

**Kate and Julia: Abducted in India
by Lindsey Brooks**

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Chapter 1

Julia had always been self-conscious about her breasts. They were big and firm, and try as she might to restrain them they always seemed to find a way to thrust themselves boldly out from her chest. To her they were a symbol of her femininity, but to men she was all too aware, they were simply something to be stared at. And tonight a lot of men were staring.

The young second lieutenant had run out of polite conversation several minutes ago. Now his attention was on the pointed nubs of Julia's nipples showing darkly through the thin satin of her evening gown and the silk chemise that was all she wore beneath it. Julia lifted her forearm to cover the unruly peaks, and looked at Kate.

The other three subalterns who had persuaded the girls to accompany them to the nightclub were clustered around the vivacious redhead. Only the young, fresh-faced and rather pimply boy, who was surely even younger than her own twenty years, had remained with Julia once the champagne had begun flowing. She was not surprised. Her efforts at conversation had been no more imaginative or successful than his.

But it was not her envy of Kate's confident air and adventurous nature that had drawn her eye to the redhead. Painfully conscious that she was attracting a lot of attention, Julia went over to her companion and tugged insistently on her elbow. Kate turned, and, still smiling at some comment from one of her admirers, let the blonde-haired girl draw her away from the group.

"We should leave," Julia said. "Look around. There are some very questionable things going on here."

Kate followed her suggestion. The place was dimly lit, especially in its farthest recesses where Julia had noticed several male patrons who had arrived alone had been joined by some of the many young, unaccompanied women who were present in surprisingly large numbers. She had also noticed, with increasing apprehension, that there were very few other European women in the nightclub.

"Well, what about it?" Kate asked. "Everyone's having a good time, that's all. You should try doing the same, Julia. Really, you take

your sense of responsibility too far for your own good sometimes. You ought to loosen up and learn not to be so shy.”

“But... but there are Indian men here,” Julia said. “They keep looking at us. Oh, I wish I hadn’t let you persuade me to come here, especially when I’m wearing this dress. I didn’t think we’d be going any further than the hotel bar.” She looked self-consciously at the two large and only partially covered prominences on her chest.

“Nonsense, you need a bit of excitement,” Kate said. “You’ve hardly left Mrs. Winter’s side since you stepped off the boat. It’ll do you good to get away from her for a few hours.”

“It has,” Julia said, “but now it’s time to go.” She stepped aside as a tall, swarthy-faced man in native dress pushed past, leading a dusky-skinned girl by the hand. His bold, appraising gaze roved over both of the white girls before he made for a staircase discreetly tucked away in one corner.

“Good Lord!” Kate said.

“Oh, you see?” Julia’s tone was pleading. “Kate, this isn’t so much a nightclub as a...a....”

“Brothel,” Kate said, brows knitting in anger. She stared at the pimply youth who had stuck with Julia when the others had flocked to Kate, and he blanched under her fury. “They’re playing a joke on us,” she hissed through clenched teeth. “Well, they’ve picked the wrong ones. Fresh off the boat we may be, but we weren’t born yesterday.” Swallowing her champagne in one gulp she barged her way back into the group of young second lieutenants.

In the short time she had known the redhead Julia had learned that the girl was not one to turn the other cheek. She winced at the thought of the scene Kate was bound to make and wished she could shrink into the shadows, but she would not desert her angry companion. She heard Kate’s raised voice demanding to know what they thought they were playing at, and then every other sound was drowned out by the band striking up a tune. The lights above the small, semi-circular stage at one end of the room suddenly flared.

What little native music Julia had heard had sounded tinny and slightly off-key to her ear. This was no exception, but she barely noticed as two pale-brown girls skipped from either side of the stage into the

brightly lit patch at its centre and took her breath away as they began to dance.

Julia was disbelieving, awestruck and scandalised all at the same time. The girls were nearly naked. The skin of their nude torsos shone with the gleam of oil as they glided sinuously and seductively across the stage. A quick glance around showed that every male head, and most of the female ones, were turned towards the dancers.

Julia too was drawn back to them, despite her affronted modesty. What sort of courage and confidence must it take to display themselves publicly wearing virtually nothing at all? Their pointed breasts were not quite as bare as she had at first thought, for each girl wore what appeared to be small, jewelled brooches over her nipples. However, the only other adornments on their upper bodies were a wide, choker-style pearl necklace and long, dangling earrings that swayed in time with the sensuous movements of their lithe bodies.

About her waist, each girl had a cord of beads and, hanging from it as far as her knees at front and rear, a strip of white silk that contrasted vividly with the rich, oiled brownness of her skin. The girls' legs were oiled too, flashing and glistening in the lights as they pointed their toes or raised their knees in rhythm with the music and set the muscles rippling beneath the skin of their supple thighs.

It all seemed very exotic to Julia, just as most things had since she had stepped onto the dock at Bombay eight short and hectic days earlier, but the dance caused a greater stirring in her breast than anything else she had seen so far. In spite of the sleazy setting there was something earthy and primitive and undeniably sensual in the graceful movements of the girls' limbs and the swaying of their hips and breasts. Strangely, it was something that appealed to Julia. Her cheeks went suddenly hot at her daring admission, and seconds later they felt as if they were aflame as a sudden pirouette and twirl by the two dancers made their skimpy loincloths lift as high as their waists. They wore nothing beneath. Along with everyone else watching Julia was presented with alternating flashes of the girls' bare buttocks and the entirely hairless clefts of their sexes as they spun in circles on the stage. She stared in total shock as cheers and applause erupted from the audience.

While Kate had also been struck dumb by the performance, it appeared to hold less fascination for her than for Julia, who felt her arm

unceremoniously seized by the redhead. Kate also grabbed the pimply subaltern as she passed him and marched them both out of the building and onto the street.

“You may escort us to our hotel, lieutenant,” she told the youth stonily. He did not argue, and had the sense to keep several paces behind as Kate strode off, and to remain silent when she made some pithy comments about the morals and so-called sense of humour of the lower-ranking officers of the Indian Army.

Julia had difficulty keeping up with her companion. Still off-balance after the dancers’ performance and her rather unnerving reaction to it, she was beginning to wonder if two glasses of champagne in the hotel bar where they had met the subalterns and another two in the nightclub had not been a little too adventurous. She rarely drank alcohol, and the dizzy feeling in her head and the effort she was having to put into walking in a straight line were reminding her why.

The champagne was also the reason Julia felt only the tiniest twinge of nervousness when she realized they were breaking Mrs. Winter’s strictest rule. Her employer had told both girls with a frequency that had become monotonous never to stray from the main thoroughfares of the cities they had stayed in. Most especially she had emphasised that on no account should they ever go out unaccompanied after dark, and Julia did not think the single, fresh-faced youth trailing reluctantly in their wake counted as an adequate escort.

Fortunately, the hotel was only two hundred yards from the nightclub, and the young English girl had barely had time to recognise her anxiety through her fuzzy-headed daze before they were at the door and Kate was bidding the boy a brusque goodnight.

