann’s cheeks turn deeper red and she put a hand before her sex as he led her to the stage’s high step. He could feel her shivering. She had good reason to be afraid.

“She’s all yours, Bosun,” Drake said, half-dragging Ann to the broad, thickset man standing beside the post. He tried and failed to ignore the uneasy feeling his part in the punishments always caused him.

The man grabbed Ann’s arms and turned her. His assistant stepped forward, raising a short, black cylindrical length of rubber with straps at its ends. The girl recoiled from it and then from the pain in her wealed buttocks as they met the bosun’s immovable bulk.

“Oh, n...” The other man jammed the rubber between her teeth and buckled the straps behind her head. “Ugh!” she gurgled into the gag as both men manhandled her towards the post. A swat of the bosun’s broad hand to her backside made her squeak in pain.

“Behave, or you’ll wish you had.”

Drake watched them fasten her to the post and pull the wrist bindings tight until she was well stretched. The look she gave him held a silent plea. He kept his face impassive. Though he felt sorry for her, the sight of her muscles drawn taut by the bonds and the high jut of her uplifted breasts sent a pleasurable tickle through his loins.

The bosun's assistant carried two buckets onto the stage, placed one behind her and the other between her parted and shackled feet. He sniggered. "For when you piss yourself. They always do."

Drake saw her blue eyes widen further. How could she act so innocent about everything, as if she had no idea what they were going to do? She had to have seen the warnings in the newspapers. They were full page, for heaven's sake, and they spelled out the penalties in terms that were unmistakable. The colour had left her face. She looked ghostly pale, small and vulnerable. The thickening cock in his pants twitched and he turned and walked away. He had learned long ago that it was unwise to mix pleasure with duty. One way or another it always ended badly. Besides, there would be no pleasure for him, or for the girl, in what lay ahead of her.

The buzz of excited conversation ceased abruptly as Drake stepped into the passageway and closed the saloon's doors behind him. Alex Riley, for once in uniform instead of coveralls, was walking slowly in his direction.

"Is it over?"

Drake shook his head. "Just about to begin."

The Chief pulled a face. "I put it off as long as I could, but it's my turn to make the numbers up. Traske won't like it if I don't show my face. 'There will always be a minimum of three officers, besides myself, present on such occasions'," he quoted, in a fair imitation of the Commodore at his most pompous.

Drake did not feel like laughing.

"Maybe she'll enjoy it," Riley suggested. "Plenty of them do."

"Not this one. She's shit scared, and Persephone Peake's just worked her over, which hasn't helped."

Riley grimaced again. "Not the easiest of introductions to our passengers. That little bitch may well be the crazy one. She certainly needs to be seriously taken in hand."

"If she could take some pleasure from it, it would be different," Drake said. "But she's not excited now, only terrified."

"It's the law. She knew what to expect."

"I wonder. She acts like she hasn't got a clue what's going on. She's been like that from the beginning." Drake watched the Chief remove his cap and tuck it under his left arm. "Forget it, Alex. Go back to your engines. I'll make up the numbers."

"But you never stay to see them punished. You dislike it as much as I do when it's forced on them like that. Even the Bosun says he has doubts sometimes and God knows he can be an evil bastard when it suits him."

"The passengers think differently. They're hovering like vultures. They can't wait for the show to start."

"Fuck them," Riley said. "Just bored rich folks looking for a new experience to revive their jaded palates."

Drake sighed. "Well, they're about to get it. Go ahead, skip this one. Traske won't care as long as the numbers are right."

“Well, okay, if you’re sure.” The Chief replaced his cap on his head and nodded. “Thanks, Rafael. I owe you one.”

Drake turned back to the saloon. Riley was right, he always avoided the punishments if he could. Why then, had he made his offer? Every slave girl on board was a beauty. Ann was nothing special as far as that was concerned. Yet she had something about her, and whatever it might be was strong enough to overcome his reluctance to watch her suffer pain without pleasure. He shook his head, ignored the tightening of his gut, and opened the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Increasingly desperate, Pam had watched Drake make his way between the tables and leave the room. Feeling abandoned and achingly alone she looked around with fear fluttering in her belly. Her breasts smarted and throbbed at the same time. Unaccountably and alarmingly, a little tingle of excitement still pulsed between her legs.

The diners continued their meal, as if having a naked girl bound helplessly in their midst was nothing out of the ordinary. Pam gulped. Maybe it was not. They kept watching her, the nearest mere feet away, their stares curious, appraising and, it seemed to her, expectant; even those of the women, though they were far outnumbered by the men. Directly in front of her sat the Commodore. Dressed once more, Persephone Peake settled herself next to him and turned her predatory smile on Pam. The awful, cringing embarrassment she was feeling intensified. Along with the rubber of the gag, she could still taste the blonde’s sex on her tongue.

Inevitably, the thick cylinder forcing Pam’s jaws so wide made it difficult to swallow. As the minutes dragged by she began to drool. Saliva ran from the corners of her mouth, dribbling down her chin and onto her red-striped breasts. Acutely conscious of it, and that her total nudity and raised position meant everyone had an upward view of the bare cleft between her spread legs, she closed her eyes tightly to shut out the watchers. It only increased her dizziness. Pam picked a spot on the far wall, above the heads of the crowd, and stared at it, but several times was drawn to look at the semi-naked girls moving amongst the tables. She saw a girl bending forward to gather plates onto a tray. One of the men at the table she was clearing smoothed his hand over the roundness of her swaying right breast and tugged its nipple. The girl did not protest or try to pull away, and remained in position until he let go and resumed his conversation with his companion. Stewardess third class. The hollow feeling of dread in Pam’s stomach deepened.

Five men appeared and took seats to her right, picking up musical instruments that rested beside their chairs. The nearest gave Pam a bold grin and a wink as he sat down. She looked away and saw Drake had returned and was standing near the bar on the opposite side of the room. A shiver ran through her and tickled all the way to her sex. Damn that drug! The bosun and his mate were coming towards her with a girl as naked as she was between them. A man in a tuxedo joined them and together they

stepped onto the stage. Pam's heart began beating faster. The bosun carried a long bamboo cane thicker than her middle finger.

The nude girl shuddered and revealed eyes filled with anxiety as she looked briefly at Pam before taking a position next to the half-barrel shaped object on asymmetrical legs that stood a few feet to one side of the post. Her fear was palpable. Desperately hoping the cane was intended for the slave girl, Pam told herself that it was not selfishness but self-preservation. To her horror the bosun turned towards her. The urge to piss with fright became one to piss with relief as he began loosening Pam's straps.

The man in the tuxedo faced the audience. "Good evening, gentlemen and ladies, and welcome to this evening's entertainment aboard the *Empire's Triumph*, flagship and newest, finest vessel of the *Empire Star Line*. My name is Jerry Morgan, and I'm your Master of Ceremonies and host for this evening and for the three others you'll be aboard ship until we reach New York. Commodore Traske, his crew and staff, hope you will enjoy your journey. And remember, if anything, anything at all, does not give you complete satisfaction, you have only to inform one of the crew or officers and they will see something is done about it immediately. Shortly, we will be folding away the tables and the boys of the band will be playing some of the newest and hottest tunes for your dancing or easy listening pleasure."

Pam's heart leapt when the bosun's grip did not relax after he had freed her. He turned her to face the post and his mate fastened her wrists and ankles again. As fear surged, she made muffled protests into her gag and struggled futilely in the bosun's grasp.

"Before that," Jerry Morgan continued, "Let me introduce Lisa." He grinned as he gestured towards the trembling girl. "Yes folks, just four hours into the trip one of our naughtier slave girls earned herself twelve strokes. Some of them can't seem to keep away from the cane. Tardiness was her fault, but it's far from the first time her impudent bottom has needed some chastisement to remind her of her duty."

Thank God. Pam took a deep breath, sucking back some of the drool around the gag. It was going to be the girl.

"But first let's take a look at our stowaway," Jerry Morgan said. "I'm sure you've all heard about her by now and had a chance to see her on display."

Pam's belly went tight.

"I'm also sure you know the penalties imposed by international regulations on a girl who illegally boards any vessel. Some of you may have seen this before, gentlemen and ladies. It's not such a rare occurrence, after all. But I won't make those of you who haven't wait any longer. So here is Ann, our new stewardess third class, receiving the mandatory two dozen lashes, and our bosun, Tom Harker, to deliver them."

Pam heaved frantically at her straps as the crowd applauded. The bosun went to the bucket at the back of the stage and lifted the chequered wooden handle showing above its rim. Water streamed into the bucket from the six lengths of cord attached to the handle. Pam redoubled her frenzied tugging, crying out incoherently into her gag as she stared in utter horror at the wet cords, each with six thick knots tied at intervals

along its length. The bosun ran them through his meaty paw, careful not to wring out the water that added to their weight. Two dozen lashes. With that? Pam's head spun. As she fought uselessly to break free, the darkness hovering at the edges of her vision closed in.

The splash of cold water in her face brought back both her consciousness and her terror. It would not be the first time she had felt the whip, but to take it cold, completely unprepared by even the shortest of warm-ups, was way beyond anything she had known before. So was the cruelly knotted whip. Her gut churned so much she feared she would lose control of her bowels.

"She doesn't seem happy about taking a flogging, gentlemen and ladies," Jerry Morgan observed blithely. "Maybe she's having second thoughts about deciding to travel on the *Empire's Triumph*."

The watchers' laughter quickly faded as the Bosun took a step back. Pam twisted her head as far as she could to keep him in sight. He raised the whip and she watched the water dripping from the tips of its cords in breathless dread. Pam blinked. The lash was no longer there.

A split second later searing fire blazed across her bare back. She shrieked into the thick rubber blocking her mouth and felt the bite of the leather straps at wrists and ankles as she tore at them in a frenzy of pain. One agonising lash after another scorched her skin, scoring her back and shoulder blades with fiery lines of torment, while the hard knots bit deeper and the ones at the ends of the cords curled around her body to sear the outer swell of her already throbbing right breast. The pain was incredible. Eyes shut tight and tears flowing, Pam fought for control.

For once it was a battle she lost. Her buttocks bounced and flamed as the bosun switched targets. Shock and hurt trapped her breath in her throat. Pam bucked wildly, adding to the strain on her cracking shoulders as each wet, wicked splat of the whip on her tender buttocks stoked the fires already raging through their flesh. Near panic, she wet herself.

"Oh, there she goes," Jerry Morgan said, chuckling. "It's rare we get one who doesn't piss herself at some time during her first flogging."

The searing strokes of the whip stopped. In the silence Pam heard the echoing vibration of the metal bucket between her feet as her urine splattered into it. She was helpless to stop it, and almost too lost in her pain to care about the humiliation. Oh, please let it be over! Even as the plea filled her mind her flow ended and another savage stroke raked her burning rear-cheeks and set her writhing once more. Pam shrieked into her gag and continued shrieking until at last the torment ceased. The crowd's applause mocked her. She was too far gone to care.

What followed was a blur. Through the fire and torment she heard the meaty thud of the thick cane striking flesh and the girl called Lisa crying out close by, and more applause that must have marked the end of the beating. The band began playing. Fingers played over the burning weals on Pam's left shoulder. Persephone Peake's breathy tones penetrated her pain-racked mind.

"You're a sight, darling, but I did enjoy your whipping. You see now why I wanted you *before* they flogged you."

\* \* \* \* \*

“You understand your duties?” Drake asked, leaning back in his chair and steepling his fingers.

Standing at the other side of his desk, head up, feet slightly apart and with her fists pressed to the small of her back, Pam nodded.

The Englishwoman who had taught her the pose prodded the tip of her cane into the American girl’s ravaged bottom. “Answer properly.”

“Yes, Sir,” she said, wincing, and for the first time since entering Drake’s office looked away from his level gaze and through the big window behind him. “My God, we’re flying!” Pam rushed to the glass, almost forgetting the pain of breasts and back and buttocks in her astonishment at the clouds drifting past outside. Far below them lay the grey-blue ocean.

“No, Christine.” Drake rose to his feet. The alarming tingle his hand on Pam’s arm caused made her pull away in time to see the Englishwoman lower her upraised cane. “What else do you expect us to do?” He looked at a sepia-tinted photograph on the wall. The image was of a cigar-shaped object with tall fins at one end, which appeared to be hovering close to the ground above a large crowd of ants.

Pam looked more closely. The ants were people and the object was huge. “It’s an airship!”

His eyes narrowed. “Don’t start that again. If you tell me you didn’t notice when you sneaked on board I’ll take a switch to you, sore backside or not.”

“But it’s enormous. And it’s powered by steam?” Her thoughts raced. “It must use helium. Hydrogen would be too dangerous with fire aboard. What about the weight? All that steel and coal. Doesn’t it defy the laws of physics?”

The look he returned her was surprised, puzzled and suspicious all at the same time. “What do you know about the laws of physics, girl?”

Pam flinched from his tone. “Only what I learned in high school.” It was enough. Maybe even the laws of nature were different in this crazy world. She had been flying and so had the airship, and somehow the blackness had plucked her from one and set her down on the other. At least it made more sense than her ending up on a ship. Pam’s belly flipped. None of it made any sense, but if the blackness had brought her here maybe it could take her back, if only she could get the chance to find it.

“In position,” Drake ordered. “Let’s get back to the matter of your duties.”

Pam swallowed hard. The Englishwoman had made it starkly and horribly clear what she was to be - a waitress. And a prostitute! Even after the cruelty she had already endured, Pam could not quite believe they meant it, did not *want* to believe they meant it.

Drake sat and placed his hands on the desk. The fearful flutter in Pam’s stomach was joined by an alarming tickle beneath the obscenely small scrap of cloth they had given her to wear as she remembered the touch of those long fingers. What

the hell was in the drug that Persephone had forced into her? She raised her head, but looking into his deep-brown eyes only made her pulse quicken further.

“You know the penalties if you don’t fully please the passengers? No allowances will be made because you’re new. You’ll be punished like any other slave girl if you aren’t satisfactory in every way.”

“Yes, Sir.” Her shudder at the fateful words ‘slave girl’ heightened the dull throbbing of the welts the whip had raised. The Englishwoman had had one of the other girls put a soothing ointment on them the night before but they still hurt with every movement Pam made.

“If you want to remain on the *Empire’s Triumph* you had better make sure your service this trip is exemplary,” Drake continued. “Otherwise you can forget about making another. We’ll be watching you closely. Make the grade or you’ll be sent to the pool and sold off.”

Pam gulped. Her only hope of ever returning to her own world, desperately slim though it might be, was to find the black phenomenon. As far as she knew it was somewhere out over the Atlantic. Remaining on the airship was the only chance she would ever have of encountering it again. Yet what they were demanding she do was utterly abhorrent. Even so, it had to be better than being sent to whatever the pool was and sold like an object. Drake was looking at her with one eyebrow lifted impatiently. “Yes, Sir,” she said grudgingly, shuddering at the enormity of what she was committing herself to.

“You don’t seem very enthusiastic for one of That Kind.”

“I don’t know what That Kind are,” Pam said. “But I guarantee I’m not one of them.”

“Is that a fact?” The corners of his mouth lifted. “Wait outside, Christine.” The moment she had gone he crooked a finger at Pam. “Here.”

Acutely conscious of him looking at her bare breasts she walked hesitantly around the desk. Drake leaned back and she saw his gaze slowly explore her body. Pam remembered all of the times that Rick had given her the same long, searching scrutiny, and what had come after it. An involuntary shiver ran through her. Damn Rick and his kinky games! For once she felt anger at the memories instead of pain.

Drake smiled thinly. “Getting excited, Ann?”

She resisted the urge to glare at him. “No, Sir.”

“Miss Peake wasn’t gentle with you.”

Pam had seen several girls whose breasts bore purpling lines similar to the ones that marked her own. She had the frightening suspicion that such evidence of abuse was only likely to attract more.

“Your nipples seem pretty hard for a girl who’s not excited, yet I don’t think it’s cold in here.” He reached out as he spoke. Pam leapt back. “Now that’s the sort of thing that will get you punished. Come here.”

She could not afford to anger the airship’s first lieutenant. Pam obeyed and gritted her teeth as he lifted the little semi-circle of white cloth suspended from a cord around her hips. She had slapped Captain Todd’s hand indignantly from her ass and

dearly wished she could do the same to the one Drake slid over the fronts of her thighs, inches from her bare sex.

“No sign of much excitement down there. It’s expected, you know. You’re always to be ready to accommodate any of the passengers who want you.”

Pam flinched at the bald statement that so cruelly summed up her future. How could he be so matter-of-fact about it? But then he was not the one doomed to a life of slavery. Unless she could find the unearthly blackness again and get home.

“You’d better show me what you can do,” Drake said.

She stared in alarm as he began loosening the buttons on his trousers.

## Chapter Four

What the hell was he doing? He never used any of the slave girls. His fellow officers could laugh behind his back if they wished but he had a reputation to uphold, and that did not include using Company property to satisfy his lust, even if there was nothing in the rulebook that forbade it. He was not going to give head office the slimmest reason to criticise or disapprove of his conduct. His captaincy could not be far off now and with it would come the freedom of action he had been working for for the past twelve years, the freedom to begin his search.

The thought did not stop Drake from taking his achingly hard cock from his pants and aiming it in the girl's direction. She gave a squeak of mingled outrage and alarm.

"We can't have an unwilling girl serving the passengers," he said as casually as he could, meeting her anxious gaze. "Of course, she'd earn herself a caning if she proved unsatisfactory." He nodded towards the floor at his feet. "Kneel."

Still wearing her look of horror she sank down before him.

"The Chief was right, you are a beauty, especially made-up and with your hair done like that." He seemed to be seeing her properly for the first time and she was absolutely stunning, from the fair hair piled on top of her head to her red-painted toenails. There was something irresistibly appealing about a girl kneeling naked before him. There was also something very engaging about the bemused, hunted doe expression this one wore on her face most of the time. Perhaps, at least in part, it was that which had drawn him back to watch her flogging. The main reason, however, remained a mystery. It had certainly not been to watch the water spraying from the wet cords lashing into Ann's jerking buttocks, or to savour their swish and splat against her skin and her anguished cries. Yet he had known that if she had betrayed the merest hint she was enjoying it, he would have been wishing it was he who had been laying the strokes across her defenceless flesh and making her writhe helplessly in her tight bonds.

Drake blinked. Her eyes seemed to have grown brighter and the rise and fall of her darkly wealed breasts a little faster. When she ran the tip of her tongue nervously over her lips he could resist no longer. Silently consigning his self-imposed golden rule to hell, he gave in to his need. "Well, get on with it. I haven't got all day."

She reached out a shaking hand and his cock shivered as her fingers curled around his thickened flesh. Her sharply indrawn breath came at the same moment as his own. Her hand was dry and warm and smooth. His straining shaft felt as if it was pulsing as Ann tightened her grip. Slowly, she began manipulating it. He watched her movements for long seconds, savouring the sensations she was creating before looking at her face. Her head was lowered.

"Look at me," he said, and she raised her gaze to his. Her eyes were bright yet misty, clouded by some emotion. Shame, humiliation? Unlikely from one of That Kind... arousal then, excitement, pure lust. She would be wet now, though there was

no dribble of moisture on the floor beneath her or telltale glistening on her firmly muscled thighs, as he had seen with some. God, what thighs! The need to be between them rose abruptly and Drake fought it off, leaned further back in his chair and acknowledged what he really wanted.

“In your mouth,” he said, surprised by the catch in his voice. He had meant his tone to show he expected instant compliance. Instead it had half-sounded like a plea. He cleared his throat, breathing hard, eyes narrowing as he watched her bow her head, part her jaws and guide his shaft between her lips. Drake caught his breath again as Ann drew on his tingling cock-head. She pressed the flat of her tongue to its tip until wriggles of pleasure were running the length of his shaft, and it was all he could do to resist the need to grasp her by the hair and thrust deep into her mouth.

His gasps became increasingly rapid as the girl bobbed her head, tonguing and sucking his hard flesh until it seemed to be pulsing. All too soon for his liking, the inevitable happened. He came with a long groaning growl and quivering, exultant spasms of pleasure. Too afraid or too gripped by her own passions, Ann did not pull back as his semen surged into her mouth. Her hand continued moving rapidly for several seconds before she lifted her head. She kept her lips parted and he could see the come pooled in her mouth and a dribble that had overflowed and was sliding slowly towards her chin. A long string of it stretched from the end of his cock to her mouth, parting the instant he noticed it to hang in a thin thread from her lower lip. She blinked, looked around, down at the floor and then up at his face, eyes still bright but pleading. For a moment he stared into their blue depths, acutely conscious of them staring into his. What did she want? He was huffing and panting and struggling to regain control of his arching eyebrows and wipe the lopsided grin from his face. The intensity of his satisfaction was a complete surprise. He had never used one of That Kind before and had been unprepared for the effect.

The girl gave a shudder, a reflexive gag and then screwed up her face as she swallowed. Drake chuckled as he realised what had been bothering her. She would need to get used to come swallowing. It came with the job.

“Well I guess we both know you’ve done that before,” he said when he had got his breath back, unfolded his handkerchief and wiped his slackening cock. “Keep still.” Drake used the handkerchief to dab her lips and wipe the smear of semen from her chin, then pointed to his exposed penis. “Put it away. The passengers expect that too.”

As she buttoned him up she gave him a resentful glance he guessed she thought he would not notice, but he was more interested in studying her face than in reprimanding her. He had seen and used many beautiful slave girls, so many he had forgotten most of them, yet for some unaccountable reason he had the feeling Ann Estemay would be one he would remember.

“Stand.” He lifted her tiny covering again. “Still no sign of anything,” he said dryly. “I expected more from you. Aren’t you even a little excited?”

Her cheeks turned a deeper red.

“I guess I’ll have to find out for myself.”

She leapt backwards as he reached between her thighs. “Yes, I’m excited,” she snapped, and he hid a smile at the silent ‘damn you’ he knew she longed to say aloud.

“Then off to work. You’re five minutes late already.” So was he and he could not think of a better reason for it. There was a smear of her lipstick on the semen-stained handkerchief he picked up from his desk. Drake sighed his satisfaction and laughed softly as he tossed it into the wastebasket.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pam instantly regretted the haste with which she had fled as she came face to face with the woman waiting outside and the daunting prospect of what she was about to do.

“You lucky cow,” Christine said. “I’ve been four years with Drake, on this ship and others, and he’s never once touched a girl before. If he’s taken a fancy to you, you’ll have it made compared to the rest of us. Hell, he might even buy you. You’d be getting a good one there. He’s a stickler for duty but he’s not cruel like some are.”

Pam only half-heard as a tap of the woman’s cane to her aching backside drove her forward through the airship’s corridors. She had not wanted to suck Drake’s cock, but if she wanted to stay aboard, and she did desperately want to stay aboard, she had no choice but to obey orders. His cock had seemed to shiver under her touch and as she had moved her hand up and down she had not been able to avoid noticing that it was also quite generously proportioned, impressively so, in fact. She felt a warm tickle low in her belly.

Oddly, when he had come it had not made her stomach heave or left her feeling half as disgusted as she expected. But she had felt cringing humiliation when she had dared to look up and, with her mouth overflowing with his semen, seen the smouldering lust that had still been in his eyes. The salty-flavoured come had pooled in her throat. She had known instinctively what she had to do and she had done it. Pam could accept she had had no choice. What she could not accept was that she had been excited while doing it. Those days were gone. They had ended along with her affair with Rick and she did not want them, or anything like them, to ever return. She was done with it. It had never been her true nature and she had locked it away where it could do no further harm. And she was through with men. She had sworn that the day she had learned how the bastards could lie and cheat and break her heart. Her gut went tight. They had hurt her much more since she had arrived in this horrible caricature of reality. Unlike her own world, saying no would not work here.

She learned how true that was minutes after Christine reported her present for duty to the crewman in charge in the saloon and left her to her task. Serving drinks and snacks, fluffing cushions and tidying magazines were familiar enough to Pam from her days as a stewardess. Being stared at while almost naked and groped by nearly everyone she served was not. Even some of the women wanted to lift the

obscenely brief semi-circle of material covering her buttocks and look at the welts the flogging had inflicted.

“I’ve never been this close to one of That Kind before,” one of them said to the man beside her as she let Pam’s loincloth fall back into place. She was about forty and rather thick-waisted but Pam remembered she had still worn one of the revealing dresses the night before. “Is it true they’re juicing all the time?”

“Let’s see,” the man replied, turned Pam and lifted her front covering. She clenched her fists, forcing them to stay at her sides as the couple stared at her bald sex. Others were also watching, none of them showing any self-consciousness or embarrassment. Only Pam felt that. Not only the laws of nature but the moral standards too were different in this awful place. She gritted her teeth as the man slid a fingertip over her slit and pushed it between her damp pussy-lips.

“Yes, she’s juicing a bit. Her clit’s not as swollen as I expected, though. I’d heard they get so hard they’re near to bursting most of the time.” He laughed.

Pam cringed inwardly as the tingling, which had never fully subsided after her encounter with Drake, increased. How long were the effects of that damned drug going to last?

“You should try her out,” the woman said, horrifyingly casual.

The man smiled. “I’d rather have you, my dear.”

The woman smiled back. “Have us both. You know I like that.”

“Perhaps I will later.” His finger slipped free. “More coffee, girl.” He did not look at Pam’s face as he gave the order.

She hurried away, not at all relieved by what could only be a temporary reprieve. They had discussed her like an object, like an animal, not a human being, as if her thoughts and wants and feelings were of no importance. Her belly fluttered. That was exactly the way it was. Yet they were not unfeeling. They obviously had affection for one another. Their empathy just did not extend to slaves, especially not to whatever slaves of That Kind might be. And everyone thought she was one of them. Would Christine explain if she asked, or would she hit her again?

Having served the coffee, endured the man’s exploration of one of her sore breasts and the woman commenting on how red her persistently stiff nipples were, Pam returned to the place she had been told to stand, amid the tables in the saloon that were her responsibility. She watched the passengers seated around them like the trained stewardess she was, anticipating their needs and dealing with them instantly. No one was going to fault her performance. She did not want another beating, and even more importantly she did not want to be forced to leave the airship and her only chance to get home, however remote it might be.

The wall clocks showing London, ship and New York time told Pam she had two hours of her shift remaining when Persephone Peake came into the saloon, accompanied by her bodyguard Eve and the slave girl Tania. As Pam had been sure she would, she sat at one of her tables. Tania knelt on the floor beside her. Persephone ordered coffee.

“Yes, Mistress.” Pam spoke the hated, humiliating words, and when she returned with the tray had to endure a knowing smile from the young woman who had drugged and abused her the night before.

“Are your tits hurting, darling?” she asked as Pam poured coffee.

“Yes, Mistress,” she answered, tight-lipped.

“You didn’t seem to like your flogging much.”

“Of course I didn’t,” Pam snapped. “Oh! I mean, no, Mistress.”

Persephone gave her feline smile, drew on her long cigarette holder and blew smoke in Pam’s face. “Some do, you know. I’ve seen it myself; girls coming under the lash, sometimes again and again. I suppose they’re so excited at the new life they’ve chosen they can’t help it.” Her soft laugh tinkled. “You were lucky really. Some ships use knotted leather thongs instead of the cord whips. They’re sure to hurt more when they’re wet, I should think.” She shivered but continued smiling.

Pam hid her grimace at the blonde’s amusement by returning to her station amongst the tables. The smug bitch. But then, she could afford to be. As if she knew exactly what Pam was thinking, Persephone met her resentful gaze and slid the tip of her tongue over her rouged lips. Pam saw a passenger lay aside a magazine and hurried over to offer another. She had to return after a few minutes when Persephone drained her coffee cup.

“Would you like more, Mistress?” she asked, belly tightening.

“No. I’d like you.”

Pam’s stomach contracted even more. “I can’t leave my position.”

“Yes you can. You’re officially available now. Your duty is to please passengers, and I’m a passenger.” She snapped her fingers at the male crewman, who sent one of the slaves standing at the bar to take Pam’s place. “Come on.” Persephone rose. “Eve, you can stay here. I think we can be pretty sure I’m not in danger of being kidnapped while I’m on board.”

“I’ll wait outside, Ma’am. Just in case.” The tall girl got to her feet and glanced at Pam.

Persephone did the same and laughed. “Come along then.”

Remembering Drake’s warning and the meaty thud of the cane impacting the buttocks of the girl who had been beaten the night before, Pam followed her to her stateroom, heart thumping.

Once again Milly was on the floor, this time on her back with her ankles held apart by a spreader bar and cuffed to her wrists, her knees bent and thighs spread. The skin of her hairless mound and vulva was crimson and her labia swollen and puffy. She held a short strap of stiff leather clamped between her teeth, but what startled Pam was the broad, cylindrical wooden baton stretching wide the tight muscle between the slave girl’s small, firm buttocks. Breathing hard she looked away and stared at the clouds drifting past the window.

Persephone let her skirt fall and stepped out of it, the muscles in her bare buttocks and thighs rippling. She bent and pulled the baton free. Milly gave a low moan around the leather strap.

“Free her,” the blonde mistress told Tania and began unbuttoning her white silk blouse as she turned to Pam. “She’s the same every time we fly. One glimpse of a man and her pussy’s dripping. And the next moment, of course, she’s got her fingers in it. I don’t know how many times I’ve told her she’s not to masturbate without permission but I may as well have saved my breath. I blame the altitude. She behaves herself on the ground but as soon as we’re in the air, she’s off.” She dropped her blouse to the floor and Tania retrieved it as Persephone took the strap from Milly’s mouth. Released from her bondage, the girl had remained unmoving, awaiting orders. “Legs wider,” her Mistress said mildly, and with a barely audible whimper Milly strained her thighs further apart. Persephone cracked the strap down on the already reddened flesh of her pussy. The slave girl gave a half-stifled grunt and, with her internal struggle reflected on her twisting face, held her position.

Her Mistress straddled her, knees either side of Milly’s head. “You are not to waste energy you should be saving for me in pleasuring yourself. Are you sorry?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Milly said quietly.

“Then prove it and kiss my pussy. And next time you won’t get nine strokes. I’ll see if twenty is enough to keep your fingers above your waist.”

For several minutes Pam and Tania were left to look on while Milly served her Mistress with tongue and lips. Persephone rose from the slave’s dew-covered face, flushed and breathing fast and with the small points of her nipples erect and much darker than their usual pale pink.

“I was rather hard on you yesterday, wasn’t I?” She stroked a fingertip over the dark welts on Pam’s right breast while the American girl fought hard not to flinch. “Milly, fetch the double strap-on. Tania, put yours on too.” Her smile was the predatory baring of her sharp eyeteeth that made her look so cat-like. She flicked a finger back and forth over Pam’s nipple. “I know I get carried away when I’m excited, darling. I can’t help it any more than Milly can.”

The blonde slave appeared beside her.

“Oh, no!” Pam stared. Milly held two rubber dildos joined by an arrangement of leather straps. Both were shiny, black rubber and both were very large. Persephone’s fingers tightened on Pam’s nipple.

“Relax. Keep still and let her put it on you.”

“Me! What...?” The grip on her buzzing nipple became a firm pinch. Eve was right outside, overpoweringly strong. Pam forced herself to suffer the indignity of Milly’s fingers probing her sex, the tingling and moistening of her tender membranes and their stretching under the dildo’s penetration. They rippled as the hard rubber filled her. She looked down at the big phallus rearing upright before her belly while Milly buckled the straps around her. Pam had expected Persephone to be wearing it, not herself. The slim blonde released the point of her breast. It pulsed.

“Lie on the bed.”

“The bed? But...” She was there to please the passengers. No one cared if her back and buttocks were ravaged and sore. No one would care if she was caned or flogged again. They would treat it as entertainment. Pam lay down, wincing as her bottom and back met the mattress. The phallus Tania wore wagged obscenely to and

fro as she and Milly bound Pam's wrists to metal rings fixed to the headboard. The tight leather strap between the American girl's buttocks that helped keep her dildo in place was cutting into her flesh. Her sex clamped tightly on the thick rubber as her anxiety increased.

"You'd better have some Venus Dust," Persephone said.

Tania fetched it and held Pam's head while the blonde mistress pried her mouth open and sprinkled the hot, fizzing powder onto her tongue. Heat spread to her gullet as she swallowed, reached her stomach and spread lower. Persephone propped herself on one elbow beside Pam and gently stroked her cheek. Warily the American girl looked into her bright green eyes and saw her dilated pupils.

"You're very pretty, darling." Persephone pouted her lips. "It was bad of me to beat your lovely breasts." She rubbed the up-thrust mounds, making Pam hiss as their throbbing increased. "Tania, the cane. The medium one."

"Oh, no!"

"Shush, darling, shush." The blonde touched a fingertip to Pam's lips. "You *were* disobedient, after all. Not at all how a good slave girl should be." She slid a hand slowly down Pam's ribcage, over the curve of her left hip and across her fluttering belly to take hold of the rubber phallus and stroke its length as if it were flesh. The dildo within Pam rubbed the quivering walls of her pussy. Heat flowed as the drug did its wicked work. She groaned from anger, despair, resentment, but mostly from the sudden, insistent desire for the pleasure to increase. Tania appeared at the foot of the bed, holding a long cane between both hands.

Pam's heart leapt. She was face-up on the bed. Her back and buttocks were unlikely targets. Where would she be beaten? Breasts, belly, thighs? Oh, God!

Persephone leaned closer, pressing little kisses along the line of Pam's jaw. "You were a bad girl, Ann," she crooned, then kissed her lips. To her shame the Venus Dust made it almost pleasant and she returned the kiss until Persephone broke contact. "But I was a bad girl too," the blonde said breathily against Pam's mouth. "I was very naughty to be so cruel." Her soft lips brushed Pam's. "And we know what happens to naughty girls, don't we?"

Breathing fast, she straddled Pam's hips and reached back for the phallus rising from the American girl's thighs, her eyes glittering and a fine sheen of perspiration coating her slender nudity. Her girl musk was strong in the air around them. Tremors teased Pam's sex as she watched Persephone guide the broad head of the dildo between the narrow crescents of her dew-bathed labia. At their apex her clitoris swelled, gleaming pinkly. Her eyelashes fluttered and her mouth opened to emit a short, gasping little mew. She drove her hips downward, sinking to the hilt in a single thrust.

Persephone bucked, squirming as her climax seized her. Her writhing moved the phallus in Pam's sex back and forth, tickling and tingling within her even as the welts on her bottom and back protested under the weight of the body forcing them deeper into the mattress. Before the blonde mistress had finished wriggling she leaned forward, rested on her elbows, and with the dildo still buried deep arched her back to push her narrow buttocks rearwards.

“Oh, that’s lovely,” she sighed. “Now, Tania.”

Pam’s belly flipped as the slave girl beside the bed raised the cane. Where could she possibly mean to strike her when most of her body was covered by Persephone’s? Pam clamped her eyes shut and clenched her teeth as the cane swung down. A crack like a pistol shot announced the rod had impacted flesh. The dildo in Pam’s sex thrust deeper and the blonde’s firm little tits rubbed on her fuller ones.

“Ooh-hoo! That hurts.”

Pam felt no pain. She opened her eyes and stared incredulously into the face above her as it twisted in the strangest expression of mingled torment and delight. Persephone was having herself caned!

## Chapter Five

“Ow! Ooh!” A second blow smacked into Persephone’s bottom. “Harder, Tania.” She looked into Pam’s eyes. “I really was very naughty. Oh! Oh!” Again the cane cracked and bit into flesh, and again the phallus filling Pam’s pussy thrust and sent shimmering pleasure trembling through her. Her clit was rising; she could feel it pressing on the strap holding the dildos. The Venus Dust was working all too well. Hazily she watched Tania raise the cane and her gaze met the slave’s, who grinned and shrugged and lashed the bamboo with a wicked follow-through onto Persephone’s jerking buttocks.

“Ooh! Ooh-hoo!” The blonde squirmed her pussy hard against Pam’s as Tania’s vigorous strokes continued. “Ooh, I’m sorry, Ann. I hurt you, didn’t I?” Her eyes glittered with tears and excitement and she closed her hands on the American girl’s breasts and squeezed.

You still are, she wanted to say as they throbbed, but her nipples tingled under Persephone’s palms. Damn the drug. “Yes, you did,” she said, surprised by her breathy tone.

“I was a bad girl.” Persephone ran her tongue over her lips in obvious relish. “Oh, yes! Very bad.”

Tania stepped back, lowering the cane.

“Why have you stopped?” Persephone demanded, panting hard.

“That’s ten, Mistress.”

“Then give me another ten.”

“But...?” Tania shrugged again and made a face her mistress could not see.

Persephone’s hips lunged avidly as the blows resumed, working the phallus in her sex and also the one in Pam’s until she was almost as breathless as the blonde. Only half-aware she was doing it, Pam tugged at her cord bindings, but she was as firmly in their grip as she was in that of the Venus Dust coursing through her bloodstream. With each meaty crack she imagined the blazing streak of fire raking Persephone’s soft-skinned rear and felt the heightened throbbing of her own tormented buttocks as much as the hot tremors teasing her sheath. The bamboo lashed down seven more times before Persephone wriggled frantically.

“Ooh! C... c... coming. Coming!”

Just as Pam had felt each impact of the cane as a thrust of the phallus, every pussy-clenching spasm of the blonde’s orgasm seemed to be communicated to her through the hard, inflexible rubber. She gasped, breasts heaving and belly all aquiver as she hovered on the brink of fulfilment, so far lost to her desire that she was much more disappointed than relieved when the feelings subsided along with Persephone’s writhing.

“Now, Tania, all the way in one.” The blonde’s green eyes were heavy-lidded with passion as they stared into Pam’s. Tania mounted the bed, the dildo jutting out before her gleaming with oil as she positioned herself behind her Mistress. She fumbled for a moment and then lunged her hips forwards.

“Oh, God, yes! That’s hard to take, but I deserve it. I was so naughty. And bad girls ought to be punished.” Persephone continued her strange confession, the words growing ever more disjointed as her slave kept up her hard thrusting. There was only one place Tania’s big strap-on could be filling. Pam’s throbbing buttocks clenched at the thought, but the blonde was soon building towards another climax, wriggling wildly under the dual penetration. Sweat dripped from her chin to the American girl’s lips, salty and as piquant in its own way as the ripe tang of female arousal clinging heavily in her nostrils.

“Harder, Tania. Give it to me. Give it to me!” Persephone’s hips rocked madly.

Pam’s belly tightened, clamping her pussy around the phallus. She recalled Rachel lying on her back on the bed, bent almost double, buttocks streaked scarlet from her caning and with her upraised arms roped to her ankles. She remembered Rick looking up in the act of forcing his shiny cock-head into the girl’s ass and Rachel crying eagerly those same words as Persephone. And the bastard had not even had the decency to look surprised, just given her a knowing smile, pushed his cock all the way in and asked Pam if she wanted to join them. Why the hell had she taken that earlier flight from Delhi? Pain lanced her heart. To be with the man she had loved.

“Good. Oh, so good!” Persephone writhed as frenetically in her third climax as she had in her first, bringing the heat in Pam’s pussy near boiling point again, only for it to slip maddeningly out of reach as the blonde mistress abruptly sagged down onto her. Hot, rapid breaths caressed her cheek as Persephone lay prostrated, giving little shivering aftershocks as the sweat from their bodies mingled. A soft plop, which could only be the sound of Tania’s dildo withdrawing, was followed by the slave getting to her feet. She too was breathing hard and streaming with sweat. As Persephone rested her head in the crook of Pam’s neck the American girl saw Milly kneeling by the bed, surreptitiously masturbating in spite of the recent punishment her pussy had taken.

When her ragged breathing had steadied, Persephone stirred and raised her head. “That was delicious, darling. But you didn’t come. It wouldn’t be fair to send you on your way without a nice come of your own.” Her sex made wet, slippery noises as she slid off the dildo, quickly unfastened its straps and removed the thick rubber filling Pam. Casting it carelessly aside she dived a hand between the American girl’s thighs and immediately found the firm bump of her upright clitoris. “Mmm! I want to taste your honey.”

Unable to stifle her moans, Pam tugged on the cords holding her wrists and fought against the pleasure the slim fingers’ pinching and rubbing her pussy were creating. She was not a lesbian! Her back arched involuntarily, hips defying all of her efforts to stop them. They thrust avidly when the blonde’s head sank between her legs and the warm, wet pressure of a tongue parted her labia to send quivers coursing the length of her sheath. Hating her abject surrender, Pam climaxed.

“Mmm!” Persephone lapped greedily at the spilling juices and her teasing pinches to Pam’s upright clitoris at once brought her to another orgasm. Mortified by the ease with which the blonde mistress had made her succumb, Pam was relieved

when, smiling her feline smile, Persephone raised her head, her mouth and chin glistening with dew. “Sweet, darling. You taste divine. But that’s enough. You can go now. And don’t go getting any ideas. I may just as easily flog you next time. Tania, fetch some salve for me, then you can untie her. Milly, if you don’t stop playing with that naughty clitty I’ll have them cut it off when we reach New York. Come here and play with my clit for a change.”

Persephone was completely insatiable, was all Pam could think as she tottered into the corridor, overwhelmed by the images and feelings racing inside her head. Her hands were half-numb from the bite of the cords on her wrists and she had difficulty tying her scanty loin covering.

“Here, let me,” Eve said, and took the opportunity to rub her fingers on Pam’s still tingling pussy before she had a chance to react. “She really got you juicing, eh?” The bodyguard grinned and tied the loincloth in place. “Wonderfully dirty, isn’t she? It’s a shame she’s so cruel too. And now you know she likes to take it, as well as dish it out, lover. She’s been taking it a lot more lately, too.”

Pam could only nod and stumble dazedly off to resume her duties. At least Persephone’s liking for receiving pain as well as giving it had spared Pam’s own bottom another ravaging... this time. When she reached the saloon she learned her shift had ended ten minutes earlier and fifteen fresh slave girls were pandering to the whims of the passengers and being pawed and explored in the process. Weary after six hours of humiliating and, she regretfully had to admit, ultimately stimulating servitude, Pam retraced the path that Christine had taken to lead her to the saloon.

There were forty-eight passengers on the *Empire’s Triumph*, she had been told during the woman’s brief orientation lecture, and forty-five slave girls to serve them in any way they chose short of permanent injury. Pam did not know if that was because it was illegal or simply because the girls were Company property and only the Company had that right. Also aboard were thirty-five aircrew, twenty-two engineering crew and thirty Zulu girl-stokers, together with a number of entertainers, like the band and the sarcastic MC. To make any money when the crew vastly outnumbered the passengers the prices must be enormous. Clearly only the rich could afford to fly the skies of the strange and frightening world in which she found herself trapped.

Pam opened one of the doors that divided the corridors into sections and saw a familiar figure coming in her direction.

“Are you lost?” Drake asked.

“No, Sir.” He seemed awfully close as he looked down at her. It felt uncomfortably intimate, especially when she remembered what she had done earlier.

“Slaves use the starboard passageway. This one is for crew.”

“Yes, Sir.” Her next words almost stuck in Pam’s throat. “Sorry, Sir.”

“Didn’t Christine tell you?”

“Yes. I... I forgot.” Would he punish her? Her belly fluttered. A prickle teased her pussy as Drake’s dark-brown eyes looked into her nervously uplifted ones. For the merest heartbeat she thought she saw a trace of warmth in his gaze, gone the instant he spoke.

“Don’t forget again.”

“Yes, Sir. No, Sir.” She made to continue on her way but his hand on her shoulder stopped her. Heat rushed across Pam’s skin and flared in her suddenly rippling sheath. She caught her breath.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

“Y... yes,” she stammered through her surprise. Looking into his face was a mistake. Fresh tremors teased her sex. The Venus Dust was still affecting her. His gaze dropped to her breasts. Pam kept still and resisted the need to slap away the hand that rubbed the dark-red point of one nipple before sliding down her belly to lift her loincloth. A finger stroked her depilated mons and made her shudder as it brushed the half-upright bud below, before coming to rest on her dew-bathed vulva. Pam’s heart raced. The finger pushed gently into her.

“Miss Peake?” Drake asked.

Pam managed a nod as her lower belly tightened and her hips gave a jerk she could not quite suppress.

He smiled when her pussy contracted around his probing digit. “At least she didn’t beat you this time, but be careful around her. She’s not only a danger to herself.”

“How am I supposed...?” Pam cut off the rest of the question, and her resentment along with it. He knew as well as she did that she was helpless before Persephone and all of the other passengers. Did he take some sort of cruel pleasure from reminding her of the fact, and by humiliating her with his intimate touching that she dared do nothing to resist?

Drake withdrew his finger and wiped it on the perfectly pressed handkerchief he took from his pocket. “Get some rest. I’ll tell Christine to put more ointment on you later, and to make sure she does your tits this time.”

Breathing hard, Pam stared after him for long seconds as he walked off down the corridor. When he looked back over his shoulder she shook herself and hurried on her way to the slave quarters. She had nowhere else to go.

The meal she got there was filling but plain. The Company wasted no money on slave girls. Only Christine, the overseer, had a bed to herself. Pam had to take turns sharing with two other girls on different shifts. As soon as Pam had eaten, she lay carefully on her side to keep her weight off her aching welts and tried to sleep. What could possibly have made her surrender so cravenly to the touch of another woman, to have enjoyed the penetration of the big dildo, the tease of feminine fingers, the warm and incredibly stimulating lap of another girl’s tongue? Two years of self-imposed celibacy was part of the answer, she admitted wryly, and that damned drug. For no reason she could understand, her thoughts turned to Rafael Drake. The trembling aftershocks of her double climax determinedly refused to subside. Too stimulated to rest, Pam glanced around to ensure her fellow slaves were all sleeping, slid a hand to her swollen clit and began to rub.

\* \* \* \* \*

A sharp bite of the cane to her bottom brought Pam instantly awake. Christine was bending over her.

“Hand off your pussy and get ready. You’ve got twenty minutes.”

Cheeks aflame, Pam pulled her hand from between her thighs. She must have fallen asleep with it there. The girls were given exactly a minute and a half to shower and had to devote the rest of the time to arranging their hair and make-up perfectly, including, since it was the eight in the evening until two in the morning shift, rouging their nipples and nether lips. Pam found the task humiliating enough without daring even to think how the result must make her look to everyone else.

Christine lined them up and gave each girl a careful scrutiny. She had been a slave for over twenty years, yet she was dressed almost identically to the rest, the only difference being a thin, blue band decorating the hem of her scanty white loincloth and the little cane she carried, a symbol of her limited rights to beat her charges. Pam guessed she was in her late thirties, still pretty, though her breasts and belly were probably less firm than they had once been. How had the woman stood it for so long? She would never be able to do the same without going mad. Pam gulped. Unless she was already mad and lying sedated in a hospital somewhere. She had to get away, had to find that blackness somewhere out over the ocean.

Her first duty in the saloon was to serve dinner. Relieved though she was to discover she had not been assigned to the table where Persephone Peake sat beside the Commodore, she was also acutely aware of the blonde’s gaze following her as she carried dishes back and forth. As the meal ended, Jerry Morgan and the band arrived, followed by the bosun and his mate and an anxious-looking slave girl. The grinning MC did not go into detail about the girl’s offence when he exercised his sarcastic wit to increase her humiliation and fear as she was strapped to the caning frame.

Pam tried and failed to shut out the swish of the cane and crack of it striking the girl’s buttocks as the bosun laid on a dozen strokes. Wincing, she leaned over to take a breadbasket from a table and a hand closed over her right breast. It buzzed uncomfortably in the firm grip. She looked to her right. Mrs. Harcourt, the woman who had examined her bottom earlier in the day looked back, eyes bright.

“Are you juicing, dear?”

A hand slid between Pam’s thighs before she could even think of closing them and two large fingers pushed inside her. Alarmingly, her sex quivered as she looked left and saw the woman’s husband.

“Yes, she is.” His thumb found her upright bud. “And she’s standing to attention.” They both laughed. “Shall we have her, my dear?”

“I think so,” his wife replied, “but I’d like to see the Zulu girls perform first.”

Mr. Harcourt summoned a white jacketed crewman. “We’d like use of this one. Suite Twenty Two.”

The steward wrote on a card he carried, produced a red grease-pencil from his pocket, and when Mrs. Harcourt released Pam’s tit and she rose upright, he wrote ‘twenty-two’ on her shoulder. “Stay. I’ll arrange a relief,” he told her.

“Kneel,” Mrs. Harcourt ordered, and Pam sank to the floor between the couple, scarcely able to believe the little flow of moisture that accompanied the

removal of the man's fingers from her sex. Was the influence of Persephone's Venus Dust ever going to wear off?

The audience applauded when the caned girl was hauled upright and led away to a man sitting at one of the tables. Pam had overheard another girl say that caned slaves were often used by passengers immediately after their punishment.

Worryingly, the Harcourts had clapped as enthusiastically as the rest and with the same flush of excitement on their faces. They did the same when six of the Zulu stokers mounted the stage, their lithe, muscular bodies rippling and gleaming with oil under the lights. In vivid contrast to their brown skins each carried two large, white rubber dildos. They had not been performing their earthy and provocative dance for long before revealing that the phalluses were not merely symbolic.

Pam had never seen anything like the show they put on, first filling their glistening pink pussies with one dildo, then presenting their shiny, firm buttocks to the audience and working the other deep between them. She did not like girls. That was the truth, Pam forcefully reminded herself, guilty, ashamed and astonished by her reaction, until she realised the lascivious performance was not what was making her excited. The images filling her head were not those of the naked dancers but of herself sinking to her knees or standing naked and exposed before Drake. She remembered how she had shivered in fear and arousal as he had lifted her tiny loin covering to expose her bald sex, and the instant tingling his broad finger had provoked as he had slid it into her pussy. By the time the Africans had finished their carnal display of sexual agility and abandon, Pam's blood was racing through her veins, her nipples pulsing, and trembling warmth once more teasing her sex.

The moment the applause died the Harcourts rose, drawing Pam to her feet, and set off towards the passenger cabins. Stunned and breathless from what she had witnessed, and with the girl's caning reminding her of the consequences of any disobedience, she followed meekly in their wake. She looked back when they reached the door and saw Persephone's glittering green gaze upon her and a pout of what might have been displeasure on her glossy lips.

The couple were not gentle but neither did they hurt Pam the way the blonde mistress had. While their own slave girl helped Mrs. Harcourt undress, Pam had to assist Mr. Harcourt to do the same and then suck him while his wife knelt at her side, watching intently and continually smoothing her hands over the welts the whip had carved into Pam's back and buttocks. It was uncomfortable and embarrassing, but nowhere near as bad as the flogging Miss Peake had given her tits.

She found it harder to make herself lick the woman's pussy and nibble her bud with her lips, but the man's fingers working rhythmically in Pam's own sex as she did it acted as both threat and encouragement. After that the couple's focus turned to one another. Harcourt mounted his wife, and Pam had only to lie on the bed beside her and do her best to ignore their noisy enthusiasm as they made love for several embarrassing minutes.

They did not continue their activity to its logical conclusion. Instead, with his wife holding Pam's head and the weight of Harcourt's body astride her keeping her in place, she was forced to suffer the indignity of the man's bulbous-headed cock jetting

thick, sticky come over her face. To her surprise Mrs. Harcourt lapped the glutinous stuff from her cheeks, nose, chin and tightly compressed lips and positioned her mouth a few inches above Pam's. Mr. Harcourt leaned close.

"Open."

Fighting nausea, Pam obeyed. Mrs. Harcourt's lips parted and released a thin, slow trickle of her husband's semen into the American girl's mouth. As it pooled at the back of her throat, Pam resisted the need to gag. Mrs. Harcourt sat up, breasts jiggling as she gave a shiver and smacked her lips.

"Swallow," she told Pam.

Somehow she forced the slimy, salty fluid down to her stomach without vomiting. An image of her kneeling before Drake and doing the same popped into her head. Her pussy gave a long, rippling tremor.

Harcourt rose and with his shaft already showing signs of reviving gave one of her erect nipples a tweak. "Good girl." His attention returned at once to his wife. She was pretty but with her breasts beginning to droop, her thick waist and plump thighs she had nowhere near the beauty of the young slave girls. Yet it was plain he preferred her. He was proof that emotions like affection, compassion and love did exist in this world. It was not only a place of cruelty and oppression and indifference to suffering... unless you happened to be a slave. But his wife had better watch out. Harcourt was a man. He was bound to betray her in the end.

He took a coin from the bedside table and gave it to Pam before pushing her towards the door. Her glance back showed he had already rejoined his wife by the time their slave girl closed it behind Pam. Loincloth clutched in one hand, she stood in the corridor and examined the coin in the other. It was shiny and looked new. According to the words around its edge, the head stamped into it was that of Edward the Ninth. On the reverse Pam read 'half-crown' and the date, nineteen eighty-five. Was it really the same year as in her own world? She had not thought about it, but the steam powered airship and low voltage electricity, the vaguely Edwardian-looking clothes of the men and the odd mixture of Art Deco and Art Nouveau decoration about everything Pam had seen, had given her the impression she had travelled back in time as well as.... She did not know what the other sort of travel might have been. It made no difference. What this horrible world was like was not important. All that mattered was getting back to the one she knew was sane.

A door opened further down the corridor and Miss Peake's bodyguard appeared, saw Pam and beckoned her closer.

"Been enjoying yourself, lover?" Eve asked. "Here, see what you've been missing." Her strong arm circled Pam's waist and she opened the door a few inches.

The American girl recoiled. Persephone was sprawled across the bed, both feet on the floor, both hands clasped around a slave girl's head to hold it tightly between her parted thighs. The slave was kneeling astride Milly, who lay on her back on the floor with her face buried in the unknown slave girl's crotch. Tania stood behind her, smacking a stiff leather paddle onto the slave's taut, rearward-thrusting buttocks. They were glowing fiery red.

Eve closed the door. "Be glad it's not you, lover. Miss Peake was pretty annoyed when the Harcourts beat her to you." She pushed Pam against the wall. Wincing at its pressure on her striped backside the American girl looked warily into the tall bodyguard's blue eyes as Eve cupped her left breast and rubbed the ball of her thumb on her firm nipple, confirming, not that Pam had ever doubted it, that the muscular girl's sexual preference was the same as her employer's. "I can see why," Eve said, laughing softly and sliding her other hand down Pam's belly.

"Please don't," she begged as two long fingers pushed slowly between the tickling lips of her sex. The girl's big breasts were almost in her face and two broad, stiff nipples thrust darkly pink against the thin white silk of her blouse.

"Why not? You're ready for it, lover." Eve's fingers wriggled. "You're oozing honey down there and pretty soon your clit's going to be hard as a button. I'd really love to give those lovely tits a proper sucking and fuck you senseless with a strap-on. And the way your pussy's acting I think you'd love it too." She laughed. "Front and rear, eh, lover?"

"No!" Pam made a sound between a gasp and a sob. "It's not me. It's that awful Venus Dust."

Eve laughed. "Oh, is it really?" She withdrew her fingers and her expression became serious. "It must be hard for you. Everything must seem strange right now, and maybe frightening too, eh? In spite of what they're saying I don't think you're one of That Kind." She shrugged, big breasts shaking. "Yet you still got yourself into this, though I can't for the life of me work out why. That wild story you told is just too far-fetched to believe." She closed her lips over her glistening fingers and sucked them. "Mm, you *are* sweet." Her smile seemed to hold some genuine sympathy. "Off you go, lover. I'm travelling on Miss Peake's ticket. I don't qualify for extras like enjoying you, worse luck."

With the embarrassing effects of Eve's exploration tingling between her legs Pam hurried away, only realising too late that she had missed a chance to find out what That Kind were. As she tied her scanty covering around her hips she almost bumped into someone coming out of one of the cabins.

The slave girl held up a small coin. "A shilling. That's all he gave me." She continued alongside Pam, walking stiffly. "Try not to attract Lord Brinley's attention," she said in the same low tones she had used to complain about her meagre gratuity. "He only likes it rough. And I mean *rough*." She pointed to the thick lattice of crimson lines across her buttocks. "My arse is on fire and not just where you can see it. He's been lashing and bugging me on and off for the last two hours and he does it bloody hard. I swear my bum's raw, outside and in." Her accent and choice of words showed she was English. "I'm Daisy by the way."

"Pam. No, I mean Ann. Ann."

"I was there when they flogged you. I've never felt the whip. I'll bet it hurts." Daisy shivered. "The knots look wicked." She seemed very young. Perhaps she thought it was inevitable that sooner or later she would feel the torment of the wet cords.

"How old are you?" Pam asked.

“Nearly twenty-one. How about you?”

“Twenty-four.”

“Then you must have taken a while to be sure,” Daisy said. “I suppose that’s the best way, rather than just jump in without thinking.”

“Is that what you did?”

“Oh, no! My parents defaulted on a loan so the bank took me for part of the debt. I’m not That Kind.” Even among slaves there seemed to be distaste for what everyone thought Pam was.

“Neither am I,” she said, though it was probably a waste of time. “How long have you been a... a...” The word would not come.

“Two years, near enough. The Company bought me from the bank so this is all I know. There were five of us so they got a discount.”

Pam’s belly flipped. She really was casually discussing the buying and selling of human beings. The girl turned into a narrower corridor while Pam continued along the main one.

“Aren’t you going to spend your money?” Daisy asked. “There isn’t anywhere you can keep it.” She gestured at their near nudity and grinned. “No pockets.”

Pam followed her to a small kiosk next to the kitchen entrance.

“I need chocolate after that,” Daisy said. “I don’t mind the fucking. It’s quite nice and the pain is usually tolerable.” She giggled. “Even fun sometimes. But I don’t like the way Brinley gives it out.” She held out her shilling and pointed to a small chocolate bar amid the candy and snacks displayed on the counter.

“Shake your tits first,” the grinning crewman behind it told her. She swung her generously proportioned breasts back and forth.

Cheeks burning, Pam had to do the same to secure a ‘Snackers’ bar and she also bought a toothbrush. The Company expected its slaves to look perfect at all times but provided few of the necessities for accomplishing it except at the kiosk, and at its own inflated prices. As they made their way to the slave quarters she savoured the taste of the chocolate after the bland food she had eaten since her arrival.

“Mm, as good as a fuck,” Daisy said, licking the last crumbs from her candy wrapper.

Still chewing on her larger bar, Pam withheld her opinion and raised the hand holding the threepence she had left. Nothing at the kiosk had been that cheap. “What do I do with this?”

“Put it in the box when we get back. It’s for the girls who aren’t chosen or don’t get tips. That way they can still use the kiosk.”

Another question that had been troubling Pam a lot more came to mind.

“Daisy, I’m nearly.... That is...what happens when the time of the month comes round? I’m due soon.”

“It won’t of course. How don’t you know about that? They give us that Zala-whatever-it’s-called in our food. That root or bark or something, from the tree they found in the jungle down in the Spanish Empire. It’s the one that protects us from pregnancy and diseases too. It works pretty much straight away.”

Spanish Empire? Pam was too tired to ask. Relieved by what Daisy had told her, the moment they reached their quarters she put her money in the box, forgot about using her new toothbrush and lowered herself cautiously onto her bunk. The prickle stubbornly refused to stop teasing her sex. Doing her best to ignore it and all her other discomforts, Pam closed her eyes. Was it really less than twenty-four hours since she had knelt to suck Drake's cock?

\* \* \* \* \*

As a stewardess third class Pam was the lowliest of the low. Exactly how low became depressingly clear when her next shift began in the male passengers' toilet.

"Do a thorough job," Christine the overseer said, "or next time it won't be ointment you get on your backside, it'll be six from my cane. And no slacking. The first lieutenant will be doing his rounds shortly."

The mention of Drake provoked Pam's recollection of kneeling at his feet with his big shaft filling her mouth. Of all the nerve-racking moments she had endured that one came most frequently to mind, and always accompanied by a tremor low in her belly. Pam remembered the times she had done the same with Rick, willingly, devotedly, eagerly subjecting herself to his will. More often than not she had been bound or cuffed, sacrificing her freedom for the sake of Rick's pleasure, and for her own, knowing the satisfaction he derived from dominating her. And maybe she had felt a little of her own at being dominated. But that had been different; a temporary suspension of reality and normal life, not the years of endless drudgery and abject servitude Pam was facing now. And she had loved Rick, or had believed she had. With Drake her arousal had simply been drug-induced.

Pam had listened to the slave girls' chatter. They talked about the passengers – who was attractive and who was not, who was cruel and who was kind. They talked about the crew too. None of them had a bad word to say about Drake. He did everything by the rulebook, but he was fair and even-handed and admired for it, maybe even liked. Pam had noticed girls look in her direction when his name came up and guessed Christine had mentioned what had taken place between them. They all seemed to think it was significant somehow but she could not see it. He was just another arrogant, overbearing male who abused his authority to satisfy his lust whenever it suited him, and in this world the opportunities for that were even greater than in the one she had been plucked from.

Exerting all of her carefully nurtured control Pam staved off despair, stopped sweeping her mop over the tiled floor and accepted she could not put off cleaning the urinals any longer. She had never done such a thing in her life. Still, it was better than cock-sucking or licking passengers' pussies. She knelt with a shudder and began scrubbing the first basin. It smelled of piss and disinfectant.

Someone came in. Pam looked up and quickly down again as she recognised the red hair and ruddy face of Lord Brinley. He walked to the urinal. She began backing away, gut tightening. The man shot out a hand and grabbed her hair.

“Stay put.” He pulled her far enough aside to stand at the basin. Pam lowered her eyes from the fat, slug-like penis he pulled from his trousers but a jerk on her hair raised her head as he let loose a stream of piss into the bowl. It splattered against the porcelain, a fine mist of its backlash spraying her face. “Eyes open,” he barked.

Cracking her eyelids a fraction apart Pam saw the fat head of his cock rapidly emerging from its foreskin.

“Suck.”

She gulped. A drip of yellowish urine clung to the tip of the penis. The man’s grip on her hair tightened and pulled her closer. Fighting nausea, Pam opened her mouth.

Brinley’s shaft quickly swelled to such a size her jaws ached at having to stretch so wide to accommodate it. She gagged continually as it pushed towards the back of her throat.

“Let’s have a look at you.” Forced to her feet by a pull on her hair Pam stood gasping while Brinley looked her up and down. “You’re a pretty one. Fine pair of tits.” His meaty fist tore her loincloth away. “I prefer girls with hair on their cunts but you’ll do just the same.”

Pam’s shock at the wrenching away of her scanty covering was nothing compared to that of being spun to face the wall, pressed hard against it between two urinals, and having both wrists seized and held above her head in the vice-like grip of Brinley’s left hand. The right one forced its way between her aching buttocks and pressed hard against the tight little knot they concealed. To Pam’s horror it gave under the thrust of a broad, blunt fingertip. Brinley pushed painfully in to the knuckle as Pam twisted frantically, fighting to free her hands from his iron grip. His breath was hot on the side of her face as he leaned closer.

“Oh-ho, a fighter, eh? I like that.”

Pam’s gut lurched. Daisy had said he liked anal. And he liked it rough! He jammed a second finger into her, stretching her sphincter even more painfully.

“Ow! No, please!” The same thick cockhead that had made her mouth gape stabbed at the tight entrance Brinley’s fingers were forcing open. Pam jerked away, only to have her belly flatten against the wall. The cock pressed harder and the fingers tugged free as its tip took their place within the narrow ring of muscle. Only once before had she been penetrated roughly there, and afterwards she had sworn that not even for Rick’s pleasure would she ever allow it to happen again.

Brinley gave a powerful lunge of his hips. A flash of pain made Pam cry out as the shaft’s unlubricated head forced its way past her sphincter. Slowly to begin with, the man worked his cock deeper into the delicate, wriggling membranes of her anus. They contracted reflexively around the thick flesh, intensifying Pam’s discomfort and disgust. He began to thrust. Lips twisting, she cried out but her protests only goaded Brinley to more vigorous efforts and quickened the strokes of his wickedly plunging penis. Pam’s efforts to escape the torment only made it worse and finally she forced herself to stop struggling, laid one cheek to the cool wall tiles and sobbing bitterly, endured.

For long minutes the hurt and degradation continued and her tears flowed. Her anus burned and ached, and each ramming thrust into her cruelly stretching rectum felt like the stab of a knife. Her knees were close to buckling. Through her tears she saw the blurred outline of a tall, uniformed figure in the open doorway. For a second her gaze locked with Drake's until an especially violent thrust made her throw back her head and cry out. When Pam looked again Drake had gone and the door was closed.

A grunting sigh at her shoulder and a flood of warm wetness in her bowels made Pam hope her ordeal might soon be over. The removal of Brinley's cock caused more pain and she sank to all fours, breathing raggedly and with her carefully pinned hair hanging loose around her face. It was not over. She knew that. A prod from the toe of the man's boot got her to her knees and her head lifted to lick his come-smear shaft clean and replace it in his trousers.

"You were good," he told her, and she cringed at the condescending smile that came with the words. "I like a bit of resistance in a girl. Well done."

A coin struck the floor beside her. Stomach heaving, Pam waited until she was sure he had gone, staggered to a washbasin and thoroughly rinsed the cloying, bitter fluids that had coated Brinley's cock from her mouth. She felt more violated by what he had done than by any of the other torments she had suffered. Yet he had not done it with any animosity towards her as a person – because he did not see her as a person. To him she was nothing but an object to be used, no more than a receptacle for the slimy semen oozing from her tortured rear.

Weeping quietly, Pam cautiously knelt, recovered her torn loincloth and searched for the pins that had been dislodged from her hair. She was responsible for the loss or damage of anything the Company 'loaned' her and could be punished for it. She heard the door open but did not look up. Two shiny shoes appeared next to her and a hand closed on her shoulder.

"Come on, get up."

Pam continued groping for hairpins.

"Leave them," Drake said.

"I'll be punished."

"No, I'll see you're not. You're okay, it's over. Brinley never has the same girl twice on a flight. He won't hurt you again."

Tears flowed once more as he drew her to her feet and Pam struggled with the shock of the assault that had left her throbbing so cruelly. She wrapped her arms around Drake and pressed her cheek to his broad chest. One of his arms encircled her, his warm hand resting on her left hip. He let her cry for a minute before disentangling her. She wiped her eyes with the backs of her hands and realised what she had done.

"Oh! S... sorry, Sir." To her surprise his smile held none of its usual sardonic amusement.

"Never mind. I don't." He cleared his throat. "Come on."

Pam staggered as she turned to follow. Her heart leapt as two powerful arms scooped her up and, entirely without willing it, she somehow found her cheek resting on one of Drake's shoulders.



## Chapter Six

Drake carried Ann along the deserted corridor, across to the crew section and down to the dispensary. When no one answered his knock he went in and laid her gently on a padded leather examination couch. She quickly rolled off her wealed bottom and onto her side with her back towards him.

“No sign of the doc, but I can fix you up,” he said. He took off his coat, rolled up his shirtsleeves and washed his hands. His big, blunt fingers felt clumsy when he lightly pressed a cool, damp cloth between Ann’s buttocks. She flinched but did not pull away as he cooled her reddened tissues and wiped away the gooey fluid dribbling from her rear. He used a finger and thumb either side of her sphincter to spread it a little and she shifted uneasily.

“Relax. You’re split, I’m afraid, but not much. You’ll be fine in a day or two.” Drake showed her the little smear of pink that was all that stained the cloth, proof that she only thought her anus had been torn apart. “I’ll put some cream on. It’ll take away the worst of the hurt.”

The tension in her stiff muscles visibly increased and he knew she was forcing herself to keep still as he slowly smoothed cool, sticky ointment onto her rear opening.

“What is it?” she asked hoarsely.

“The same thing you’ve had before but with more Lidocaine. The Company isn’t exactly lavish to its slave girls. You need to loosen up back here so I can do inside.”

“Inside!” Ann jerked her head around to face him and immediately turned back as he looked into her blue eyes. He smiled, though she could not see it. What was it about her that sparked his interest as well as his lust? Her beauty of course, but he had seen plenty of beauties in his time and not felt any desire to talk to them as he wanted to talk to this one, to learn more about who she was and what compulsion had driven her to seek slavery. And he wanted to do more than just talk, as the thickening of his cock was telling him all too clearly. “Relax,” he repeated. “Trust me, I won’t hurt you.”

She looked back at him again and, though he had not yet penetrated her ravaged rear, Drake had the feeling he had hit a nerve. Her eyes were flashing even as she lowered them and not, he knew, in deference to his rank and authority. He was pretty sure she had little respect for either one. In the past, girls of her sort had never shown him anything but acceptance and submission. He still saw acceptance, but it was grudging, and the submission came only because she knew the penalty if it did not. Beneath it was resentment and a defiance she had to battle to contain at times. It was going to get her into trouble if she did not keep it on a tighter rein. Why had she made herself a slave if she was not ready to submit?

The ointment on his finger was beginning to melt. Drake reached down and the girl’s body went taut. She turned her head away. Her sphincter clenched when he tried to probe it.

“I won’t punish you if you don’t,” he told her, “but you need to ease up back here if this stuff is going to do any good.” He heard her sigh and a second later her little rosette slackened. Drake pushed his finger gently into its entrance before she could change her mind. She hissed and tightened a little, then gave a soft grunt as he slid it deeper, smearing the salve over her delicate inner tissues. They contracted briefly before yielding under the pressure of his touch. He should have worn rubber gloves. His finger was going to end up as numb as her rectum, yet he was fully aware of its movements within her and her passivity encouraged him to increase its speed. Ann showed no signs of discomfort. Her breathing had quickened and she had sunk her forehead to the surface of the couch. His erection ached, straining against one leg of his trousers. Once more he felt the urge, the need to hurt her, to take her hard, maybe even in the same way the Englishman had in the toilet so he could hear her cries and see the tears run down her cheeks. Once more, knowing she could not possibly feel any pleasure after what she had suffered, he suppressed his feelings.

Drake withdrew his finger. She had been through more than enough for now. He washed his hands again. Ann lifted her head from the couch. She was breathing fast. “Better?” he asked, and she gave a short nod but did not look up. He held a pill and a glass of water under her nose.

“What is it?” she asked suspiciously.

“It’ll help you get some rest. I’ll excuse you the rest of your shift but you’ll have to be ready for the next one. Do you always question everything?” He smiled to show he was not annoyed, and she took the pill from his hand and swallowed it.

“Persephone Peake gave me Venus Dust.”

He shook his head. “I thought I knew most of them but I’ve never heard of that. What does it do?”

“It’s a... a... stimulant.” Ann blushed and looked as though she wished she had kept silent. She still lay with her bottom towards him, looking back over her shoulder. Her knees were drawn up, displaying not only the rounded curves of her buttocks but also the pouting crescents of her pussy-lips, peeping from between her closed thighs. Drake eyed them and allowed a thin smile to form on his lips. The nipple he could see was dark and erect. She shivered.

“I guess Miss Peake came as a shock,” he said, more to distract himself from the pulsing of the cock in his pants than for any other reason. “She is to most people the first time.”

“We don’t have anyone like her where I come from. At least no one who is so flagrant about their cruelty,” Ann said.

“That’s not what will get her in trouble. She’s asking for a big fine and a public flogging by flaunting her Sapphism. She’s come close twice already and only her money and her lawyers saved her. I’d bet the judge would sentence her to the full hundred lashes, and probably enslavement too. Her flirting and pouting wouldn’t do her much good then.”

The girl gave him an earnest look. “Please, will you tell me what That Kind means? I... I think I have a pretty good idea but I need someone to spell it out. I

swear I don't know. Where I come from we don't have anything like...." She faltered under his level gaze.

"How can you possibly not know?" he asked, yet her appeal seemed heartfelt and genuine. Drake gave her another smile. "Okay, let's pretend you've lived alone on a mountain top since you were born. Some girls are attracted by the idea of slavery. They're fascinated by the idea of being owned, or of no longer belonging to themselves, if you like, and of always being subject to another person's will." A flicker of some unknowable emotion crossed her face but she showed no sign of recognition, as if she was not wholly aware that he was talking about what she was. "Sooner or later it becomes an obsession. There are places they can go and pay to experience it, but that's not always enough. Some end by wanting to be real slaves. There are plenty of laws they can break that might get them enslaved, but there's a risk they could just get a fine and a public flogging instead." He fixed his gaze on Ann's wide blue eyes. "The one certain way to end up as a slave is to stow away on a ship or an airship. I'm sure you know international law makes the penalty automatic, and the shipping lines don't make it difficult. It's a cheap way to get labour. The scientists say the girls have Slavery Obsessive Syndrome, or SOS. Most people call them That Kind. They don't think they're crazy, just crazy for pain and sex and servitude."

Drake glanced down at her out-thrust bottom. "Their pussies are usually dripping when they're caught. They can't wait for the discipline to begin. Half of them are coming by the time they're put on display and many do it when they're flogged, and not just once either. They would get excited talking about it like this." He raised an eyebrow. "But you're not, are you?"

She did not flinch when he smoothed his fingertips over the warm, fleshy swells of her pussy-lips. They were damp, but far from dripping. Ann was still shocked from Brinley's violation, of course, but Drake had seen other stowaways breathless with excitement after experiencing similar things. She was nowhere near that level of arousal. Her eyelids looked heavy and she seemed too languid to draw away from the pressure of his finger and thumb as they parted her sex. He examined her inner petals and the fleshy little cowl that concealed her clitoris, discovering the bud beginning to emerge amidst its folds. She may not be dripping but she was becoming more aroused, and it was his touch that was causing it. The knowledge gave him a thrill of excitement as he ran one forefinger gently along the smooth-skinned edges of her outer lips.

"Please don't. I'm really not one of That Kind," she said drowsily, and her eyelids drooped and closed the moment the words left her mouth.

"I think I'm beginning to believe that," Drake said, but he knew she could not hear him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Get stripped," Persephone Peak ordered curtly, and Pam and Daisy let their loincloths fall to the floor of her stateroom. She slid the strap of her evening gown

from her shoulder, wriggled her hips until the garment formed a silken pool at her feet and she stood naked but for her diamond necklace and nipple clip. “So you two lovebirds would rather waste your time in pussy-talk with each other than in serving me?” She scowled, eyes flashing with menace.

Pam’s belly shrank. Persephone playfully cruel was bad enough. How much worse would she be in the vindictive mood that had come over her? Pam was sure she had responded to her summons immediately. She had been standing near the bar in the saloon, listening to Daisy tell her how surprised the slaves had been when Drake had personally carried her into their quarters, laid her sleeping figure on her bunk and told Christine not to disturb her until her next shift was due. When the sting of the overseer’s cane had awoken Pam, a lot of the girls had been looking at her with envy or outright jealousy. They all seemed to want Drake. They were welcome to him. He was nothing but another overbearing male.

He had been kind though, to give her the salve. Its effect had been swift and soothing, though his method of application had alarmed her. Even in her wildest masturbation fantasies, Pam could never have imagined that her flight from Heathrow would end in her lying on a leather couch aboard a steam-powered airship, with a handsome man she barely knew sliding his forefinger up and down in her rear entrance. Handsome? Where the hell had that come from?

Pam diverted her thoughts to what he had said about the girls who stowed away and how eagerly they wanted to submit. Her belly fluttered. She had felt that way with Rick. But that had been personal, because she had thought she loved him, not because of a crazy longing. Drake had confirmed her worst fears. Everyone thought she was a BDSM junkie. And then he had stroked her pussy. At that point Pam had been sure he meant to take her, and been strangely untroubled by the knowledge, even as she had made her meek protest. A sharp sting to her right buttock ended any chance of pursuing the troubling thought.

Persephone flexed the willow switch that had suddenly appeared in her hand. “You told me you’re not attracted to girls and you’ve already found yourself a little lover-bitch.”

“No, Mistress,” Pam said emphatically. The willow stung her left buttock.

“Shut up.” Persephone walked around them, took up a position in front and flexed the slim switch between her hands again. “You were so interested in one another that you neglected your duty to *me*. I’m the one you’re here to please, not yourselves.”

Pam lowered her gaze and saw the blonde’s pinkly gleaming clitoris swelling from its hood.

“Head up,” Persephone snapped, with a flick of the rod to Pam’s abdomen and another to Daisy’s. “What’s your name?” she asked the English girl.

“Daisy, Mistress.”

“You’ve got nice big tits, Daisy.” She lashed the willow in an upward, curving stroke that struck the girl’s jutting left breast a fraction below its pointed nipple.

“Ow!” Daisy clasped both hands to her hurt, rubbing the scarlet line the rod had carved across her pale skin.

“Still! Hands by your sides.” The moment the girl obeyed, Persephone raised the switch, holding it high for long seconds while her all-too-familiar feline smile bared her pointed eyeteeth. Daisy stiffened, fists clenching as she awaited the blow. The blonde mistress laughed and lowered her arm without striking. “Daisy, eh?” Moving closer until her rounded little breasts met the slave’s pointed nipples, she took a long sniff. “You don’t smell like a flower to me. You smell like a pussy. Are you hot for this one?” She shot out a hand, slapping the outer swell of Pam’s left breast so there could be no doubt Daisy knew who she was talking about.

“No, Mistress.” Daisy winced but did not pull away as the blonde slid a hand between her thighs.

“Your pussy’s wet and your clit’s half-upright.”

“I’m always like that, Mistress. I’m meant to be.” Her giggle was a mixture of amusement and nervousness. “I’ve had plenty of practice.” She gave a soft grunt as Persephone’s fingers pushed deeper between her legs. Little beads of sweat appeared on her brow.

“Why have you got pussy hair when this one hasn’t?”

“Half of us do and half don’t. I don’t know why, Mistress.”

The blonde withdrew her fingers and held them under her nose, nostrils dilating as she inhaled deeply. “Mm! I can’t think why I haven’t noticed you before, darling. Those narrow hips and big titties make you a bit top-heavy, but they’re a marvellous shape, and you have a cute little bottom too. I think I’ll call you Pussy.”

The slave girl’s nervousness visibly increased.

“I suppose you like fucking, Pussy.” Persephone giggled. “Oh, that’s a double meaning isn’t it? I like fucking pussy. And Ann does too, with a little encouragement, don’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Pam said grudgingly.

“Is that a frown?” Persephone demanded, and all trace of humour vanished as she jammed the willow rod up between Pam’s thighs hard enough to separate her outer labia. “Smile when you speak to me or I’ll whip your tits raw.”

Pam forced a parody of a smile to her face. Her tormentor sawed the switch back and forth over her tender sex-lips. It bent under the pressure.

Persephone cast it aside. “Too much give. Tania, get me something stiffer. The hazel. Milly, two dildos, eight inches.”

Pam’s gut twisted. Beside her Daisy shuddered. Persephone took a backward step and looked into each of their faces in turn. “I hear you both took a bumming from Brinley. That’s an ass-fucking to you, Ann.” Her light laughter tinkled. “He’s a rough boy from what I hear. Did you enjoy it?”

Both girls denied taking any pleasure from what they had experienced at Brinley’s hands. Milly appeared, clutching a shiny, black and well-oiled phallus in each hand.

Persephone giggled. “Let’s see if those cheeky bum-holes like rubber any better than cock. Wait! My clitty is sticking out and Pussy’s clitty is sticking out, but

there's no sign of yours, Ann. Oh, but you haven't had your Venus Dust yet." She giggled again.

Once more forced to swallow the fizzing, peppery powder, Pam was half-glad she would have its aphrodisiac effect to help her face the ordeal she was certain was to come. She worried about how long the drug seemed to last, however, and if there might be long-term consequences. A tickle ran through her sheath and her nipples stiffened and began to pulse.