Collecting their room keys, she led the way upstairs. Firmly holding the banister Julia followed more slowly. The hotel had no lift, and as a result the higher up the rooms were the cheaper they became. That was important to Mrs. Winter, who, Julia had quickly realized, was by no means well provided with funds. It was all the more reason to be grateful to the older woman for giving her employment, and especially for giving her the chance to travel and hopefully gain some confidence and overcome her shyness.

“I ought to report those louts to Daddy,” Kate said while she waited at the first landing for Julia to catch up. “Officers and gentlemen

indeed! That was an unkind trick to play on us. I wish they hadn't all been so young. Older men wouldn't have acted in such a juvenile way and they've been around long enough to have had lots more adventures. They're always so much more interesting."

"I thought you didn't want to get in touch with your parents yet," Julia said as they set off up the next flight of stairs.

Kate pulled a face. "I don't. Not for a while anyway. I wouldn't mind seeing Mummy and Daddy after so many months away, but Roger is another matter altogether. I got the most awful feeling from his letters that he's going to repeat his marriage proposal the moment I get back."

"Don't you want to marry him?" It was not the sort of question Julia would normally have asked straight out, but the champagne seemed to have emboldened her.

Kate's expression would have been answer enough. "He's very sweet sometimes," she said, "but hardly the sort of man I want to settle down with. I can't think of anything I'd rather do less than be the wife of a colonial civil servant, however important he's going to be some day. Where's the adventure in that?"

"Does everything have to be an adventure?" Julia asked.

Kate giggled girlishly, and Julia realized the redhead was not completely immune to champagne either. "Of course. What's life without adventure and doing things on the spur of the moment? Isn't that what brought you to India?"

"Not exactly," Julia confessed. "It was more a matter of needing a job and... and what I was leaving behind."

"Oh, I see!" Kate gave her a sidelong glance. "It's not so much a matter of seeking something new as escaping something old."

"You could put it like that. It was the Wall Street Crash. We..."

"Oh, don't mention that horrid thing," Kate cut in. "I swear everyone has a tale to tell about how they suffered from it. It's so horribly boring."

Julia closed her mouth, glad the girl had quashed her uncharacteristic urge to talk about the misfortune that had befallen her family.

Kate clapped her hands in sudden delight. "This is much more exciting than stuffy old Delhi and Roger. I'll bet Daddy would be furious if he knew I was here." She turned to Julia and gripped her forearm.

“We’re on the North-West Frontier, Julia, the very border of the Empire. In a day or two we won’t even really *be* in the Empire. Did Mrs. Winter tell you anything about this native prince she’s going to visit? I’ll bet he’s a rogue, you know. These border princelings all are, according to Daddy. They’re still stuck in the Middle Ages and only half-civilised, hardly different to the barbarians that lived on the borders of the Roman Empire in ancient times.”

“I don’t know any more than you,” Julia replied. “Mrs. Winter only mentioned him that once, when we were on the train to Rawalpindi. She’s never brought the subject up again.”

Kate gave an impish grin. “We’ll have to ask her over breakfast. I’m dying to know what she’s up to, coming all this way from England.”

Julia had no intention of questioning Mrs. Winter about her motives for making the journey. It was none of her business. Besides, she suspected one of them at least was very mundane – it was far cheaper to live in India than it was in Britain. Of course, Kate had a much more imaginative and scandalous explanation.

“I’ll bet they were lovers when she was here with her husband and she’s come to renew their affair.”

“Oh really, that’s just fanciful,” Julia said, protective of her employer’s reputation. “I’m quite sure Mrs. Winter is a very proper and respectable widow. There’s no reason at all you should be inventing such lu... lu... lurid tales about her past or her present intersh... shuns.”

Kate giggled. “Well, at least I succeeded in one of my objectives this evening. I managed to get you tipsy. But you were quite right to get us to leave when you did. Those subalterns were very naughty boys to have taken us there.” From Kate’s tone, Julia guessed her anger towards the lieutenants had mellowed during the climb to their rooms.

“No harm done,” the redhead continued. “We’ll have a story about our night in a brothel to tell next time we want to shock someone, and we both escaped with our honour intact.” She giggled again. “As intact as it was before, anyway.” She had to guide her door key into the lock with both hands.

Blushingly bidding Kate goodnight, Julia turned to her own room and noticed the slender figure of Subaidah, her employer’s Turkish servant girl, peeping from a doorway. Mrs. Winter certainly was

protective of her charges, Julia thought, though as far as Kate was concerned she was a self-appointed guardian.

They had met the redhead on the same day the ship had sailed from Southampton and she had attached herself to them ever since, even after they had docked at Bombay. It had taken Mrs. Winter several of the days they had spent journeying north by train to coax from Kate the reason for her reluctance to go straight home to Delhi, but once she had learned it she had made no attempt to dissuade the girl from her chosen course of action. Perhaps she had recognised that with Kate's independent spirit she would have been wasting her time, or maybe just that as she was over twenty-one she had every right to do as she pleased. Whatever the reason, Mrs. Winter had seemed content to let Kate share her company and that of Julia, even allowing the girls time to themselves in the hotel bar that evening, though Julia was sure she would express her disapproval at them going out when she found out about it.

She carefully took off her one and only evening gown and put it on its hanger in the wardrobe, and then sat on the bed to remove her shoes and silk stockings with equal care. If Mrs. Winter did not seem to be very well off, Julia knew herself to be virtually impoverished. She hoped when the woman's business in India was done and they returned to England she might keep her on as a lady's companion instead of a travelling one. Work in Britain was growing ever more scarce and Julia had no skills or qualifications that could help her get another job. She had never imagined she would need one.

She leaned back on her elbows, suddenly very sensitive to the movement of her breasts against the sheer silk of her chemise. Her mind felt as if it was spinning even faster than the dancing girls had on the stage. It had been in a constant whirl since the moment she had stepped ashore and found her senses continually assailed by some startling new sight or sound or smell as they had traversed the enormous expanse of the Indian sub-continent.

It was vastly different to anything Julia had ever experienced, a strange mixture of the modern and the very ancient. There were hot, noisy, crowded cities like Bombay, and Ahmadabad where they had journeyed on their first day. Then there was the countryside she had seen from the train, its appearance and people perhaps hardly changed for a thousand years. On the way from Rawalpindi to Peshawar the peaks of

the Himalayas had been visible in the distance, though it had been no cooler for all they were almost in the foothills of the mountains. Julia could hardly believe she was really seeing places that had been no more than colourful names in her school geography lessons. She had never expected to experience anything like the train journey of over a thousand miles. Everything seemed exotic, mysterious and unsettling, and not at all like the familiar, comfortable existence she had known for most of her life in England.

Very soon their outward trip would be at an end. Tomorrow, Mrs. Winter had informed her, they would travel by car and then for another day on horseback before they arrived at their destination. As always at bedtime, Julia's stomach gave a little wriggle of apprehension about what the next morning might bring, though she was less aware of it than usual because of the swimming in her head. She gave a sudden jerk and realized she would fall asleep where she was if she did not get up.