"Bend over, hands on your bum cheeks," Persephone ordered, "and I want them spread good and wide, or there'll be trouble. And slacken those arseholes. Ooh, yours is bright pink, Ann! Does it still hurt from nasty old Brinley's fat prick?"

"Yes, Mistress," Pam answered, cringing inwardly in humiliation. The worst of the pain had not returned after she had awoken but her sphincter still nipped quite distressingly, especially when she walked. It nipped a lot more when the hard, rounded head of the rubber penis pushed against it and the oiled shaft sank into her rectum. The welts on her bottom buzzed beneath her palms as she held her rear cheeks wide and allowed Persephone to slide the full length of the dildo into her until her rear pucker gripped nothing but the blonde's finger. Not having been told to straighten, Pam stayed in position while the wicked blonde forced the second dildo into Daisy's rear with a single, swift thrust. The slave gave a grunt and a long hiss.

Persephone chuckled. "I knew you could take it in one, Pussy. You've done it a lot, haven't you? And with girls too, I think."

"No, Mistress. That's not permitted. Sapphism is..."

"What I like best," Persephone snapped. "Come on, we all know what really goes on in the slave quarters. When you're not playing with yourselves, you're playing with each other. It's only natural."

Still bent over, Daisy shook her head. "No, Mistress."

"Don't treat me like a fool. You've already tried that once today, ignoring me in the saloon, and see where it's got you."

"Sorry, Mistress," the slave girl said quickly.

"You will be." Persephone's feline smile became tigerish. "Kneel down and kiss my pussy, Pussy."

Daisy sank to her knees and pressed her lips to the blonde mistress's narrow slit.

"On the floor on your back, Ann," Persephone ordered, and when she had obeyed, "Pussy, get on top of her." She casually slashed the stiff hazel rod Tania had handed her across the big-breasted girl's buttocks. "Silly girl! The other way. You can't lick her pussy like that."

Pam's gut knotted. She was suddenly aware of Daisy's warm, naked body pressing down on hers and the strong scent of female as she stared at the girl's slightly parted sex-lips poised above her face and the gleaming, white-tipped, pink button of her clitoris peeping from under its hood.

"Down, Tania," the blonde mistress said. "Get your fingers in me and those luscious lips on my clit. Milly, kneel behind, and I want to feel your tongue really deep in my bum or I'll tit-whip you for more than playing with yourself. Now, you

lovebirds, I want to see some enthusiasm. If you're not coming by the time I am, you're going to regret it. And if I see so much as a glimpse of those dildos before I order it you'll regret that too, so pinch those pretty puckers tight. Eve, come closer if you want a good look."

The tall, fair-haired bodyguard loomed over Pam a few seconds later. Her leather trousers were tight, moulding themselves to the prominent crescents of her sex-lips, which were firmly separated by the seam of the garment. She gave Pam a smile and a wink.

The American girl shuddered. This was all wrong. She had never felt attracted to other women, yet her belly was quivering with excitement and her pussy with drug-induced arousal. She could not help it. Eve's fingers strayed to the crotch of her trousers. Pam turned her head away and her cheek pressed into the warm softness of Daisy's right inner thigh. The girl's sex was close enough to feel its radiant heat, and her warm breath was caressing Pam's tingling pussy-lips.

"Go on then," Persephone ordered impatiently.

Daisy's lips closed firmly on Pam's bud and the slave girl's sex sank towards her, brushing her mouth. Torn between her natural aversion and the desire the drug was creating, Pam hesitated. Pleasure surged as Daisy sucked hard. Sparkling delight made Pam's belly ripple. She thrust her tongue between the slave girl's pouting pussy-lips and lapped greedily.

Though the girls tried hard, Pam had known from the start it would be hopeless. Nibbling Daisy's inner petals while the girl's tickling tongue slathered over the entrance to her sheath, she was still building to her climax when Persephone gave several little cries and a long, sighing groan of fulfilment. Moments later, flushed and panting the two slaves were on their feet before her.

"Lazy bitches. What did I tell you? Why didn't you come? You're no better at fucking than you are at fetching and carrying." She lifted the hazel rod. "Well, I warned you."

Pam suffered her wrath first, forced onto her back on the bed, her head and shoulders over one edge with Eve kneeling on the floor and pulling her arms vertically down behind her.

"Sorry, lover, she's the boss," the girl whispered, as Milly and Tania knelt at either side of Pam's hips. The slaves each lifted one of her legs towards the ceiling, wrapped their arms around them at the knees and drew them wide. Terror made her squirm uselessly against the tight holds. In such a position there could be only two possible targets for the hazel rod that Persephone raised to strike.

"Oh, no!" All trace of arousal vanished in a single, heart-stopping moment.

The blonde's wicked grin widened. She lashed the rod downwards.

"Ooh! Oh, God!" Searing, scalding torment accompanied the smack of the stiff wood impacting soft skin and firm muscle on the inside of Pam's right thigh. If Persephone had laid a red-hot poker to the sensitive flesh Pam was sure it could not have hurt her more. Almost at once a second blow made her cry out and her eyes water as another streak of fire scorched through her tender thigh. The wicked blonde laid on four more with equal ferocity. Pam shrieked and writhed in torment, but the

girls holding her tightly did not permit her to evade the cruel cuts. If they had, they would doubtless have taken her place.

“Do you still feel like fucking your new lover?” Persephone demanded. She was no more than a blur through Pam’s tears.

“No! No, Mistress!”

“Do you want another six on the other thigh?”

“No! Oh, please no!”

Persephone giggled. “Well tough, ’cause that’s what you’re going to get.”

The tapered hazel, as thick as her forefinger, lashed Pam’s delicate flesh again, scoring fire deep into her left inner thigh. Bucking and twisting ever more frantically, amid the agony of another biting stroke, Pam let her clenched sphincter loosen. At once the hard rubber dildo crammed into her bowels slipped out, rolled to the edge of the bed and landed with a gentle thud on the carpeted floor.

“You disobedient slut,” Persephone shouted. She swung the rod hard and the torment of its impact made Pam’s head spin and lights flash before her eyes. Before her shrieks had died she found herself on her knees on the floor with the blonde jabbing the tip of the hazel into her left tit.

“Straighten your back, you worthless bitch. And you should be glad I still have a use for your pussy or I’d have given it a half-dozen for that piece of impertinence.”

Pam *was* glad, for she had thought that had been Persephone’s intention from the start. It was scant consolation with the deep-red ridges the rod had raised on her thighs blazing and throbbing.

“We’ll see what your overseer has to say about it after I’ve dealt with Pussy,” the blonde said, and Pam’s belly clenched tight. If Christine reported her, would she be allowed to remain on the airship? She might have just lost any chance of getting home.

Pale faced and trembling and with her eyes already glistening with unshed tears Daisy meekly lay on the bed, as Pam had, and Eve pinned her arms while Milly and Tania lifted and spread her legs. Persephone’s eyes glittered like emeralds. Her glossy lips stretched, baring sharp, white teeth in a cruelly menacing smile.

“You’d better pinch your arse tighter than your lover did, Pussy, or you’ll get the same thing she’s going to.” She slashed the first strike onto Daisy’s right thigh.

The girl held out under the weight of two further blows before her cry drowned out the meaty sound of the hazel biting soft flesh. Despite Persephone’s threat, she could not stop the dildo emerging from her rear as she struggled frenziedly under the savage strokes. She shrieked from the last one and writhed so wildly Pam feared Daisy would dislocate a hip or shoulder in the unrelenting grip of her tormentors. Moments later she was on the floor beside Pam, shivering and sobbing as much as the American girl.

Persephone tossed the rod on the bed, and Tania took it and the willow she had thrown down earlier and put them away. It did nothing to calm Pam’s fears.

“Eve, find a stewardess. Tell her I want the sluts’ overseer here now.” As the bodyguard left, Persephone looked down at the kneeling girls, her cruel smile playing over her lips. “Milly, stop playing with your pussy and come and play with mine.”

The petite blonde slave, whose hands had been nowhere near her sex, scampered to her knees before her Mistress. Persephone stood in silence, tapping an expensively sandaled foot impatiently and idly rolling her nipples between her fingers and thumbs while the slave licked her Mistress’s engorged bud.

Several nerve-racking minutes passed before the door opened and Eve entered with Christine following. Her eyes widened as she saw the two slaves kneeling on the floor.

Persephone pushed Milly aside, turned and plucked the short cane, the symbol of the overseer’s authority, from her hand. “Get that off.” She pointed the cane at Christine’s loincloth.

The woman let it fall, revealing a hairless mons and a slit with barely a trace of a hood at its apex. Persephone reached out and, to the older woman’s obvious discomfiture, cupped her full breasts in her hands. They were more oval than round, still standing out from her chest but sagging slightly to right and left. The blonde mistress thumbed their pinkish-brown nipples. “Hmm.” She let go and walked around behind Christine, and from the woman’s sudden stiffening Pam guessed Persephone had squeezed her buttocks. “That’s a good bum you have.”

Christine’s response was a further widening of her eyes and a heartbeat later Pam saw the prominent crescents of her labia part under the probing fingers Persephone pushed into them from behind.

“When were you last used?” Persephone asked.

“Nearly two years ago, Mistress.”

“Oh, how frustrating! But you can still play with yourself, of course, or have one of the slave girls do it for you. It’s not the same as cock though, is it?”

Pam saw Persephone’s sly smile and the glance she gave her and Daisy. What was she doing? If she was going to complain about them let her get on with it.

“Fraternising isn’t allowed, Mistress,” Christine said.

Persephone giggled. “Fraternising? I’m talking about fucking, darling. How long have you been a slave? Since you were eighteen?”

“Twenty years and four months, Mistress. Since I could pass for eighteen.”

The blonde’s smile widened. “And when were you last flogged at the post?”

“N... never, Mistress.”

“How would you like to take a flogging now?”

The overseer looked startled. “I wouldn’t, Mistress.”

“But what if I made it worth your while?” Persephone chuckled and pointed at Pam and Daisy. “These two were impertinent and disobedient. I want them punished.”

“I’ll make a report, Mistress, and the Captain will deal with it.”

“No he won’t. I want you to punish them here and now so I can see them get what they deserve and watch their cheeky bottoms bounce and turn red”

“I’ll need my cane, Mistress. I can only give them six apiece.”

“No! Thirty apiece with *my* cane and the braided whip.”

Christine’s confusion was plain on her face. “I can’t do that, Mistress. You know I’m not allowed. I’d be punished myself.”

Persephone’s eyeteeth gleamed as she grinned. “I know. The rules are strict about slave overseers who exceed their authority, but I still want you to do it.”

Christine trembled. “I can’t. I could get a hundred with the cane or the ox-hide whip. Please, Mistress.”

“But what if I made it worth your while?” Persephone repeated. “How many years service have you got left?”

Christine’s mouth opened. Surprise, fear and suspicion warred on her face. “Three and... and a few months, Mistress.”

“What if it was three days instead?”

“You’re not serious.” The slave of twenty years forgot to say ‘Mistress’ in her astonishment.

“Perfectly. You know I have influence with the Company. I can get you freed as soon as we reach New York.” Her grin broadened. “If you do as I say.”

“Free,” Christine said in disbelief. She shook her head. “But the pain, the... degradation.”

“Come on,” the blonde urged. “Isn’t it worth it? I’ll throw in five thousand dollars and get you a job as overseer with one of my friends.”

“Do you mean it?” the older woman asked.

Pam would not have trusted Persephone even if she had guaranteed her a way back to her own world. Or would she, Pam wondered, as she felt the churning fear that the blonde mistress’s mention of punishment was causing. It might be a risk worth taking to escape from this awful madness. She saw Christine looking down at her, her internal struggle clear from her expression.

“I’ll do it,” the woman blurted, and Pam’s belly turned over.

They took Daisy first, knelt her on the bed close to one edge and fastened broad leather straps at either end of a short spreader bar above each knee. Also kneeling on the bed, Tania and Milly held her arms vertically, each with a hand at her wrists and another pressing her shoulders into the mattress. The position lifted her bottom high. Looking far too much like the cat that had got the cream for Pam’s liking, Persephone held out a thick rattan cane. Licking her lips, Christine reached out a hand that shook and closed her fingers around it. She positioned herself behind and to the left of the helpless Daisy’s upturned rear and raised the cane.

“You promise?”

“You have my word,” Persephone said.

Christine’s arm swung down.

## Chapter Seven

Kneeling defenceless on the floor, Pam winced at every whoosh and crack as Christine lashed the cane across Daisy's narrow buttocks. They bounced wildly under every vicious impact, yet the slave girl barely flinched in the beginning. She may be young but it was clearly far from the first time she had endured such a beating. Only after more than half the twenty cane strokes which Persephone decreed had impacted the girl's bottom did her hips begin to really wriggle and her soft grunts turn to muted cries.

The sounds were too close and too familiar to ignore. Pam's long-nurtured and all-important control vanished in the time it took to catch her breath. Memories long buried rose unbidden; more and more with every swish and crack of the rattan and half-stifled cry, until the trickle became a flood and then a torrent. She was in the mirrored room, the reflection of her naked, sweat-sheened body inescapable, no matter where she looked. Leather cuffs bit into her wrists as her arms strained upwards and her toes downwards, seeking purchase on the shiny, white-tiled floor. God, she loved the cane, but she loved the leather more! The sharp, fiery sting of the early strokes was past, her nerves desensitised by the repetitive striking of the broad-tailed whip across her back and buttocks. They were not numb. Their skin burned and their flesh throbbed. The thrumming of it reached her brain and Pam floated free, pain and pleasure mingling, melding into a single sensation far more intense and exciting than either could create alone. Rick's image was a blur through eyes slitted as much in ecstasy as in pain, but she was aware of him and of the love that flowed from him along with each scorching lash he dealt her. Pam clutched both to her heart; the warm glow of love and the fiercely burning flame of torment. She was happy. She let the pain take her.

Daisy's shrill cry broke the reverie. The girl writhed, jerking in her captors' hands. Christine had swapped the cane for the tapering, braided leather whip. She did not reduce the severity of her strokes as she laid ten across the shrieking slave girl's quivering buttocks. They were a horrid latticework of welts and ridges by the time the overseer was finished, and to Pam's horror the vivid red lines criss-crossing the purple bruising were beaded with droplets of blood. Her gut twisted. Her turn had come.

Pam was gripped in the same way as Daisy, who now sobbed wretchedly on the floor, and the two slave girls held her with her cheek to the mattress and her bottom turned up for the wicked blows of the cane and whip. And they were wicked. They scorched her tender rear cheeks with the same ferocious pain that still burned and throbbed in her thighs, and added to the torment of the half-healed weals left by the flogging she had received barely three days earlier. Much sooner than Daisy had, she writhed and squirmed under each brutal blow, cried out at the cane and then the whip carving and searing into her helpless buttocks, wept and longed for it to end. When it finally did, Pam took long seconds to realise her ordeal was over. By that

time she was back on the floor, trembling on all fours with fiery heat radiating from her flaring flesh. There had been no passion, no pleasure, no love.

Christine dropped the whip and turned towards the door.

“Where are you going?” Persephone demanded.

“To report myself to the First Officer, Mistress.”

“You’re not free yet. Come here and kiss my pussy.”

The older woman sank to her knees and pressed her lips to the blonde’s dew-bathed slit. Persephone laughed.

“Two more days to New York. On the third you’ll be free.” She drew Christine to her feet. “Go on. I’ll be there to see you flogged, darling. I promise you that too.”

Christine retrieved her little cane and loincloth, and left without bothering to fasten the garment in place.

“Would you like to have Ann, Eve?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” the bodyguard said enthusiastically.

“Take her then. Pussy and I are going to have some fun. On your back on the bed, girl. I want to sit on your face.”

Daisy had barely struggled to her feet when Eve’s strong arm wrapped around Pam and carried her to a small room off the main cabin. It held nothing but a bed and a small cabinet. Eve released her and almost tore the buttons off her blouse in her urgency.

“I’ll try to be gentle, lover, but I’ve got to have you and this is the only chance I’ll get.”

She did try, drawing Pam facedown onto her hard-muscled body to spare her ravaged bottom while her lips explored the American girl’s before straying to her stiff nipples. But inevitably, as her passion grew her explorations became more painful.

Nevertheless, with her mind whirling from the Venus Dust, Pam’s body responded to Eve’s tantalising caresses in ways she would not have believed only days previously. Her pleasure changed the nature of her pain. The awful throbbing of thighs and buttocks did not diminish, but it was no longer simply torment. It was stimulating too, heightening her excitement and the wriggling thrills running through her pussy as Eve’s fingertips chafed deliciously on the pleasure spot within. Only Rick had ever before made her feel the terrible, wonderful, heart-stopping rush of delight that abruptly surged inside her. It drove her surprise from her mind and everything else too, except the joy of her release suddenly exploding in spasming, pussy-wrenching intensity.

Afterwards, Pam lay belly-down astride a breathless Eve, breasts crushed to the big, fair-haired girl’s by the powerful arm encircling her shoulders. What the hell was that Venus Dust that it could overcome her aversion to her own sex, her will and all common sense, and drive her to such an extremity of passion? The question came and went in her spinning head while quivering aftershocks still wriggled through her sheath. She hurt too much to sleep but was too worn out to think. She snuggled against Eve’s warm, damply perspiring body and drifted. The arm around her felt

possessive, yet comforting too, a reassurance that not everyone was cruel and merciless in this weird, alien distortion of reality.

Eve's soft kiss awoke her in the grey of pre-dawn. Pam's next shift was due to start at eight that morning. "One more suck on my clit and you can go, lover."

Stiff and horribly sore though she was, Pam could not help feeling just a little grateful to the girl as she performed what should have been an utterly distasteful task. Eve could have made things much worse.

The lights in the main cabin were still on when the girls slipped from Eve's room. Throaty gasps and pleased moans came from the direction of the bed. The two slaves lay on the floor at its foot, Tania apparently asleep, Milly quietly masturbating. Persephone crouched on the bed, bottom lifted high. Behind her knelt Daisy, a grimace on her face as her hips and savagely striped buttocks swung back and forth to plunge a broad strap-on repeatedly into the blonde's rear entrance.

"Harder, darling. I was bad to you. You should be really bad to me. Oh, I was ever so naughty! Give it to me hard. Stretch my naughty bum." Eyes tightly shut, Persephone continued urging Daisy to greater efforts and thrust herself backwards to meet the plunging phallus.

Eve led Pam silently to the door, handed her her loincloth and chucked her under the chin with a finger that smelled of sex. "Good luck, lover."

Pam made her slow and painful way back to the slave quarters. Once again she hurt too much to wonder at Persephone's strange behaviour.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Over the desk," Drake said, and Ann's expression told him she was as anxious about having her pain relieved as she must have been when it had been inflicted. A half-hour had not passed since he had ordered Christine confined in the brig, shackled hand and foot on Commodore Traske's instructions.

Drake's anger surged again when he thought of what the woman had told him. He waited, letting his rage subside after Ann draped her body over the desk, and reminding himself it was not she who had provoked it. He still wanted to hurt her. Unable to resist, he slid a hand over her red-ridged buttocks and savoured the thrill that made his cock strain harder against the front of his pants.

Ann gave a soft cry that became a whimper and he felt her shudder. The fiery heat on her skin radiated against his palm. She looked beautiful like that - naked, flogged, bowed in submission. He drew back his hand when she gave no sign of enjoying its touch. Yet he was almost sure he sensed not only a longing for pain as well as pleasure in Ann, but also the desire to submit, or perhaps to be forced to submit. The idea was so intensely arousing it made Drake's breath catch in his throat. Maybe Persephone was turning her into one of her Sapphics, or maybe she was one already, though he seemed to have little trouble arousing her. Perhaps she was one of those who liked both sexes. Drake was unconcerned by the idea. While she was his she would do as he told her. The rest of the time was unimportant.

Ann had quickly become a favourite of Persephone's, although that could be for any number of reasons. The wealthy young woman was becoming more unstable with every flight she made, and she had made an awful lot of them. She was a far cry from the girl he recalled during the few weeks of their brief affair. Perhaps the blonde enjoyed tormenting Ann because she liked the pain or because she did not, or because she willingly submitted or had to be forced to do it. Drake was inclined to believe the latter.

Whatever the reason, Ann remained resistant, defiant, even proud. Drake had seen others with the same strength, unwilling or unable to surrender completely, doing it only because they must but always holding back the part of themselves that mattered to them most. They were the ones he could never think of as just another slave girl. He remembered Alex Riley's joke about his perfect girl. They had often discussed what her qualities would be in their off-duty hours, the measure of her obedience, her sexual skills, her tolerance to pain, and all the other things he valued and had enjoyed in greater or lesser measure from the girls he had used. There was only one thing he had never received from a slave girl, one thing he never expected to and had never sought.

Ann had blushed when he had smoothed salve onto the welts on her thighs and had seen her pussy glistening damply and breathed in the strong odour of her woman-scent. Drake had no doubt she was blushing once more as he spread the ointment onto her buttocks. Her belly sank onto the desk as she began to relax under its soothing effect, and he felt the tension ease in the firm muscles under his hand. Her sex-lips parted a little, revealing the pink and shiny slivers of her inner labia and the tip of her clitoris peeping from its hood. He smiled to himself. She was better at controlling her resentment than she was her arousal. The urge to use her there and then became almost overpowering. Drake cleared his throat and stepped back, removing the rubber glove he had worn to apply the ointment.

"Get up. Stand straight. This is a formal enquiry."

Ann drew herself up, her wince no doubt a response to the pain deeper within her buttocks, beyond the reach of the salve. Despite what Drake had said, he leaned casually back against the edge of his desk and let his gaze flicker over her out-thrust breasts.

"Okay, what happened?"

She gave a quick, succinct account, though he guessed she had left out quite a few details.

"Devious, conniving little..." he said softly when she had finished, and then saw her wary look. "It's okay, I don't mean you." He consulted his pocket watch. "You can go. You won't get much rest before your next shift."

"I got some sleep in Persephone's cabin," she said.

"Miss Peake to you. And call me 'Sir'. Off you go."

"Yes, Sir."

As Ann turned he grabbed her around her waist and pulled her into the circle of his arms. Almost as surprised by what he was doing as she appeared to be, he closed his lips over hers. She stiffened and he looked into her wide eyes instead of

closing his own. Her arms hung loosely at her sides as he moved his mouth on hers, gently at first, and then more greedily as he felt her body press closer and knew her anxiety was ebbing. Her eyelids fluttered and closed. She shivered and kissed him back. With a glow of triumph he moved his lips more insistently. Her pussy seemed to shiver too, when he explored it. Ann mewed softly into his mouth and slid her arms around him. Drake moved his other hand to her right breast, fondling, kneading, deliberately reawakening its discomfort. Her nipple pressed hard against his palm. His tongue pushed into her mouth and wriggled against hers, and he felt a savage exultation that Ann was responding to the pain as well as the pleasure. He ached with the need to fill her, to fling her onto her back and drive her ravaged backside hard into the floor beneath her with his weight and his thrusting cock.

Drake pulled free of Ann and stepped back. Her eyes opened and he stared into them and saw desire simmering in their depths, and surprise too, and maybe fear. Fear of him or of something inside herself? The moment ended as he let her go. She lowered her gaze and turned her head aside.

“Just wanted to know if they taste as good as they look,” he said. “Go on, back to your duties.”

Drake sat at his desk after she had gone and rested his hands on its surface. They were shaking slightly and his heart was still racing. How he had controlled himself he was not sure. Why he had done it, he had no idea. Curbing his lust had never concerned him before when he had wanted a girl. But in the past he had always been certain the girl would enjoy what he put her through. With Ann, though he thought he had seen some evidence in her behaviour with Persephone, he was a long way from being certain. After being used to hiring girls who would give him exactly what he wanted, it was an unsettling feeling but, surprisingly, not entirely unpleasant. In fact, Drake found it stimulating to watch Ann for signs of how she was affected by the things he did. Hell, he could admit it to himself; he enjoyed it. And there was one thing about which he *was* certain - there was definitely something different about this particular girl.

He got to his feet. He had to see Traske about Christine, though he doubted he could alter what would happen to her. After all, he was the one who always went by the book – at least he had until lately. He thought of Ann again and another idea even more surprising entered his head. She was not just different. She was special.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christine was flogged on the fourth night, the last of the flight, for next morning they would reach New York. Every passenger was there to see it, along with many of the crew and even some off-duty slave girls who managed to sneak into the dimmer corners of the saloon. No one could recall ever hearing of an overseer being bound to the post before, or of one so senior throwing away everything with so short a time left before she could have applied for her freedom. Speculation about why she had done it was rife, but Drake had warned Pam and Daisy to tell no one and it was clear neither he nor Persephone had revealed the reason, not even to the Commodore.

In what Pam was sure Traske considered an act of leniency, he had declared that in view of her good record Christine should receive only eighty strokes rather than the full hundred. As participants in what had happened, Pam and Daisy were required to be present, standing at either side of Drake near the bar. Unlike most of the others, whose faces were alight with anticipation even before the woman was bound to the post, he looked far from pleased.

Pam concentrated on not looking in his direction but could not avoid thinking about their last encounter. She had been surprised when Drake had not begun immediately questioning her but instead had seen to her hurts. Though the anaesthetic had helped ease the throb, she had remained aware of Drake's touch and the prickle of excitement it was creating. Damn that drug. It had brought back the memories again, or more accurately this time, the lack of them. Rick had never eased her pain. Sometimes he had held her afterwards, even those times she had told him she did not want to be touched, and at others, when she had wanted it desperately, he had left her alone to suffer her unfulfilled longing for his comfort. Why had she ever loved him? He was a bastard.

Despite her resolve, she glanced at Drake. He had kissed her and she had kissed him. His hands had set her aflame and her rapid breaths had drawn the scent of his masculinity deep into her nostrils, making her head spin with impossible excitement. And then, when she had been on the brink of begging him to take her, he had stepped back and given her a lazy, lopsided grin and a corny line about discovering how she tasted. She had felt no steadier on her feet when she had left the office than when she had entered it. Once more the question filled her mind – what the hell was in that Venus Dust?

All through dinner Christine stood naked at the post. All of the conversation Pam overheard was about the overseer and by the time the meal was over the air was crackling with tension and expectation. Christine was trembling and hanging her head. Her ordeal was prolonged by the arrival of Jerry Morgan on stage, who treated the audience to what he clearly thought were some choice witticisms and biting sarcasm at the bound overseer's expense. He reminded the crowd that the flogging was to be in two stages – first twenty strokes with the thin cane to Christine's breasts in what he called a 'pretty novel way', followed by sixty to her back and buttocks with the ox-hide whip. Her trembling grew worse as he spoke of the whip.

"And don't forget, gentlemen and ladies, you each have a ticket for the sweepstakes. We all know the thin cane splits skin much quicker than a thick one and I guarantee the bosun will draw blood with the ox-hide, so keep an eye on your numbers. I'll be counting the strokes out loud and I'll announce the moment it happens. The lucky winners will each receive a magnum of champagne generously donated by Commodore Traske on behalf of the *Empire Star Line*. So make sure you call out if your number comes up."

A smatter of applause followed. Pam shuddered. They had made it a game. Beside her, Drake shifted his feet and his frown deepened.

Even when the MC's inane patter ended, Christine's suspense did not, as a slave girl was brought to the stage to receive the standard dozen cane strokes for a

routine transgression. At least she was spared Jerry Morgan's wit. Pam felt the ache in her buttocks more acutely and her anus gave a little nip as each stroke smacked down. Since Drake's soothing treatment, Christine's replacement had only allowed her one more application of ointment.

A hush fell as the caned girl was led away and all attention focused on Christine. All except Persephone Peake's. She rose from her seat beside the Commodore and walked elegantly and seductively towards Drake, the big diamond in her nipple clip flashing. Elbowing Pam aside, she slipped her arm through his.

"Isn't it exciting, Rafael?"

"You're a bitch, 'Sephone. You set her up for your own amusement."

She pouted. "Oh, don't be a sourpuss. You know the only fun I have is when I'm flying."

"It's not fun," he said, tight lipped. "It's pain and torture as far as she's concerned. You may take pleasure in it but she won't." He looked as if he would have said more but the bosun and his mate stepped towards the helplessly bound woman.

Pam watched dry-mouthed as they turned Christine upside down on the post, bound her with thickly padded straps above her knees, bent her legs back and fastened her wrists to her ankles with leather cuffs. Her long hair had been pinned up and the anguish on her inverted face was plain to see as the bosun took the thin cane in his hand. She was fastened with her breasts at about the height of his waist, their rounded undersides uppermost - soft, defenceless targets for the wickedly slender implement that he lifted high. There would be no warm up, any more than there had been for Pam. Christine would take her punishment cold.

She bore the first strokes almost silently. The only sound in the saloon was the sharp wick-wick of the cane biting into the yielding flesh of her tits. At the seventh blow she gave a low moan and a jerk, but then barely moved under four more before at last she could stand it no longer. Her cries were shrill but still half-stifled, and drowned out by the applause when Jerry Morgan announced blood had been drawn at fifteen and a young woman leapt to her feet, heedless of the mad jiggling of her bare right breast as she waved her winning ticket aloft. Pam had stopped looking by then. She did not need to. She knew how the cane was marking Christine's flesh; the instant whitening of her skin where the whippy rod struck and rebounded, changing at once to fiery scarlet, and soon to crimson and then a deeper, fiercer red. Pam had forced herself to keep her eyes open and see it happen as she had stood bound before the mirror. She had never experienced anything like the caning the helpless overseer was taking, but she knew the flaring sting that came with every blow, and the wicked, scorching thud that sank into the flesh, deep, intense and even more delicious. She had loved it. She had loved Rick. A different kind of pain stabbed her heart.

Pam shook herself. They had Christine on her feet and were fastening her against the post, arms stretched above her head. Her back and rearward jutting buttocks looked pale and vulnerable, and glistened with sweat under the bright lights surrounding the stage. The ox-hide whip made Pam shudder. Long, stiff and

tapering, it was made of layers of thin strands tightly plaited over something she was horribly afraid was a steel rod. She had seen the intricate imprints a far less wicked implement could make on soft, delicate skin – her own skin. How much worse it must be for the tormented woman bound to the post.

As the bosun began to ply the whip, Pam looked away again and tried to ignore the hand Persephone was stroking back and forth between her sore bottom and thighs. She jumped at the first blow, the crack and thud of its impact so close together they melded into one. Christine fought hard but the battle between soft flesh and stiff leather was one she was never going to win. As her anguished cries grew louder and her writhing in her leather straps more tortuous, some of the passengers grew restive and even the bosun and his mate, taking turns to mete out the punishment, seemed glad to reduce the severity of the blows. Persephone's groping became faster, more adventurous and harder to ignore. His face like a thundercloud, Drake reached across and pushed Pam out of her reach.

The minutes passed like hours before the whipping finally stopped. One glimpse of the ragged mess it had made of the woman's upper back and buttocks was enough. Pam turned away, throat tightening. Drake stared straight ahead, his mouth a grim line. Persephone's face was flushed and her eyes sparkled. Her breasts rose and fell rapidly and the nipple covered by her silken gown was thrusting hard against the thin material.

Incredibly, Christine stayed on her feet when she was released and, with two slave girls supporting her, managed to stagger away to the dispensary without having to be carried. Pam felt sorry for her. The woman had flogged her backside but she could understand why, and she had spent less than four days on the airship, let alone twenty years.

"That was interesting, darling."

Drake pulled free of Persephone's arm. "Interesting." The word was quiet, neutral, but the anger he was holding back was plain to see.

Persephone appeared not to notice, or not to care. She giggled.

"I'd like to see you take a punishment like that," he said more hotly. "It might teach you the real cost of your frivolous behaviour."

"Oh, are you offering, darling?" She laid a hand on his sleeve, giggling again. "That could be interesting too. Shall we go to my stateroom now?"

Drake shrugged her off. "No."

Her glossy lips pouted. "Oh, spoilsport! You've disappointed me, Rafael. I suppose I'll just have to have these two naughty slave girls instead."

He swung on her. "No, 'Sephone, you won't. They're off duty and they're staying that way. You'll leave them alone, and me too, you hear?"

Pam waited for the blonde's anger but she only gave him a hurt look. There was something between them, or there had been once.

"I ought to be jealous," Persephone said. "Someone has finally got past that thick armour of yours and into your heart. You've taken a real fancy to this one, haven't you?"

“Get to the slave quarters,” Drake told Pam and Daisy, and gave the blonde the stern look that was so familiar to Pam. “You’ll have to find someone else to torment tonight.”

Persephone gave her feline smile and shot out her arm to stop a passing slave girl, a full-breasted, dark-haired beauty. “Go to cabin seven now, darling, and your pussy had better be very pink and very wet by the time I get there.” She screwed up her face, stuck out her tongue at Drake like a petulant schoolgirl, turned and stalked away.

He gave a small shake of his head. “Get moving, you two. I’ve got to get to the dispensary.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“We’re gaining on her,” someone in the crowd called excitedly.

It was unnecessary. Everyone could see the *Empire’s Triumph* was catching up to the enormous airship ahead of her. The line between slave and free had blurred in the excitement of the chase. Passengers, crew and slave girls mingled indiscriminately at the windows of the forward observation lounge in the same eager anticipation.

Pam was there with the rest, her troubles momentarily forgotten amid the distraction, and only half-aware of her stiff nipples rubbing on the coats of the two men in front as she stood on tiptoe to look over their shoulders. The deck had been vibrating for several minutes and, with the airship ahead for comparison, for the first time she had the sense that the *Empire’s Triumph* was really moving through the sky. The four down-swept funnels, jutting rearwards close to the other vessel’s stern, were belching clouds of black smoke. Big propellers mounted on pylons on the boat shaped hull beneath its vast superstructure whirled in a blur as it strained to put on more speed. Like Christine’s struggle against the whip, it proved to be an unequal one.

“It’s the *Spirit of Liberty*,” someone said as the gap between the airships closed. The name was written in large letters on its side beneath the words *American Airship Corp.* in even larger ones. Half the passengers of the *Empire’s Triumph* were Americans, as well as many of its crew and slave girls, but this was about Company rivalries, not national ones. Everyone wanted their airship to win.

“I hear the First Officer is at the helm and the Commodore has ordered full speed ahead.”

As if to confirm the unknown speaker’s words, the vibration under Pam’s feet increased. A body behind pressed closer, heightening the hurt of the welts carved across her buttocks, but she did not yield her position. She glanced around and saw it was Lord Brinley, but all of his attention was on the *Spirit of Liberty* as they began drawing level with it. It was half a mile away, yet still almost filled the port side windows with its massive bulk as they overtook it. Soon afterwards they left it behind. The thrumming of the deck eased to its normal level.

“With Rafael Drake at the helm there was never any doubt.” Persephone’s voice came from somewhere on Pam’s left and held a note of admiration. What did the blonde mean to Drake and he to her?

“If any slave girl isn’t back at her post in one minute she’ll have a sore backside before we’ve landed.” Talbot, the second officer, stood in the doorway, but he was grinning and the passengers’ laughter was good-humoured as the girls scampered back to their duties.

They passed another airship, the *Empire’s Destiny* a man watching it through binoculars said, outward bound for London. Pam thought of the black phenomenon that could be waiting to pluck some unfortunate from its decks somewhere out over the Atlantic. Had she been good enough to satisfy Drake? Would he keep her or send her to the pool to be sold like a chattel? Painfully aware of the irony of wanting to continue as a sex-toy for wealthy travellers, she still hoped desperately to be kept.

She recalled Persephone’s comment of the previous night. Had Drake – Rafael the blonde called him – really taken a liking to her? But why would he? He had a reputation for doing everything by the book, yet he had bent the rules several times to help ease her suffering. And he had kissed her. Her lips tightened at the memory, joined immediately by her pussy. Silently cursing, Pam pushed the feeling away, but she could not quite suppress the recollection of taking his rigid, up-curved cock into her mouth. She swore silently. He was just another man, and she had had enough of men. She remembered her tongue flicking against Eve’s swollen clitoris. She had had enough of women too. Trust him, Rafael had said.

The saloon was quiet. Many passengers were in their cabins packing, and others were still in the forward observation lounge waiting to catch a first sight of landfall. Pam went to one of the windows as the airship turned to starboard, and found herself looking at a familiar coastline. They were approaching it from the southeast. New York Harbour lay to port, its outline and islands so familiar she could almost have been back in her own world, and around its shores was a city as big and sprawling as the one she had known. They began losing height, flying in a wide arc over the city as the *Empire’s Triumph* manoeuvred for landing. A great pall of smoke, pouring from a million chimneys, hung over New York. There were skyscrapers but not as tall as the ones Pam was used to, and huge chimneys of grey or red brick that towered high above everything else. Pam blinked. There was no Statue of Liberty on Liberty Island.

The airship began losing height. They were approaching a large field in what Pam thought would have been South Brooklyn in her reality, moving ever more slowly and sinking lower all the time. To her left was Governor’s Island but what caught her attention were the six great vessels, almost identical to the *Empire’s Triumph*, that were tethered by their noses to enormous concrete and steel towers at the far edge of the field. Two massive tractors carrying a huge cable reel between them puffed clouds of steam and smoke as they made their way towards the approaching vessel. Pam’s view was cut off as the airship turned and drifted until it almost touched the ground. There were several clunks and thuds and then they began

moving more purposefully towards the other moored airships, towed, she guessed, by the tractors.

A hand closed on Pam's bare shoulder.

"Come on, Miss Peake wants you," Eve said.

"But we've almost landed."

The bodyguard shrugged. "You'd better come, lover. But she's pleased about something. I don't think she means to flog you."

Not reassured, Pam followed her to Persephone's cabin. As Eve opened the door Drake appeared from forward, leading the docking crew back from securing the airship to its mooring tower. He turned aside.

"What's going on? She's due to go to the pens with the others."

Pam felt a surge of relief. The pens were where the girls were kept between flights. "Then I *am* staying aboard. Oh, thank God! Now if the blackness would only come...."

"What did you say?" Drake's fingers sank deep into the flesh of her left shoulder. "What did you say?" he demanded again. The intensity of his stare frightened Pam.

Persephone appeared in the doorway of her cabin, wearing nothing but her make-up and a self-satisfied grin. "You can't have her, darling. She's mine."

## Chapter Eight

Persephone held out a piece of paper. “The Commodore’s written permission. She’s under my control until we’re ready to fly again.” She turned her grin on Pam. “Three nights in New York, Ann. We’re going to have such fun.”

Pam’s gut lurched. Drake read the paper and stared at her with the same intensity as before. She saw him regain control, and his usual imperturbable expression return as he handed back the sheet. “That’s in order, if unusual. I want her back in a fit state to do her duties.”

The blonde laughed. “She will be, darling, providing she behaves herself.” She gave him her sly look, provocative and feline. “Perhaps you’d like to come too? You can keep an eye on us both and make sure we don’t do anything naughty.”

Drake bared his teeth. “Why, thank you, Miss Peake. Since I’m now off duty for the next forty-eight hours, I believe I’ll accept your kind invitation.”

Persephone quickly mastered her arching eyebrows and hid her surprise behind a thin smile. “My, this slave girl really has got under your skin, hasn’t she?” She struck a pose that Pam had to admit looked very seductive, and spoke low and breathily. “I hope you’ll find time for me too, Rafael. You know you’re the only man who ever managed to tempt me away from my girls.”

Drake laughed softly and kept his gaze on her face, as if she was not standing nude with her nipples pointing stiffly in his direction and the lips of her sex puffy and pink. “You can count on it. I’ll see you in Customs in thirty minutes.” He looked at Pam as he spoke, turned on his heel, and once more she was alone and in Persephone’s clutches. The blonde mistress drew her into the cabin. A suitcase lay open on the bed and a tall travelling trunk rested on the floor. Beside it stood Milly and Tania. Pam stared.

“Milly, your clit is sticking out again,” Persephone said. “I swear it takes nothing at all to get you panting, does it? Help Tania get Ann ready while I dress.”

The girls gleamed with gold. They were dressed in identical corsets made from plates of the metal, laced tightly back and front with black leather thongs. The corsets nipped their waists tight and accentuated the round swells of exposed hips and breasts. Around their necks were three-inch deep collars, also gold, and edged at top and bottom with thin, black enamel bands. At the front of the collars a ring hung down over the hollow of each girl’s throat and attached above it was a white satin bow tie. Slim golden shackles encircled the slaves’ wrists and ankles and from the rear of the latter a short chain was clipped to rings at the backs of the white, open-toed high heels they wore. Their breasts and sexes were bare. Pam’s stomach fluttered. Almost bare, for their nipples and the clefts of their vulvas were rouged a bright, glossy red.

She dared not back away as the two girls advanced on her holding a similar corset. It was leather lined, stiff and unyielding when they wrapped it around her, and they laced it so tight she thought her ribs would crack. It extended upwards to just below her breasts, and tightly cinched her waist before curving downwards over each

of her hips while still contriving to expose her abdomen almost to her navel. It was weighty, horribly constrictive and – Pam shivered as the thought entered her head – very sensual. Knowing Persephone’s wealth, it was bound to be real gold.

So were the bracelets and anklets, and the collar that made her heart pound when they locked it around her neck. Pam had worn one for Rick, but that had been leather. She had worn it as a symbol of her love. This one was much heavier, and it was a symbol of her slavery. Pam’s spirit rebelled and she had to fight hard to summon the control she had worked so long to develop. It came less easily since she had arrived in hell, but she would be flogged if she resisted. Pam turned her head aside as Milly appeared in front of her holding a pot of rouge and a brush.

Persephone finished dressing in a flared, pleated, calf-length skirt of pale yellow satin, white high heels and a white silk blouse that somehow contrived to cover both shoulders and her midriff but left her small and pointed right tit exposed. She added a sapphire clip to its nipple and watched Milly finish brushing bright-red rouge along the outer edges of Pam’s slit. It tickled. Her nipples had already responded to the brush by standing stiffly on the peaks of her breasts.

“Delicious, darling.” Persephone’s smile was predatory. “Now, what have I forgotten? No, we won’t trouble with the jewellery for now.” The nervous looks Tania and Milly were giving her turned to ones of relief. “Ah, yes, the butt-plugs!” She produced three from the suitcase, black rubber, fashioned like a series of balls joined together and gradually increasing in thickness, about five inches long, with a narrower neck close to one end and beyond that a screw thread.

Pam’s buttocks ached when she bent over and pulled them apart. Her sphincter stung as the blonde mistress forced the oily plug home and her little rear muscle tightened around its narrow section. Persephone screwed small gold caps decorated with fluffy little feathers to the threads on the protruding end of each slave’s plug, green and white for Milly, blue and white for Tania and red and white for Pam. They looked as ridiculous as the bow ties on the collars and felt equally humiliating, and Pam knew hers would draw even more attention to the raised purple ridges criss-crossing her rear cheeks. Worse was to come. Not only did she suddenly realise that none of them were going to be permitted any covering for their sexes, but Persephone took three thin leather leashes like those used for lap dogs, clipped one to the ring on each girl’s collar and looped them over her wrist.

In awful, cringing embarrassment, Pam allowed herself to be pulled along like a pet puppy as the blonde made her way to the airship’s port-side exit, down the boarding ramp and towards the building beyond. The airport terminal was big but still dwarfed by the seven huge vessels hovering thirty feet above the ground in front of it. Pam looked back as the doors closed behind them and saw the *Spirit of Liberty* sinking slowly towards a landing, its funnels still belching smoke. A jerk on her leash dragged her in Persephone’s wake.

Drake was already waiting in Customs. He waved a sheaf of papers. “Ann’s paperwork’s complete.” He drew them back and slipped them into his pocket as Persephone reached out. He was not wearing his uniform but a lightweight civilian suit of similar cut. His long, light grey coat narrowed at the waist, drawing Pam’s

attention to his broad chest and shoulders. She lowered her gaze, aching with embarrassment at how she must look in his eyes. Around her were other girls, most of them collared and leashed, some dressed in a similar gaudy and revealing way, others nearly naked. Though many wore loincloths, not one she could see had any covering for her breasts. It seemed there were no laws about public nudity here, except perhaps that it was compulsory for slaves. Pam shuddered.

Customs cleared Persephone in less than five minutes. A tug on Pam's collar had her tottering on her high heels with the butt-plug shifting within her as she was led onto a railway station platform where a small locomotive stood, chuffing steam. There were two cars. Persephone boarded the first, let go of the leashes and went to the seats in the rear. In front were only rows of metal bars on either side of the central aisle. Tania and Milly knelt on the floor and closed their hands around the bar in front of them. Pam did the same.

The train filled quickly. More slaves knelt at the bars and their owners took seats further back. In front of her, Pam saw a girl wearing a silver hair band with fake rabbit ears attached and a short, furry tail peeping from between her buttocks. The slave beside her wore nothing but a broad, red leather belt around her waist, joined to a narrow one cinched tightly enough between her legs to separate the rouged swells of her labia. There were at least twenty other slaves in the car, some even completely naked.

Pam clung to the bar as the train began to move and quickly left the landing field behind. As they passed through the New York City suburbs, which were not so very different to those back home, she wondered at Drake's reaction to her mentioning the blackness. Clearly, it had been that which had provoked his fierce grip on her shoulder and his quickly suppressed excitement. If he had been ready to listen to her at any time since she had first arrived, instead of silencing her with stern words or that forbidding glance of his, Pam would have willingly told him everything she knew about the eerie phenomenon that had brought her to his awful world. Her satisfaction at the realisation that for once she had him at a disadvantage was fleeting, as she remembered the pain and humiliations she had suffered because of Drake. A quiver tickled her pussy and clamped her anus around her butt-plug when she remembered other things. Pam forced the memories from her thoughts and closed her eyes to shut out the sight of the exotically and bizarrely dressed slave girls in front of her.

A minute later she opened them again as the train crossed a bridge with another directly alongside it, crowded with odd-looking automobiles, buses and trucks, all half-shrouded in steam and with puffing smoke stacks. The internal combustion engine was clearly unknown here. A street sign flashed past – Chrystie Street. They had just crossed into Manhattan over what would have been the Manhattan Bridge in Pam's reality. Shortly afterwards, the train stopped at the Thirty Sixth Street station. Half of the passengers got off, including Drake and Persephone, who collected the slave girls along the way.

“Hey, Alex, it’s not like you to go into town,” Pam heard Drake say, and saw the chief engineer from the airship had also been on the train. “We usually can’t pry you away from your engines”

“There’s only a few loose seals and gaskets to take care of. My deputy can see to it.” The Chief tapped a finger on the large, brown envelope he held. “I’ve got business downtown with the US Patent Office. I’ll tell you later if it works out.” He grinned and disappeared into the crowd.

Although there were steam-taxis outside the station, all closer in size to a van than a sedan, Persephone chose to walk. Plenty of others were doing the same in the warm, sunny weather, many leading leashed slave girls and, to Pam’s shock and embarrassment, not all by their neck collars. Many of the slaves were dressed and decorated as garishly as Pam and her companions and attracted as many stares. Aching with self-consciousness and with the butt-plug doing alarming things as it rubbed the delicate tissues in her rectum at every step, she kept her eyes lowered as they walked the two blocks along Fifth Avenue to the corner of West Thirty Fourth Street. The *Empire State Building* was not there. Where it should have been was a building no more than twenty stories high at most. Above its door a sign read *Astoria Hotel*.

Familiar and unwelcome sounds greeted Pam as Persephone led the slaves across the lobby – the crack and thud of a heavy cane on bare flesh, accompanied by half-stifled cries of pain and anguish. To the right of the hotel’s reception desk stood three tall, chromed-metal posts. A naked girl was bound to the central one, her arms stretched above her head while a man lashed a thick cane across her helpless buttocks. A half-dozen people had stopped to watch but others passed by as if it were a regular occurrence. Pam shivered as the cane struck again and the rounded jut of the girl’s buttocks distorted under the wicked impact. In this place it *was* a regular occurrence.

While Persephone registered, the almost nude girl behind the desk rang a bell and handed a key to the slave who instantly answered the summons.

“Miss Peake’s usual penthouse,” the desk clerk said, pretending she was unaware of Persephone looking back and forth between her coral-pink-rouged lips and nipples and smiling lustfully. The bellhop led them to an elevator where another girl operated the controls and, with steam swirling around everyone’s ankles, it began to rise. The slaves wore little round hats held by a strap under the chin and narrow loincloths with a line of brass buttons at each side, in what to Pam were grotesque caricatures of the usual bellhop’s uniform. As with the desk clerks, they each had a maroon leather collar around their necks bearing the hotel’s name in gold letters. Their bottoms were bare. As the elevator continued upwards, Persephone closed one hand over the left buttock of the girl operating the controls. It bore several darkly pink lines. The girl grunted softly.

“Have you been a bad girl?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

The blonde’s fingers sank deeper into the yielding flesh. “Mm, I like bad girls.”

“Let her be,” Drake said quietly, almost the first words he had spoken since they had left the railroad station.

Persephone released her grip and pouted. “Oh, Rafael, I hope you haven’t come just to spoil the fun!”

He smiled broadly and glanced at Pam. “I mean to have some fun of my own while I’m here. But first I have business to attend to. I’ll drop off my case and see you this evening.”

He was in and out of the luxurious penthouse suite in two minutes. For no reason she could understand, Pam felt suddenly lonely. Maybe if he had stayed he might have saved her from Persephone’s worst excesses... or maybe not. He had manhandled her, hit her and sexually abused her. He was a hard, unfeeling man in a hard, unfeeling world. All she wanted to do was escape both of them. Her left breast stung. Pam yelped and saw Persephone scowling at her, a slim, ebony wand in her hand.

“Never mind standing there juicing over your future Master. You’re under my control while we’re here so pay attention to me, not those dirty thoughts running around in your head.”

Pam rubbed her stinging tit. Perhaps it was not so much Drake’s absence as Persephone’s presence that was the cause of her loneliness. She recalled the look he had given her in the elevator. Future Master? Hell would freeze over first.

For no obvious reason, the blonde mistress smacked her wand on the generously curved right breast of the hotel slave. “Name,” she demanded, and when the girl told her, she added, “I want my luggage sent up the moment it arrives, Ellen.”

“Of course, Mistress.”

“When were you last caned?”

The slave paled. “Not for over a week, Mistress.”

“Well, take good care of me and it will stay that way.” Persephone took a two hundred dollar bill from her purse and Ellen’s eyes widened. “I expect you like fucking girls.”

“No, Mistress. It’s forbidden.”

“Of course it is, but *I* still do it.” She gave a knowing smile and held out the money. “You do too, eh? Down in the slave pens after hours, playing pussy-touch with your lover?”

The girl looked towards the door. When it remained closed, she nodded. The bill changed hands.

“Good girl. If you please me there’ll be more of the same when I leave.”

Persephone smiled again. “Bring your lover here sometime and show me what you can do and I’ll give you both another.”

“M... Mistress, we’d be publicly flogged.”

“Oh, no one will tell. I’ve come close myself and so has Eve, and the slaves know better than to say anything.” She drew a circle around the girl’s rouged nipple with a fingertip. “Now bring us lunch, darling, and I want champagne.”

The food was far better than the Company provided on the airship. While Persephone and Eve sat on a sofa, the slave girls knelt on the floor to eat, but the hotel

even provided napkins for them and Ellen did all the serving. Persephone groped the slave shamelessly every time she came within reach. As she bent to pour coffee the blonde trailed a finger down the cleft in Ellen's rear.

"You have a beautiful bottom, darling." She giggled. The champagne bottle was more than half empty and no one but Persephone had drunk any.

The slave girl stiffened, still bent over, and Pam guessed where the blonde had inserted her finger. A knock at the door made her withdraw it quickly. The luggage had arrived.

Persephone rose to her feet. "Time we went shopping. Tania, fetch that clip I'm returning to Tiffany's, and bring the jewel case here."

"Oh, Mistress!" The girl swapped a dismayed look with Milly.

"Fetch it, or I'll decorate your tits with some stripes as well."

With the slave girls' nervousness sounding alarm bells in her head, Pam watched Persephone open the square leather case Tania handed her. Her stomach turned over.

"You first, Ann." The blonde tutted when Pam backed away from the three-inch long, jewel headed pin she held in her hand. "Now be a good girl. I don't want to flog your luscious tits. It will only upset Rafael when he sees the stripes." She giggled and raised the pin. "These will hardly show at all after they're removed."

"You..." Pam swallowed. She had been about to say 'you can't', but Persephone could. She stepped forward, gut hollow.

"You'd better hold her," Persephone told the other two girls and looking distinctly unhappy, they gripped Pam's arms as the blonde reached out.

Pam had known from the moment she had seen it where the pin was intended to go. Hardly believing the wicked bitch was really going to do it, she gritted her teeth as Persephone took her right nipple in a firm pinch and pushed the point of the shaft downwards into its resilient flesh. Her breath escaped in a long rush as pain and pressure combined into horrid and intense discomfort. A stab and stinging sensation in the underside of her nipple told her the point had emerged there, but Persephone continued forcing it through her flesh until the sapphire-set head rested on the base of her breast's tip.

The blonde mistress wiped a smear of blood from the protruding shaft, added a tiny, rubber-lined, gold cap over its point, and turned her attention to Pam's left nipple. By the time she had forced the shiny steel through the point of the tit, beads of sweat clung to the American girl's brow. Pam did not relax when Persephone capped the slim shaft's point and drew back. There were six more jewelled pins lying in the cushioned, black velvet tray where the first two had come from and three more identical trays in the case. Where were they meant to go?

Persephone took three of them in her hand. "Hold her tight," she told the slaves, and giggled. "It's just a little prick, darling. I'm sure you've had much bigger ones before." Her green eyes were bright, her right nipple dark and erect beneath the emerald clip it still bore.

The shafts of the new pins were only about two inches long. It made no discernible difference to the pain as the slender blonde pressed the first one into the

soft skin of Pam's breast above her smarting and aching nipple and forced it into the tender flesh beneath. She added the others at either side so the three were arranged in an arc above the pierced point. Even as she struggled to imagine how anyone could be so cruelly unfeeling as to force the sharp pins into her breasts merely for the sake of decoration, Pam knew it would not be out of the ordinary in this awful world. Thank God they had antiseptics. Jaw clenched, she summoned the self-discipline and control that had carried her through the last two years as Persephone added the other three pins to her left breast and took something else from the case.

Its purpose was plain but how it was supposed to be fitted in place Pam could not imagine. The narrow sheet of beaten gold was formed into the shape of a vulva, complete with a groove along its centre. At one end it was joined to a small dome of gold and at the other to a short, slightly curved bar of the same metal that ended in a shiny ball about three inches across. Persephone went behind her and Milly and Tania bent Pam at the waist. She hurriedly relaxed as a tug on her butt-plug pulled it free and something else pressed against her rear entrance. Already lubricated, her sphincter yielded with a twinge of discomfort and Pam gasped as the golden ball pushed past her little knot and the muscle closed around the bar to which the ball was joined. Persephone faced her, reached between Pam's legs and pressed the beaten gold against her sex-lips. A ridge of something inside separated her labia and increased their contact with the narrow sheet of gold cupping them. She looked down to see the blonde pinch the two halves of the domed part at the front. They separated, revealing a set of small, rubber-lined jaws, which she closed over the protrusion of the American girl's clitoral hood.

"Ow!" The clip nipped Pam's delicate flesh, though not as tightly as she had feared it would. Nevertheless, it was uncomfortable. By the time Milly and Tania had been adorned in the same ways she had, it was also making Pam much too conscious of another sensation that was stirring between her legs. She concentrated on the sting and pulse of her nipples, though the hurt was less than when it had first been done.

Persephone stepped back and eyed the slave girls with a satisfied smile. "Delicious, darlings. Ready, Eve?"

The bodyguard had added a police-style nightstick to a loop on the left side of her waist belt while the girls were being decorated. She drew her big, clumsy-looking revolver from its holster, deftly checked its load and then replaced it. "Yes, Ma'am."

Clipping the leashes to the girls' collars once more, Persephone led them to the door where she stopped to cup one of Ellen's firm tits in one hand. "You'll be here when I return?"

"Until seven, Mistress. Barbara takes over then."

"Your lover?"

The girl nodded.

"I'll tell them at the desk I need you both this evening."

Persephone led the way to the street and into a steam-taxi. As in the train, the slaves knelt gripping a bar while the Freewomen had seats. Pam did not mind. Her buttocks were still ravaged and aching from the caning and flogging Christine had

given them. As the taxi chuffed into motion she saw *Lord and Taylor's* department store through the window in exactly the same place it was in her world.

The journey was brief. The taxi dropped them in Midtown Manhattan just past Forty Ninth Street. As Persephone strolled along Fifth Avenue, towing the leashed girls behind her, Pam began feeling just a little less self-conscious about her embarrassing nudity. Well over half the people on the crowded sidewalks were accompanied by one or more slaves, all near naked and all female. She had not seen a single male slave since her arrival and had a feeling it would remain that way. Everything Pam had witnessed told her that men had the upper hand here and the women, even the free ones, were not just expected, but required to be subservient. Lone men and couples far outnumbered the single women leading slave girls and Pam saw no children at all.

Persephone took her time, occasionally lingering at the windows of the prestigious shops that lined the avenue as far as Sixtieth Street, just as they did back in the real world. Next door to *Gucci*, Pam saw a booking office for the *Empire Star Line* and right beside it another for the *American Airship Corporation*. A short way past *Barney's* was one for *Austrian Imperial Airways*. Austrian? That one was beyond her ability to figure out.

The clothes on display in *Versace's* windows showed that a bare right breast and a nipple clip was the height of female fashion, as the number of women on the street dressed that way confirmed. Persephone walked almost as far as Central Park before returning the way they had come, window shopping but not stopping to buy. Many of the store's names were familiar, at least in part. Pam saw a *Bergdorf's* and almost directly across the avenue from it a *Goodman's*, apparently competing with each other. She had seen *Saks*, *Armani*, *Prada*, and *De Beers*, as well as unfamiliar names like *Gustavson*, *Wilks* and *Vienna Elite* by the time they arrived at *Tiffany's*, but no *Chanel* or *Cartier* or any of the other French shops so prominent where she came from. She had also realised that Persephone's promenade was more a display of her wealth and importance by ostentatiously flaunting her expensively decorated slaves than it was a shopping expedition. Plenty of other people were doing exactly the same.

The male store manager at *Tiffany's* almost fell over himself in his rush to reach the door when an almost naked slave girl, with the store's logo and her name tattooed on the skin of her bare left breast, opened it and Persephone stepped inside. Clearly she was a frequent customer. Within seconds of establishing the reason for her visit, the manager snapped his fingers and a slave took away the offending nipple clip for adjustment. Persephone browsed the counter displays. Though the world might appear to be dominated by men, Pam wondered if wealth and the power it gave had an even greater influence, as it did in her own. The blonde clearly had plenty of both, as she proved by ordering two solid platinum slave collars and two matching 'pussy plates', to Pam's surprise, labelled as such by the store. They were identical to the gold one that was reminding her of her lowly status and provoking little shivers between her thighs and in her anus with every movement.

“Sephone, darling,” a female voice called as they left the jeweller’s. A tall, attractive redhead appeared out of the crowd, leading three leashed slave girls and accompanied by a woman who was as obviously a bodyguard as Eve was. “How lovely to see you again so soon. It’s barely three weeks. Isn’t London keeping you happy any longer?”

“Miranda, how marvellous.” Persephone’s smile changed to a pout. “I was frightfully bored, darling, and you know I love flying. So I thought, why not?”

“Then you must come to my place in the Hamptons. I’m having a little soiree there when the weekend is over. Girls only, darling.” The redhead gave her a knowing grin.

“I’d love to but I have to take the flight back in a couple of days,” the blonde replied. “Boring business matters, I’m afraid.” She looked at the slave girls accompanying her friend. “Oh, you’ve had Vulva pierced, and Labia too! How interesting.”

“It’s only while I’m in town,” Miranda said. “I’ll take them out again when I leave.”

Pam had also been staring at the gold rings in the girls’ clitoral hoods. Their leashes were attached to them and they were not the first she had seen being led in that fashion, but it was the humiliating names their Mistress had given them that made her sphincter tighten around the gold penetrating it. Her change of name had been an accident. Theirs had been deliberate and degrading. It emphasised her own helplessness and heightened her desperate desire to escape the horrors of the awful alternate reality into which the blackness had delivered her.

“They look pretty,” the redhead continued, “but I find they get in the way when I’m... you know.” She gave Persephone a wide smile.

The blonde mistress responded with her feline one. “I do, darling. I certainly do.” She gestured at the third of Miranda’s slaves. “Is this one new?”

Miranda moved closer. “I’ve had her two weeks, and she’s amazing. She’s one of That Kind. You know how rarely they come up on the open market, and now I know why.” She glanced around at the people passing and lowered her voice even more. “The things she can do with her fingers and tongue are simply incredible.”

Pam eyed the beautiful girl with greater curiosity. So this was what everyone had mistaken her for. As tall as her Mistress, the dark brunette looked back, her large, brown eyes bright. She moved her weight restlessly from one foot to the other. Like the other two she wore a tightly laced, boned corset of black satin and a kind of metal bra of gold filigree with openings to expose her nipples. Her leash was attached to her gold collar and she was not pierced. She was excited, though. Her bud stood out from its fleshy covering and her inner thighs gleamed with moisture.

“She’s a real handful.” Miranda laughed and glanced at the slave’s erect nipple protruding through the gold cage enclosing her breasts. “And in more ways than one. She’s utterly insatiable. I’m trying to train her to only come with permission but it isn’t easy. Every time I flog her, she comes. I don’t even have to touch her pussy. I tried chaining her wrists at night to stop her playing with herself but all she has to do is rub her thighs together and she gets off. I have to chain her to

the bed with her legs apart to stop her, and cuff her wrists behind her during the day to keep her hands off. Even then, if she can find something to rub against she's away again." She turned the slave around. Her arms were crossed behind her and metal bands held each wrist to rings at either side of the lower edge of her corset. Her buttocks were wealed, striped in colours varying from carmine to deep purple and blue. "She adores public humiliation. The first time I walked her here, she came twice in the space of three blocks. But we'd better stop talking about her or she'll be dripping all over the street. I was about to look in at the auction. Will you join me?"

With the horrible feeling she knew exactly what was being sold, Pam trailed the few yards to the auction house in the wake of the two women. She was right. As they entered, her nostrils quivered at the odour of sweat and female arousal. Belly fluttering, she stared into a railed, semi-circular space facing a stage, upon which was a raised platform. On the platform was a naked girl. A man standing beside her tapped a short, thick cane on the girl's bottom. Pale and trembling, she turned her back to the crowd, bent over and spread her feet apart. The pace of the bidding immediately increased.

Pam felt sick. The girl was being sold like a chattel, like human cattle, the same fate she would have suffered if Drake had not decreed she should remain on the airship. Had he really taken a liking to her as everyone seemed to think? There were girls more beautiful than she amongst the slaves on the *Empire's Triumph*. She was attractive and a lot of men had told her so, but she was nothing special in this world where even lovelier girls were abundant and commonplace. Drake was no different to Rick, his words harsh, his manner cold and unfeeling, yet commanding and insistent, demanding always that he have his way regardless of what she wanted. Yet was that not what had attracted her to Rick and helped turn her attraction into love? There had been times he had treated her more kindly, not many but a few, and Drake had showed sympathy at times too, proving there were emotions behind his dispassionate exterior. There were desires behind it too. Pam remembered his erection straining upright before her face and his fingers slowly exploring her sex. Her thighs quivered.

"Let's go to the viewing pens," Miranda said. Her jerk on the leashes of the two slave girls with the demeaning names made them wince at the stretching of their delicate hoods as she set off. A slightly less distressing tug on Pam's collar had her and her companions also skirting the edge of the auction room and exiting through a door at one side. The room beyond was large, divided into sections by wooden partitions and lit by large windows of frosted glass in one wall. There were bars across them. In each partitioned area was a cluster of naked girls.

Heart beating fast Pam read the sign on the back wall of the first one, 'Virgins'. A man with a whip stood nearby, giving the two wealthy women and their slaves the same appraising look. Several other guards and men who were obviously potential customers did the same as Miranda and Persephone walked between the two rows of pens. There were sections for White, Latina, African and Asian slaves, all filled with a dozen or more nude females whose faces showed emotions ranging from outright fear to blatant sexual excitement. Something of their feelings seemed to communicate itself to Pam, and the anxious tightness in her belly was joined by a

warm glow lower down and an odd prickling over the surface of her skin, which could only be the last effects of the Venus Dust.

The two mistresses stopped frequently, comparing and commenting on the girls and occasionally stepping over the red line painted on the floor at the edge of each pen to examine one of them more closely. Pam had no difficulty imagining what would happen to a slave who crossed that same line without permission. They passed the pen containing a half-dozen girls in varying stages of pregnancy without stopping but paused at the next, labelled 'Milkers', where the two mistresses giggled girlishly while they sprayed milk from the mostly large and heavily-laden teats of the slaves occupying it. They were interrupted by the big door at the end of the room sliding back and abandoned their game of squirting milk to see what was happening.

A loading bay lay beyond the door, a steam truck backed up against it with its rear doors open. With several men cracking whips and calling encouragement, about twenty nude girls spilled from the back of the truck, down its ramp and into the room. Leather smacked flesh as the girls were whipped into line and marched towards a side door. Persephone hurried forward, dragging her slaves after her as she made towards the open door. Over the heads of the girls being herded into the room, Pam thought she glimpsed steel-barred cages, before a man coiling a whip between his hands blocked her view. His bulk stopped Persephone in her tracks.

"That's closed to the public."

"Oh, what a pity," she said. "I'd really like to see what goes on inside."

His grin held no humour. "No, lady, you wouldn't. Believe me." He pointed the coiled whip in the direction from which she had come and made no attempt to disguise the appraisal he was giving her. She turned back, her cheeks flushed pink.

Miranda's new slave climaxed.

"Oh, there she goes again!" the redhead said. "Honestly, she's uncontrollable. When I get her home I'm going to strap her naughty pussy for embarrassing me." The threat only seemed to increase the slave's breathy moans and the dribble of juices dripping to the floor below her sex and flowing down her quivering thighs.

"I think she's delicious, darling," Persephone said, bright eyes fixed keenly on the slave and the flush on her cheeks, which Pam had taken for embarrassment, deepening. "Oh, lord, she's got me going too! I've got to do something about this."

The slave girls and their keepers had vanished but the loading bay door remained open. Persephone hurried through it, dragging the slaves after her, with Eve following. She turned right at the end of the loading dock, where there was a short alley leading to a door that looked as if it had not been opened in a long time. Persephone handed two leashes to Eve and scampered down the alley, leading Tania on the remaining one. She leaned back against the wall.

"Get your head under my skirt," she said breathlessly. "Come on, be quick."

"Ma'am, this isn't a good idea," Eve warned, but she moved closer, placing herself, Milly and Pam between Persephone and the mouth of the alley.

"She's right, 'Sephone." Miranda had followed them with her slave girls and also moved to shield her. "It's a public flogging if you're caught."

"Ooh, I know! But I can't wait. Oh, yes, Tania! Good girl. Deeper."

The steam truck chugged past the alley and Pam saw the driver staring in their direction. Persephone pulled up her skirt and ground her blonde-crowned pussy harder against Tania's mouth. Her miniscule panties were halfway down her parted thighs, their elastic waist indenting her smooth skin. Miranda was staring, her cheeks flushing as much as Persephone's. Pam watched the redhead unconsciously run her tongue over her full lips and the jewelled clip standing out on her breast as her nipple thickened and elongated.

"Ma'am, I'm sorry, I won't stay" her bodyguard said. "This is crazy. I won't take the risk." She turned to leave.

"Stay where you are! And the rest of you."

## Chapter Nine

Every head but Tania's swivelled towards the mouth of the alley. The slave whipped her Mistress's panties into place and shot to her feet, quickly wiping a forearm across her moisture-coated lips. Miranda's bodyguard scuttled back to the group as two policemen came towards them, swinging long nightsticks in their hands.

"Looks like the trucker was right, Sarge." The younger of them pushed his broad-crowned cap further back on his head and surveyed the huddle of women.

"Sure does," the second cop, older, craggy-faced and with three stripes on the sleeve of his brass-buttoned frockcoat, replied. "Public Sapphism. They flogged two like you in Times Square this morning." He looked from Miranda to Persephone, who were both pale and tense. "Against the wall." Prods from his nightstick arranged them, the Freewomen, nearest the alley's exit, the six slave girls next to them and then the two bodyguards.

"You're mistaken, Sergeant. This isn't how it looks." Persephone's words held none of her usual faintly bored and mocking tone. A jab of the sergeant's stick to her belly cut off anything else she might have been going to say.

"Save it for the Judge, and it's Hankin today, so expect the full hundred, even if it's your first offence. If it's not, I wouldn't give any odds on you still being Freewomen by the end of the day."

Miranda made choking noises. Persephone's bright eyes widened and her mouth opened but it was Miranda who finally managed to suck in a noisy breath and speak as she took a step towards the policeman.

"Please, I wasn't...."

The cop smacked the flat of his hand upwards onto her bare right breast, knocking its jewelled clip from the redhead's nipple. "Shut it, you Sapphic slut. Back against the wall."

Eyes watering, she clutched her tit and stepped back to her place beside Persephone. The blonde was quivering like a doe about to take flight. Pam shivered too, along with the other slaves. What would happen to *them* if the two women were arrested and convicted? Her assumption that power and wealth were more important than gender was clearly wrong in a situation like this.

While the younger cop blocked the alley's entrance the sergeant went to the bodyguards. "Drop the gun belts," he ordered, and grinned when they quickly complied. "Now your pants." Neither girl hesitated to unfasten her leather trousers and push them down. "Both sets." Their brief, thong-like panties joined the trousers around their ankles. "Face the wall and lean against it, and I want those feet well back."

With their dropped trousers impeding their movements the bodyguards shuffled into position, their bare bottoms sticking rearwards.

"Now there's a couple of nice big asses, Murphy. Real tight too," the sergeant said and pushed his nightstick between Eve's thighs. "Legs wider. You stay like that or you'll end up on the same charge as your employer."

The bodyguards exchanged glances and Pam saw relief flood Eve's anxious face. A second later it grimaced in pain as the cop smacked his stick onto her ass and then that of the other girl.

"Face the wall, I said. You slaves, get your hands behind your necks and keep them there." When the tall brunette failed to obey, he leaned closer, saw her wrists locked to her corset, and looked a question at Miranda.

"She... she's That Kind," she said hoarsely. "I have to chain her to stop her...."

The cop grinned. "Yeah, I get it. That Kind don't come cheap. I guess you really are the rich bitches I took you for." He plucked Miranda's purse from her hand and poked around inside. "Yeah, a rich bitch for sure, but a foolish one too." He withdrew a wad of bills and pocketed them, took Persephone's purse and did the same with her money. "Okay, that's enough to persuade me to listen to your explanation. You'd better make it good."

Persephone's upper lip quivered. "I... I needed to... to...."

He grinned again as she faltered. "You needed a piss and all the johns inside were busy so you came out here. And the others came to hide you from anyone passing. Didn't work too good, did it?" He glanced at his companion and then looked the blonde in the eye. "Not very original. This isn't the first time you've been caught, is it?"

Persephone hung her head and gave it a shake.

"How many?"

"Two."

"I guess you can afford a good lawyer then. Want to take a chance on a third?"

She shook her head.

"Get stripped, both of you."

"But I wasn't...." Miranda shut up as he turned to her and slapped the nightstick on his palm. The two mistresses swapped anxious looks and slowly reached for the fastenings of their blouses.

"Come on," the cop urged. "You can do it here or when I've charged you down at the precinct. It makes no difference to me."

All hesitancy vanished. Their clothes quickly landed on the dusty ground. Naked but for their shoes and jewels, they regarded him warily, cheeks flushing red.

"That's a nice set of tits," he remarked, eyeing Miranda's jutting, up-tilted globes before lowering his gaze to the coppery triangle of hair at the apex of her tightly closed thighs. He pried them apart with the tip of his nightstick and rubbed the wooden baton back and forth over the fleshy crescents of the lips between. She gasped and blushed a deeper shade of red. Persephone hissed when he pulled her nipple clip free and then squeezed each of her small breasts in turn after he had slipped it into his pocket. "Hard as apples, Murphy. I'll bet they're sweet as apples too, eh, missy? Feet apart."

Breathing hard, the blonde stared at him with wide, shining eyes and shuffled her feet wider. The sergeant rubbed his nightstick on the swollen pout of her sex. She

gave a breathy sigh and her eyelids fluttered. The cops laughed. Beside Pam, the brunette slave groaned softly. The older cop withdrew the stick and ordered the two women to the door at the end of the alley, about twenty feet from where the others were lined against the wall.

“Hunker down there,” he said. “Backs to the door and keep your knees apart if you don’t want my nightstick across your asses.” When they complied he stood over them, looking at their exposed sexes for several seconds. “Okay, you came here to piss, so that’s what you’re gonna do.” He chuckled at their shocked expressions. “One of you is going to walk away still a Freewoman. Which one is up to you. When I tell you, you’re both gonna let go. The one who pisses furthest gets to leave. Simple as that.” The cop backed away to stand next to his colleague. “Go!”

Nothing happened. The squatting girls were staring in obvious disbelief, but the significance of the sergeant’s words must have dawned on them both at the same time. Persephone’s expression became one of intense concentration a split second before the strain showed on Miranda’s face. They both let go together, streams of glittering urine spurting simultaneously and arcing upwards to splash the ground of the dirty alley a good ten feet in front of them.

Pam looked from the pissing girls to the grinning cops and closed her eyes, cringing inwardly. But she could still hear the squirt and spatter of piss and all too clearly imagine the two girls straining desperately to force their flows the extra few inches that meant the difference between freedom and the hideous brutality of a hundred lashes. It was too tempting to see which one would win. Pam opened her eyes.

The twin streams slackened, fell away to a trickle and then stopped. Two pairs of wide, anxious eyes watched the sergeant step forward to examine the wet stains on the ground. Pam found she was holding her breath. Was Miranda’s marginally further? As the cop looked down, the brunette girl beside Pam suddenly sprayed her own stream of urine across the ground directly in front of him.

He jumped back as it beaded the toes of his shoes. “What the hell? Is this bitch crazy? Come here, you two.”

Carefully avoiding the tracks their piss had made, Miranda and Persephone approached the sergeant. They were both quivering. He waited for the slave girl’s flow to end before bending to examine the stains, obscured now by those she had created. With a quizzical glance in her direction he straightened up and shrugged.

“I guess we’ll never know. Back against the wall. Hands behind your necks. Come on; get your elbows back. Stick those tits out.” He poked the end of his stick into the round fullness of Miranda’s left breast. “Ever had a real cock in that Sapphic snatch of yours?”

She looked horrified.

“Well?” He poked her right breast.

“Ow! Yes, yes, of course.”

“Yes what?”

She shook her head, close to tears. “I... don’t understand.”

He held up a thumb and forefinger with a tiny gap between them. "You're this far from a flogging and slavery. What do you think you should call me?"

Miranda swallowed. "Sir? No, not Sir, M... Master." She was scarlet from her hairline to the tops of her breasts.

"How about you little tits?"

Persephone shivered. "Yes, M... Master, I've had cocks in me too."

He raised an eyebrow at her flushed face and glittering eyes and began loosening the pistol belt around his waist. Laying it aside, he unbuttoned his frock coat. "Maybe a couple more will be enough to straighten you out, then. What do you think, big tits?"

Miranda took a long, shuddering breath. "I... yes, M... Master."

"Yes, Master," Persephone said, as he switched his gaze to her while unbuckling the belt on his trousers.

"Good answers." He slid the belt free and doubled it in his right hand. "First you're gonna get a taste of how the leather feels, and maybe you'll think twice before you try anything this stupid again. You first, big tits. Get over to the opposite wall and lean your hands against it."

"Oh, no!" Miranda clasped a hand before her breasts, a stricken look on her face.

"Wanna come down town with Murphy and me?"

She hurried to the wall and rested her palms on the brickwork.

"Get your ass higher," the cop ordered, and she wailed as she slid her hands down the wall until her large breasts swung heavily beneath her and her bottom rose and stuck out more. He looked at Persephone. "You better watch this, missy, because you're getting the same."

Pam's glance showed the blonde's glittering gaze was riveted to her friend's rearward-jutting buttocks. Her own bottom tightened, clamping her rear knot around the intruder filling her. A wriggle ran through her stretching membranes and, to her astonishment, all the way to her sex. Beside her the brunette panted. For a second the only other sound was the rasp of Miranda's breath as she shivered in awestruck expectation of the first blow.

The sergeant swung the belt. It struck flesh with a crack like a pistol shot and the redhead's tautly stretched buttocks seemed to vibrate under the impact as she gave a strangled cry and shook her ass from side to side. A broad pink line appeared on her trembling, pale-skinned cheeks, quickly followed by another from the second stroke the cop laid across it. Miranda's rear bounced and the lines turned scarlet as his arm rose and fell rapidly. She squirmed frantically and the note of anguish in her cries rose higher with each smack and thud the leather made. Every blow landed across the centre of her rear cheeks except the last. The sergeant lashed it lower, where thighs and buttocks met and the twin swells of her pussy-lips peeped out. Miranda howled and shot upright, rubbing both hands to her torment. Despite their presence, the cop somehow managed to land a backhanded smack in almost the same spot. She howled again and danced on her toes.

“Nobody told you to move, you sassy bitch. Stay put or I’ll start over.” He waved the belt at Persephone. “Your turn.”

She dashed across the alley, pressed her hands low against the wall and arched her back to lift her narrow bottom. The sergeant swapped a broad grin with Murphy and peered at the fading stripes that still decorated the blonde’s buttocks from when Tania had caned them on the airship.

“Well, what d’ya’ know?” He lashed the belt down hard.

As the leather landed with a fierce crack, Pam tried to ignore the groan of the slave next to her and fought against the memories. Rick had used his belt, flicking it over breasts and belly and thighs as well as her bottom, its sharp, fiery impacts teasing her towards arousal and preparing her for the deeper, more intense pain to come. Cruelly playful was how she had always thought of it, and all the more exciting because she knew it had aroused Rick as well as herself. A long tremor ran the length of her sheath. She shook her head in a futile attempt to drive the thoughts away.

The belt cracked a final time. Persephone gave a long, shuddering groan, wiggled her hips and made no effort to reach back to her hurts as Miranda had done, though her bottom was shining as redly as the other girl’s. The sergeant stood behind her and unbuttoned his trousers. His partner was doing the same. Fresh quivers plagued Pam as she saw the men’s erections. Again she remembered, but it was not images of Rick that suddenly made her dew bathe the tingling membranes of her pussy. What she recalled was Drake’s rearing cock and how it had felt between her lips. Her gut churned as she watched the sergeant position himself, grasp his shaft behind its broad head and press it to the rearward-pouting lips of Persephone’s pussy. They yielded to the hard flesh and Pam’s sex quivered maddeningly. The brunette slave groaned again and pressed her thighs together, pulling against the leather bands around her wrists. Murphy filled Miranda with equal ease and began slowly slapping his belly against her redly glowing backside. She gasped and whimpered as loudly as Persephone was doing under the sergeant’s thrusts.

“Hell, she’s got a grip like a clenched fist,” Murphy said, in mixed surprise and admiration.

“This one two. Must be all those rubber dicks they like taking.” The sergeant lunged hard enough to rock Persephone onto the balls of her feet. “You enjoying having some real cock for a change, missy?”