The bulb in the bedside lamp was rather feeble and its light did not reach much beyond the space around the bed, but Julia could see well enough to get to the washstand. She swayed unsteadily as she brushed her teeth, wondering fuzzily if it was worth the effort of getting out of her underwear and into her nightdress before going to bed. Why had she let Kate talk her into drinking all that champagne? She was going to wake up with an awful headache in the morning.

Julia laid her toothbrush down and squinted at her dim reflection in the mirror on the washstand. Over her right shoulder a dark shadow seemed to rise up from a corner of the room. Puzzled, she blinked and began to turn. An arm suddenly wrapping itself tightly around her filled her hazy mind with alarm. She opened her mouth and drew breath to cry out. A thick cloth clamped over her face, stifling her scream and filling her nostrils with a heavy, stupefying odour. Julia had smelled that scent once before. The thought flickered vaguely through her head in the split second before she slipped into unconsciousness.

* * * * *

Penelope Winter opened her eyes, stretched, yawned and glanced at the bedside clock. Eight twenty-five, it showed. Penny flung the sheet back and let the draught from the ceiling fan waft over her bare skin. A

shiver ran through her, not because the air was cool but because she had remembered how close she was to her goal. In a few more days she would see the turn-around in her fortunes she had been longing for for the last four years.

Ignoring the ivory cigarette holder she affected in public, Penny took one of her Turkish cigarettes from her silver case, lit it with the matching lighter and blew a stream of smoke up at the fan overhead. Lord, how she had yearned for the time when she would no longer have to count every shilling she spent! And it seemed now that things were going to turn out even better than she had hoped. She had been so confident everything was going her way that she had sent a letter to the prince while she was in Rawalpindi, to tell him of the advantageous change in circumstances that had occurred.

Penny drew on her cigarette, refusing to allow the little pang of regret that suddenly nagged at her to spoil her sense of satisfaction. She reminded herself that her own future comfort and security must be her priority. The draught from the fan was causing a tickle amongst the light brown curls at her crotch. It seemed she would have to have Subaidah trim her pubic hair again, but it could wait until she and the girls were safely in Dhokat.

She reached down to rub the springy hairs on the swell of her love-mound and felt another kind of tickle as one fingertip brushed the fleshy little bump at the apex of her pussy. This was no time to be thinking about sex, Penny told herself impatiently. In fact, it was not something she had had much time for since Tom's death had left her with the mess of his disastrous finances to live with. Grudgingly, she admitted she had contributed to his debts with her extravagant lifestyle, but it could hardly be said to be her fault. If he had told her they were bankrupt she would have been more careful. And if he had not been so irresponsible and made no provision whatever for her in the event of his death, she would not be in her present position.

Penny did not cover herself when Subaidah entered with her usual morning cup of tea. The young Turkish girl was her personal servant and used to seeing her naked. Suddenly eager to be on her way and have her business concluded, Penny drank the tea quickly and finished her cigarette. She did not bother to go to the shared bathroom at the end of the corridor but had Subaidah sponge her down at the washstand. By the

time she walked back from the bathroom, the effort would have her sweating again. At least here in Peshawar the heat did not come with the humidity it did in Rawalpindi.

While the servant girl ran the sponge over her skin, Penny eyed her nakedness in the mirror. She had looked after herself and it showed in her reflection. At five feet nine she was tall for one of her sex. Her long legs were one of the things that had helped her become such a success in society after her coming-out as a debutante at the age of eighteen. She had not yet lost the beauty that had seen her declared a diamond of the first water by all the eligible and not so eligible bachelors who had shared the constant round of balls and parties she had attended during her years on the social scene.

Her breasts were not quite as firm as when she was younger, Penny was forced to admit, but they were far from being slack and saggy, and if her buttocks were a little fuller they had remained firm and well-rounded. Her belly might not be as flat as in her youth, but it too had not yet yielded to the ravages of time. Penny had seen plenty of women much younger than her thirty-one years who had every reason to envy her face and figure. She would even stand comparison to the two lovely young girls who were accompanying her, she thought, as she shook her head at the satin brassiere Subaidah was holding out to her.

"I'll go without," Penny told the servant with a sudden mischievous excitement she had not felt for several years. "The damned things make me itch in this heat." She checked the time and saw it was past quarter to nine. Julia had usually called on her to accompany her to breakfast by now, but no matter. She had let her and Kate stay up later than usual the night before and given them some time to themselves.

Though the young redhead was inclined to be impulsive and somewhat outspoken, Mrs. Winter had been confident that the much more reticent Julia would curb any waywardness on Kate's part. Perhaps a little too confident, she mused, turning sideways to confirm there was only the slightest outward curvature to her smooth-skinned abdomen. She had been worried when she had learned the girls had left the hotel with a group of young officers from the garrison, and greatly relieved when Subaidah had reported their safe return a little after midnight. Still, she had been right to let them have some fun on their own. There would be little chance of that once they reached Dhokat.

Penny decided on a cream silk chemise with matching lace-trimmed French knickers and a white, Indian calico skirt and jacket. The outer garments dated to the last time she had been in India but they were still in good condition. It was unfortunate she could not afford to buy new, more fashionable ones but she had more than enough creditors back in England without adding to the list. That, however, was all about to change. The sense of satisfaction that she had been feeling ever more frequently since arriving in India filled Penny again. She lit another cigarette and looked at the clock.

"You had better go and wake the young ladies," she told the servant. "The car is due to collect us at ten thirty." She sat on the bed, slipped her low-heeled white pumps onto her feet and smoked contentedly while she waited for her servant to rouse the girls.

Subaidah rushed into the room, her pretty face twisted with anxiety. Penny's stomach turned over even before the servant spoke.

"Mistress, the girls are not there."

Penny hurried from the room even more quickly than Subaidah had entered it. She had to see for herself. She found the dress Julia had been wearing hanging in the wardrobe and the girl's silk stockings discarded on the bed, which had plainly not been slept in. Kate's evening gown lay over the foot of another bed that had seen no use the night before. There were no signs of a struggle in either of the girls' rooms but Penny was in no doubt what had happened. They had been abducted, and from right under her nose.

"Damn, damn, damn!" she swore. As a former army wife she knew much coarser words but had schooled herself not to use them, even when she was alone.

"What will you do, Mistress, go to the police?" Subaidah asked as they returned to Mrs. Winter's room and Penny suppressed her mounting apprehension and gathered her thoughts.

"No, I don't want to involve the authorities unless it becomes absolutely necessary," she said. "I am the one responsible for those two girls. They were under my protection and it's up to me to get them back." She slipped her cigarette holder, case and lighter into her handbag and took out the Colt .32 automatic pistol nestling between her handkerchief and powder compact. With her lips a firm, determined line Penny checked its load. "And lord help anyone who gets in my way."

The Indian at the hotel's reception desk claimed he knew nothing, until five rupees appeared in Mrs. Winter's hand and then he recalled seeing two sahibs who were not regular customers in the bar the previous night.

"Sahibs?" Penny demanded. "White men? Europeans?"

"British sahibs," the man confirmed, "and military men, I would say."

He would likely know, Penny thought, Peshawar being a garrison town, but it seemed highly unlikely that two soldiers were involved in abducting Julia and Kate. Slavery and slave markets were common features of Indian life, despite the efforts by the British Raj to stamp them out, but the underground business was usually controlled by native Indians. She parted grudgingly with her money, only half-convinced that the man was not involved in the girls' kidnapping himself and making up the story to throw her off the scent. There was one man who would know.

Penny went outside, summoned a bicycle rickshaw and told its owner where she wanted to go. Barely haggling over the price, she climbed in and fumed at every delay the crowded streets and busy traffic created. Her stomach felt empty but it was not the lack of her breakfast that was causing it. The girls were in her care. It was up to her to see that they reached Dhokat in safety. And she had very little time in which to do it.

Though Penny recognised the Indian servant who answered the door to the large white house, it was clear that he did not remember her. She gave her name, and waited impatiently in the cool of the entrance hall while he carried it to his master. The servant was back in under a minute to lead her into a large dining room with French doors that looked out over a green and shady garden.

"Well, I'm blessed, it is you! I hardly believed it when Ranjit told me. How are you, Penelope?"

Penny glanced around the expensively furnished room before meeting the eye of the man sitting at the table. "Well enough, thank you. You seem to be enjoying continuing success."

James Macdonald had been a civil servant who, like many another, had dabbled in a little private enterprise on the side. He had begun importing treadle-powered sewing machines, had made such a fortune at

it that he had resigned his post, and was now the representative for a multitude of companies eager to sell their goods in the sub-continent. For years rumour had had it that he dealt in items of more questionable legality than the refrigerators and gramophones that filled his warehouses, but they *were* only rumours and Penny had never heard that he included slaving amongst his activities. Nevertheless, his customers included the chieftains and princelings of the semi-independent states along the frontier, frequent buyers of the flesh the slavers peddled. Part of the reason for Macdonald's success was that he kept himself well informed.

Penny accepted the cup of coffee he offered her and drew out a chair from the table, angling it to ensure he had a good view of her shapely calves before she sat down. She fitted a cigarette into her holder and lit it.

Leaning back in his chair, Macdonald looked a little red-faced and seemed to be breathing rather quickly. Penny looked down to ensure she was not revealing more than she had intended, and then at the whisky bottle that stood beside the empty bowl on the tablecloth before him. She had heard he was given to adding a dash of whisky to his breakfast porridge each morning, but surely he was not drunk so early in the day.

"Are you all right?" she enquired, sincerely hoping he had not become a drinker since they had last met. If so he would likely be of little help.

Macdonald grinned. "Oh, much more than all right, Penelope, to be sure. What's it been? Five years since I saw you last?"

"Not *quite* that long," Penny said.

"I was sorry to hear about Tom," Macdonald continued.

"Unfortunate business that. I hear he left you without a feather to fly with. Damned nuisance, I'll bet."

"Quite," Penny agreed quickly, embarrassed and anxious to turn the conversation to her business. She raised a surprised eyebrow when the man gave a low grunt for no apparent reason.

He grinned again. "Well, you've only been in Peshawar since yesterday," he said, revealing he was still well informed about what went on. "I doubt I was top of your list for social calls, so what is it you want from me, Penelope?"

Penny gave a quick, succinct account of what she had discovered that morning and the conclusions she had drawn, and looked at Macdonald hopefully.

“You haven’t reported it to the authorities?” he asked, and gave another strange grunt followed by a soft gasp.

“You know how they react if a white woman disappears,” Penny said. “There’ll be a wholesale crackdown that will only drive the kidnappers deeper into hiding, and their victims along with them.”

Macdonald nodded. “You can rule out anyone at the hotel being involved. The only illegal activity they get up to is watering their gin. I would expect your girls were taken out of the city the moment they were seized.”

“I’m aware of that,” Penny said, failing to hide her impatience. “What I need to know is *where* they were taken.”

“And you think I can tell you?” Macdonald chuckled and gave another grunt as he did an odd shuffle on his seat.

Penny again raised a perfectly plucked eyebrow, momentarily distracted from her purpose by his unusual behaviour.

“You know everything that goes on for miles around, James,” she said, forcing a smile to her lips. “I’m sure that includes where the upcoming slave auction is going to be held this year.”

The smile Macdonald returned was neither relaxed nor friendly. “Indeed I do, Penelope. I also have a pretty good idea who those two military types in the hotel bar might be.”

Quickly stubbing out her cigarette, she leaned towards him. “Then please be kind enough to tell me, James.”

His eyes flickered to the generous amount of cleavage her posture was revealing, and he laughed. “Are we suddenly such good friends that we should be swapping secrets? As I recall, I was never much more than an acquaintance the last time you were here. And you certainly didn’t go out of your way to seek my company at the social events we both attended. In fact, I seem to recall the one time I propositioned you, you laughed in my face. You may have been too drunk to remember it.”

“But... but I haven’t got any money.” Penny was embarrassed again, more because of her penury than by the fact he was right that she did not remember.

“I didn’t say I wanted any.”

Penny finally recognised the gleam that had been in Macdonald's eye since she had entered the room for what it was. A little shiver ran through her as his gaze roved over the twin swells of her breasts. She drew back and drained her coffee cup to hide the sudden increase in her nervousness.

"Well?" Macdonald said.

"Well what?" She avoided meeting his eye.

"How badly do you want the information, Penelope?"

Penny swallowed. "I... I..." She wanted it very badly. She *had* to have it. She looked up and felt the colour rush to her cheeks. "What do you want?" The words did not come out as the challenge she had intended but as a hoarse croak.

"Oh, I want it all, Penelope! Everything you flaunted under my nose and the rest of the garrison's for all the years you spent here." He grinned at the sudden widening of her blue eyes. "You enjoyed being a flirt, didn't you? You loved all the teasing and outrageous behaviour; always dancing too close to whoever your partner was, always making sure your gown was cut a little lower and more revealing than the others. The women all hated you for it, you know? The men did too, eventually. There's nothing more annoying than a little tease who never delivers."

"I... I was very young then," Penny said, cringing inwardly at his reminder of her vulgar behaviour. "I'm not the same person now. I... I've grown up a lot since."

"So you have," Macdonald agreed, leering at the rapid rise and fall of her breasts. "But you're still a damned handsome woman, Penelope, and I'd like to see a bit more of you." His grin broadened. "In fact, a great deal more, if you expect my help."

Penny shuddered and groped a hand towards her cigarette case.

"No! You can smoke afterwards if you want to," Macdonald snapped.

She gulped. "Afterwards?"

"It's a little late to play the innocent. You know exactly what I'm talking about. You can begin by taking your clothes off."

"But..." Penny was in a corner and he knew it. If she wanted to stand any chance of getting the girls back before it was too late, she had no choice but to do whatever he told her to. A shiver ran down the

insides of her thighs. Slowly, she raised a hand to the buttons on the front of her calico jacket.

“Stand up first,” Macdonald ordered. He still seemed a little breathless. His face was flushed and she could see beads of sweat on his forehead. If both his hands were not resting on the table she would have sworn... Penny cut off the thought with another shiver and saw the expectant look he was giving her. She opened her mouth to make a last plea to his decency, and then closed it again. The fact that she was on her feet with her fingers on her buttons showed how far she was willing to go, to Macdonald as well as herself. Gnawing her lower lip, she unfastened her jacket.