“Ooh! Oh! Yes, Master,” she said breathlessly.

“Then shake your ass and show me how much, you dirty bitch.”

She began thrusting backwards to meet his plunging cock, and at the same time making little circular motions of her hips.”

“Yeah, that’s it. Hell, it’s good. Where’d you learn to do that?”

“Wish my old lady could,” Murphy said tightly, as Miranda did the same to him.

The two men took them harder and faster after that, silent but for their grunts and sighs and the rasp of their rapid breathing. They paused long enough to ‘swap snatches’, as the sergeant put it, and continued for several minutes without showing

signs of flagging. Pam only half-saw it, floundering amidst the memories of the sight and touch and taste of Rafael Drake. Why had he kissed her?

“Ooh! Coming! I’m coming!” Persephone’s hips writhed so much she almost fell. The cop gripped her tighter and continued thrusting. Seconds later Miranda also gave all the signs of having an enthusiastic climax and was joined by the trembling brunette slave, who shuddered and cooed ecstatically and filled the air around them all with the pungent aroma of her girl-musk. Pam shivered too, nervous, worried, alarmed by the heat spreading through her and the tremors low in her belly. God, was this what taking too much of that awful Venus Dust did to a girl?

The men climaxed with obvious pleasure and satisfaction, and withdrew from their panting victims.

“Now you can kneel and lick us clean like a couple of good slave girls,” the sergeant told them. “Then we’ll decide what we’re gonna do.”

If the two mistresses felt any distaste or humiliation they hid it well as they licked the cocks, and their red faces could have as easily been the result of their exertions as embarrassment at being treated like slaves. When their tongues were back inside their mouths and the men’s shrinking shafts back in their trousers the sergeant lined them against the wall again.

“Okay, I gotta tell you ladies I’m impressed. You were pretty damned good.” His grin no longer seemed so menacing as it had earlier. “I guess there’s a chance me and Murphy were mistaken about what we saw going on. What do you think?”

Faces alight with hope the young mistresses answered together. “Yes, Master.”

The cop nodded. “Tell you what. Get your snatches spread. If both your clits are still sticking out we’ll forget this ever happened.”

They instantly dived their hands between their legs, spread their nether-lips and arched their backs to give the cops a better view. The men leaned forward and peered closely at the wetly glistening pussies. Horrified but fascinated, Pam thought of the fate that awaited the women if they failed the final test. To her relief both were displaying a pink, shiny and firmly erect clitoris to their tormentors.

The cops chuckled.

“Well I guess you win this time,” the sergeant said. “No Judge Hankin for you. And maybe you’ve learned your lesson. Remember it when you sit down on your sore butts for the next few days, and think of how a hundred would feel. The ox-hide is a lot heavier than my belt. You’re not slaves and take my word you don’t wanna be. Keep your Sapphism indoors in future.” He waved his nightstick under their noses. “Don’t parade it around the streets. I don’t wanna see your ID. I don’t wanna know who you are. But don’t bet on being so lucky next time, so make sure there isn’t one.” He led Murphy to the mouth of the alley. “I’ll be back in ten minutes. If you’re still here I’ll take you down the precinct and put you in the lockup for the night.” Grinning broadly, he disappeared around the corner with his partner.

Eve and the other bodyguard pulled their pants up and retrieved their gun belts. The slave girls stood still, awaiting orders. Both looking stunned. Persephone

and Miranda did not move. Miranda came to life first. She went to the brunette slave whose timely piss had possibly saved both mistresses.

“Tonight you won’t be chained,” she promised. “I’m giving you a dildo, and tomorrow you can play with your pussy all day long if you want to.” She turned to Persephone. “My God, that was absolutely terrifying.”

“And absolutely amazing,” the blonde said, still breathless. “God, just thinking about it is making me need to come again.” She slid a hand between her legs and rubbed hard.

“You’re crazy,” Miranda said. “They’ll be coming back.”

“But not for another five minutes.” Persephone continued masturbating.

After a moment’s hesitation Miranda copied her, and almost immediately they were both squirming and sighing in the throes of their climaxes. A moment later the brunette slave did the same. The two mistresses exchanged astonished glances and began to laugh.

\* \* \* \* \*

Persephone stopped caressing the breasts of the two hotel slaves, smoothed her hands slowly over their bellies and loosed the ties that held their loincloths in place. The moment the material slipped from their hips she sank the middle fingers of both hands into the girls’ depilated sexes and kissed each of them on the lips.

“Feel the Venus Dust, darlings? You’ll forget everything but the pleasure, I promise. You’ll feel wonderful.”

The girls trembled all the way to the tips of their breasts as her fingers moved within them. They had been that way all through serving the dinner that had just ended, but it seemed that their eyes had grown brighter and their breathing quicker and shallower since they swallowed the drug.

Pam was feeling the Venus Dust too. She had been first to be made to take it. Its peppery effervescence lingered in her mouth and gullet, and its warmth in her belly had already spread lower, increasing the tingling between her thighs that had been there for most of the day. Similar warmth filled her head, soaking her brain and creating a soft, buzzing excitement, and curiously, at the same time a not unpleasant languor that seemed to slow every movement but the rapid beating of her heart. Feeling strangely detached from what was happening around her, Pam watched the ripple of muscles in Persephone’s taut and reddened backside as the blonde walked naked, lithe and catlike to the rack of punishment implements the hotel provided for the use of guests, and selected one.

“The deerskin, darlings. No, on second thought the horsehair.” She put her first choice back and plucked a horsehair flogger from the rack, smoothing its dozens of fine tails through her left palm. “I’m going to warm you up a little,” she told the two slave girls. “First those gorgeously cheeky bottoms and then your divine tits.”

Dreamily, Pam watched Ellen and Barbara kneel and turn up the full curves of their buttocks for the flogger. They were side by side in front of the glass doors that opened onto the wide balcony, and the evening sunlight was reflecting off the

windows of the building opposite, casting patterns in light and shade across their naked bodies. The patterns danced over their skins as the horsehair swished and the slaves shivered under its kiss. Persephone dusted it over their pale rear cheeks, gently at first, but impatience soon had her swinging it harder and the girls bottoms were pale no longer but suffused with a pinkness that rapidly turned to red. The slaves rocked and twisted as the blows continued and their intensity increased.

Kneeling between Tania and Milly on the luxuriously thick carpet, Pam tried hard to keep thoughts of the hot sting that must be spreading over the girls' soft skins from forcing their way into her mind. Did they find it as hard as she did to be continually at the beck and call of others and completely at the mercy of their whims? They showed no sign of resentment as they raised their hands behind their necks and pushed out their breasts to be stung by the horsehair, but surely it had to be there. The blonde plied the flogger skilfully, flicking its strands in turn across each girl's out-thrust tits in fiery caresses to their undersides or rounded upper curves. Apart from the inevitable sway and jiggle of their breasts the slaves kept still, giving only an occasional mew or hiss as the blows quickened.

The drug was coursing through Pam's veins. She had buried her memories deep, determined they would never resurface to haunt her and wound again her tormented heart, but she was weakening. She had hung from her wrist cuffs with her toes barely brushing the floor, nude, sweat-sheened, seeing herself in the full-length mirror as Rick had lashed her. Her breasts had jiggled and bounced from the impacts of the leather and she had watched the thin, scorching tracks appear on her white-skinned mounds. They had hurt horribly, but they had also been wickedly, tantalisingly exciting.

Pam forced the images from her mind, only to have them return at once as Ellen and Barbara obeyed Persephone's order, sank to the carpet and began making love. The blonde mistress draped her slender figure over the long, curved and deep-cushioned couch that faced both the balcony and the girls and tickled the back of Pam's neck with her toes.

"Come lie beside me, Ann."

Reluctantly, Pam lay down next to her. Persephone pulled her closer until their warm, slightly damp bodies were touching. Freed from her golden corset, the metal covering her sex and the discomfort of the pins that had pierced her breasts, Pam was as naked as the slim girl and, thanks to the Venus Dust, halfway to being as excited. It did not stop her flinching under the hand Persephone laid on her sensitive abdomen but the blonde seemed not to notice. Propped on one elbow, one leg raised and bent at the knee and the other outstretched, she was watching the two slave girls intently.

"Take Milly if you like, Eve," she said casually, licking her lips as the slave girls explored each other's bodies with hands and mouths.

"Thank you, Ma'am," Eve replied from the other end of the sofa. She had removed her gun belt but kept her pistol within reach as she had settled down to watch the show. Petite, big-breasted Milly looked like a ragdoll in her hands as Eve plucked her from the floor and slid her into her lap. Unbuttoning her blouse, the bodyguard

grasped one of her heavy breasts and aimed its nipple at the girl's mouth. At once Milly clamped her lips over it and began to suck.

The girls on the carpet continued to work their lips and tongues and eager fingers, licking and nibbling, squeezing and pinching and rubbing ever more enthusiastically as their passion gripped them. Nipples strained, darkly erect at the tips of their breasts. Thighs gleamed with spilling dew and pink, shiny buds thrust upright from the apexes of the glistening clefts between their well-spread legs. Persephone smoothed a hand upwards and closed it over Pam's left breast, expertly teasing its recently pierced flesh and nipple to create precisely the right blend of pain and pleasure.

"Tania, here and lick me," she said huskily. "Just my pussy lips. I want this to last." Her fingertips flickered on the firm bump swelling out from the tingling crevice where Pam's thighs joined. She was lost. Pam had tried hard, but the sight and sounds of the slaves' avid love-making, of Milly suckling at Eve's breast and now parting her thighs to reveal the bodyguard's fingers buried deep in her pussy, were too much. Finally, Pam succumbed and with a long sigh and a breathless shiver let her hips thrust to meet Persephone's teasing penetration. Her tender sheath quivered madly. She moaned.

"No!" the blonde said. Her touch vanished and she stifled Pam's mew of disappointment with a long kiss. The American girl did not even try to resist. Persephone's lips were first to break contact. "You're not to come yet, darling. If you do I'll whip you. We've hours to go until I let you have your little orgasm, so be a good girl and be patient."

Pam groaned again. She did not even like girls. A picture of Drake's rigid erection filled her head and her sex gave a maddening wriggle and a sudden surge of damp heat. Oh, God, hours? She made the mistake of looking at the slaves on the carpet. Persephone had given them a dildo. Barbara, whose red hair made her look like Miranda, had the hard rubber sunk deep within Ellen, who was wriggling and reflexively bending and straightening her legs as her lover greedily lapped her straining bud. Pam's pussy gave a tremor so intense it made her catch her breath.

"What the *hell* are you doing?"

## Chapter Ten

Drake slammed the door to the penthouse and strode straight to Persephone. “Are you crazy? You didn’t even lock the door for God’s sake.” His iron grip dragged Pam off the sofa to land with a bump on the carpet. He looked at Ellen and Barbara, who huddled together, wide-eyed and trembling. “All slaves on the floor. Kneel!”

Eve stood as he turned to her, sending Milly sprawling across the carpet. The little blonde quickly got to her knees and Tania took position beside her.

“I thought you knew better,” Drake told the shamefaced bodyguard. “Button yourself up and go get a drink downstairs. Make it a long one.”

Blushing, she closed her blouse over her hard-nippled breasts and looked a question at Persephone. The blonde was watching Drake, eyes bright, breasts rising and falling quickly.

“Move it,” Drake said, quiet but assertive, “before I tit-slap you for being so irresponsible.”

When Persephone remained silent, the girl took her pistol and gun belt and left without a backward glance.

“What is it with you, ’Sephone?” Drake demanded. “Why do you enjoy getting others into trouble? Why make things worse for the helpless and powerless? You never used to be this way. You’re like a different person now. What the hell made you change?”

Her eyes narrowed briefly, then she pouted and stretched her naked limbs like a cat. “Don’t be such a spoilsport. We were only having fun.”

“Fun! It’s always fun to you. Is it fun if these two slaves are flogged bloody for Sapphism? What if it had been someone else who walked through the door? You could have ended up on the post yourself, and Eve and your own slaves with you.” He pointed at Pam. “This one is Company property. She wouldn’t even be here but for your foolish whims.”

“It wasn’t foolish,” Persephone said, suddenly serious, then ruined the effect by sticking her tongue out at him. “You beastly man. I knew you only came to spoil everything.”

He gave a short laugh. Remembering his agitation when she had mentioned the black phenomenon, Pam interpreted his glance at her as a significant one.

“No, that isn’t why I came.” He drew a sheaf of papers from his inside pocket before facing Ellen and Barbara. “Come here.”

Shivering and still clinging to one another, they shuffled towards him on their knees. Tears and streaks of eyeliner ran down their cheeks.

“It’s okay, I’m not going to mention this to anyone, and if you’ve got any sense neither will you. You...” He got no further. The girls did everything but kiss his highly polished shoes in their gratitude and relief. After the incident with the cops Pam understood why. “Have a bath and tidy yourselves up,” he continued, when he finally managed to quieten them. “Then get to the slave pen and stay there. Miss

Peake won't be needing you again tonight." He ignored Persephone's snort and eyed the crimson blushes on the girls' bottoms as they hurried to the bathroom. "Did you have to flog them?"

The blonde's laughter tinkled. "Don't be silly darling. They're only slaves. And I enjoy it. It's exciting. See?" She parted her thighs, revealing the pink and swollen crescents glistening between them.

Drake grabbed her and pulled her to the floor. "Exciting, eh? Let's see if you think this is exciting. On your knees with the slaves."

"What?" She got to her feet. "Rafael, you're not on the.... Ow!"

His broad palm had smacked hard on her narrow bottom.

"Kneel, I said."

"Oh, Rafael!" Giggling nervously she sank to the carpet and assumed the same position as the others.

Drake pulled the side table next to the sofa in front of her and put the papers he was holding on its top. "Tania, fetch your Mistress's cheque book and a pen."

The slave looked at Persephone. "Mistress?"

"Never mind her. I'll be the one caning you if you don't obey."

As soon as she returned with the items he wanted, he handed the pen to Persephone.

"This is why I came. I knew you wouldn't do anything to keep the promise you made Christine if I wasn't here to see that you did." He tapped the documents before her. "Her freedom certificates. Three copies for your signature."

"So that's where you've been all day," the blonde said. "But, darling, I would have got around to it eventually."

"Sure you would, if you ever managed to drag yourself away from your 'fun'. Have you seen her? They put the ointment the Company gives the slave girls on her and that was all. I had to pay to have her sedated. How would you like lying for days with your body torn and hurting?"

She did not reply. Drake tapped the papers again. Persephone signed each sheet, and he folded them and returned them to his pocket.

"You promised her money."

The blonde opened her chequebook.

"She's called Christine Naylor, not that you troubled to find out." He watched her write the name and move the pen to the amount line. "Fifty thousand dollars. No, one hundred. You won't miss it."

Persephone wrote the amount without hesitation and signed the cheque. He added it to his pocket and she began to rise. His hand on her shoulder forced her down again.

"I'm not finished with you." He picked up the horsehair flogger she had left on the sofa.

Persephone's head jerked up. "What are you...?" Her question ended in a sharp intake of breath as Drake flicked the tips of the flogger onto her small left tit.

"Quiet! Tonight I'm giving you some of what you've been so free in dishing out to others. You're going to learn what it means to be a slave girl, 'Sephone."

“No! Oh, no, I’m not.... Ouch!” The horsehair stung her again and she rubbed her breasts, lips twisting.

“First lesson. What does a slave call a free man?”

“Master,” she said quickly. “Oh, Lord, not again so soon!”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” A flick of his wrist dusted the flogger across her breasts once more when she did not immediately answer. “Come on, and don’t lie. I’ll know.”

Persephone mewed and her already blushing cheeks darkened further. “I... we... we got stopped by the police this afternoon. They made us call them ‘Master’ too.” She gave a shiver.

“Stopped for what?” Drake demanded.

“P... Public Sapphism. But they let us go without any charges.”

“And I can guess why.” He shook his head. “You were damned lucky, ’Sephone. Then you come back here and right away you’re acting stupid again.” Drake looked at Pam. “What did they do to you?”

“Nothing. It was only....”

“That’s just as well,” he interrupted, swinging the flogger in an arc that swept its tails across Persephone’s breasts in another fiery caress. As she whimpered and squirmed the hotel slaves appeared, no longer sweat-stained, and with their hair and makeup perfect once more. Drake ushered them to the door, had a last quiet word and closed and locked it behind them. He returned to Persephone, unbuttoning his coat. “Bedroom. And crawl.” While she passed him on all fours he grinned at the red bloom the cop’s belt had left on her buttocks, then slashed the horsehair into the cleft separating them and onto the pout of her pussy lips below.

“Ow, that hurt! Please don’t, Rafael. I’ve got....”

“Bedroom now!” he barked. “And call me Master.”

Following directly behind, Pam saw Persephone’s sex tighten at his stern tone. It was still shiny with dew, swollen and bright pink. From the way her own pussy had reacted to Drake’s words she guessed it would look little different.

“Oh, why is he doing this now?” the blonde groaned as they crawled into the bedroom. “I can’t have anything go wrong now.”

“Silence! Or should I remind you how *you* deal with slave girls who indulge in idle chatter when they should be obeying?”

Pam saw his head turn in her direction and was almost sure he gave her the briefest of winks.

“Stand by the bed,” he told her, pointing with the flogger. “Put your hands behind your back.”

With her excitement beginning to pulse again, Pam obeyed. She had a pretty good idea why Persephone had not told Drake to go to hell and had him thrown out. Instead, the blonde climbed onto the bed when he told her to and let him arrange her against two pillows he put against the headboard and a third under the small of her back. She looked at him, eyes shining.

“Tania,” he said. “Wrist and ankle cuffs, leather ones, and two short straps.”

“Oh, Rafael,” Persephone said breathily and spread her legs, “If you want me....”

He dusted the flogger over her bare cleft.

“Ooh!” She closed her legs abruptly and dived a hand between them. “Ooh, that was right on my little button, you beast.” She laughed. “You haven’t lost your touch, darling.”

The flogger licked around the outer curve of her right buttock. “What do you call me?”

“Ooh! Master! I call you Master.” Persephone did not fight as he buckled padded leather cuffs on her wrists and clipped them to snap rings on the headboard of the bed, stretching her arms to either side. Her breathing quickened and Pam could see little beads of sweat on her brow and upper lip as she tugged half-heartedly and ineffectually at her restraints, almost as if she was assuring herself they would not yield. The blonde gave a nervous mew when Drake cuffed her right ankle and forced her leg upwards and outwards, securing it with one of the straps to the same ring as her right wrist. He did the same with her left leg, leaving her almost bent double on her back, with her ankles held widely apart and all of her buttocks and the swell of her sex exposed and vulnerable.

Once more Drake flicked the horsehair flogger across her bottom, catching both cheeks with a swift back and forth motion of his wrist. Persephone hissed.

“The cops leathered you, eh?” he asked, smiling thinly as he eyed the deep red blush on both of her rear cheeks which a liberal application of her anaesthetic salve had not been able to prevent.

“Yes, Master.” She tugged at her restraints again.

Drake took off his tie and unfastened his shirt.

“Oh, you’re not going to... to fuck me in front of the slaves?” Persephone said, managing to sound dismayed and excited at the same time. “Ooh, how deliciously naughty! You never did that when we were lovers.”

“And I’m not doing it now,” he said flatly. His gaze flickered over the little purple bruises surrounding the small wounds the jewelled pins had left in Pam’s breasts. She saw the corners of his mouth turn down. “But I guess I could add some decoration to your tits, the way you obviously did to the slave girls today. Want me to send for your jewel case, ‘Sephone?”

“Nooo!” the helpless blonde wailed, and tugged more forcefully at the straps restraining her. “You have to let me go. I’ve got important business to attend to. I can’t have anything interfere with it. I’ll behave myself, I promise.”

“Sure you will, for just as long as you’re strapped down tight. And that’s the way you’ll stay until I decide otherwise, *slave girl*.” Flashing a grin, Rafael dropped his shirt on top of his coat and reached for his belt buckle.

Pam watched the movement of hard muscle across his torso and swallowed. The buzz of the drug was filling her brain and the increasingly maddening tickle in her sex was making it harder to keep her hands pressed into the small of her back. It became almost impossible when he removed his pants and stood staring sternly at Persephone with his rigid cock curving arrogantly before his belly. Of all the

mingling emotions the sight of the helplessly bound and naked girl stirred in her, to Pam's amazement the one she felt most was envy. It could only be the Venus Dust, but knowing that did not stop her sheath quivering eagerly as she looked at Drake's naked body.

"Ooh, Master, darling," Persephone cooed, in a complete turnabout from her protest.

"Milly," he said, "fetch me an oiled butt-plug, a dildo and the thickest rattan from the rack."

"Oh no, you mustn't beat me! I told you I have important business. I can't be...." She broke off as Milly handed Drake a rattan at least a half-inch thick. He laid the other items she gave him on the bed and smoothed his hand along the length of the cane. The menace in the action made Pam shiver. The rattan was stiff as well as thick. That thickness would spread the force more than a thinner one but it still looked dauntingly wicked to Pam.

"What a slave girl wants isn't important. You've said that often enough, 'Sephone. It's time you learned what it really means." He slashed the cane through the air and all of the girls flinched from the whoosh of its passage.

Persephone wrenched at her bindings and squirmed. "I'll ruin you. I'll see you never set foot on an airship again."

He gave a scoffing laugh and Pam saw his hard cock vibrate gently. "No you won't. I know what you are, and I've a pretty good idea what you're going to become before much longer. Christine got twenty on her tits, thanks to you. We'll start with the same to your ass."

"Noo!" Persephone wailed.

The wicking sound of the cane striking her buttocks ended her plea.

"Ooh, God, that hurts!" She wriggled her hips and jerked her wrists and ankles as the startlingly white line that had appeared on her narrow rear-cheeks turned an equally startling red. Another soon joined it and had her hissing and gasping. Again there had been no warm up. Whatever Drake's past relationship with the blonde mistress had been, this was to be punishment without pleasure as far as he was concerned. Her wriggles became more anguished as he laid on the strokes, each one striking the taut skin over the fleshy rounds of her little bottom and proving Drake could hit a lot harder than Tania. Persephone's gasps turned to whimpers and then to cries as her buttocks yielded under the steady, regular impacts of the thick rattan and the overlapping weals on her skin glowed fiery red.

Pam knew no one would pay any heed to her cries. To anyone who heard, she was just another slave receiving a richly deserved punishment or being tormented for the amusement of her owner. And she could not help feeling that Persephone deserved to be punished. The ache that lingered in the slowly fading welts on her own buttocks and breasts did not encourage any sympathy for the blonde mistress's suffering. What Pam felt was another, far more surprising emotion. If it was true that Drake had taken a liking to her, why was he devoting so much attention to Persephone? Not, she hastily reminded herself, that the fierce caning he was lashing across the blonde's writhing bottom was the kind of attention she wanted from him.

Nevertheless, astonishing though it was, she had to admit she was jealous. Her pussy quivered and her nipples were so hard they ached.

Rafael took his time, waiting for Persephone's more frantic struggles to subside after each blow before giving her the next. He had reached eighteen and the shade of the first welts was deepening to purple when her breathless cries subtly changed in tone. The note of pain and anguish remained but was joined by a huskiness, which revealed that was not all she was feeling.

"Ooh, Master! I was naughty. I admit it."

The cane smacked down hard, deeply indenting the flesh of her buttocks. They bounced back as if to welcome the next stroke. As Drake raised his arm Persephone squirmed madly.

"Oh, I'm a bad girl! I can't help it." Her cries rose in pitch. "Ooh, I'm sorry! I'll be good. Really I will." A strangled groan of torment followed the next crack and thud of the rattan and she heaved herself up by the straps on her wrists and ankles. "Yes, yes, I deserve it. I'm so naughty. I *should* be caned. I should be whipped too. It's only right."

Drake said nothing as she continued babbling, growing less coherent with each stroke that followed. He did not stop until he had dealt her at least forty by Pam's guess. He bent and examined her buttocks. They were a half-dozen shades of red and as many of purple, and on one of them a thin, bloody line had appeared.

"That's enough," he said.

Persephone stopped her frenzied struggles, blinked away a wash of tears and stared at him from between her parted legs. The outer lips of her sex gaped, revealing the inner ones were bright pink and puffy. At their apex her bud swelled and shone. "Ooh my pussy's going crazy," she said between gasps. "Give it to me, Rafael. Oh, I want it now!"

"How often does a slave girl get what she wants?" He flicked the cane onto her bottom once more, but less harshly than before.

She wriggled. "Ooh, my bum's on fire! Oh, Lord, so's my pussy! Please, I need your cock."

He grinned. "But nobody cares what a slave girl needs." Dropping the cane, he smoothed a finger slowly along the inside of her right thigh and stopped the movement just short of her damply gleaming sex-lips. With growing resentment, Pam saw them tighten and then relax. "How many times have you taken a slave to the edge and left her dangling there for your own amusement? Did you care that they were deprived of their pleasure?" Drake pulled the finger away as she thrust her pussy towards it. She whimpered her frustration.

"That's different. They're just slaves."

"And tonight you're a slave too, and you'll have to put up with whatever I decide will or won't be done to you. Ann, get on the bed."

Drifting amidst the warm buzz of her own arousal Pam had almost forgotten she was 'Ann'. She shook herself, turned her gaze from the deep-red head of Rafael's upright shaft and obeyed. He picked up the oil-coated butt-plug Milly had fetched and waved it in Persephone's direction.

“Spread her ass.”

Gasping and groaning, the blonde bucked as Pam clasped her hands over her fiercely hot and ravaged rear-cheeks. She held herself tense against her straps for a second and then sagged back helplessly. Pam drew her buttocks apart and Drake leaned forward and pressed the plug to the blonde’s anus. In her drugged state and with tremors running the length of her sheath, the American girl was more fascinated than repelled by the sight of Persephone’s little rear muscle expanding under the pressure of the plug’s domed tip, stretching quite alarmingly as the thick rubber forced it open and clenching around its narrow neck after Drake had pushed the full length inside.

The slender blonde wriggled her hips and gave a long, breathy sigh. Pam released her grip on the burning hot buttocks. She had almost felt their throb and sting as she had separated them, though it seemed the butt-plug’s insertion had given Persephone a distraction from her pain. Her small, hard-nippled breasts rose and fell quickly as she stared through passion-slitted eyes at the dildo in Rafael’s hand. To Pam’s puzzlement he took a handkerchief and knotted it about three inches behind the rounded end of the phallus.

“Yes. Oh, yes please!” Persephone cried, and gave another wiggle of her hips as he approached.

“No, it’s not going in your pussy.”

“Oh, you bastard!” Persephone jerked at the straps securing her, shaking her head wildly in a futile attempt to avoid Drake gripping her jaw with one hand. “No, don’t. Oh, you rotten... urgh!”

Rafael forcing her mouth open and pushing the dildo between her lips cut her off. He tied the ends of the handkerchief together behind her head and straightened up, smiling thinly as she glared at him with her breath rasping around the shaft rising from her mouth.

“You can spend the night like that,” he said. “Think about how it feels. Ask yourself if you could stand it day after day, never knowing when someone might decide to have you bound or chained or flogged. Ask if you’d find it so exciting then.” He pressed a fingertip to the shiny pearl of her erect clitoris. She made incoherent noises and tried to rub herself on his finger. He pulled it away and rose from the bed. “But I think I already know what your answer will be,” he said quietly. “Out, slaves. Ann, bring my clothes.” He turned in the doorway. “I’ll be locking up the slave girls so don’t expect them to free you, and I won’t let Eve do it either. You’re there ’til morning, ’Sephone.” He closed the door on the noises she began making around the gag.

Drake did not lock the girls in the penthouse’s tiny slave room. “Keep an eye on her, Tania,” he ordered, with a jerk of his head towards the closed bedroom door. “But make sure she doesn’t know you’re there or I’ll see that you take her place. Milly, you...” He laughed softly and shook his head. Milly was already on her back on the couch, one hand moving swiftly between her legs.

Rafael turned to face Pam. She looked up from the hard cock rearing imperiously from his groin and saw desire, dark and fierce and fiery, in the eyes that

stared deep into hers. Prickling shivers ran across Pam's skin and surged and rippled within her sex. Part of her was horrified by the sudden, eager anticipation the other part was feeling. Rafael grabbed her wrist and her heart leaped as he dragged her into his bedroom. He snapped the lights on, impatiently swept the clothing he had told her to carry from her hands, and dragged the covers from the bed.

"I can't wait any longer. I've got to have you." He flung Pam onto the mattress. His weight coming down on her increased the pain in her buttocks, and then it was forgotten in the sudden flare of heat across her skin where his body met hers. Broad fingers slid between her legs, probing impatiently, heightening the wet heat that had instantly flared within her sex. Rafael raised himself above her. Pam's thighs parted of their own volition, her back arched to lift her hips and her breath hissed sharply through her teeth as his broad-headed shaft pushed aside her nether lips and slid deep into her sheath. A rush of immense pleasure and excitement thrilled through her and made her cry out.

Rafael took her hard but not brutally. He thrust to the limit, crushing his loins against her fleshy outer-lips and grinding his pubis against her soft mons before drawing back to thrust again. It felt wonderful. Her vision blurred until all she could see were coloured lights flashing behind her eyes. Wild spasms surged in her sheath as it clenched ecstatically around the hard flesh filling it. Pam writhed, head spinning in a climax more incredible and intense than she had ever felt before.

She bent her knees and drew them up, spreading herself more to deepen his entry and increase the quivering pleasure tingling through her pussy. Twice more she bucked and squirmed in the raptures of orgasms that struck sparks from the madly rippling walls of her sex and in her whirling brain. She came a fourth time as Rafael spent himself and eventually sagged sweating and panting on top of her. He rested his head in the angle of her neck and shoulder. His hot breath caressed the skin of her throat. A heartbeat later his lips did the same. Drained though she was, Pam felt a thrill of pleasure.

When his ragged breathing had steadied, Rafael kissed her again, this time on the mouth, avidly, greedily. Pam responded with equal hunger, pussy trembling around the half-hard manhood still filling it. She was conscious of the ache he had reawakened in her buttocks and her breasts felt sore and tender from the pins that had pierced them only that afternoon, but when Rafael's exploring hand closed around her right tit the discomfort slipped away. He closed his lips over its point, nibbling and tugging on the rapidly elongating flesh. Pam caught her breath. Her nipple was not all that was swelling. The cock within her expanded, thickening and lengthening until her sheath was simmering with need once more.

Rafael took her more slowly the second time, at least to begin with, but Pam's passion was the equal of his own and just as demanding. Gripped once more by the urgency of their desire, they made love with the same frantic need for fulfilment as they had the first time and, for Pam, with the same astounding effects. When Rafael eased his weight from her she remained unmoving, breasts rising and falling, her sex still sparkling and her head spinning. The feelings were too wonderful to feel guilt

about what she had done, or to contemplate the consequences. That would keep for later. His forearm rested over her navel, heavy, warm and damp.

“I meant to take my time, but you....” He gave a breathless laugh. “You were just too tempting.”

Pam’s belly flipped. He propped himself on one elbow, his expression abruptly serious.

“You saw the black thing, right? Somewhere out over the ocean?”

“The blackness?” The warm buzz in her brain receded. She took a long breath. “I was in it. That’s how I came here.”

This time he listened, not once interrupting. When she had finished, he continued to stare at her and she knew he was not seeing her face.

“My father was right,” he said into the lengthening silence. “I always knew it. No one else believed him, or they said they didn’t. But they wouldn’t want to scare the passengers away. And they broke him when they couldn’t keep him quiet.” He gave a shake of his head. “You can really pass through it? Like a door? A gateway? From another world? Another Earth, just like ours?”

“Nothing like yours.” Pam shivered. “No one can own another person where I come from.”

“They don’t have slaves? Are you serious?”

“Of course. They don’t flog women either.” She thought of Rick. Well, it was near enough the truth. An awful ache of homesickness filled her heart. Tears prickled the corners of her eyes.

Rafael lay back, slipped his arm around her shoulders and drew her close until her cheek rested on his chest. “It’s hard to believe.” His arm tightened momentarily. “But I do believe you. It explains so much about how you acted in the beginning, and even now. But how anything can work without slaves is beyond me. It must be a crazy place.”

With no way to explain it in a few words Pam did not try. It was too pleasant to simply lie in his arms. For the first time she felt truly relaxed, if only for a fleeting moment.

“I saw it once, or thought I did.” His mind was clearly still on the blackness, though Pam’s was on the warmth and strength of the body pressing against her own, and the effect it was having. “It crossed the face of the moon when I was third on the *Empire’s Defiance*. I turned towards it but the Captain ordered us back on course. Said it was something people only saw at the end of a long watch when their eyes were tired and their bunks were calling to them.” His deep breath lifted his chest and the crisp hairs there tickled Pam’s cheek. “I knew different. My father had described it, or rather he hadn’t. He said there was no describing it, just like you did. And I could never describe what I saw either, except that it was black and it hurt my eyes. But I’ve always wanted a closer look. I’ve worked hard to get it. I’ll be a captain some day soon and when I am I’ll find that black thing and prove my father wasn’t a fool or a drunkard. Let all the crew and passengers see it and the companies won’t be able to explain it away so easily.”

“It’s dangerous. It’s better avoided.” It was also the only thing that could take her home.

“It cost my father everything; his job, his captain’s rank, the respect of his friends and colleagues.”

“I’m sorry,” Pam said, surprised that she meant it. He was another self-centred male, more cruel than he was kind, as he had shown by caning Persephone. He saw nothing wrong with enslaving and beating women, and could not even imagine a society in which equality of the sexes could exist. She had no reason to feel any sympathy for him. Yet she did.

He turned to her and her belly tightened as her sex rippled. His cock was hard, the head deep red, taut and still shiny with the mingled juices of their earlier coupling.

“God, I want you!” he said, and seized her lips with his.

This time his lovemaking was slower and gentler, and Pam was grateful. Her pierced breasts and nipples felt sore again. Her nether lips were bruised and puffy from the frenzied couplings, but it did not stop them tingling and quivering beneath the touch of Rafael’s warm tongue and broad fingertips after he had kissed his way down her belly and sunk his head between her thighs. His lips nibbled her clitoris, teasing and tickling. His fingers moved gently over the trembling walls of her pussy, pushing towards the little ridge high in front and rubbing the sensitive tissues they found there. Pam moaned and rolled her head from side to side as the pleasure flowed from him to her in long, rapturous ripples of delight. He began sucking her bud and she felt all control deserting her. Without regret she let it slip away.

When he mounted her, her pussy shimmered and sparkled with every leisurely movement of his rigid cock against the quivering membranes within. His lips found hers and their tongues tangled playfully and provocatively while he kept up his slow movements. The warmth in Pam’s belly became a mounting heat. Rafael kissed along the line of her jaw, her neck and the soft and suddenly so responsive skin of her breasts. She licked her lips and let a whimper escape them as his mouth closed on the cone of one aching nipple and sucked.

“Excuse me, Mr. Drake, Sir.”

## Chapter Eleven

Pam's eyes opened wide and heat flamed across her cheeks. Eve stood in the open doorway. As Pam forced her squirming bottom into stillness, Rafael's thrusts slowed but did not stop.

"Er... Miss Peake. I guess you already know, but she's..." The bodyguard could not quite smother her grin. "She's tied to her bed, Sir, and her ass looks awful."

"Leave her that way." Rafael showed no sign of the embarrassment that was making Pam's belly curl. "Don't worry, I'll free her myself later. You go to bed, and don't go back in her room before you do."

Eve shrugged. "Whatever you say." She turned, paused and looked back. "Sir, Miss Peake won't be needing her girls tonight. Do you think...? That is, if Milly would..."

His laugh made his cock jiggle in Pam's pussy. She gasped and gave an involuntary jerk of her hips.

"Okay, go ahead. Knowing Milly, she's still awake and playing with herself." He began thrusting harder before the bodyguard had even finished thanking him. His lips closed over Pam's. Her head spun. Hot, wild spasms seized her sex.

The lights were off when she awoke. The darkness was not quite the black of night, nor yet the grey of dawn. Lying on her side, Pam felt Rafael slide back onto the bed. The warm breadth of his chest met her back and the nervous fluttering of her stomach changed to quivering arousal as the length of his rigid cock pressed against the crease in her bottom.

"I freed 'Sephone," he said softly. "Tania's putting salve on her ass. I swear she gets crazier with every trip." For long seconds he stroked the skin over her hip, then slid his hand upwards to cup her right breast. She sighed as his finger and thumb teased its erect tip. Warm, buzzing excitement forced every thought from Pam's mind. She wriggled her rear cheeks against his straining shaft and felt the rumble of his soft laughter in his chest. He pushed the upper of her legs forwards, bending her knee, and shifted slightly. The thick head of his cock pushed against her prickling pussy.

"Want to go again, sweetheart?"

Her heart leapt. "Yes. Oh, yes please!" Careless of her swollen labia and aching buttocks and breasts, Pam gave a jerk of her hips that thrust her backwards to meet his entry. Her passion surged.

It was full daylight before they were sated. Pam lay half on top of Rafael, her right breast pressed to his chest, her right leg over his, its smooth, soft thigh resting on his muscular, hairy one. His arm lay across her back and his fingertips played gently over the thin ridges that wealed her buttocks. It felt good. She drifted, warm, satisfied and content. What was she doing, a small insistent voice called in the depths of her mind? She ignored it and relished the feel of his hard-muscled chest under her palm. For the first time since the blackness had taken her she felt safe, protected and

free of fear. He had called her sweetheart. What did it mean? Her eyes closed. Tired but happy, she slept.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rafael leaned on one elbow and watched the girl. She was beautiful, lying beside him with the sun shining through the half-open blinds casting streamers of light across the curves and hollows of her body. She was from another world. It was hard to believe but, though there was no proof and never could be, he did believe it. He had never thought she was crazy, not even in the beginning when what she had said had made so little sense. Maybe that was why she seemed different, why he had been attracted to her more than any of the other beautiful slaves he had had over the years. He dismissed the idea. Whatever was drawing him to her had made him break his own rule about leaving the slave girls alone, and by not treating her as he did the others he was breaking the Company's too, and risking his promotion to captain at the same time. The reason was a mystery, but he was sure it was not because she came from a different world.

A figure passed the open door.

"Is that you, Eve?"

He saw Ann's eyes open at the sound of his voice. Eve appeared in the doorway, yawning and rubbing a hand through her tousled hair, the big swell of her right tit bared by her carelessly tied robe.

"Is the hotel slave here yet?" Rafael asked, propping himself against the bed's headboard.

"Here, Master." The girl pushed past the tall bodyguard, smiling in spite of the pink blush that still glowed on both breasts.

"Ellen, isn't it?" he asked. "I want my breakfast. Ham and eggs and all the trimmings, and plenty of orange juice and coffee." He rubbed his hands together and smiled at Ann as she ran a hand through her hair. The wary look that instantly appeared on her face was joined by a pretty pinkness in her cheeks as she glanced down at her nakedness. The colour darkened when she looked at his cock rising stiffly from his groin.

"Good morning, Ann." He forced his smile not to widen into a satisfied grin as he saw the wary look in her quickly lowered eyes.

"G... good morning." She swallowed. "Sir."

"No, it's only 'Sir' when I'm on duty. Call me 'Master'."

She had not liked that. Rafael sensed her resentment in the tightening of her lovely lips and felt the weight of her distrust once more. He was used to having the trust of his slave girls, even the hired ones he only ever had for a few days and never saw again. But there were no slaves where Ann came from, and she was not a stowaway desperate to become one, as he had thought. She had responded like one during the night, though. God, she had responded! He had responded to her too, with a fire and urgency that he could not recall ever feeling so powerfully before. And to

his astonishment, the trust that she would not give to him, he was not only ready but eager to give to her.