He gave another of his grunts as she freed the last button, hesitantly slid the garment from her shoulders and hung it on the back of her chair. His noises had seemed odd before, but now they sounded positively obscene as he forced Penny to strip while he watched. Gut lurching, she lowered her eyes and saw the two dark patches on the semi-transparent silk of her chemise where her nipples were thrusting against the material. A little despairing mew escaped her at the depth of her humiliation, and even more at the knowledge it was not going to stop there. Just how far did he really mean to go?

“Look at me, Penelope,” Macdonald said. “I want to see your face as well as your body. I want to see how a cock-teaser behaves when she knows for once she’s going to have to go all the way. And step away from the table so I can see those famous long legs.”

Belly fluttering wildly as he confirmed her worst fear, Penny glanced at her handbag. She dared not use the pistol it concealed. He would know any threat she made was a bluff as long as she needed the information only he could give her. She had no desire to kill him anyway, and if she wounded him she would spend days she could not afford to waste explaining herself to the authorities. Reluctant but resigned, she stepped to one side and let her skirt fall around her ankles.

Macdonald smiled. “You’ve certainly kept your figure, Penelope. It was always those big tits that fascinated me most. I think I’d like to see them now. Slip those straps off your shoulders and let’s have a look.”

Penny had thought the heat in her cheeks could not possibly grow any greater but learned that she was wrong as first one trembling hand and then the other slid the straps of her chemise down her upper arms.

With a ragged breath and a quiver on her lower lip she pulled the thin silk over the jut of her breasts and down to her waist.

Instinctive modesty made her raise her arms over the twin peaks, until Macdonald's impatient snort reminded her of her situation. The return of the girls was far too important to allow even humiliation such as this to get in the way. She put her arms at her sides.

Macdonald laughed. "Oh, there's that look you're so well known for! That sullen little pout on those luscious lips. That petulant little knitting of your brows. I'm surprised you haven't got a wrinkle there by now. And there's the flash of defiance in those big, blue eyes that always showed you had every intention of having your own way in the end. I thought you said you've changed."

"I have," Penny said, stunned. Was that really how others had seen her when she had been one of the garrison wives? She had known and cared little that she was not popular with the women, but it had always seemed she could wrap any man around her little finger. After all, she had been a High Society girl and a renowned beauty who had frequently been mentioned in the society pages of the newspapers when she had lived in England, and even in Delhi. Tom's transfer to the North-West Frontier had changed all that.

Macdonald was still chuckling, his gaze roving over her near-naked body, drinking in the sight of her long, bare legs, her trim waist and smooth shoulders, and the fullness of her pink-tipped teats. Penny suppressed the need to turn away from his hungry look and steeled herself for the next ordeal.

"What are you waiting for, Penelope? Don't imagine there is any way but one for you to get what you want from me. And you had better make sure I get everything I want from *you*. So take your panties off."

To her great discomfiture, Penny had already admitted to herself he was right. Nevertheless, it was hard to find the courage to expose her most intimate places to a man she had not seen for years and who even then had been little more than an acquaintance. Damn those foolish girls, she thought, for letting themselves get kidnapped so easily. And if she was being unfair, well, she was entitled to be, considering the position she was in. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her French knickers but could not quite bring herself to push them down.

“One of the men you’re looking for is an ex-sergeant,” Macdonald told her. “A twenty-year man who stuck around after he mustered out. His name is....” He grinned. “Something you’ll learn when we’re finished.”

It was enough to persuade her. Accepting her fate, Penny dropped her knickers and stepped out of them, thanking heaven she had not had the chance to get Subaidah to trim her fleece. At least it helped a little to conceal the plump cleft between her thighs. She pressed them tightly together, even more acutely self-conscious now that she was completely nude and entirely exposed to Macdonald’s scrutiny.

“Come here where I can see you better,” he ordered.

Penny obeyed, very aware of the swaying heaviness of her breasts as she took the few steps that brought her within his reach. She flinched from the finger that he used to trace a line from her navel to her pubic hair. Macdonald laughed and pushed his chair back from the table, revealing the shiny shaft of his penis straining upwards from his unbuttoned trousers.

Penny stared in shock, saw something else even more horrifying, and quickly covered her breasts and sex with her hands. “Good heavens, this is outrageous!”

Chapter 2

Macdonald laughed heartily. “That will do, Ishani. Come on out. I won’t have need of your clever little mouth for a while now that Penelope is here.”

Penny’s inner shame burned even more than her flaming cheeks, as a brown-skinned girl with straight, black hair that reached her waist crawled out from under the table and stood at Macdonald’s side, a big smile on her pretty face.

“You cad,” Penny accused. “She’s a native girl and you... you let her overhear everything and see me like this. Have you no sense of decency?” She realized the question was foolish as soon as she asked it. If he had, he would not have made her undress in the first place.

He shrugged carelessly. “I always have my cock sucked after breakfast. I could have let Ishani finish but you told Ranjit you had to see me urgently.” Macdonald eyed the point of Penny’s right nipple, which was peeping over the forearm covering her breasts. “Now, I have other matters to attend to today, so I think it’s time we properly got down to business.”

“Business?” Penny was still burning with indignation that he could allow his native houri to see her naked.

“It’s a simple enough transaction, Penelope. I fuck you. You get the information you want.”

“Oh, really!” Penny’s belly flipped as he declared outright what she had known he intended all along. “Must you put it so crudely?”

Macdonald shrugged again. “A fuck is a fuck. Call it anything else you like.” Chuckling, he slid a hand up between Ishani’s thighs from behind and smoothed his middle finger over the pinkish-brown petals peeping from between the plump crescents of her labia. She giggled.

Penny looked away, only to find she was staring at the thick shaft jutting from Macdonald’s trousers. Immediately she understood why it was shining wetly in the sunshine coming through the French windows. Her belly flipped again and an involuntary quiver ran through her sex. It was years since she had last done the act; at least one year even before Tom had died. The memory set another shiver teasing the lips of her pussy.

Macdonald rose abruptly and pushed his breakfast dishes aside. He patted a hand on the white cloth covering the table. "Get on here. Sit facing me with your knees bent and legs apart."

"I won't do any such thing," Penny said emphatically. She nodded towards the Indian girl standing insolently naked by Macdonald's empty chair, with her young breasts jutting out so arrogantly in front of her that Penny felt a twinge of envy.

"Suddenly the prude, Penelope?" Macdonald asked, though his grin showed he knew very well how she felt about being stared at by a mere servant girl who knew exactly what was going to happen next. "Strange, I don't remember you being at all bashful when you were here last time."

Penny ignored the jibe and the girl's impertinent expression, and she met the man's stare with her own. There was a limit beyond which she was not prepared to go. He seemed to sense it.

"Oh, very well! Ishani, go and wait behind there." He pointed to an ebony screen in a corner of the room. It was not what Penny wanted but it was more than she had expected to get. At least the girl would not be able to see her utter humiliation at the swine's hands. She shuddered. But she would be able to hear every sound they made.