He could not resist using her again after breakfast, and made no effort to try. Though his thrusts must be uncomfortable after all he had put her through already, Ann surrendered just as eagerly as she had the night before. His own pleasure was no less incredible when he came, with her squirming and whimpering breathlessly beneath him in a climax that must surely have set her mind spinning as much as it did his own.

Afterwards, he took Ann to the bathroom where she blushed and looked away from him when he made her squat on one of the toilets while he urinated into the other one. Was that something else that was different where she came from?

Eve stood under the shower in one corner of the room with Milly, using one hand to soap her body and rubbing the other between her thighs.

Rafael grinned at the look Ann gave them. "I made sure the penthouse door is locked this time." He took her hand and drew her into the single, large sunken bath in the centre of the room, where Ellen stood to her thighs in steaming water, holding a sponge in one hand. At first Ann seemed reluctant to be bathed by another woman but looked as though she was warming to the experience, until Ellen turned her attention and her soapy sponge to him. His cock immediately hardened in response. Ann made a little snuffling sound and he saw the corners of her mouth turn down before she looked away. He snaked an arm around her hips, pulled her hard against him and rubbed the soapsuds from her slippery breasts with a teasing palm. Their pink, fading weals glistened wetly. Her quick glance up into his face showed her eyes were bright and her frown had disappeared. Rafael slithered his palm over her belly but she flinched when his fingers touched her sex.

"Maybe I was a bit too rough last night," he said, more to himself than to her.

"No. It was m... my fault."

"No it wasn't. You've nothing to blame yourself about. Never mind. That's what Ellen's here for." He turned the slave and bent her over with her elbows on the edge of the bath and her bottom jutting towards him. "You put it in, sweetheart," he told Ann.

From the immediate tightening of her lips he knew he had somehow said the wrong thing again, though her breasts were rising and falling rapidly and she seemed just as excited as Ellen. Was this another encumbrance she had brought with her from that weird, alien world of hers? The sight of the hotel slave's rounded backside and the swollen, pink slivers of her inner-lips peeping from the pouting crescents of the outer ones, banished the thought from Drake's mind. He angled his hard shaft down to rest against the fleshy swell of Ellen's pussy.

With a long sigh, the girl pushed back to meet his penetration and Ann gave another snuffle and turned her head away as Rafael's shaft sank deep. He tightened his arm around her and stood still, letting the slave girl do all the work.

"Slowly," he instructed. "We've plenty of time."

Ellen slowed the movement of her hips to a gentle undulation and he savoured the sight of her sheath sliding to and fro on his cock.

“I must be crazy,” Ann said under her breath. He looked around, saw the flush on her cheeks and knew it was more than embarrassment that was causing it. She was trembling, her breathing was fast and shallow and a pink pearl had emerged from the fleshy cowl at the apex of her slit. Rafael reached to it, pinching gently with his thumb and a fingertip. Ann’s eyes closed and she pressed harder against him.

They fluttered open fleetingly when Persephone came into the bathroom with Tania, and Ann immediately lowered her head but did not try to pull away. Persephone walked stiffly to one of the toilets and squatted with a grimace, careful to avoid contact between her buttocks and the seat as she let loose a stream of piss. With the briefest glance at the two girls in the shower she turned her green eyes on the bathers.

“You’re a brute, Rafael Drake. You didn’t have to hit so hard.”

“I gave you what you deserved,” he said. “So quit complaining or I’ll make you take Ellen’s place.”

Persephone watched the girl squirming her bottom against his taut belly, twisted in an attempt to look at the vivid, red and purple ridges he had raised on her own buttocks the night before, winced, and said no more. Straightening with a shudder she snapped her fingers. Tania knelt, lapped off the drips of urine clinging to her Mistress’s sex and helped her into the sunken bath. With a hiss and a groan the blonde sank her ravaged bottom into the hot water and instantly shot upright, gasping.

“Ooh! You really are a beast. You could at least rub my little clitty along with your slave girl’s.”

“Come here then.”

As Persephone hurried to his other side and presented her upright clitoris for his attention, Rafael felt Ann stiffen and the pressure of her firm breast against his side became less insistent. He intensified his rubbing and felt a surge of satisfaction as her hips jerked and thrust her stiff bud harder against his moving fingers. For several minutes nothing disturbed the silence but breathy sighs and moans, the slick sound of Ellen sliding herself along Rafael’s cock and the gentle lapping of the water. In the shower behind him he could hear moans and the wet noises of fingers sliding deep into pussies.

The hotel slave climaxed first, mewling and gasping, bottom thrusting harder and faster until Rafael lunged his hips forward and gave a long, throaty growl as he felt the surge of his come and the fierce, triumphant pleasure that accompanied it. Ann orgasmed at the same moment, shivering and panting with her eyelids all-aflutter. Rafael released her clitoris, and his arm at her back crushed her to his muscular body with the same exultant satisfaction he had felt as he came. She wrapped her arms around him and rubbed her sex against his thigh. A breathless moan announced Persephone had reached fulfilment, and a heartbeat later her arms overlapped Ann’s as she too clutched Rafael and rubbed her wet pussy against him. But her joy could not possibly have matched his as, still thrusting in the throes of his climax, he crushed his lips to Ann’s and kissed her long and greedily. She responded and instantly writhed in a second climax.

Rafael slid his cock from Ellen with a soft, sucking sound. Ann slipped abruptly from his embrace. Before his annoyance could spark she sank to her knees, gently closed her hand around his half-erect shaft and guided it to her mouth, licking and sucking his warm, damp flesh.

“I think she’s telling you she’s grateful,” Persephone said, still breathing hard and clinging to him. “And she should be. That was delicious, darling.” She stopped rubbing against his thigh and drew back, wincing. “Unlike what you did to my poor bum last night, you monster. Not to mention all the rest. I really should be very angry with you.”

Looking at Ann on her knees before him, Rafael did not answer. She lifted her gaze to his face, avidly sucking on his half-hard cock as if she wanted to prove the truth of Persephone’s words. He looked into her blue eyes and wished he knew what was making them shine so gloriously. Was it truly gratitude, or maybe just the embers of her recently fulfilled desire? An odd tightness caught at his chest and he found himself hoping it was much more. Rafael cleared his throat.

“That’s enough for now.” He patted Ellen’s bottom to show he was finished with her, and hauled himself and Ann from the bath. “I’m guessing you promised the hotel girls money for last night,” he said to Persephone, handing Ann a towel.

“I’ve already given it to Ellen. You see, I do keep my word, even when there’s no nasty, overbearing man around who thinks I have to be made to.”

Rafael laughed and pulled away the towel Ann was trying to wrap around herself. “No, I like to look at you.”

“And I’d have thought a pretty young slave girl would be eager to show her gratitude when she can see my clitty is still in need of attention,” Persephone said, leaning her elbows onto the edge of the bath and spreading her thighs.

“Oh, yes, Mistress,” Ellen agreed, and sank into the water to put her head between the blonde’s legs.

Rafael took Ann’s hand and left the girls to their games. An odd thought struck him as he gave Persephone a final backward glance. He shook his head. No it was not possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

Back in the bedroom Drake told Pam to lie on the bed and looked at her as he dressed. “Stay there and rest. Persephone won’t want you today.” He gave her a lazy smile. “She’ll spend most of her time face-down in bed having her ass massaged with ointment and her pussy with her slaves’ fingers.” He took the sheet, which their love-making and the warm, New York summer night had made unnecessary, and spread it over her, bent and kissed her softly on the lips. “Your name is Pamela, right?”

Pam’s belly seemed to be melting under his intense gaze. “P... Pam,” she said against his mouth.

“Pam,” he repeated, kissed her again and smiled. “I have to go out. I’ll see you later.”

After he had gone she lay listening to her thudding heart. What had happened to his arrogance and that stern frown that made her belly flutter with fear? When she had awoken she had felt almost happy, but then he had demanded she call him Master. It had felt like a blow in the gut. After the incredible pleasure and passion they had shared, the line that divided them had blurred in Pam's mind until Drake had forcefully reminded her of her status – a slave, to be used and abused as he pleased.

Yet barely a half-hour later she had loved it when he had taken her again. What was it about this man that could force such a response from her even when she was tired and aching and sore? Why had she felt jealous watching him use the hotel slave and so ridiculously pleased when he had curled his arm around her and pulled her close? She had watched him put his cock in another girl's pussy, for heaven's sake, and then envied her, even though she had known if he did it to her it would hurt. Pam's stomach turned over. She did not mind if he hurt her. Oh, God, she wanted him to hurt her! The taste of his cock and that of Ellen's sex lingered in her mouth. With her head spinning and overwhelmed by her feelings, to kneel and suck him had been the only way she could show Rafael what he had stirred within her.

What the hell was happening to her? Was this the consequence of Persephone continually forcing the drug into her? Would it eventually make her a compliant, unquestioning slave, like Tania and Milly and the hotel girls? It had brought to the surface all the conflicts and emotions she had buried deep after Rick, reawakened the disturbing desires her love for him had stirred in her. But they had been an aberration, not part of the real Pamela Weston at all. She sat up abruptly. They had to have been. She had loved Rick in spite of the ropes and the chains and the pain, not because of them. That love had carried her through all of those sessions in what he had called his playroom before she had discovered she was only one of many, and that her dream had never been his.

Pam shook her head but it did nothing to clear it or drive away the thoughts crowding in upon her, or the nagging doubt that had wormed its way into the back of her mind. She slumped onto the pillow, as bewildered and afraid as she had been when she had appeared in the chilly corridor on the airship. The gentle but insistent pulse of arousal was with her almost constantly now, confounding her efforts to think. Damn Persephone and her Venus Dust! And damn Rafael with his cruelty and his kindness, and his big cock and lazy smile that both made her pussy prickle with arousal every time she saw them. How could she think clearly about anything with the maddening tickle forever teasing between her legs? Breathing hard, Pam slid a hand over her hairless mound and sought the half-upright bud that was rising from beneath its hood.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rafael took Pam to dinner that night. The other girls prepared her, lacing her into a fiercely constrictive corset of black and red satin and slinging a thin gold chain around her hips, from which hung two narrow, red silk strips that barely covered the clefts before and behind. They added black, sheer silk stockings tied high on her

thighs with silken red ribbons, and shiny-black, patent leather high heels, before pinning up her shoulder-length, light-brown hair with gold and black-enamelled combs. Tania darkened her eyelashes, applied brown and purple eye shadow, lightly powdered her cheeks and glossed both lips and nipples with plum-coloured rouge. Rafael added the final touch. Her emotions in utter confusion, Pam let him fix a white-enamelled, steel collar with a black bow tie in front around her neck. Clipping a thin, black leather leash to the collar's ring he took her down to the lobby.

Heads turned as they stepped from the elevator, even those of the people watching a girl being caned at the post. The sight of her reflection in a mirror made Pam's heart leap. She almost stumbled. She looked stunning. The tight corset accentuated the flare of her hips and buttocks and the thrust of her bare breasts, all of which were swaying seductively as her high heels transformed her walk into a provocative strut across the lobby's deep carpet. Her belly ought to be curling in humiliation and shame, yet the emotion she felt was swelling in her breast. She was proud to be seen paraded like a pet poodle by the handsome, smartly uniformed airship officer - proud and happy. And totally horrified!

Rafael's light but commanding pressure on her leash drew her after him into the restaurant where more heads turned as he led her to their table. She could not help but recall with heavy irony the night a man who looked exactly like Rafael had taken her out to dine, and how she had reacted to the touch of Captain Todd's hand on her waist. That night she had sat at the table and chosen her own meal. Now she knelt on the floor beside Rafael's chair and ate what he ordered for her. And still she felt pleasure and pride to be there with him.

After the meal he leaned back in his chair and fed her little sweetmeats from a dish on the table and, with a gladness that should have shamed her, Pam licked the stickiness from his fingers and answered his smiles with her own. During the elevator ride to the penthouse he ran his hand over the curves of her buttocks to the bow on the lacing at the back of her corset and tugged it loose. By then, the only thought in Pam's mind was that soon his big cock would be driving into her pussy and how much excitement and pleasure he was going to give her. She was not wrong.

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A broad palm smoothing over her breast stirred Pam from sleep. Sighing, she opened her eyes and her belly contracted. She was alone in the bed. Eve was bending over her.

"He's gone, lover," she said, and stopped stroking, "called back to the airship. He said to let you sleep but Miss Peake is awake now. You'd better be out of bed before she is."

Shocked by the depth of her disappointment that Rafael would leave without a word, Pam bathed, made-up her face and dressed in a fresh loincloth Tania had given her the day before. A minute after she entered the lounge Persephone appeared from her bedroom with Tania and Milly. Walking less stiffly than on the previous day she sat cautiously on the sofa, turned immediately onto her stomach and ate breakfast in

that position. She was quiet, subdued by her usual standards, and remained that way all morning, thumbing through magazines and smoking cigarettes halfway before stubbing them out with what Pam interpreted as mounting impatience. After a lunch she only picked at, Persephone finally dressed and, cursing Rafael's heavy-handedness, paced the room in increasing agitation. The slave girls fidgeted. Eve cleaned her gun.

Persephone hurried to the door when the knock she had clearly been expecting came. Ellen was quicker. With a curt greeting to Commodore Traske, the blonde led him to her bedroom and closed the door behind them.

"What's that about?" Tania wondered.

Milly giggled. "You don't think she's going to fuck him, do you? Not the Commodore, surely."

"I wouldn't mind. He's not bad looking."

"That's enough," Eve warned, and they sat in silence for twenty minutes until the bedroom door opened.

Persephone followed Traske, cheeks aflame with her blush. She was naked. Opening his frockcoat the Commodore stood with his back to the balcony doors. He snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor in front of him. Gaze lowered, Persephone knelt at his feet.

"Come here all of you, where you can see better," Traske said.

The stunned silence that followed was broken by a loud click as Eve thumbed back the hammer of her pistol. Persephone looked around.

"No," she said.

"Ma'am?"

"Do as he says."

Her mouth a hard line, Eve uncocked the gun, holstered it and stood beside Pam at Traske's left, while Milly and Tania took position at his right.

"Go ahead," he said, and Persephone unbuttoned his trousers, her struggle to keep her expression neutral plain to see. "And while you're doing it I want you to remember the times you've taken advantage of your position to embarrass and slight me in front of my passengers and crew." He chuckled. "And you had better make it good, *darling*, or the deal is off."

She did make it good, and quickly seemed to relish sucking and licking his thick-veined cock. Twice he stopped the bobbing of her blonde head to prolong his pleasure and the humiliation of her serving him with her slaves and employee looking on. By the time he had grunted through his climax and she had swallowed, Persephone showed no sign of caring. She slurped and slobbered on his shaft and then drew the last thick pearl of come clinging to its tip into her mouth before tucking the slackening flesh into his trousers.

"On your feet."

Her hands lifted then clenched at her sides as he slid his fingers between her legs.

"You're soaking. I knew you would be." Traske grinned. "And since you've just proved how much it means to you, I want ten."

Her sly, feline smile curved her lips. "Make it fifteen if you like."

His eyebrows shot up. "I'll get a lawyer to draw up a document today. It really is that important, eh? Don't worry, I don't care why, just as long as it's not illegal and I get what you promised."

"I won't sign anything until we're there," she said flatly.

"Before we're there," he corrected, "but only just."

Persephone gave a grudging nod.

"Now turn around and show me your arse again." Traske laughed at the flash of anger in her eyes, but she did not refuse. He stared at the red-streaked, purple bruising covering most of her narrow bottom. "That has to be Drake's handiwork. He always did know how to keep you in hand. He must be wondering why I called him back to the ship when there are only routine matters to deal with. You were rash to invite him, considering."

"I was surprised he accepted, but he won't be any trouble. He's got other things on his mind." She glanced at Pam before facing the Commodore. "Are we finished?"

He smiled smugly. "For now."

When he was gone Persephone shuddered. "Get those gloating looks off your faces, you dirty sluts. Tania, get me a brandy. And I need a bath."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I suppose you found it highly amusing watching me on my knees sucking cock like a slave girl yesterday." Persephone adjusted her diamond nipple clip and turned from the mirror.

Pam denied the accusation as emphatically as the other slaves, anxious not to provoke the blonde mistress. Though Persephone was less agitated than the day before, her mood was unpredictable, one minute excited, the next showing nervousness that bordered on anxiety. She had risen much earlier than usual and, though the airship was not due to depart until mid-afternoon, had insisted everything be packed at once and the girls dressed for the journey. For that reason Pam had been wearing a steel-boned, white leather corset and walking around in high heels for the last hour, her nether lips rouged bright red and gold clips clustered with pearls on her nipples. Even more uncomfortable was the similar one pinching the tender folds of her hood.

"Ma'am," Eve said. "I wasn't gloating. I mean, if you had said..."

"Oh, I know. You were ready to shoot him or beat him senseless, but that wouldn't have helped." She smiled at the bodyguard. "I have never doubted your loyalty, darling, and I have always appreciated it."

Eve's cheeks turned pink. "Why, thank you, Ma'am."

"But I've been too easy on these slaves, when I should have been smacking their cheeky tits and bottoms to remind them who their Mistress is. And their naughty pussies too, eh, Pamela? Yours has been getting too much pleasure lately and far too little pain."

Pam eyed her warily, astonished that she had called her by her real name.

Persephone raised the flounced skirts of her primrose taffeta dress. “Well, you can all come and kiss my pussy, just so it’s clear who’s in charge.”

After Pam had taken her turn to kneel and press her lips to the blonde’s slit, Persephone arched one eyebrow and gave her an enigmatic smile. “I’ll be having a little talk with you when we’re back in the air, darling.”

Pam felt more nervous than puzzled. Every ‘talk’ she had had with the lustful blonde had ended in an encounter with the whip or the cane.

“Here, Ellen,” Persephone said, as Pam got to her feet. The previous evening she had taken her slaves and Pam to the hotel’s beauty parlour, ordered them waxed from the neck down and gone out with Eve. When she had returned to collect the freshly depilated girls she had been carrying a large wad of bills. She took her purse in one hand; one of Ellen’s full breasts in the other and kissed the girl on the lips. “You’ve been a good girl,” she said, and handed her a thousand dollar bill. The slave’s mouth fell open. “Oh, what the hell.” The blonde peeled off four more bills and gave them to her. “And you’d better have the same for your lover. She was good too.” She gave her another five thousand dollars.

Milly and Tania looked at each other in amazement. Eve’s face showed disbelief. Having learned that Rafael’s meal in one of the most expensive New York restaurants had barely cost him twenty dollars, Pam was aware of the small fortune Persephone had just given away.

“Keep it safe and spend it wisely,” the blonde mistress said.

“We... we’re saving for our freedom,” Ellen said. “It will...”

“How much?” Persephone asked.

“Twenty thousand each.” She had forgotten to say Mistress twice.

Persephone pulled another bundle of banknotes from her purse, counted off five, five thousand dollar bills and then five more. “Here, and a little something to keep you going ’til you’re on your feet.”

Ellen’s eyes filled with tears. Persephone skirted the pile of luggage in the middle of the floor, grabbed the leashes dangling from her slaves’ collars and, with Ellen’s thanks echoing along the corridor after them, led the way to the elevator. When they reached the lobby she gave the operator a pinch on her pert bottom and a thousand dollars, left the girl staring speechless and went to the desk. The clerk with the coral pink lips and nipples was there. The cost of the penthouse was close to a thousand dollars. Persephone laid it on the counter and then seven more bills on top of it. The girl’s eyes went wide.

“One for each of you,” the blonde mistress said, her glance taking in all of the slaves behind the desk. She placed another bill before the girl serving her. “And an extra one for you, darling, because you have such wonderful tits. There is one thing I want you to do for me before I go.” Persephone turned her sly gaze on Pam and her two companions.

“A... anything, Miss Peake.”

“Since these naughty slave girls of mine were so amused by what I had to do yesterday they can amuse *me* today. Get someone to put them all to the post and lay a

dozen with the cane on their insolent bottoms.” She took the feather-ended butt-plugs from her purse and put them on the counter. “And then have him shove these up their backsides.”

## Chapter Twelve

Pam made the journey to the airport with a fiery buzzing in her buttocks, and twelve welts on her rear cheeks she was sure were as crimson and fiery as those Tania and Milly were displaying. The hotel's whip master had not treated them lightly, nor been gentle when he had forced the butt-plugs into their tight rear entrances.

Passed quickly through customs, they stepped into the vast shadow cast by the *Empire's Triumph* and made for the boarding ramp. Commodore Traske stood at the top. Pam's smarting buttocks tightened, clamping her sphincter on the plug between them. Rafael was standing beside him.

"You're early, Miss Peake," Traske said. "You seem eager to be on your way this trip."

"You know how I love flying, darling," Persephone replied, with more of her usual confidence than she had shown at their last meeting. "I'm always eager to set off."

"But you still found time to cane the slaves," Rafael said, frowning at their striped bottoms. "Have you forgotten Ann is Company property?"

Persephone laughed. "Not at all, darling. Have you?"

He gave her a thin smile and did not look at Pam. "See that she's back in the slave quarters in half an hour. Her shift starts when we take off."

"Chief Riley, we don't often see you up here," the Commodore said, as the chief engineer appeared from aft. "I hope there isn't a problem?"

"Everything's fine, Sir," the Chief said. "I'd just like a word with the First Lieutenant." He led Rafael to the foot of the ramp where the undocking crew was assembling to start preparing the airship to be towed clear of the buildings. Something he said made Rafael look at him in obvious surprise. The Chief nodded and grinned and spoke again, then firmly shook the hand Rafael held out. They both looked pleased. Persephone's tug on Pam's leash stopped her from seeing more.

"I have the document," Traske said, patting his breast pocket as they passed him.

"And I have a pen. Make sure you give me a reason to use it."

He grinned broadly. "Oh, I will! I have fifteen million reasons of my own to want you to. I have no objection to being rich."

Eve's sharp intake of breath told Pam she was not alone in being surprised by what they had overheard. As she had suspected, the numbers Persephone and Traske had discussed at the hotel had been money, but she had not imagined they had been talking about such an enormous sum. What could the Commodore possibly do that was important enough for the blonde to pay him so much?

A few hours later it was not the intentions of a blonde girl that obsessed Pam's thoughts but those of a blond man. Freed at last from corset, clips and anal plug she had been on duty in the saloon when, dumping water ballast by the ton, the *Empire's Triumph* had risen skywards and turned its nose to the east. As she had sensed the vibration of the engines through her feet, a shudder had run through her, apprehension

and anticipation, and a glimmer of desperate hope. Please God! It had brought her here. Let it find her and take her back.

Pam had heard the other girls talking about Count Arminsdorf while she had fixed her hair and make-up and put on her skimpy loincloth in preparation for her shift. The moment she began pouring him coffee his hand began exploring the ridges the cane had raised on her buttocks. He usually travelled on one of his native Austrian airships, but the *Salzburg* had developed boiler problems before departure and he had switched to the *Empire's Triumph*. After no more than a sip of coffee he was steering Pam past a superciliously smiling Persephone Peake, out of the saloon and into his stateroom.

Two slave girls were there already. One blonde, the other black-haired, they stood over six feet tall in their black, thigh-length leather boots. They wore nothing else except a black leather bustier that cupped their round breasts without covering the thick, gold studs piercing their conical nipples. Their lovely faces were powdered white, in vivid contrast to their black eye-makeup and lipstick. The effect, Gothic, ghoulish and at the same time doll-like, made Pam's stomach flutter all the more. Most shocking was her discovery that what one of the girls in the slave quarters had described was true. Spaced evenly along the edges of the pouting crescents of the girls' outer pussy-lips were small golden grommets, like the eyelets in a shoe, and threaded through them was a thin leather thong binding one lip to the other for the length of their slits, and tied in a neat bow through a small but thick golden ring in each girl's clitoral hood.

Towering over Pam, they pulled her loin covering away, drew her to the bed and, careless of her throbbing bottom, put her on her back and lay down on either side of her. Utterly intimidated, she did not resist when they pulled her thighs apart and trapped them tightly between their own leather-clad ones. The Count's eyes glittered as he looked at her and slowly stripped off his clothes. The slaves gripped her wrists, held them above her head and, without a word exchanged, clamped their black-rouged lips over her nipples. She caught her breath at the fierce suction and the sight of the Count's rearing cock as he climbed onto the bed. Its big, club-like head gleamed purple in its enormity, arrogant and insistent.

It was not the tautly strained flesh that first pushed aside the sensitive swells of Pam's labia, however. Cupping her burning buttocks with both hands, Arminsdorf sank his tongue into her suddenly quivering sex. Hopelessly trapped between the slaves, the American girl surrendered to the rhythmic licking of the tongue thrusting into her most intimate place. It went on and on, with the man growing ever more enthusiastic, lapping over the fleshy crescents of her outer lips, sucking her clitoris and nipping with his teeth at her inner labia, driving her relentlessly to her peak until her gasps and moans drowned out the wet noises of the girls sucking her nipples and the Count's rapid probing between her trembling thighs. She climaxed three times before he mounted her and rode her ruthlessly hard, driving her flaring buttocks into the mattress and striking shivers in her madly rippling sex. His breathless lunging as he came pushed her over the precipice again and her sheath abruptly contracted in

spasm after glorious spasm. Pam cried out, ecstatic but devastated that she had reacted as powerfully to a stranger as she had to Rafael.

Her ordeal was not over, or her pleasure. The blonde slave positioned the American girl with her back against her hard-nippled breasts, while the dark-haired girl held her thighs wide and licked and slurped at the fluids oozing from her pussy. They swapped places halfway and, with the blonde sucking her swollen inner-lips deep into her mouth while her fingers strummed Pam's bud, the helpless girl shuddered and writhed through another breathtaking climax. While she still quivered from its effects the girls arranged her on her knees on the floor, each holding one of her wrists behind her and clasping their free hands over her pointed breasts. The Count presented his half-hard shaft to her lips. A few minutes sucking on the shiny flesh restored its girth until it was all Pam could do to stretch her jaws wide enough to take it into her mouth.

At last he pulled out and hauled her to her feet.

"*Sehr gut,*" he said, as she swayed and panted. "They told me you are That Kind. They did not exaggerate." He put her loincloth in her hand, turned her to face the door and propelled her towards it with a fiery swat to her bottom. She looked back as she left the room. The blonde slave was kneeling on the bed, buttocks lifted and held apart by the dark girl. With her sex laced tightly closed there could only be one place Count Arminsdorf meant to put his enormous baton. Sphincter clenching, Pam tottered into the corridor and closed the door.

He had called her That Kind and she had behaved as if it was true. Two days had passed since Persephone had last made her take Venus Dust, yet still she could feel it pulsing hotly in her blood and low in her belly. While fear churned her gut, Pam's heart ached. She had betrayed Rafael, felt pleasure equal to any he had given her with a complete stranger. Yet she had been as much under the power of the drug when Rafael had taken her. Why should she feel guilt? He should mean nothing to her, just as she was nothing to him once his lust was satisfied. He had left her to Persephone's cruel whims without a word. She owed him nothing.

As if her thoughts were enough to summon him, Drake appeared from one of the side corridors ahead. Pam fastened her loincloth in place but not before his gaze took in her puffy and damply glistening pussy-lips. He looked at the dark smudges of rouge around the tips of her breasts, then into her eyes. The corners of his mouth turned down.

"You've been used."

She gulped. "Yes, Sir. You said I always have to be ready to please the passengers."

"There's nothing I can do about that for now. But when we reach London things might be different."

With a sudden melting feeling inside she lowered her gaze, then immediately looked up as he caressed her breasts. His smile seemed a little forced but it was a smile nonetheless.

"It's okay to enjoy it, sweetheart. It comes with the job."

Her nipple ached all the more under the pressure of his thumb and she sucked in a deep breath. “Y... you don’t treat me the same as the others.” Pam made it a statement instead of a question. He already seemed displeased. She did not want to make him angry by appearing impertinent.

His smile broadened. “Maybe that’s because you answered me back.”

“What?”

“You answered back when I found you in the corridor. All the rest were either too terrified when they realised what they had done, or so aroused by it they couldn’t say anything sensible. But you stood up to me. I didn’t understand why at the time but I liked you for doing it.”

“You hit me for doing it.”

Rafael’s laugh sounded rich and warm. “Of course, but I admired your courage too.” He consulted his pocket watch. “Your shift ended half an hour ago. Time you were back in quarters. And get your ass seen to before you go back on duty.” He went back the way he had come.

Pam stared after him. He admired her! He had enslaved her and had her beaten, given her as a toy to strangers and used her himself without ever asking her what she wanted. Now he had just told her he liked her. As usual, her thoughts were in turmoil. When had they not been in this crazy place? She could only think of one time - when she had lain in Rafael’s arms. Pam remembered the grey dawn in the hotel room, and that he *had* once asked her what she wanted. His words echoed in her mind: ‘Want to go again, sweetheart?’ Vividly recalling her reply, she shuddered and set off unsteadily along the corridor.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Take the slaves to the observation lounge and let them watch the moonlight on the ocean, Eve. And don’t hurry back.” Persephone was at her most predatory as she aimed her cat-like smile at Pam.

Eve cast an uneasy glance in the American girl’s direction. “The moon isn’t up yet, Ma’am.”

“Oh, the stars then! I’m sure you’ll find something to keep them occupied. Fuck them if you have to.”

“Ma’am, I’d sooner stay outside the door. I know it’s probably safe but....”

“Do as I say,” the blonde snapped, then raised a conciliatory hand. “Go along, darling. I want a quiet word with Ann for an hour or so. We’ll be quite safe.”

Bound with her back to the cabin’s whipping post, her wrists secured above her head and her ankles held apart by a two-foot spreader bar, Pam was sure Persephone had more in mind than mere words. Her nipples were stinging and throbbing beneath the spring-loaded nipple clamps the blonde had attached to them moments before dismissing Eve. Pulse racing she watched the door close on the bodyguard and slaves and the slim girl slide the silk sheath of her evening gown down her body and step out of it. She wore nothing beneath. Removing her nipple clip, Persephone took a leather strap from the whip rack and came closer. Dry-mouthed,

Pam saw her swing it casually in her right hand. It was split into two tails, each doubled back on itself and heavily stitched, making the last few inches thicker and heavier than the rest of its eighteen-inch length.

“Thirty-nine degrees North, twenty-five degrees West,” Persephone said into the nerve-racking silence.

Pam looked from the strap to the blonde’s face. “What?”

“That’s where you told me it happened, isn’t it? Are you sure the numbers are right?”

Of course she was. How could she forget? But Pam saw no reason why Persephone would care. “I don’t understand.”

The blonde flicked the three-inch width of the strap up between Pam’s parted legs. She jerked hard against her bonds and gave a strangled cry as pain flared through her nether lips.

“It’s a simple question.” Persephone smacked the leather harder onto Pam’s pussy. “I want to be sure I’ve got the right answer.”

“Yes! Yes, that’s right.” Pam squirmed as the fleshy swells of her labia scorched and vibrated under the strap’s sharp bite.

“That’s all the pilot said?” the blonde demanded. “Just degrees? No minutes or seconds?” Her feline smile played over her lips as Pam stared in surprise. “Yes, Pamela darling, I’ve been talking to Traske again.” More pain raked the defenceless pout of Pam’s sex as Persephone lashed the strap upwards a third time. “Well, did the pilot say any more?”

“No, that’s the position he gave. God, I would have answered you without you hurting me.”

“But I *like* hurting you, darling.” Persephone moved closer, stroked her fingertips up the lower curve of Pam’s right breast, and then down again, scraping her manicured nails over the sensitive skin. Pam’s hiss through her clenched teeth became a whimper as Persephone tightened the little screws on each nipple clamp until they were biting hard. She rested the weight of her hand on the thin chain that joined them, stretching the tender points and heightening their wicked burning.

“You have lovely tits, and I so love watching them bounce and turn red when they’re whipped.” She bent her head and bit down on the half-erect point of Pam’s right nipple peeping out from between its clamp.

“Ow! Ooh!” Pam wriggled frantically as Persephone sank her teeth into her flesh and stretched the fullness of her tit upwards and outwards. “God, please! Ooh!” She wanted to cry ‘red’ but it would do her no good here.

Persephone released the throbbing point and the breast jounced back into place. Gasping, Pam looked at her hotly aching nipple, its base pinched cruelly between the jaws of the clamp and its exposed peak redly swollen and tooth-marked. The blonde giggled and flicked an unexpected and fiercely stinging blow to Pam’s pussy. She cried out, and cried once more when fingers probed between her smarting sex-lips. Far more quickly than she could have imagined, it began to tingle and grow warm.

“You really have the naughtiest pussy.” Persephone giggled again. “Here I am punishing it and all it’s doing is getting all damp and squishy.” She thrust her fingers more forcefully. Pam clenched her teeth but her tender tissues were rippling as well as smarting. Despite her determination to resist, arousal mingled with her pain. “I think you enjoy this a lot more than you pretend, darling,” Persephone said huskily, giggling as she tugged on the chain to stretch Pam’s pulsing nipples. “Maybe almost as much as I do.”

“It’s...” Pam made a sound between pain and pleasure. “It’s not me. It’s that damned drug you keep giving me.”

The slender blonde’s giggles turned to laughter. “Oh, that! Yes, I forgot the Venus Dust. I’ll tell you about it some day.” She stepped back and lashed the strap between Pam’s thighs. Surprised by the suddenness of the blow the American girl shrieked, then writhed ineffectually against her bonds as two strokes in quick succession seared her, immediately followed by another that cracked more loudly and blazed in even greater torment on the delicate crescents between her legs. Every joint was aching by the time Persephone had dealt her three more blows and Pam’s frantic struggles had subsided. Her sex smarted horribly and the points of her breasts ached and felt numb at the same time.

“I’m good at this, aren’t I?” The blonde grinned, eyes flashing. “Of course, I’ve had plenty of practice. But that’s enough pussy whipping. With any luck this might be our last time together and I want to give you the eight inch strap-on, so we don’t want you too swollen, do we?” She hefted the leather strap. “But first I’m going to make your delicious tits bounce, darling.”

The leather cracked and thudded, and Pam’s breasts did bounce as they yielded beneath the vicious impacts. They stung savagely too, with the chain swinging back and forth at every blow, tugging cruelly on her tortured nipples as she cried and fought uselessly to avoid Persephone’s biting strokes. The blonde mistress constantly changed the angle of her blows, one moment striking down onto the jutting mounds, the next upwards into the tender softness of their undersides or directly against their out-thrust fullness. Wherever they landed it was torment, the leather curling viciously round the swells of Pam’s tits and its thickened tips scoring deep.

Amidst the pain came jumbled memories: images of Rick cuffing her wrists and chaining them to her collar, of being bent over for the painful and exhilarating smack of his belt across her buttocks, of Rafael wielding the rod in the chief engineer’s office and laying the cane hard across Persephone’s bottom, and his hardness filling her while he lay between her red-ridged thighs, as she wriggled her wealed buttocks into the mattress. Pam surfaced suddenly, sucking in a long, shuddering breath. Agony exploded in her left nipple and then in her right as Persephone’s final blows brought the twin tips of the strap expertly down upon them. The leather’s impact tore the blunt jaws clamped tightly to her left nipple from the half-hard point but it took an extra stroke to the right one to free the biting metal and make clamps and chain fall to the carpet at her feet. Pam made strangling noises and squirmed frenziedly as lights flashed in her head.

The crack of leather stopped but the pain it had caused continued. Pam did not see Persephone strap on the dildo. Only when the blonde pinched her throbbing nipples as the blinding torment of returning circulation began, did she manage to force her tightly closed eyes open. Persephone ran a hand down Pam's sweat-run belly to her sex.

"That was fun," she said breathlessly. "Let's see how much you enjoyed it." She slid a finger under Pam's hood. Tickling excitement ran through her. In seconds her bud swelled. Persephone laughed. "Oh, you're a naughty girl. You love it, don't you? I can feel the heat from your tits. They must be on fire and I'll bet your pussy's burning too. Yet you want my cock more than anything, don't you, darling?" She rubbed faster.

Longing for her rigid control to return, instead Pam despaired, wriggled and thrust her hips forwards as if it was Rafael's fingers that were teasing her rippling sex. "Yes. Oh, yes!" Her pussy pulsed almost as painfully as the points of her breasts as Persephone positioned the thick head of the phallus against it, arched her back and looked down at the hard rubber rising from her groin. "I love watching it slide in. It makes me feel so powerful." She did it slowly, and every fraction of an inch of Pam's sheath shimmered as the dildo slid over its quivering membranes. Where the hell was the self-control she had gone to such lengths to develop? Persephone jerked her hips and the question was unimportant.

Their bellies met, warm and slick with sweat, then their breasts, and Pam's torment flared brighter. The pleasure flared too. Her sex-lips throbbed, her nipples and blazing breasts were utter torture, and the blonde's thrusts were driving her sore buttocks against the whipping post. But the hard dildo was striking sparks on the walls of her pussy that were making her head spin and her whole body tremble. Pain and pleasure melded. Torment was also delight. Pam strained against her straps, crushing her breasts harder against Persephone's and squirming as much as she could.

"Oh, I can feel your hard clitty rubbing mine," the mistress said huskily into Pam's ear. The American girl only gasped and moved her hips faster. She could feel it too. It was wonderful.

Neither spoke for several minutes. Everything they felt was better expressed with breathy sighs and moans and whimpers, and Pam's gasping and groaning as pain or pleasure momentarily gained the upper hand in her passion-fogged mind. But the truth she could not escape was that even the throb and burn and ache of her flesh was pleasure for as long as Persephone was pressing against her and driving the marvellous phallus into her pulsating pussy. Her juices flowed around the hard rubber, drenching her thighs, their aroma mingling with the sweat running down both girls' bodies into a piquant perfume that filled the air around them.

Persephone suddenly bucking and thrusting even more wildly announced she was coming. The increased friction and the grinding of her clitoris on Pam's sent the American girl over the edge too. She squirmed, tugging hard at her wrist straps, fists clenching and unclenching in time with the spasms of a stunning climax that made her knees buckle and her toes curl.

The blonde clung to Pam for several minutes after their breathing had steadied, and even when she let go the American girl's sex continued to ripple and the stars had not yet stopped exploding in her head. Her shoulders ached. The phallus slipped out with a sloppy sound as Persephone tottered backwards, her small breasts rapidly rising and falling.

"Oh, my! I thought Milly and Tania were good but you are absolutely incredible. I don't suppose you'd like to continue as my slave when we get back?"

Pam looked at her groggily. The pain had not yet returned to being simply pain.

Persephone pouted. "No? Well, I have been rather hard on you, but you invite it, you know. You try to hide your submissiveness but it's still obvious to everyone."

"No it's not," Pam denied. "I'm not like that at all."

Her tormentor laughed as she took off the strap-on and ran her tongue along its wetly glistening length. "Mmm, delicious! You're not fooling anyone, not even yourself. You might get away with it where we come from but it won't work in this world. Lucky for us neither of us will be here much longer. You do want to go back, I assume?"

"Back!" Pam's belly gave a huge flip and the question of whether she was deluding herself about her desires was instantly forgotten. She had thought the blonde had been talking about returning to London but.... Shocked disbelief swamped her thoughts.

Persephone tossed the dildo onto the bed, removed the spreader bar from Pam's ankles and began unfastening the straps on her wrists. Her pussy no longer pulsed with passion, only with pain, as she eased her legs carefully together.

"December nineteen eighty-one was when it happened to me," the blonde said. "One minute I was on the jet on my first business trip to New York, then I was choking in darkness and then I was on an airship. I was luckier than you. I was a rich girl, not a stowaway."

Pam's mouth had fallen open and refused to close. Persephone finished freeing her wrists. The blaze of her breasts and throb of her nipples intensified as she lowered her arms. She punched the blonde girl hard in her belly. Air whooshed out of Persephone as she doubled up. Pam grabbed her throat with half-numbed hands and forced her to the floor.