"You had better not raise any more objections," Macdonald warned.

Penny sighed. There was not going to be any last minute reprieve. She climbed onto the starched cloth and, with a cowering embarrassment greater than she had ever felt before, drew her legs apart, placed her heels on the table's edge and leaned back on her elbows. Macdonald resumed his seat, adjusted the thick cock poking from his fly and eyed her supine body.

"You've got hair on your cunt, Penelope. The rumour was that you always kept yourself shaved. Was it true?"

"Do you have to be so crude?" Penny asked, mortified. "If you must make me suffer like this, can't you just get on with it?"

"I've no intention of making you suffer," Macdonald said. "I want you to enjoy it as much as I'm going to. Now answer my question."

"I used to. I stopped," she said flatly.

"Pity. I like a nice shaven pussy, or better still a freshly plucked one like Ishani's." He laughed at Penny's sharp intake of breath. "Don't

worry, I haven't the time to do it to you, unfortunately, but you can show me how you play with it."

Penny stared, not wanting to believe he meant it. The look he returned her left no room for doubt. Slowly, she lowered her head to the table, reached between her parted thighs and felt the crisp curls of her pubic hair brush her fingers.

"Go on, give it a proper rub, Penelope," Macdonald urged. "I expect you're good at it. You'll have had plenty of practice since Tom died. Or have you been playing the field?"

Penny had rarely masturbated during her widowed years and she had not taken any lovers. She had deliberately avoided her former friends from the social circuit too, or, more accurately, they had avoided her. Nor had she sought the company of men. She was not a whore. The warm flesh of her hood tingled under the pressure of her palm as she gingerly laid her middle finger against the lips of her sex. They too were warm and slightly damp.

"Go on, get it in," Macdonald said impatiently.

Turning her face from the glittering lust in his eyes, Penny pushed her finger into her pussy. A tickle of excitement made her shiver as it slid over her velvet-soft flesh.

"Look at me," Macdonald barked and she obeyed, belly wriggling at the stern, commanding tone of his voice as well as the shame of what he was making her do. He watched her in silence, looking back and forth between her burning face and the finger she was slowly sliding in and out of the intimate cleft between her thighs. His self-satisfied smile was like a knife twisting in her flesh. So why could she feel the dampness in her pussy increasing? He stood suddenly, his trousers falling to his ankles, and stepped out of them as he stripped off his shirt.

He must be close to forty now, Penny thought, with the prickle of excitement her rubbing created mounting steadily. He was not bad looking and he obviously kept himself in good shape, and his cock was.... She forced the thought from her head before it could properly take shape, abruptly aware how her breathing had quickened. It grew less even and quickened further when she pushed her finger deeper between the swells of her sex, all the while aware of Macdonald watching her every movement and expression as she masturbated.

Lord, it was horrible! His blatant desire, the sheen of perspiration on his well-muscled torso, the curling hairs on his broad chest gleaming damply in the sunlight, and the fat, deep-red head of his cock swelling taut and shiny at the tip of his curving shaft. Penny's pussy gave a little ripple under her stroking fingertips, and without her willing it her mouth opened and the tip of her tongue ran wetly over her full lips.

Macdonald moved to her right side. She followed him with eyes that were heavy-lidded with passion. He pressed a finger to the hard nipple on the crest of her right breast before gripping it between a finger and thumb and giving it a gentle tug. Penny gasped, and a long, tickling tremor ran through her sheath. Tom had often done that, pinching the stiff points and stretching the firm rounds of her teats outwards until it had just begun to hurt. He had always made love rather roughly. 'Hot and hard' he had called it, slapping her thighs and buttocks while she rode astride him or squeezing her breasts when he was on top, and nibbling and pulling her nipples with his teeth. She had loved it.

The memory made her sheath tremble with arousal. Macdonald's hand left her breast and slid over her damp belly to close over the fingers Penny was working in her pussy and pull them away. Her regret lasted only until his bigger, more demanding fingers probed the oily slickness of her tingling sex. With a moan, Penny arched her back, her hips pushing down of their own volition to meet the delicious penetration. Her right hand slid from her thigh to join the left in clutching tightly at the linen tablecloth beneath her.

"Ooh! Ooh, yes!" She could not stop the words escaping, though she knew that every sound she made would be heard by the servant girl behind the screen. Penny gasped as the ball of Macdonald's thumb moved rapidly on the slippery bud emerging from her clitoral hood. Her belly flipped as she realized what was happening to her, and at the same moment a powerful surge of pleasure quashed her growing disquiet.

Soft, sucking noises came to her through the mist of desire that had descended as Macdonald's fingers skilfully manipulated her sex. It was hot now, and she could feel her juices flowing and the tingling tremors growing stronger and more frequent. Hazily, she saw the man who was pleasuring her so wonderfully, curl a hand around the upright baton of his cock and angle its swollen, crimson head towards her.

"Suck me."

“Oh, no!” Penny gasped but already her lips were parting and her head inclining towards the monstrous, masterful cock. As if she no longer had a will of her own, her mouth ignored her mind’s reluctance and closed over the thick, hot shaft. Macdonald gave a jerk of his hips and a long, sighing moan.

“Oh, I’ve waited a long time for this, Penelope! You can’t imagine how often I thought about it when I looked at you, but I never expected it would ever happen.”

Penny barely registered the words. The feel of his broad shaft filling her mouth was forcefully reminding her pussy what it had been missing for the last five years. A fierce urgency made the blood pound in her veins and seemed to set the hard, engorged nipples on her breasts pulsing with the same throbbing arousal that was making her thrust so eagerly against the man’s wriggling fingers. Lord, how she wanted his cock inside her!

Macdonald must have sensed her need. His cock pulled from her mouth. Passion was clouding her vision as well as her mind, as she vaguely saw him position himself between her parted legs. Strong fingers closed around her thighs and he pulled her towards him until her bottom rested at the very edge of the table. The feel of his hands closing tightly on her flesh made her pussy clench, and wild tremors teased her sheath as a rush of juices bathed its trembling walls.

Penny closed her eyes then forced them open again as she felt her calves gripped firmly and her legs lifted high. The cock rearing up from Macdonald’s groin was gleaming with her own saliva now. He rested one of her legs on his shoulder as he released it to take hold of his rigid shaft and aim it at her quivering pussy. Penny groaned as she felt the broad cock-head rubbing her outer labia.

“Oh, yes! Yes, please!” She winced as she heard herself begging, but her shame had come and gone in an instant as Macdonald pushed forward and slowly sank his length deep within her pussy. It responded with a ripple of delight and a little sparkling orgasm that forced a soft, mewling whimper from Penny’s lips. She ran her tongue over them again, her breathing fast and shallow.

The wonderful, half-forgotten feelings increased as Macdonald placed her other leg on his shoulder and began to thrust. He leaned over her, pushing her thighs towards her breasts, and she squirmed and jerked

her hips to meet his lunging cock. His hands closed on her jiggling teats, squeezing and tugging while he plunged into her and heightened her need by crushing her aching-hard nipples against his palms.