"You fucking bitch!" she said, with a snarl on her lips. "You knew I was telling the truth. You could have helped me but you...." She stopped abruptly. Persephone's eyes were wide and her face was bright red. "Oh, my God!" Pam let go, aghast. The blonde's upright little breasts heaved as she sucked in a wheezing breath and then many more. A minute passed without a word spoken.

"You can get us home?" Pam asked finally.

Rubbing her neck, Persephone struggled upright, cleared her throat and grimaced. "That's why I'm paying Traske an obscene amount of money to take us miles off course, and that's why I needed to be sure we're going to the right place," she said hoarsely.

Pam asked the obvious question. "But you've got everything you could ever want here. Why?"

"You know why." Persephone's lips twisted. "You saw me with Rafael, and even my own slave girls and those cops in the street. I know what I'm giving up, but I don't have a choice." She began to cry.

Pam was not completely surprised until the blonde flung herself into her arms, sobbing wretchedly. The torment in her breasts flared but, despite Persephone's cruelty, it seemed natural to hold her while she wept. Questions overflowed her mind, yet now her initial shock was wearing off she felt strangely calm, as if her practised control had returned when she needed it most. There were far too many uncertainties to get excited. Persephone loosened her grip and clasped Pam's hands in her own.

"It..." She sniffled. "It was great to begin with. I had to drive Rafael away, unfortunately. He was too close to the real Persephone. He could never have guessed what had happened but after a few days he had already noticed the difference. I had to push him away, even though I liked him. It wasn't too hard to bear. I've always liked girls as much as men. I don't think he minded very much either. He never seemed to pay much attention to any girl in particular. Not until you came along, anyway."

Rafael's attention and what it might mean was a subject Pam had no wish to think about.

Persephone sniffed again and wiped her eyes, smudging her mascara. "I had it all for a while. Then I started to change." Her tears brimmed once more. "Oh, it's awful! Do you know why I spend so much time flying?"

Pam nodded. "If you're a passenger you can't stow away and get yourself enslaved."

Persephone's hands tightened on hers. "It's the only time I'm not afraid. I've tried to fight it but it only gets stronger. I'm That Kind and pretty soon I *will* get myself enslaved and that will be the end of everything. Can you imagine the richest woman in the world making herself a slave girl? I couldn't live with that. I've got to get away."

Pam's situation was too similar for her not to be unsympathetic, but it was hard to ignore the pain and cruelty she had endured. She pried herself loose, got up and poured brandy into two glasses.

"Alcohol is forbidden for slaves," Persephone said, as Pam handed her a drink.

"I know." Sitting on the floor facing her, she took a long swallow from her glass. "You do realise the black... thing might not even be there, don't you?"

"Or maybe it will." The blonde straightened her back and sipped brandy. "It's a chance I didn't have before I met you. It has to be worth taking."

A thrill of excitement made Pam shiver. It *was* worth taking. Any risk was worth it if it meant she might escape this mad world. Certain Persephone had already thought of all the other things that could go wrong, she did not bring them up. Her breasts could not take another bout of the blonde's crying.

"What's your real name?" she asked.

The blonde gave a weak smile. “Kathy Martin. Not quite as grand as Persephone Peake but neither was I, just an ordinary person with an ordinary job. I copied all the other rich bitches I met with their ‘darling this’ and ‘darling that’. They’re so shallow they never noticed any change in the girl they thought they knew.”

“But the cruelty came naturally,” Pam said, not hiding her bitterness.

Persephone, or Kathy, did not have the decency to blush. She shrugged. “I suppose it did. I’ve always liked hurting people, but I never had a chance to really do it, physically I mean, until I came here. The real Persephone inherited all of her money. When I suddenly had all that wealth and power it was hard not to take advantage of it.”

“Abuse it you mean. You let it go to your head,” Pam said, not trying to hide her bitterness. “All power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely,” she added, recalling having read the words somewhere back in her own world.

Persephone pouted. “I could be worse. I won’t have you punished for trying to choke me to death.”

“Don’t expect me to thank you,” Pam said, wincing at the throb in her breasts and sex. She thought of all that Persephone had put her through. “Why do they even let women have female slaves if the laws against Sapphism are so strict?”

“There aren’t any male slaves, and even the men don’t expect a Freewoman to bathe and dress herself,” Persephone replied. She seemed to be returning to her usual self as she downed her brandy and lit a cigarette, but Pam had seen beneath the façade. She would never feel intimidated by her again, and if the blonde did ever try to punish her she might not release her grip the next time. A thought struck her.

“I guess the original Persephone must have taken your place in the real world.” From the moment she had arrived, Pam had instinctively known that Ann had also taken her place on the airplane, though she had never had any time to wonder about the would-be slave girl’s fate. Captain Todd must have been pretty surprised.

“I hope she hasn’t screwed up my life, now that I need it back,” Persephone said, as selfish as always.

Pam let it pass. “Have you any idea how this place got so mixed up?” she asked.

“I tried to work it out when I first came here,” Persephone said. “I don’t remember much of our own history, but I think things weren’t much different up to the French Revolution. I seem to remember there being a long war around that time.”

“The Napoleonic Wars,” Pam said, dredging up her own sketchy recollections. “It was a series of wars that lasted more than twenty years.”

“Well, no one here has ever heard of Napoleon. I guess he died or was killed, or was never born. And the revolution was over in a few years. The Austrians and British invaded France and, when they started winning, the revolutionaries went wild and slaughtered all the royals and aristocrats.” She rubbed her throat, looked at her cigarette and stubbed it out. “When the Austrians captured Paris they behaved the same with the revolutionaries, except they made slaves of the women. Pretty soon it spread to the part of France they occupied and then to the British part. They split the

country up between them. Now some of it is in the British Empire and the rest in the Austrian.”

“But Tania and Milly aren’t French, or the other girls.”

“Of course not. The slave thing spread everywhere when the supply from France ran out. The whole world is run on slavery and steam. Nothing would work without them.”

“And no one ever tries to change it?”

“There’ve been a few women but they all soon end up as slaves themselves. Everyone is conservative here. They don’t like change. But at least there haven’t been any big wars since the French one.”

“No wars? For nearly two hundred years?” It was the only thing there that Pam would admit impressed her. Something more significant struck her. “You haven’t told Traske about the blackness, have you?”

“God, no! If he knew he wouldn’t go anywhere near it. It’s a legend among the airmen and they’re all a little afraid of it. A few claim to have seen it but the companies play it down in case it’s bad for business.”

Pam knew one who was not afraid. “Rafael has seen it, and so has his father.” When had he stopped being Drake in her mind and become Rafael?

“I know, but you mustn’t say anything to him. He can’t be bribed like Traske and he takes his duty seriously. He’d probably try to stop us.”

“Maybe not this time,” Pam said. Perhaps she ought to tell him, for his father’s sake if nothing else. Keeping it secret seemed somehow dishonest, as if she was betraying his trust. She scoffed at her foolishness. She owed him nothing. “I guess it’s safest to keep quiet,” Pam heard herself say. “But he’s bound to realise the ship’s off course sooner or later.”

“Traske will wait until the last possible moment and pick a time when he’s off duty. Even Rafael needs to sleep, and he has you on his mind. You have to do what you can to keep him focused on that and not our plan.”

Pam swallowed. “Our plan?”

“You want to get back as much as I do, don’t you?” The blonde gave her feline smile. “And I don’t think you’ll find it a hardship to fuck Rafael to help us do it.”

To Pam’s embarrassment Persephone was right on both counts, which was why her smarting sex managed a tickle when she remembered Rafael’s cock thrusting into it.

“Okay, I’ll do what I can,” she said.

“You’ve already done the most important thing by telling me where to look. Now we’ve got a real chance of getting out of here.”

“You really believe that?” It seemed to Pam the odds were still heavily against them.

“Yes.” The blonde’s eyes glistened with unshed tears. “I have to. The alternative is too horrible to think about. I’m the richest woman in the world. I don’t want to give up all that money, or the power either, but I can’t be just another slave girl!” She clasped Pam’s shoulder. “We *will* get away. All that black thing has to do

is show up and we'll be there ready for it, side by side, and before we know it we'll be back where we belong."

Pam flinched. "Ow! Watch my tits, for heaven's sake."

Persephone gave her some of her own salve. It was not the smart and throb of her breasts that kept Pam awake when she returned to the slave quarters. Since the first moment she had arrived she had wanted nothing but to escape this dreadful place. She was never likely to have a better chance. So why did the prospect of having her desperate hope fulfilled cause her far more doubt than it did excitement?

\* \* \* \* \*

Daisy's face was grim and streaked with tears when she returned to her place beside Pam at the saloon's bar.

"God, Miss Peake's in a real mood this trip! My tits are on fire." She looked up from examining the vivid red blaze of welts on her big breasts to glance at the wall clock. "Thank heaven the shift's nearly over and I'll be able to get some cream on them soon."

"I've got the good stuff," Pam told her. "I'll share it when we're back in quarters." Persephone seemed determined to make the most of the time she had left. She had used another girl after Pam had left her the night before, and had already had Daisy that day, though it was not yet mid-afternoon. The American girl's belly fluttered. Her sleep had been restless, interrupted by the thought that had crept into her head every time she had tried to relax. She ought to tell Rafael about Persephone's intentions. He was looking for the blackness too, to restore his father's reputation and self-respect. He had a right to know and to see the truth of its existence first hand. But for that they only needed to get close to it. What if his duty to passengers and crew stopped them from getting close enough for her to be transported home? Trust her, he had said, but he was a man, and a man too much like Rick. She could not do it.

"Report to the First Lieutenant's office," the white-jacketed steward behind the bar told Pam when the relief shift arrived. With a regretful smile at Daisy she set off through the crew corridors, acutely aware of the tightening of the tips of her buzzing breasts and a tingle between her swollen sex lips. Pam hesitated at the door with her hand raised to knock. Was it only a week since she had first stood there? She had had so many incredible experiences in so short a time. She had known pain and pleasure, cruelty and kindness, and been racked by so many of the emotions she had thought were buried deep enough to never surface again. Pam swallowed hard and knocked.

Rafael stood looking out of the window. He turned and his smile started her belly melting.

"We're making good time," he said, eyeing the dark-red marks on her breasts. "Flying to London's always quicker. The prevailing winds are with us. You won't have to put up with Persephone for quite so long as on your last trip. I didn't expect

caning her would make any difference.” He moved around the desk and sat on its edge.

Pam straightened her back and winced as her breasts jiggled. “Yes, Sir.”

“No need to be so formal,” Rafael said. “Come closer.” He drew her between his knees the moment she came within reach. He bowed his head and softly kissed her lips and then the swells of each breast above her erect nipples. She shivered. He smiled and smoothed his thumbs over the hollows of her belly near her hips. “I can’t stop them using you on the voyage, sweetheart, but Persephone’s not the only one with influence at head office. I’m going to see this trip is your last. You’re going to be my slave girl in future... mine and no one else’s.

Pam’s gut lurched as his smile broadened to a grin. “No!” She backed away until her bruised bottom met the wall. “Oh God, no!”

## Chapter Thirteen

"I don't want to be a slave," Pam said. "Not yours or anybody's. I told you what my world is like. How could you think...?"

"We're not in your world. We're in mine." Rafael's grin had vanished. He rose to his feet. "I've never owned a slave before. I've never met one I wanted, not the way.... I thought you.... That is, I hoped...." The line of his jaw hardened and he looked at her with that expression that always sent a thrill of fear coursing through her and made her heart beat faster. He pointed to the floor at his feet. "Get back here."

Feeling hollow inside, Pam obeyed. She had made a stupid mistake. All she need have done was pretend she was pleased by what he had said. In a few hours or days it might not have mattered. But his words had shocked her so much she had spoken without thinking. Her gut churned. That was untrue. His words had not shocked her. What had, was her reaction to them. She *had* been pleased by what he had said. God, what had happened to her?

"I thought you were different," he said. "I liked your courage and I thought you had begun to trust me." He flinched as if she had slapped him. "And I trusted you. You told me you're from a different world and I believed you. What am I supposed to believe now? That you want to spend your life serving passengers in any way they decide they want you? Maybe you want to go back to Persephone. Is that it? Has she turned you into one of her Sapphics?"

"No! Please, I didn't mean.... You took me by surprise. Really I...." Pam faltered into silence. She had a pain in her chest like the one she had felt the day she had walked into her apartment and found Rick with her best friend. Images filled her mind, not of Rick but of Rafael. She would tell him the truth. She was pleased that he wanted her. Because she wanted him too! But that was madness. That was the Venus Dust. She opened her mouth but no words came.

"Be silent," he warned, his voice a menacing growl, and she closed it again. "That way you looked at me. The way you responded when we...." He shook his head and his smile was a bitter twisting of his lips as he reached into the corner behind his desk.

"Oh, Lord, no!"

"I really thought you'd be pleased," he said, as if she had not spoken, "or at least grateful. I was even fool enough to think it might be what you wanted. I guess I deserve it for letting you get to me." He laid the hazel rod aside and began removing his frock coat. "Get your ass over the desk."

"Please, you don't understand," Pam said, staring horrified at the hard, inflexible wood.

"You've told me that before. It may have been true then but I understand perfectly now. You forget that it's not a slave girl's place to refuse. I'm going to remind you why." Tossing his coat aside he smacked his left hand onto the raw welts on her breasts.

“Ow! Ooh!” She clutched her tits and immediately regretted it as her pain increased.

“Desk,” he barked.

With a despairing sob she bent and his hand on her back pushed her further, flattening her flogged breasts to its unyielding surface.

“Grip the edge, and don’t let it go unless I say so.”

Heart racing, Pam curled her fingers over the wood. The weals the caning at the hotel had carved into her buttocks had barely faded and still ached. She winced as Rafael tapped the length of hazel on her rear cheeks. Their skin was stretched taut by her bent position. This was going to hurt.

“Legs closer together. Lift your ass more.”

“Please,” she said hoarsely, and a shiver ran through her at the commanding tone in his voice as she pressed her thighs tightly together. Pam heard the whoosh of displaced air and the heavy splat of the rod striking flesh. Pain exploded across her upturned buttocks. A second blow landed while she was still crying out from the first, its force rocking her body forwards and heightening the throb of her breasts. Their hurt was nothing compared to the blaze of her bottom and the wicked torment that flared deeper in their already bruised muscles. Pam tightened her grip, fighting the need to leap up and run from the hazel’s savage bite. God alone knew what Rafael would do if she disobeyed his order. His fury was greater than when he had caned Persephone. Why did it matter so much to him?

The thought ended with another fierce crack and the rod sinking hard and deep into her yielding flesh, stinging and thudding and vibrating through her innards. Pam had seen enough punishments to picture her buttocks indenting under the stiff wood and the sudden blossoming of scarlet on their pale skin as they bounced back to receive another stroke. Her sex tickled. Her tense, tight belly fluttered madly. More torment scorched her rear cheeks. More vibrations from the impacts sent tremors teasing through her unruly pussy. Pam remembered Rafael when he had flogged Persephone, his teeth unconsciously bared in snarling satisfaction, hard muscles rippling with each blow he had meted out while his rigid cock reared arrogant and unashamed before his belly.

Pam’s buttocks flamed again. She cried her pain and dew bathed her sex. What was she doing betraying herself? Rafael was just like Rick – selfish, unfeeling, uncompromising and cruel. The rod seared her and she squirmed and clung to the edge of the desk. Her knuckles were white. He was the man his world had made him. He would never be anything else, *could* never be anything else. Her breasts ached and her buttocks burned and stung and throbbed. And her pussy rippled wildly.

The hard, resilient wood smacked down again and in growing panic Pam heard a note of pleasure in her pained cry. The rod’s bite was agony. But it was nice agony. Desire as well as fear filled Pam’s belly, passion as well as pain clouded her mind. The vicious strokes, and even more her awareness of who was delivering them, were stripping away her civilised veneer, her long-nurtured self-control; all care for dignity and pride. Soon nothing would remain but her overwhelming arousal and the primeval need for its fulfilment. How many blows had she taken – fifteen, twenty?

How many more could she take? She recoiled from the answer – as many as Rafael chose to give her as long as his marvellous cock filled her when it was done.

“No!” Pam let go her hold, dodged the downswing of the rod and dashed to the far side of the desk. “No, I won’t let you treat me this way. I’m not going to be flogged and fucked whenever it suits you.”

Rafael let the rod fall and shot out a long arm. The fire in her bottom flared as he dragged her close. “Yes you are, slave,” he said through clenched teeth. “I’ll buy you whether you want it or not. And I’ll flog and fuck you every day if it pleases me. I want you for my own and nothing’s going to stop me having you.” He unbuttoned his trousers.

Pam could not break the iron grip around her waist. She fought as he exposed his thick shaft and her sex defied her and quivered with a fierce urgency. “No, you bastard! I won’t be used like an object.”

He wrestled her backwards until the backs of her thighs met the desk. “You’ll be used any way I say. You’ll not deny me what you gave Persephone and that damned Count.”

“But you didn’t give me a choice.”

“And I’m not giving you one now, either.” Rafael pushed her down with her back to the desk and held her there with a hand on her belly. Pam wriggled and kicked. Dodging her flailing feet he stepped between her legs and more by accident than design his hard cock plunged into her dew-soaked sheath.

Pain and pleasure blossomed and became one. He was not like Rick. He was far, far better. Pam writhed in a tremendous orgasm. Rafael lifted her thighs, wrapping a forearm around each and thrusting hard into her spasming pussy. His belly slapping her savaged buttocks, every impact of his groin on her bruised labia and back and forth motion of her red-striped breasts were sheer torture. Yet his shaft set her sex rippling madly, quickening its contractions until it convulsed once more in a stunning climax. Another followed almost at once and then another until her mind was a whirl of impossible delight that stole her breath away and very nearly her senses too. She was drowning in pleasure and pain, torment and passion, the sensations mingling and joining into indescribable and overpowering ecstasy. And then Rafael came.

His wild, breathtaking thrusts drove Pam to such heights that her melting body and reeling brain could take no more. Consciousness slipped away, yet she was still climaxing when her vision cleared and she found herself looking into his face inches above hers. His rasping breath was hot on her cheeks and his hips were jerking in the final paroxysms of his climax. He did not kiss her or whisper tender words. Every nerve shrieked as he pulled Pam off the desk. She sank onto knees too weak to hold her upright. Rafael pointed his half-hard cock at her lips. It shone with Pam’s spilled juices and his come.

“Clean it,” he said, breathing hard.

Trembling with reaction, her pussy shimmering in the aftermath of orgasm, Pam licked the come and her own ripeness from Rafael’s shaft. The effect was immediate and dramatic. The flesh began to swell. Pam felt an irresistible urge to

take it into her mouth, to feel and taste its power, demanding, dominating. Her belly shrank and she cringed inwardly as she bobbed her head and revelled in the broad cock sliding between her lips. What had happened to the self-reliant, independent young woman she thought she had made of herself in the years since Rick? What was it about Rafael Drake that made her want to please him in every way imaginable and at the same time take such pleasure from doing it?

It was the Venus Dust. How could she have forgotten the awful, insidious drug with which Persephone seemed to have been constantly plying her? That was what had stolen away all logic and sense, all modesty, restraint and shame. The knowledge made no difference. With trembling contractions still running the length of her sheath Pam sucked Rafael's cock eagerly. In far less time than she had imagined possible he gave a long, groaning sigh and a sudden lunge of his hips. Warm, salty fluid surged into her mouth. She let it pool at the back of her throat and continued drawing on his hard, twitching baton, revelling in its strength and potency. A glow of immense satisfaction filled her, even more intense than the throb and scorch of her ravaged body. Pam curled her fingers round the source of her pleasure, working them to urge the last drops of semen into a shiny pearl at its tip. Pursing her lips around it she drew the sticky fluid onto her tongue, savouring the flavour of Rafael's strength, the essence of his manhood. With a shiver of delight she tilted her head back and swallowed.

Pam's heart swelled with emotion, as if he had not just flogged her mercilessly and the pain, and the pleasure too, would not be scorching and flaring for hours to come. Her eyes filled with tears. The feelings were a sham. Her happiness faded and with it her passion. They were not real, only the creation of the chemicals pulsing through her bloodstream. She looked up and her pain was more than physical. Rafael had finished buttoning his trousers and was putting on his coat. His aloof, impersonal expression was on his face and a distant look in his eyes as he met her gaze. His lips twisted, more a grimace than a smile. He reached one hand towards her, then let it fall to his side.

"You were satisfactory," he said. "What's the name of that big-titted girl you're always hanging around with?"

Her belly shrank and her heart with it. "Daisy," she said hoarsely.

Rafael seemed to look right through her. "Maybe I'll try her next time." He nodded towards the door. "Back to the slave quarters." He let her struggle unaided to her feet. She took a painful step. "One more thing. You call me 'Sir'. Forget again and I'll punish you."

"Yes, Sir," Pam said.

\* \* \* \* \*

"If you weren't wriggling so much I'd be finished by now and you wouldn't have anything to wriggle about," Daisy said, smoothing ointment on Pam's throbbing backside.

“That’s easy for you to say,” Pam said through gritted teeth, but the numbing effect of Persephone’s salve was far greater than that of the Company’s and already making a difference to savaged skin and stiff muscles.

“At least you didn’t have to put up with the Count again, like I did,” one of the girls clustered around Pam’s bunk said. “Talk about weird. After the dildo and pussy clamps and what those girls did to my ass I’ll never be the same again.”

“It’s not like it’s your first caning,” another said. “And we’ve all been there.”

“Yeah, but not with Lieutenant Drake,” a third added. Silence followed. All of the girls had been surprised when Pam had limped into the slave quarters the previous afternoon. None of them had ever felt more than a few taps of the rod from Drake’s hand. They seemed reluctant to believe he was capable of more. Pam knew better.

Daisy had generously refused to use any of the special salve on her own whipped breasts and instead applied it liberally to the American girl’s hindquarters and aching pussy-lips and, when their hurt had eased, to her wickedly buzzing breasts. Even so, she had spent a long, uncomfortable night and an equally restless and disturbing day lying on her thin mattress with the slave routine going on around her, feeling despondent and painfully alone.

Not only her welts and bruises troubled her. Her inner pain was beyond the reach of any medication, an ache of regret contracting like a steel band around her heart. She had hurt Rafael, not physically as he had her, but in the same way that she had been hurt herself – by rejection and betrayal. Rick had cheated on her with girls she had thought were friends, had lied, deceived her and never cared. The heartache he had caused had changed her, isolated her, shut her off from feeling, from hope and love. Pam was not fool enough to misunderstand what Rafael had been saying. She had told herself a hundred times that none of her own feelings were real. She could not possibly want to submit to Rafael Drake, give herself willingly as his slave, forever in his power and under his control. She could not possibly want to sacrifice the independence she had worked so hard to secure in her own world and remain in this one as a chattel, a thing not a person, and owned by someone else. She could not possibly have fallen in love with Rafael Drake.

“Your bum’s finished,” Daisy said. “Want me to do your tits?”

Pam blinked and gave a shudder. “It’s not worth the discomfort,” she said, and the girl began smoothing the salve left on her hand onto her own reddened breasts.

“I’m sorry, Mistress, she’s not available. She’s excused duties.”

The girls looked towards the doorway and the raised voice of Christine’s replacement as overseer.

“Maybe you’d like to come and explain that to Miss Peake yourself, lover.”

Pam’s stomach turned over. The overseer took a step back and looked nervously in her direction. Eve stepped into the room, clad in her usual leather and silk.

“Miss Peake sent me. She says you know why.”

Heart racing, Pam struggled off the bunk and Daisy helped her to her feet. She took a few tentative steps.

“Ouch! That must hurt,” Eve said, looking at her purple rear cheeks. “Don’t worry, I’ll see she isn’t beaten any more,” she told the slave girls.

The salve had turned the fire in Pam’s buttocks to embers but their deeper ache and stiffness slowed her pace to a crawl. The bodyguard scooped her into her arms and made for the door. Pam looked back. The slave girls disappeared as Eve stepped into the corridor. There had been no time for farewells. Perhaps it was for the best.

\* \* \* \* \*

“So maybe you’ve found your perfect girl at last, Rafael,” Alex Riley said.

Drake sighed and ran a hand through his hair. “Maybe not, but she does feel different to the others somehow.” She was that all right, though if he told the Chief how different the man would never believe him. But that particular difference was not what troubled him. “I shouldn’t have beaten her. Not when I was angry.” And hurt. It had felt like a knife twisting in his chest when she had backed away with that look on her face.

Riley shrugged. “She’s a slave girl. They get beaten. She’ll get used to it. Buy her if you want her, I say.”

Rafael sighed again and looked out over the engine room through the office windows. The orange glare of the furnace flared and he saw the lithe, gleaming bodies of the girl stokers, all highlights and shadows as they toiled in the heat. “I do want her,” he said, “but... Ah hell, I’ve got this strange feeling, and this even stranger idea in my head. I want her, but I want her to want me too.” Suddenly self-conscious, he looked away from the Chief’s quizzical glance. They had talked often but he had never revealed very much about his feelings, especially ones that were new and unfamiliar and disturbing. Nevertheless he continued. “I thought I had gained her confidence when we were at the hotel. I thought she was starting to trust me. Hell, I even thought she liked me. But everything changed when we were back on board. And then when she acted so horrified that I was going to buy her... I guess I should have remembered she’s not used to that.” Rafael looked up but the Chief showed no curiosity at the comment. He gave a regretful smile. “I said some things I didn’t mean about that damned Austrian, and Persephone and her Sapphism. Then I caned her ass. I could still just go ahead and buy her but it wouldn’t be the same knowing it isn’t what she wants too.” He slapped a hand down onto his knee. “Damn it! I don’t understand what made me act like that. I’ve never given a girl an unjustified punishment before.”

Riley leaned back in his chair, tapped the bowl of his pipe on his palm and smiled. “Maybe because you’ve never been jealous before.”

“What?”

“Are you saying you’ve never felt jealous over a girl?”

“Sure I have. It’s just...” Rafael broke off. He *was* jealous. He wanted Ann – no, her name was Pam and he wanted her for himself, and all to himself. “I want to hurt her but I want to hold her too,” he said, continuing his thoughts aloud. “She’s beautiful and strong and proud, and she has a bold look in her eye when she thinks I’m not watching her.” He grinned at the memory. “But she’s submissive too and I’m sure she loves pain, and she fucks like.... Well, you should have seen her when we were in New York. You’d know what I mean.” He barked a laugh. “Hell, *I’m* not sure I know what I mean.”

Riley grinned. “I think I do.”

“Then I wish you would tell me.”

The Chief shook his head. “You know it too. There’s only one reason you would care so much about your slave girl. Go figure it out. Go and see her, Rafael.”

“I ought to get some sleep,” he replied, getting to his feet. “I’m on duty in four hours.”

“No,” Riley persisted, “you ought to go and see her.”

Rafael took the Chief’s advice. The jealousy he had failed to recognize for what it was rose up again when he discovered Eve had taken her. He hurried to Persephone’s stateroom. Only Milly and Tania were there, lying top to toe on the bed, the petite blonde with her face buried between Tania’s thighs while the brunette worked a big dildo back and forth in her rear entrance. Flushed and smelling strongly of sex they answered his questions breathlessly.

“The bridge? What the hell is she doing on the bridge?” As Rafael spoke he looked through the window and saw the orange ball of the sun low on the horizon to starboard. That was wrong. At this time of day it should have been behind them. He looked at the few clouds in the sky, puffy, cotton wool cumulus drifting sedately at the same height as the airship. There were no crosswinds this time. If they were off course it was deliberate. He left the girls to their game and headed for the bridge. The knot in his gut tightened with every step as his mind raced feverishly and the suspicion that had formed there became a certainty.

She was looking for the blackness. She was trying to get back, and Persephone was helping her. When he had seen ’Sephone and Traske together on the boarding ramp he might have guessed that they were plotting something together, if he had not been so wrapped up in thoughts of Pam. She had even made him forget his own obsession with seeking out the mysterious black phenomenon. Perhaps now that ambition was about to be fulfilled. In spite of all the years he had spent working towards exactly that, Rafael hoped desperately that it would not happen.

He wanted Pam more than he had ever wanted anything before. He could not let her just vanish from his life and his world. But had he any right to keep her from her own life? She was not the willing slave he had taken her for in the beginning. She did not think of herself as a slave at all. Yet she had submitted to him, and not entirely unwillingly, he was sure. For a little while he would even have sworn he had sensed in her that emotion he had never expected to kindle in any woman, slave or free. As the thought came, so did the knowledge of what Alex Riley must already

have known. The thing he had never sought from anyone, he now felt himself for Pam. It only made the decision he had to reach all the harder.

\* \* \* \* \*

“You wouldn’t like to tell me what’s going on, lover?” Eve asked, carrying Pam down the stairs with as much ease as she would a child. “Persephone gave me an envelope but said not to open it until after you’re gone, whatever that’s supposed to mean.” Her look was concerned and frankly curious.

“I’d better not,” Pam replied, “and you wouldn’t believe me anyway.”

The girl looked at her thoughtfully. “I didn’t, but I might now.”

Pam lowered her eyes and remained silent. Persephone was waiting on the deck below. She wore a conservative, grey business suit and black low-heeled shoes.

“I’ve been keeping these since I arrived,” she said, in response to Pam’s glance. “I hoped I’d never need them again.” Her eyebrows arched as she stared at her ravaged bottom. “Oh, Lord! When I told you to keep Rafael distracted I didn’t mean like that.”

“It was his choice, not mine.”

“I believe he really does care,” Persephone said, and smiled thinly. “He’s going to be disappointed. I hope.”

The tight feeling in Pam’s chest increased.

“You can go, Eve. We’ll manage alone from here.”

“With respect, Ma’am, you won’t,” the tall bodyguard replied. “Not unless you can carry Ann.”

The blonde frowned at Pam’s purple buttocks. “All right, come on.”

“Where are we going?” Pam asked.

“The bridge. Traske sent a message. He’s waiting. We should have arrived by now. He’s going to circle for half an hour. That’s all the time we have. Oh, God, I hope it’s enough!” Persephone half-ran along the corridors and down flights of stairs with Eve striding easily in her wake.

The bridge was on the lowest deck and furthest forward. As they entered, Traske glanced back from his position beside the big steel wheel that steered the airship.

“Clear the bridge, Mister Talbot.” The Commodore closed a hand over the wheel. “I’ll take the con. You will remain outside the door. No one is to enter until I give permission.”

“Sir?” The second officer stared in confusion.

“Everyone out. That’s a direct order, Mister. Go on, it won’t be for long.”

Talbot still hesitated. “Sir, I don’t...”

“Clear the bridge, man,” Traske barked. “All of you out.”

The eight crewmen left their stations, looking puzzled but not alarmed. Traske was their captain. Far more reluctant, Talbot turned as he reached the doorway.

“No one enters,” the Commodore said as the lieutenant’s mouth opened.

“Aye aye, Sir.”

As the door closed on Talbot, Traske produced a paper from his pocket. "Thirty-nine degrees north, twenty-five degrees west, as agreed. We're ninety miles off course and about a hundred and twenty north-north-east of the Azores, though what's so special about here is beyond me." He grinned as Persephone unfolded the paper. "And none of my business."

He still did not know. Pam wondered how he would react when he found out. Persephone went to the forward window, only a few paces in front of the wheel, and searched the sky in every direction. Eve followed and set Pam back on her feet. It was almost twilight at the airship's altitude but the sea below had already vanished in darkness.

"How do I know we're where you say we are?" Persephone asked.

"You'll have to trust me on that. But I have no reason to lie and fifteen million reasons not to the minute you sign that."

She took the pen he handed her and dashed her signature across the bottom of the sheet. Traske took it and turned the wheel. Steam hissed and gears clanked and the *Empire's Triumph* began turning slowly starboard.

"Thirty minutes," Traske warned. "That's all your money has bought you."

The blonde looked at the clock above the chart table and then at Pam beside her. To the American girl's surprise Persephone took her hand.

"It's out there somewhere," she said, staring intently into the gathering dusk. "It *will* come. I know it will."

"What are we looking for, Ma'am?" Eve asked.

"You'll know if you see it, believe me," Pam said, her throat suddenly dry. She thrust away her lurid imaginings about everything that could go wrong and concentrated on searching the sky as the airship continued turning. She would never see him again. Pam forced that thought from her head too. The sky grew lighter as they circled away from the night to the east and back towards the setting sun. No one spoke. Pam could hear her heart thumping and feel Persephone trembling through the tight grip on her hand. Would it come? Would it take her back where she belonged, away from this warped parody of reality? Her chest tightened. And away from Rafael too.

"What's our height, Traske?" Persephone demanded.

"Eight thousand feet."

"I was twenty thousand higher when I was taken," Pam said.

"Me too." Still clutching Pam's hand the blonde looked back at the Commodore. "We need to go higher."

"Forget it. I don't mind indulging your whims if you're crazy enough to pay me for doing it, but I won't endanger the passengers or the ship for your sake, nor myself either. The air is too thin to breathe if we go any higher."

"I saw something," Eve said.

"Where? Where?" Persephone turned back to the window.

"It was just for a second." Eve pointed towards the pink undersides of the clouds that drifted where the sun had almost sunk below the horizon. "It... I don't know what it was, just something... black."

“Stay on this course,” Persephone said, sucked in a deep breath and peered into the deepening blue.

“Oh, I don’t believe it!” Traske said, and gave a harsh laugh. “You’re looking for the black thing, aren’t you? Don’t you know it’s a myth? The first airmen invented it a century ago to fool gullible passengers like you. Is that what you paid me a fortune for, Persephone? So you could hunt for something that doesn’t.... Oh, Jesus Christ Almighty!”

Pam blinked. Her heart leapt. It was there! A split second ago there had been nothing. Now the clouds were boiling and seething around the formless, featureless blackness and her eyes were already hurting from staring into darkness deeper than any darkness had a right to be. Persephone’s grip was close to breaking her fingers, yet she made no effort to pry them loose. The thing seemed to be moving to the left.

Persephone jerked her head around. “No! No, you’ve got to head for it.”

“Are you mad?” Traske continued turning the wheel as fast as he could, swinging the airship away. “I’m getting as far from that thing as I can. Bloody hell! I thought it was just a legend.”

“Now you know different,” Drake said.

With all her attention on the Commodore, Pam had not seen him enter. He strode to the steering position and took the wheel in both hands, halting Traske’s frantic efforts to turn it. Hurrying after him, the second officer stopped dead, and the anxious look on his face turned to open-mouthed amazement as he stared beyond the women gathered at the window. A board mounted on the wall began buzzing and became a mass of flashing red lights.

“And most of the lookouts know it too,” Drake continued. “The rest of the crew and the passengers will see it soon. The Company won’t be able to cover this up so easily.”

“What the hell are you doing?” Traske strained against Drake’s superior strength, which was moving the wheel and the airship back towards the blackness. Rafael broke the man’s grip and pushed him away.

“Eve, if the Commodore tries to interfere again shoot him in the leg,” he said. “Try to miss any arteries.” With a glance at Talbot he spun the wheel and steadied the airship’s nose on a course directly towards the blackness. The man stood immobile, still staring into its depths.

“This is mutiny,” Traske accused.

Rafael shrugged. “Call it what you like.”

“But you can’t risk all our lives. That thing could tear us apart.”

“Not if what I was told is true.” Rafael’s gaze met Pam’s and held it. “And I trust the one who told me.”

“This is about your father and what the companies did to him,” Traske accused.

“Maybe it was,” Rafael said, and his dark gaze did not waver from Pam’s. “Now it’s about doing what’s right for someone I care about very much.” His lips formed the ghost of a smile.

Pam's belly fluttered. He had compromised his duty for her sake and sacrificed his career at the same time. She was right. He was a better man than Rick. He was a man she could...

"I won't let you kill us all." Traske lunged.

Drake released the wheel, sidestepped and let the Commodore rush past him. Eve moved like lightning and somehow Traske was sprawled on the deck and staring up into the muzzle of her pistol.

"You took the lady's money," Drake said. "You'll take the consequences too."

"Rafael, how did you know...?" Persephone began.

"You said yourself Milly will do anything to please me."

"Thank you," she said. "I know you're not doing it for me, but thank you just the same."

"I don't know who you are but I finally figured out who you're not. It explains why you changed so much. When I discovered we were way off course and you were on the bridge it wasn't too hard to guess what you were up to. I'd already figured out why you might be anxious to leave."

"I can't be a slave," the blonde said. "I couldn't stand it after being so rich." Hope and joy shone in her eyes. "And now I don't have to."

"Pity, I think you have the makings of a good slave, and you certainly deserve it. But I'd like to have the real Persephone back where she belongs. I hope everything works out the way you want it to." A thin smile played over Rafael's lips and he looked at Pam as he took the helm again. "For both of you. Now, let's find that thing and get you on your way."

"No need," Pam said hoarsely. "It's found *us*." The blackness was swelling ominously. She forced herself to swallow and was glad Persephone still held her hand, even if the blonde's was shaking. Pam dragged her gaze away and looked back. Rafael gripped the wheel, white-knuckled and with grim determination etched into his face. He met her eye and gave a short nod. "Good luck, sweetheart. I wish..." His crooked smile stabbed her heart. "I won't forget you. I could never do that."

"Rafael, I'm not..."

"Do you trust me?"

Pam looked deep into his eyes. "Yes," she said breathlessly.

"Then believe I'm doing what's best for you." He nodded, his smile still showing the regret she was suddenly feeling too. He looked beyond her, through the window. Pam turned away with tears prickling her eyes.

"It's growing," Eve said. "God, it hurts to look at it." Her forgotten pistol no longer pointed at Traske.

"You'll kill us all, Drake," he said. "You damned fool, you'll kill us all!"

"Then you'll die a rich man. It's time you learned about trust, Commodore, and maybe love too, the way I have."

Just as it had the first time, the blackness blotted out the sky. There was no jarring as there had been on the plane, only a gentle vibration that prickled over Pam's skin and made the fine hairs on the back of her neck stand on end. Only then did she

realise she was naked and feel again the throb of breasts and buttocks. Some people in her world were in for a big surprise.

“Soon now,” she said, heart pounding. Beside her Persephone sucked in a ragged breath.

“Oh, God, let it work! Let us find ourselves on a strato-jet instead of this airship.”

“Strato-jet?” The mad fluttering in Pam’s belly increased.

“Oh, I never thought I would ever long so much to see Croydon Airport again in all my life,” the blonde said, voice quavering.

“Croydon?” Pam’s anxiousness was no longer only about the blackness. “But they haven’t used Croydon since World War Two.”

“World War what?” Persephone asked distractedly, gaze fixed on the black phenomenon hovering ominously beyond the window.

“Oh my God!” Pam said.

## Chapter Fourteen

“Persephone, if there’s one time I think I need your Venus Dust, this is it,” Pam said hoarsely, head spinning with the awed realisation that the blonde was not from her world at all but another one entirely.

Persephone gave a nervous giggle. “Oh, that. It’s just black pepper and baking soda. I give it to all my new girls. It never fails, but the effect is all in the mind. Oh, shit, here it comes!”

The blackness was engulfing the nose of the airship almost too fast for the eye to follow. It would fill the bridge in seconds. Pam tore her gaze from the impossible darkness, her hand from Persephone’s, rushed to Rafael and flung her arms around him.

“I don’t want to go. I want to stay with....” Her skin shivered hot and cold at the same time. Darkness surrounded her. She closed her eyes and waited with her heart in her mouth for the smothering breathlessness, the heaviness and weightlessness she had felt the first time. An arm encircled her waist and pulled her tightly against a hard-muscled body.

Long, desperate, despairing seconds passed. It had been her all along. The emotions, the longings, the indescribable pleasure and pain, and yes, the love she had felt, had all been real. Only the Venus Dust had been false. And she had given it all up to return to the barren emptiness of her own world, with its aimless flying from one destination to another, its lonely nights in bland hotel rooms, its friendlessness and lovelessness and emptiness.