Penny could only half-stifle her ecstatic cries. How on earth could she have deprived herself of such pleasure for so long? She had even almost forgotten the kidnapped girls as she revelled in the sparks of delight the cock's movements were creating in the tender membranes of her pussy. She cried out again as Macdonald quickened his thrusts, and once more when his hand encircled one of her breasts and he sucked hard on its thick, elongated nipple. Her head spun as the friction of the shaft driving into her compelled her irresistibly towards her climax.

It overtook her suddenly, a great squirming contraction of indescribable pleasure, and spasm after spasm of a delight so intense that it stole her breath away and almost her senses too. Through her own panting cries, Penny heard Macdonald's deep, guttural growl of satisfaction as her pussy clamped down on his cock and his hot spunk jetted into her. Instantly, she came again, her sex writhing around the wildly thrusting shaft, her head rocking from side to side as she moaned and gasped at the marvellous, wriggling delight. The weight of his body came down fully onto her, forcing the little breath she had from her lungs as he too gasped and panted in the aftermath of orgasm.

Feebly, Penny pushed against Macdonald until he finally levered himself upright and his shrinking cock slid from her still tingling sex. She sucked in a juddering breath, felt the heaviness of her breasts warm and damp against her upper arms and slid a hand to her twitching pussy. Eyes closed and only half-aware of what she was doing, she rubbed the hard nub of her erect clitoris.

Drifting in a daze of pleasure, Penny half-heard Macdonald's throaty chuckle, and ignored him. The soft, feminine laughter that followed it made her eyelids snap open. Stricken by the horrible realisation of what she had been doing, she leapt from the table and crouched in a ball on the floor, wrapping her arms around herself.

"You swine," she spat at Macdonald, her passion completely forgotten. "You let her watch the whole thing."

"No, only the bit when you started playing with yourself again." Macdonald grinned and slid an arm around the Indian girl's waist. "You

see, Ishani, I told you white women are no different when they've got a cock between their legs."

"You were right, Sahib. They are very much liking it too. They are not always so stiff and proud as I thought."

"Speaking of stiff, my girl," Macdonald said, sitting naked in his chair, "you had best get me hard again so we can take up where we left off."

In an agony of self-consciousness now that her desire had deserted her, Penny turned from the sight of the girl kneeling to lap her tongue over his flaccid penis, and she crept to her clothes.

"The men you want are Ross and Wilson," Macdonald told her as she slipped her chemise over her head. "They were both NCOs at the garrison here until they'd served their time. Now they live in a place up in Jargahal, not far from the border with Dhokat. If I'm right about them being in your hotel last night, and from the descriptions you got I'm sure I am, I'd say it's a fair bet that's where your missing girls are."

"White men selling white women," Penny said. "It's rather shocking."

Macdonald looked down at Ishani's dark head bobbing over his stiffening cock. "But hardly unheard of, as I'm sure you know. They're working with another white man. I'm not going to tell you who, but I will say you'll find him particularly dangerous and my advice would be to steer clear of him." He laughed. "But you can't do that, can you, Penelope?"

Penny frowned as she fastened her skirt and took her jacket from the back of the chair, resentful that he was only telling her what he chose to. An alarming thought struck her. "Jargahal is more than two days ride from the road. It's only eight days until the *khillat* is due to be distributed."

"And five more until the slave auction," Macdonald said.

"Where?" she demanded.

"In Jargahal this year. But don't worry. They've built a proper road since you were here last. You can motor all the way to the city now."

"Is it safe?" Penny asked.

“No more than any of the others so close to the border, but you’ll only have ordinary bandits to worry about. Things are pretty quiet on the Frontier just now.”

“That is hardly reassuring,” Penny said, growing ever more embarrassed by the sight of Ishani sucking on the penis that had so recently filled her pussy with such devastating effect. “I... I can’t afford to hire reliable bodyguards.”

“No need. Tony Wetherell is going up there with two Rolls Royces and a platoon tomorrow. I’ll ’phone him and ask him to take you along.”

“Tony?” He had been Tom’s friend, and one who had tried to stand by him during the court martial. But would he be willing to help her?

Macdonald nodded. “It’s a show of strength. A reminder of what to expect if there’s any trouble after the *khillat* is given out, and to let them know they aren’t getting away with anything the government doesn’t know about by holding the auction.”

“The army knows about it?” Penny asked in surprise. “But it’s illegal.”

“Of course.” Macdonald chuckled and laid a hand on the servant girl’s dark head. “It’s much the same as the *khillat*. The government gives out the money, supposedly for services rendered by the tribal leaders, but everyone knows it’s a bribe to make them behave themselves. They turn a blind eye to the slave auction for the same reason.”

“Surely not when there could be white women for sale.”

Macdonald shrugged. “I’d guess it depends who they are, or at least who they’re related to. They wouldn’t get away with selling the governor’s daughter, for instance, but having seen her, I doubt they’d want to.”

His flippancy irked Penny. The futures of two beautiful, young girls were at stake and, even more importantly, her own too. She bit back an angry retort.

“When will you ’phone Tony?” she asked instead.

“Now is as good a time as any.” Macdonald’s cock pulled from Ishani’s mouth with a plop as he rose and strolled nonchalantly naked into the next room, closing the door behind him.

The Indian girl got to her feet and faced Penny without any sign of self-consciousness. Once more envy drew the Englishwoman's eyes to the firm jut of the girl's breasts. She looked lower, at Ishani's flat belly and the blatant pout of her depilated sex. Had Tom and the two other men she had given herself to found her pussy so provocatively enticing when she had kept it shaven, Penny wondered. Her heart missed a beat. One of those other men had been Tony Wetherell.

The door opened, and Penny's cheeks flamed in embarrassment as her pussy quivered when she looked at Macdonald's rigidly erect cock.

"All set up," he announced. "Be outside the town's north gate at eight tomorrow morning. Wetherell will get you safely to Jargahal. He's looking forward to seeing you again."

Penny could not have said the same.

"Now I'm about ready for another fuck," Macdonald said. "You were damned good, Penelope, but not up to Ishani's standard. Of course, she's been properly schooled in the art of pleasing a man, but I enjoyed you too. It's pleasant to have an enthusiastic amateur from time to time."

"Damn you," Penny said in bitter humiliation. "You didn't have to let that girl see me. The story will have spread through the whole household before noon."

"And the rest of the street by dinnertime," Macdonald agreed, laughing. "And this time tomorrow it will be all over town. But don't worry. By then you won't be in Peshawar to hear it. Unless you'd like to stay and do an encore?"

She snatched up her handbag, half-tempted to reach for the gun inside. He met her dagger look with another grin as he pulled Ishani onto his knee.

"Consider yourself lucky, Penelope. I did think of fucking your arsehole too."

Penny could summon no dignity whatever under the barrage of laughter from Macdonald and the girl. She slunk from the room.

The ride back to the hotel in the rickshaw was an experience she never wanted to repeat. Before she was halfway there the crotch of her French knickers was soaking wet with the fluids leaking from her sex. Penny consoled herself with the knowledge that at least Macdonald had given her the information she needed. She was one step closer to getting her girls back. What she found less comforting was that her nipples were

still aching hard when she reached her hotel room, and to her complete amazement the moment she took off her soggy underwear her clitoris swelled to a stiff little point. For a moment, Penny almost reached for it, and had to sternly remind herself that there were far more important matters to be dealt with.