“Are you okay?”

Pam opened her eyes and looked into a familiar face. It smiled at her. Her breasts were aching from hugging someone so tightly.

“C... Captain Todd?”

He laughed softly. “We’ve had this conversation before, sweetheart.”

She felt the wool of a frockcoat under her hands and its brass buttons pressing into her flesh. “Rafael! It *is* you!” Heedless of her pain she hugged him even tighter, her heart swelling with joy. “Oh, thank God! But why am I still here?”

He eased himself from her grasp and brushed his lips over hers. “I’ve no idea, but no one could be happier about it than I am.”

“Except me,” Pam said, and tears brimmed her eyelids.

“Mister Talbot, take the wheel.” Rafael offered a hand to Traske who had risen to his knees. “We need to talk,” he said, and the Commodore nodded and let him help him to his feet.

“Mister Drake.” Eve nodded towards the trembling figure that stood staring out of the window at where the blackness had been.

“Persephone?” Drake asked.

The girl turned, staring wide-eyed around the bridge and at the people watching her. Her lower lip was trembling. She looked identical to Persephone,

except that she was naked but for a tiny, semi-circular piece of leather suspended from a thong around her hips.

“Persephone?” Drake repeated uncertainly. The girl hurried to kneel at his feet and bowed her head.

“My Lord, wh... what’s happened? Where are we?”

\* \* \* \* \*

“So the patents for the Spanish and Austrian Empires are in place, which only leaves the Russians,” Alex Riley, formerly chief engineer of the *Empire’s Triumph* said. “I’ve got men working on it but you know the Czarist bureaucracy moves slowly, and takes cash to keep its wheels turning.” He held his glass out to one of the slave girls he had brought with him. “More ice, Sue.”

As the girl went to the cocktail bar, Pam watched her bottom wiggle and felt a twinge of envy. It was striped red from a recent caning. Rafael had not caned her for over a week and then it had only been a half-dozen and not very hard. With distinctly mixed feelings, from her kneeling position beside him she glanced up at the man who made her call him ‘Master’, but he was looking at Riley.

“I really appreciate you putting my name on those patent applications along with your own, Alex,” Rafael said. “It couldn’t have come at a better time.”

“Hey, it was only right,” Riley replied, accepting his drink from the slave. “If it wasn’t for your girl, there wouldn’t have been anything to patent and we wouldn’t be on the verge of making millions.”

Pam felt a glow of pride and satisfaction. She liked being thought of as Rafael’s girl. A pang pricked her heart. She was less happy about being his *slave* girl.

“But you said we’ve already made over five million dollars, and it hasn’t even been three months.”

Riley grinned. “That’s only the beginning. I’ve got factory owners breaking down the doors of the New York office, begging for a piece of the action. And we owe it all to Pam and her skirt. The world can’t get enough zippers.” He raised his glass in her direction.

Rafael smiled at her. “Here’s to Pam then,” he said, and raised his own glass. As far as most people were concerned he had changed her name when he had bought her.

Despite the enormous mansion on the Southern Californian coast that Rafael had let her choose, and all the other luxuries, Pam still had trouble believing something as simple and mundane as a zipper could have made it all happen. Yet all she need do was look out from the vast lounge to the patio and swimming pool, and the gardens and estate beyond, to know that it was true.

She had been worried for Rafael after the blackness had gone, and for herself too, afraid he would be arrested and that the Company might not let him buy her, but Traske had calmed down once his fear had passed. There had been no mutiny charges. The *Empire’s Triumph* had not been damaged, nor any of the crew or

passengers hurt, except maybe Persephone. No one could be certain about that, but Pam was sure the blonde mistress was alive and... somewhere. In the last moments before the blackness had engulfed them, Pam had understood that Persephone, or Kathy Martin as she had formerly been, had never lived in the same world that she herself had been plucked from. Perhaps that helped explain the young woman's wanton lust and needless cruelty. After talking to the identical-looking girl who had appeared on the airship's bridge in Persephone's place, Pam was also sure the blonde had not returned to Kathy Martin's world.

Those who had been on the bridge had agreed to say nothing about what had happened, and even after promising two million dollars to Talbot for his silence Traske had still had thirteen million reasons for wanting as few enquiries as possible to be made into his conduct, or into anyone else's. They had kept their story simple. The airship had been driven off the normal route by strong crosswinds, just as had really happened on their outward trip. While correcting their course they had encountered the black phenomenon. No one at the Company had been surprised that the Commodore had given in to Persephone's strange request for a private tour of the bridge. They all knew she frequently misused the influence her large shareholding in the *Empire Star Line* gave her. The new Persephone, who was no more the real one than her predecessor had been, had proved completely passive. Dressed in the old Persephone's clothes she had accompanied Drake, Eve and the slave girls when they had disembarked in London, kept silent and done as she was told. The board of enquiry that had looked into the incident had not even bothered to call her, a mere woman, as a witness.

Rafael had been right. The companies could not cover it up. The furore that had accompanied the stories the passengers had told the press after they had landed had spurred the enquiry to the speedy conclusion that, though there was no evidence the phenomenon was a danger to airships or people, it should be avoided by both. They had imposed a two hundred mile exclusion zone in the skies around the area where it had been encountered. Other than that, flights were continuing much as before and people were still booking passage on the Trans-Atlantic airships, despite the lurid and exaggerated accounts of what had happened, which continued to appear in some of the newspapers.

Rafael seemed satisfied with the outcome. His father's health had improved and the older Drake was now gaining fame and a certain notoriety by giving interviews to the press and popular public lectures about his own encounter with the phenomenon, much to the chagrin of the companies who were eager to have the affair forgotten as quickly as possible. With that objective clearly in mind, the directors of the *Empire Star Line* had not enquired too closely into the actions of Traske or his first lieutenant, and had willingly accepted the Commodore's resignation after the board of enquiry had published its recommendations. Traske had immediately cashed Persephone's cheque and unobtrusively left by sea for Australia.

Rafael had also resigned, though he had not known then that he was soon to be a rich man. Even with his future uncertain, he had not hesitated to spend a considerable sum of money buying Pam.

“Pam!” Rafael said sharply, jolting her from her reverie.

“Excuse me, M... Master.” It was one of those times the word seemed to stick in her throat.

“I was telling Alex about your latest idea. Stand up and show him.”

She looked up self-consciously. Pam had a feeling she would never get used to being semi-naked most of the time. She still felt that strange mixture of absurd pride and gut-shrinking humiliation when she was bare-breasted in public, being led on her leash by her handsome Master. But Riley was different from the people she saw on the street or in stores and restaurants. He had been there in the beginning, helping strip her and discovering the zipper on her skirt. And Rafael had had to tell him the truth about where she and the zipper had come from. He had accepted it surprisingly calmly, but he now knew as well as Rafael did that women in her world were not chattels and did not expect to be treated as such. The knowledge increased her embarrassment as Pam got to her feet.

“May I call the others?” she asked and, when Rafael nodded assent, summoned them. Daisy and Persephone entered the room, dressed in the same way that Pam was. She lined up with the two girls. Embarrassed, but also rather pleased, she watched Riley lean forward in his chair with obvious interest.

“I see.” He licked his lips. “It does a similar job to a corset but with a lot less material.”

“And in a very interesting way,” Rafael said, with a grin for Pam.

“Take your loincloths off so I can see better,” Riley instructed.

Rafael’s gaze met Pam’s and he gave a thin smile and a challenging quirk of one eyebrow. She ignored her belly’s fluttering. She dared not embarrass her Master by hesitating, let alone refusing to obey. That might get her the sort of punishment she most definitely did not want, though she had had precious little of any kind since the day Rafael had bought her. He had certainly not neglected her in other ways. She spent every night in his bed, but, apart from a few light punishments when she had deliberately overstepped the mark to provoke him, he had not beaten her the way she had expected him to. It was puzzling. At times, it was also intensely frustrating.

Along with Daisy and Persephone, Pam let her covering fall and tried not to look at the pink tip of her clit peeping out from its folds. It was so often that way, that it felt almost normal now, like the constant background tingle of excitement and arousal in her sex and belly and brain. As the feeling grew, Pam avoided looking at Rafael but she knew he was staring as avidly as Riley at her latest ‘invention’.

The engineer had the girls walk to the open doors to the patio and then return. He got up and eyed each of them in turn, Pam in white satin, Daisy in red and Persephone in black, with high-heels and silk stockings to match. There was no nylon in Pam’s new world.

Riley grinned. “I can see the appeal,” he said, and his bulging trousers confirmed the statement.

“Women like them too,” Pam said, forgetting to ask permission to speak. Her glance at him showed Rafael did not mind. He was relaxed about that except in company. “They make them feel... stimulated.” She giggled and looked away.

“And they look very stimulating too,” Rafael said.

Pam’s pussy prickled.

“I know you,” Riley said to Daisy. “You were on the *Empire’s Triumph*.”

“Yes, Master,” Daisy answered. Pam had had no difficulty persuading Rafael to buy her when the money from the zipper sales had begun to arrive.

“And I remember Persephone, of course,” the engineer continued. “Your new life’s pretty different from the old one, eh? I hope you’re enjoying what you’ve got yourself into.” He was unaware she was not the girl he had known. The fewer who knew, the better.

“Yes, Master!” The girl had been painfully meek to begin with. Only when it had dawned on her that she was not going to be flogged for looking up when someone spoke to her, or having to ask a question about the many things she did not understand, had she begun to come out of her shell. Pam had not yet managed to get much information out of her about where she came from but she was slowly gaining her confidence. She had discovered that the girl had been the lowest of the low in the slave hierarchy she had tried to describe. Pam already had plenty of reasons to be grateful the blackness had unaccountably taken Persephone and left her. The girl’s story had given her another.

“What are you doing, Alex?” the most important reason asked.

“I need to get on the telegraph to New York,” Riley said, scribbling in a small notebook he had taken from his pocket. “I’ll need to take those back with me so we can make patterns. What do you call them?”

“It’s a garter belt,” Pam said, and he scribbled again.

“And it isn’t going anywhere and neither are you,” Rafael added. “Don’t you have something else to take care of first?” He nodded at the tented front of the man’s pants. “You came here for a rest. Up to now all you’ve done is talk business, and you’ve never stopped working since the day you left the Company. You said yourself you’re a wealthy man. It’s time to relax and enjoy it.”

Pam hid her smile by rubbing a finger on the tip of her nose. She was still getting used to Rafael’s new attitude. He had left the stern disciplinarian devoted to nothing but duty behind on the *Empire’s Triumph*. She was not complaining, since it meant they were frequently in one another’s company, but she did miss the discipline at times. At others she felt frustratingly confused, and that was not a feeling she could ever get used to.

“What you should do is take your slaves, go to your room and enjoy yourself,” Rafael continued. “Or if you prefer you can take one of mine.” The look he gave Pam was challenging once more.

She did her best to keep her disappointment from showing on her face. He had said the same when Eve had visited them three weeks previously, hinting that Pam was just as available to her as were Daisy or Persephone, or any of the dozen other slave girls who were needed to look after Rafael’s large, new home. He had also presented her with another problem she was having difficulty adjusting to. Without saying anything to her about it, Rafael had somehow manoeuvred Pam into

taking charge of the running of his household, though she did not think she was very suited to the role while she was still learning about her new world.

Though she was unsure whether he would have made her go through with it, Pam had been relieved when Eve had merely glanced in her direction with a perceptive smile and declined Rafael's offer. Well, mostly she had been relieved. While it embarrassed her to admit it, she could not deny she had enjoyed her experience with Eve when they had been on the airship. At least now, Pam thought she understood why she had responded so eagerly to the caresses of other women, and become aroused despite the painful torments Persephone had put her through. The Venus Dust might have been phoney but her suppressed desire after two years of celibacy was not and, if she was completely honest, she had discovered there was something different and not entirely unappealing about the way a girl made love to her. Though the pleasure did not compare to that she felt with Rafael, perhaps it was as well that Eve had bought herself an island in the British Caribbean, surrounded herself with her Sapphic friends and a large number of slave girls, and was not likely to be a regular guest in Rafael's home. Pam glanced at him and a flutter teased low in her belly. Sometimes she was utterly shameless. But that was how a slave girl was meant to be. Again she felt a pang of regret and the annoying frustration that had been increasing with each day that had passed since the one when Rafael had bought her.

Eve had adjusted quickly after she had opened the envelope Persephone had given her and discovered the girl's wealth was all hers. Even after Traske had cashed his cheque she was still the richest woman in the world. She was far too sensible to let it go to her head as it had to Persephone's. Eve had only brought two slaves with her on her visit, Tania and Milly, and neither had been complaining about their change of ownership.

Why Persephone had left nothing for the version of herself she must at least have suspected would appear in her place, Pam had no idea, but it had made turning the new arrival into a slave far less complicated. She would not have lasted five minutes alone before giving herself away, and she was so submissive she could not possibly have managed without help. Disregarding the fact she had a ticket, Rafael had taken her to the *London Slave Registry* and filled out the necessary paperwork. All that was needed was a simple declaration by a girl that she had stowed away and the new Persephone had unhesitatingly given it. No one had queried her enslavement. She was still in awe of Rafael but not so much as in the beginning, though her surprise seemed to increase as each day passed without him whipping or caning her. And she was only beginning to understand that although he looked identical to the man she had known in her version of reality, he was not at all the same.

"Come on," Rafael chided, when Riley continued to stand with his pencil poised above his notebook. "We're paying those people in New York City a lot of money to run things smoothly. They can manage for a week without you, or better still, two weeks." He chuckled. "And if you don't do something about that hard-on soon you're going to bust that new zipper on your pants."

Riley laughed and put his notebook in his pocket. "You're right, I ought to be enjoying the fruits of our success. Come on you two, time you showed me you're worth all that money I paid for you."

Pam saw the slave girls exchange grins as they got to their feet, the white girl in a narrow black loincloth and black enamelled collar, the brown-skinned girl, once one of the Zulu stokers Riley prized so highly, in white. They were beautiful, big-breasted and generously curved. Eyeing the red weals on the white girl's bottom as the slaves followed their Master from the room, Pam felt another twinge of envy. Rafael's dark gaze, intense and smoky with desire, turned on her. Her pussy tightened.

"Time I took my own advice," he said. "Daisy, take Persephone with you and find something to amuse yourselves."

The girls picked up their discarded loincloths and, with Persephone looking as surprised as always at being allowed time for herself, disappeared onto the patio. Since Rafael had shown no interest in using either of them, or any of the other slave girls, Pam could make a pretty good guess at what they would be getting up to.

"You won't need that," Rafael said as Pam reached for her own scrap of silk. He lay on the broad sofa and began unbuttoning his shirt. Sure he would expect it, Pam hurried to assist him, but he grabbed her and pulled her on top of him. The quivering in her belly reached her sex. His hand slid down the curves of her buttocks to where they met her thighs and drew them apart. Pam shifted and felt the hard length of his erection pressing against her abdomen. She looked into his eyes, saw them smoulder and felt tremors tease her sheath. Dampness bathed it as tingling warmth spread across her skin and centred between her legs. She pressed her hard nipples to his bare chest.

"What was so interesting about Alex's slaves?" Rafael asked.

She had not known he had seen her looking. "They were very beautiful. Much more than me."

"Not true." He smiled and she smiled back with the warmth in her heart increasing along with that in her sex.

Pam fought down her excitement. If she allowed herself to become wholly aroused she would let him evade the issue, just as he had every other time she had tried to bring it up. "He keeps them in collars," she said, more to the point, and conscious of the bareness of her own neck. "And he punished the one called Sue recently."

He shrugged, and his hard cock rubbed her belly through his pants. "That's up to him. They're his slaves."

"No, that's not what I meant." On the bridge of the airship she had made her choice in a single beat of her heart and, for a reason she would never know for sure, the blackness had let her. It had been a conscious, willing choice. There had been times since then Pam had come close to wishing things had worked out differently. The submissive, pain-loving girl that she could now admit dwelt within her wanted to be Rafael's slave girl, but the other Pam, the controlled, independent and self-reliant one, could not escape the feeling that her life should consist of more than kneeling at

her Master's feet and instantly obeying him in all things. She screwed up her courage. "I... I think you need to tell me where I stand."

Rafael laughed softly. "Wherever I order you to. That's what slave girls do – obey their masters."

Pam's heart sank. "I'm serious, and I... I'm confused too. These last weeks we've been together... I don't know what I'm supposed to be, or... or what I want to be. There are times you call me slave and treat me like one, and others when... well, I'm not sure how you're treating me. I need to know what you expect from me, what I am to you. And if it's just another slave you should put me in a collar, like Riley has with his girls." That was not what she wanted but at least she would know once and for all what she meant to him.

"Is that what you want? Aren't you happy, sweetheart?" Rafael frowned as he spoke but Pam got the feeling it was not her muddled protest that had caused his annoyance.

"No. Yes. Oh, hell, I don't know any more! No one has ever made me feel the things I feel with you. No one has ever made me *want* to feel half of them." She saw a thin smile play across his lips.

"So that's the reason for all your little provocations lately? You've been trying to get yourself punished."

She pushed out her bottom lip, refusing to blush. "It didn't work very often."

"More often than you imagine, but I've been going easy on you. You've told me a lot about your world, including that women don't get beaten where you come from."

"Well, it does happen there sometimes. A lot of people aren't comfortable with it, like the way the Sapphics are treated here, though it's not illegal."

"And it happened to you," Rafael said. It was not a question.

"There was a man," Pam confessed. She had started this. She had no choice but to finish. "I... I let him tie me up and beat me. I thought I loved him but I didn't. What I loved was the things he did to me." This time her cheeks flushed hotly.

"What makes you so sure it wasn't because you loved him?"

Pam swallowed. "Because now I know how it really feels to be in love." She made herself meet Rafael's eye. His smile made her heart race and her pussy ripple.

"With someone who needs to tell you where you stand?"

"Yes," Pam said. To be sure that she loved him was one thing. To have to continue living with her confusion and uncertainty was quite another.

Rafael stroked her bottom again. "I thought after I lost my temper and flogged you.... And when the black thing appeared...." His hands clasped her flesh and sent a delicious tickle through her pussy. "And then it was rushing towards us and you were rushing towards me." He jiggled her buttocks and his laugh made her heart turn over. "By God, I was never so pleased in my life. I knew I had to let you go but I was still so afraid of losing you. I don't ever want to feel that way again, sweetheart. I don't ever want to do anything that might stop you wanting me."

"You never could," Pam said, with more certainty than she had ever felt about anything before. "It's just that I don't know what you...." Her sex responded to his

exploring hands with a ripple and a surge of damp heat. She forced her rapidly fluttering eyelids to remain open long enough to look at him and then quickly lowered them as a new blush flamed on her cheeks. "I... I like it when you hurt me. I told myself it was the Venus Dust Persephone gave me, until I found out it wasn't real at all. Then I knew what I truly was. And I knew what I truly wanted."

"For me to beat you, sweetheart?" Rafael's words were pitched low, mellow and sensual.

They made Pam look up, and the simmering heat she saw in his deep-brown eyes made her sheath contract as if he was already inside her. She nodded. "Don't you want to?"

"God, yes! There's no pleasure I know that could come close. I've been waiting and hoping that you would find the courage to tell me. Waiting until you were ready to trust me completely."

Excitement swelled in Pam's breast. "I do trust you. I... I guess I could try to get used to being your slave girl, as long as I know that's what you truly want me to be."

Rafael did not reply. Aware that he had avoided the issue once again, Pam allowed her disappointment to slip away, when he chuckled and snapped one of her suspenders sharply against her skin. She shuddered at the sting and more tremors teased her sex.

"Will you put me in a collar?" she asked, voice husky with rising passion. "Will you whip me?"

He looked deeply into her eyes. "I'd love to whip you, but is it really what you want, sweetheart?"

Pam's heart was too full for her to speak. She nodded, looking at him through prickling tears of longing and happiness, her frustrations temporarily forgotten amid her rising excitement.

Rafael carried her upstairs and suspended her by her wrists from the shiny steel hook set into one of the roof beams of the bedroom. He took off her garter belt and the brush of his fingers as he rolled her silken stockings down her legs quickened the pulse of her arousal. The sting of doeskin on her buttocks and thighs felt wonderful, warming her beautifully. The thrumming vibration of the blows transmitted itself through muscle and bone and made her sex quiver until it was contracting in time with every stroke. Shoulders aching, Pam balanced on the balls of her feet and revelled in the flood of heat that abruptly joined the fiery stinging. She half-opened her eyes when the whipping stopped but her disappointment was momentary as she saw Rafael pick up the ox-hide flogger. Then the pain really began.

Pam drifted and then soared. She was flying, and what she felt had long ceased to be pain or pleasure but had melded into that incredible sensation so much greater than both that it made all others pale into insignificance. Joy and gratitude swelled in equal measure. Nothing could compare to the feelings Rafael was capable of stirring in her. The man she loved. The man who loved her. Her belly curled, and she came in long, rippling spasms.

Rafael left her wrists in their leather cuffs when he laid her on the bed. Forcing her arms above her head, he used her as a slave girl should be used, pounding her wonderfully throbbing buttocks into the mattress with hard lunges of his rigid cock, while his weight upon her heightened the delicious ache and burn of her freshly flogged breasts. Wave after wave of delight washed over Pam until the hot surge of his come plunged her into ecstasy once more. Afterwards, she glowed inside and out as he held her, comfortable, safe and sated in his arms – comfortable despite the scald and scorch of the weals on buttocks and back, breasts and thighs. She hovered between wakefulness and sleep, unwilling to surrender her consciousness and relinquish the moment. She was too happy, happier than she would ever have believed possible, lying in the circle of her Master's arms a world away from everything she had once valued, and which she knew now had never been important.

Pam must have fallen asleep, for she woke at the touch of a hand smoothing her hair from her neck. She looked up into Rafael's face. Her heart pattered and she shivered as he closed something around her neck and locked it in place. Pam reached to it in wonderment. It was not the collar she had been expecting. It was a gold necklace, a chain thick enough to make her aware of its weight, but jewellery, not a symbol of slavery. Puzzled, she let her fingers explore the unyielding metal. It felt warm against her skin. Rafael held a tiny key on another, thinner chain. He slipped the chain over his head and let the key rest on the springy hair curling on his chest. His forefinger slid gently across Pam's lower lip and then he bent to kiss her.

"Thank you," Pam whispered in the moment before their mouths met, though she was still unsure quite what she was thanking him for.

He took her again, and once more pain and pleasure mingled and then coalesced into the greater sensation that was at the same time neither and both. Rafael did not hold her when he was finished.

"Clean up," he said, Master now, not lover, "and put your hair up. You'll find something to do it with in the bathroom. It will be dinner time soon."

\* \* \* \* \*

Rafael sensed a movement from the corner of his eye and looked through the half-open door of his bathroom. Pam did not look in his direction as she padded barefoot and silent across the carpet to stand beneath the shiny steel hook from which he had so recently suspended her. He saw her head tilt back as she looked up at it and her hand reach upwards, then stop just short of touching it. She turned aside and paused to stare at the chromed-metal whipping post before going to the ox-hide flogger that hung in its place on the wall rack. Again she reached out and again drew back without letting her fingers touch the implement that had given her pain. Rafael smiled to himself. It had given her pleasure too - a pleasure that had been at least the equal of his own. He need never have any doubts about that in the future. He had had plenty of others after the exhilaration of having Pam fling herself into his arms aboard the *Empire's Triumph* had worn off. They had only increased as she had answered his questions about where she came from.

The more Pam told him about the other Earth that had been her home, the more unbelievable the place seemed, with machines that flew without needing helium and engines that did not need steam. Most important to Rafael, there was no slavery. The customs and rules sounded craziest of all, especially the ones Pam said men had passed to make females their equals in the eyes of the law. She had even somehow been involved in their enforcement, though he was pretty confused about that part, particularly when her recent confession had confirmed his strong suspicion that she had had experience of mixing pain with pleasure before she had ever appeared on the airship. It was not hard to credit as he watched her reach back to the welts on her beautifully curved buttocks and smooth a palm over the ridges he had raised on her soft skin. Her flesh yielded under the pressure of her hand. He watched her shiver and lift her head, and then her fingers splay and sink deeper. At the same time she reached up her other hand to caress the chain he had placed around her neck. This girl, it seemed, could both submit and enjoy pain without having any desire to endure slavery.

He had been unfair to her. Not for the first time since buying Pam, Rafael felt a pang of guilt. More than his doubts about what she really wanted had made him hesitate. He had had the feeling he was out of his depth from the moment he had handed over his money, and the first question that had entered his mind as he had received her ownership papers had been, was this what *he* really wanted? He had wrestled with it many times since, while delaying facing up to the inevitable consequences of his actions. Now he could no longer put it off. She both needed and deserved to know. And he was ready to tell her.

Rafael stepped into the bedroom. Pam looked in his direction and a pink flush rose prettily on her cheeks as she met his eye. He looked at the crimson blush on her skin and deepening red of the marks he had imprinted on her beautiful breasts and thighs. She had made-up her face and pinned her hair in place with the gold comb set with pearls he had left in the bathroom. She was beautiful and she was his. His heart surged at the pleasure and excitement the thought gave him, as he felt again the one emotion he had never dreamed he would feel for any girl – the same emotion he saw in the shining eyes staring adoringly into his. He loved her. Nothing had ever felt so good.

“You look beautiful,” Rafael said, and the pleasure that lit up Pam’s face as he smiled at her and she at him made his heart skip again. “I have to tell you something. I hope it...”

“M... Master,” Persephone, who was not really Persephone at all, dropped to her knees in the doorway.

“No need to kneel when you have a message,” Rafael said, rolling his eyes at Pam. “What is it?”

The girl jumped to her feet and bowed. “D... Daisy sent me, Master. The... the other Master is waiting downstairs.”

“Okay, we’ll be there soon.” He watched her run from his presence. “Are you sure she’s getting more confident?”

“Definitely, but it’s going to take time. I don’t think she had ever said a word to her Master in the place she came from.”

“I still see the Persephone we both thought we knew when I look at her,” Rafael said, opening his wardrobe. “I wonder sometimes where she went and what happened to her.” He shrugged. “But not often. I’m more interested in what happened to the real Persephone, the one who must have ended up in that little monster’s world over four years ago.”

“I guess we’ll never know that,” Pam replied. “I wonder why it took her and not me.”

“I’m just glad that’s how it happened, sweetheart.”

“I have an idea about it. It’s only a theory, or more of a feeling really.”

He gave her a questioning look.

“I think maybe the door only opens for certain people at certain times, when the world they’re in and the world they should be in are linked.” Pam gave a self-conscious laugh. “I know. It sounds fanciful even to me. I said it was only a feeling, probably a crazy one.”

“Maybe not. You think it somehow tunes in to those who should be somewhere else and transports them there, the way it brought you here?”

“I... I guess I do,” she agreed, and he understood that she was making a confession about herself at the same time.

“Then it took the original Persephone to a world that suited her better but made a mistake with the one it brought here in her place. One it returned to put right. And it didn’t take you because...?”

“I belong here,” Pam said.

“Here with me, sweetheart,” he corrected, “and that isn’t a theory. It’s a fact.” He began putting on his pants.

Pam giggled. “Oh, Rafael!”

He looked up. “What?”

“You’re one of the men who gave the world the zipper, and you’ve got buttons on your trousers.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Are you ever going to learn to behave yourself?” Drago asked.

“I don’t know, my lord,” Mala replied.

He barked a laugh. “At least you’re honest. You’ve become a saucy little thing since I caught you wearing those strange clothes on the flight back from New York.”

Mala suppressed the urge for her lips to turn up at the corners and lowered her head.

“No, look at me.” Drago pressed the tip of his stiff, tightly braided buffalo-hide whip under her chin.

She lifted her head and met his eyes, arching her back to push her small, pointed breasts out, as he would expect. His dark gaze held hers and her belly flipped.

It was eerie how they all looked so like the ones she knew and yet were so completely different.

“Strip,” Drago said, and Mala loosed the thong around her hips and let the scrap of soft leather over her sex fall to the packed sand of the punishment ring. She briefly eyed the score of concubines and slave girls kneeling facing the whipping post and then looked again into Drago’s dark and so familiar eyes.

“Thirty,” he pronounced, and smiled thinly at the narrowing of her eyes. Her gut clenched. She had not expected so many. “All right, saucy, twenty-five then. But I want to see you on duty in the bath house first thing tomorrow.”

A thrill of satisfaction joined the fear that was making Mala’s belly flutter and her chest tight. He wanted her. It was the first step. In this world she could only ever be a slave, but she was determined to be Drago’s favourite slave. The thrill reached lower as the whip’s end smoothed up the inside of one slender thigh. Drago laughed softly as he saw the swollen pearl of her clit standing proud of all concealment at the apex of her sex. Mala’s pussy quivered.

“Go,” he ordered.

She turned, suppressed the shaking in her legs and forced herself to walk with measured steps to the whipping post. The tall, broad-shouldered woman standing beside it met her eye and smiled as she stepped onto the low platform on which the post stood. Mala had spent half the previous night with her fingers and tongue sunk deep between the harem mistress’s thighs. The memory of it increased the tremors in her sex as the woman ran the rope in the ring at the top of the post through the leather cuffs on Mala’s wrists. She was called Anya here, but everything else about her was identical to the person Mala had known before, even the way her heavy breasts swayed as she hauled on the rope until the slim girl’s arms were stretched high and she was teetering on her toes with the hard wood of the post pressing between her stiff-nippled tits. Anxiety deepening, she glanced back at the faces of the watching girls and at Drago, stripped to the waist and gripping the tough, inflexible length of the leather between his big hands.

The butt-plug came next, inserted dry as it always was for punishments, stinging and burning its way through the tender tissues of Mala’s tight rear entrance. The clamps hurt even more, screwed tight until they were biting deep into the delicate softness of her outer labia. She hissed and tried not to wriggle as Anya fed cords through the rings on the clamps and tied them off on the far side of the post, stretching her flesh wickedly even though she jammed her belly hard against the smooth, sweat-stained wood.

“There, lover,” the overseer said. “Mind you keep as still as you can. I don’t want to see your sweet little pussy torn up as well as your bum.”

It was uncanny. Even her voice and the expressions she used were the same.

The clouds drifted clear of the sun and Mala felt its warmth bathe her shoulders and the upper curves of her buttocks. A fly buzzed past, loud in the menacing silence. She fought to slow her rapid breaths and felt the sweat trickling down her naked body. Her shoulders and calves were already aching. Her belly felt tight but was twitching wildly and her heart hammered beneath her ribs. Little,

tickling contractions teased the length of her sheath as she heard Drago's heavy tread coming nearer. Pressed hard against the post, her clitoris tingled.

Mala, once ordinary Kathy Martin and then wealthy Persephone Peake, trembled. Everything she had been so afraid would happen had happened. Everything she had tried to escape by seeking out the blackness had only befallen her more quickly because she had found it. And it was all far more exciting and wonderful than she could ever have imagined. She loved it.

Drago's footfalls stopped. She sensed him close behind her, sensed him raise his arm. Her gut churned and her sex tickled madly. The whip whistled as it cut the air. A savage streak of torment blazed across her buttocks. The fiery impact drove Mala against the post, forcing her pulsing bud hard into the unyielding wood. Head spinning, she screamed and climaxed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Todd chewed his lower lip and eyed the girl warily. Things were not going as he had planned. They were going far better. He just wished he understood why.

Nothing had felt right since they had passed through that black thing. Or had it passed through them? He might never recover from the shock the experience had caused him. Pamela's behaviour since had been almost as alarming. How she had changed her clothes when all the while he had had his arm around her he did not even want to think about. When she had started removing those same, strange-looking garments the moment things seemed to be getting back to normal, he had known at once that not everyone had come through the eerie encounter unscathed. Pamela Weston was one of the most uptight, sexually frustrated, control freaks he had met in a long time, yet the minute he had got her back into the passenger cabin she had stripped to her bare skin and offered herself to him. He had expected a fight, and to have to physically subdue her. Instead, without a single word of protest, she had put her hands behind her back so he could fasten her wrists into leather cuffs and then lay down on the floor so he could do the same to her ankles.

She was looking at him with a hunger that would have been unmistakable to any red-blooded, heterosexual male. Her pupils were dilated, her breathing was fast and shallow, and the ripe odour of her arousal was making Todd's nostrils twitch. The scent and sight and appealing helplessness of her nude body had given him a raging hard-on.

"Will I be whipped soon, Master?" Pamela asked, the first coherent words she had spoken since before the darkness had engulfed the plane.

"God no!" Todd said. "No one's going to beat you as long as you do as you're told."

"But I stowed away. I have to be whipped and... and made a slave. It's the law."

"What?" Swamped by sudden guilt and unnerved by the pleading expression on her face, he looked away. She had to be crazy. Her fear of that blackness must have been too much for her. "I'm sorry," Todd said, "but I couldn't let you reach

New York. When the truth came out, my career would have been over and my livelihood too. I couldn't let you do that to me, Pamela."

"My name is Ann, Master," the girl said, wriggling a little while rubbing her thighs together as much as her ankle cuffs allowed, "though I guess you can change that any time you want to." She seemed more excited than dismayed by her realisation. "I will be used soon, won't I? I'm sure I should be whipped too, Master."

"Master? What the hell is wrong with you, and why do you keep talking about whipping?" Todd demanded. He looked over his shoulder as the cockpit door opened and Corrigan came down the passageway towards them.

"No more sign of that black thing. Jesus, it nearly scared the life out of me! We'll land at Charlotte in an hour and a half. We won't have any trouble getting clearance for Mexico City, and the buyer will have people standing by to meet us as soon as we touch down." The co-pilot looked at the girl's quivering body and raised an eyebrow when she gave a little, gasping moan. "There's a well-padded crate in the cargo bay all ready for her. You'll need to make sure she's securely gagged and inside before we're on the ground." He leaned closer. "Hell, she stinks of wet pussy! And why is she shaking?"

"I..." Todd swallowed with difficulty, grimacing as he looked up at his fellow conspirator.

"I need to be fucked, Master," the girl said breathlessly.

A broad grin split Corrigan's face. "Then you're in the right place." He reached for his belt buckle.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You're a good friend, Rafael Drake, and a good man, too. Don't you ever forget it." Alex Riley chuckled softly to himself as he sank down onto the bed, and then slumped sideways as Rafael withdrew his supporting arm from around his shoulders. He rolled onto his back, smiling benevolently up into Rafael's face.

The slave girl, Sue, began loosening his shirt while the Zulu girl unbuttoned his pants and pulled down the zipper. Riley reached out and stroked the fat nipple at the peak of one of the brown-skinned girl's big breasts, then let his hand flop to the mattress.

"I've drunk too much," he said, slurring the words. "I can't remember the last time I did that."

"It doesn't matter." Though Alex was too far gone to see it, Rafael gave him an affectionate smile. "You're entitled to celebrate a little."

Riley chuckled again. "Yeah, we're rich men now. Money doesn't make you happy but it sure makes being miserable a lot more comfortable. But you know what makes *you* happy, my friend."

"What's that?"

As Sue eased one of his arms out of his shirt Riley beamed at her in pleasure. "You're beautiful," he said, blinked and looked fuzzily at Rafael. "The girl, of

course. The one we spent all those hours talking about. You've found her, Rafael. You've found your perfect girl."

"Oh, I know, Alex! Believe me, I know." With a surge of emotion rising in his chest he left Riley in the gentle hands of his slave girls and hurried from the room.

\* \* \* \* \*

A single lamp burned in the lounge. Its bulb cast a glowing circle of light across the sofa and the patch of floor where Pam knelt silently waiting. She felt almost as bewildered as she had during her first moments on the airship, and almost as afraid. First Rafael had flogged her at her own request, then locked the necklace around her throat instead of a collar, and at dinner he had made her sit at the table and eat in the conventional way, while Riley's slaves knelt on the floor and Daisy and Persephone did the serving. What did it mean? Was he trying to tell her something in some cryptic, obscure way? Because if he was, it was not working, and she dearly wished he would just come straight out and tell her what he expected from her. Pam sucked in a long breath and summoned her resolve. This time she would not be distracted, diverted or deterred. This time she would have her answer. Her belly fluttered as he entered the room.

"Alex is a happy drunk. His girls have put him to bed."

"He drank a lot more than you did," Pam said, delaying the moment while she gathered her determination. Her pulse quickened as Rafael took her hand in his and drew her to her feet, her movements heightening the buzzing of the welts he had imprinted on her skin earlier.

"He works a lot harder than I do. He should relax more. Besides, I have plans that include keeping a clear head." His lazy smile made Pam's heart skip and the reddened skin on her right breast flared as his hand cupped its resilient flesh.

"Wait," she said. "We have to...." His lips pressing softly onto hers silenced her protest.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," he said.

The apology startled her. "It's okay. It... it's only been a few minutes."

Rafael shook his head. "It's been far longer than that. It's been too long. But tomorrow we'll put that right. We'll go into town and I'll fill out the papers to give you your freedom."

"Freedom?" Pam's gut lurched at the thought of being without Rafael. "But I... I love you. W... what am I supposed to do if you make me free?"

He raised the back of her hand to his lips and kissed it. "Well, I hoped you might consider becoming my wife. I love you too, so I thought...."

Pam flinging herself into his arms cut him off. He fell backwards onto the sofa, laughing and pulling her down with him. Exultant but speechless, she clung to Rafael for long minutes until he loosened the grip of one of the arms he had wrapped around her. The hand that slowly explored her buttocks heightened their smart and throb and provoked a renewed tickle of excitement between her thighs. Pam made a noise between a moan and a whimper and wriggled her belly against Rafael's.

Without waiting to be told, she unbuttoned his shirt and trousers and curled her fingers around his hard cock. When Pam would have lowered her mouth to it he stopped her with a finger beneath her chin and drew her face close to his. Dark eyes smouldering with desire looked deep into hers.

“You didn’t answer me. What do you say, Pam? Will you be my wife?”

“Of course I will. Yes. Oh, yes please!” She lowered her gaze from his. “If... if you’re really sure.”

Again he lifted her chin until they were face to face. “I was sure the moment I knew I loved you, sweetheart. It just took me a little time to find the courage to admit it to myself. You’re going to be mine, and only mine. But you’re going to do it as a Freewoman, not a slave”

Warmth filled Pam’s heart, and the prickle of tears joined the other, very different prickle that was teasing her moistly trembling pussy. A thought struck her. “Oh, being your wife, that doesn’t mean...?” Heat rushed to her cheeks but she made herself continue meeting Rafael’s eye and saw him lift one eyebrow in an unspoken question. “I will still be punished, won’t I? Whenever you think I deserve it.”

He laughed softly and hugged her tighter. The welts on Pam’s skin throbbed and the thrum of arousal filled her mind and sex.

“Well, I can’t speak as a husband just yet, but I’m sure there are plenty of times when a wife can be just as naughty as any slave girl, and she had better be ready to take the consequences when she is.”

Pam giggled. “Oh, she will be! She’ll always be ready for that.”

“Then she only has to tell me she has misbehaved and I’ll see she gets everything she deserves.” Rafael’s laugh was rich and throaty. “Sweetheart, I knew when I finally chose my slave girl she would be something very special, but I never thought I would find anyone so special I would want her to be my wife. Then you came along and changed everything.”

Through the surge of joy that filled her, the thought that so often niggled at the back of Pam’s mind arose once more.

“Y... you don’t still despise me, do you? Because I’m That Kind?” She felt the rumble of his laughter through their touching bodies.

“Oh, sweetheart, I’ve never despised you. You’re not That Kind. You’re one of a kind. And most important, you’re my kind. Mine and only mine! That’s how it is and that’s how it’s going to stay.” He kissed Pam and her fear vanished.

Only his love for her remained, and hers for him. That would always be there.

**The End**