* * * * *

Julia stumbled when the man behind her gave her a hard push towards the door at the end of the passage. She had only just awoken and was still groggy from the effects of the ether that had knocked her out. Her mind felt numb and strangely detached. She knew what was happening, yet everything seemed distant and slightly insubstantial, even the floor beneath her bare feet. Her head ached, and despite the water Kate had given her when she had woken up, her mouth was dry and tacky. But through her confusion Julia was horribly aware of one thing – she was very, very afraid.

The door before her stood open, and another shove sent her tottering into the room beyond. She blinked in the bright light coming through the large window in front of her. As her vision cleared, she saw a spartanly-furnished room dominated by a big desk, and a figure sitting behind it with his chin resting on his steepled fingers. Kate staggered into her and she felt the redhead clutch at her forearm and closed her fingers over the girl's hand.

“Oh God, you're a white man!” Kate gasped. She pulled free of Julia and stepped towards the man at the desk. “What the hell is going on?” she demanded. “You can't get away with treating us like this. We are Englishwomen. You've no right.” Kate thrust her chin indignantly forwards, breathing hard.

Julia thought she looked faintly ridiculous standing in only her underwear and telling the man what a mistake he had made. Her gut went suddenly tight as she realized that she too was dressed in nothing but her chemise and lace-trimmed panties.

The man raised his head and lowered his hands to the desktop. His craggy face was tanned and weathered, and deeply lined at the corners of his eyes and mouth. It remained expressionless as he regarded Kate's angrily quivering form. Abruptly, she seemed to recognise her state of

undress and took a step back, covering her upper-garment with her hands where her breasts poked against the semi-transparent silk.

Julia heard the sound of the door closing and looked around. The two turbaned natives who had forced the groggy and bewildered girls from their cell were gone and two Europeans now stood behind her. They were big men with faces as brown and weather-beaten as the man staring at Kate. They were frightening and they were eyeing her bare legs. Julia looked away with a tremor of apprehension and saw the other man had risen to his feet.

She had thought the desk was bare until she saw his hand close around a varnished bamboo cane as long as her arm and as thick as her middle finger. Kate saw it too and took another hasty step backwards.

“We’ll be missed,” she warned him. “The police are probably already looking for us.”

He smiled without warmth, his hard, grey eyes never leaving her face as he came closer. Kate drew back, straight into the grasp of one of the men behind her.

“Let me go!” She jerked against his grip until she was out of breath. The man with the cane waited patiently for her struggles to subside to no more than an angry growl of frustration, and suddenly jabbed the tip of the bamboo rod into the swell of Kate’s right breast. Her startled squeak turned into another growl, this time one of outrage.

“How dare you, you uncouth lout? My father is an important man in Delhi. He’ll see you suffer if you dare mistreat me. I swear you’ll get no ransom for me if you hurt a single hair on my head. And they’ll hunt you down to the ends of the earth.” Kate was red in the face, as much from anger as embarrassment, Julia was sure. The laughter of all three men that followed her outburst only served to make it worse.

“Why, you...” Her renewed verbal assault was cut short by the man smacking the cane across the fronts of her thighs. She gave a startled cry of pain.

“Shut up, you silly girl,” he said. “I’m not interested in your melodramatic threats.”

Julia was not sure if it was the softly spoken command or the shock of the blow that kept Kate silent.

“Now that the usual pointless protests are over with, you will be quiet and listen to me.” He raised the cane and tapped it on his palm in

emphasis. "There may well be people looking for you. Since they have no idea where to look, it makes no difference. You will not be found. I have no idea who your father is, nor do I care, and I have no intention of ransoming you to him or anyone else." He prodded the cane into Kate's breast again. "You belong to me. Both of you." His eyes flickered to Julia and back to Kate. "You are slave girls now and you will behave in the manner I expect from any slave of mine. Until such time as you are sold, you will be obedient, respectful and, above all, you will be silent unless told otherwise. And if you are not, you will be punished."

Kate's mouth opened but no sound came out. An awful emptiness clutched at Julia's belly and she felt even weaker. Surely she had misheard him? He could not possibly have said the word 'slave'.

"You bloody traitorous bastard," Kate almost screamed, lunging against the grip of the man who held her. "You bloody swine slaver. You'd sell us like cattle to the damned uncivilised natives." She spat at him. "And you dare call yourself an Englishman, damn you!"

Julia had learned Kate had a temper very soon after they had first met, but she had not suspected how ferocious it could be. Even the man holding the cane seemed shocked. It only lasted a moment. His hand shot out and grabbed the front of the redhead's chemise, squeezing one of her out-thrust breasts through the thin silk. She twisted, her cries growing louder and more anguished as he gripped her tighter and tighter. Only when she began begging him to stop did he let go.

"It's clear you need a lesson in obedience," he said and Julia saw a threatening glint in his grey eyes that heightened the intense fear she had been feeling ever since she had seen him pluck the cane from the desk. "That's often the case to begin with, but you'll soon learn it is much less painful to behave yourself." He gave a nod to the man holding the gasping redhead. It took him and the man behind Julia to grapple her to the desk and force her belly-down onto its green leather surface.

Appalled, Julia watched the man with the cane pull Kate's chemise up to her armpits, while his minions held her wrists and ankles and stretched her limbs until she could scarcely even twist her hips in their grasp. He hooked both hands into the top of her panties and pulled them down past her knees in a single, fluid motion, exposing the twin, up-thrust cheeks of her bottom.

"You bastard," Kate grated through clenched teeth.

“An extra one for that,” he snapped, “and two more for calling me a traitor.”

Trembling uncontrollably, Julia clasped her arms around herself and pressed her thighs tightly together as a sudden urge to empty her bladder overcame her. She watched the man raise the thick, ugly cane high, and with her heart pounding madly she clamped her eyes tight shut as it came down. The crack as it struck Kate’s flesh made her jump. She heard the girl’s sharply indrawn breath, followed at once by another vicious crack and a loud hiss from Kate.

Amazed at the redhead’s self-control, Julia opened her eyes to slits and saw the firm rounds of Kate’s buttocks yield under the cane and bounce back as it lifted to strike again. Three fiery red lines marred the paleness of their soft skin, suddenly overlapped by a fourth as the bamboo once more smacked down hard. It was too much to bear. Julia closed her eyes and felt herself swaying as her aching head spun. Churning fear filled her mind. She could escape the sight of the brutes tormenting Kate but she could not avoid hearing the frightening, meaty crack of the cane on the helpless redhead’s flesh. Nor could she shut out the anguished gasps and whimpers the girl had begun making and which increased in volume as the wicked caning continued. By the time the man had dealt her twenty strokes she was crying loudly and pleading pathetically for him to stop.

Only when he had delivered three more cruel cuts did he step back, and the men holding Kate released her wrists and ankles and pulled her to her feet, supporting her between them. Their leader lifted her chin and ordered her to look at him.

“Now do you understand?” he demanded.

Panting and with her cheeks beslobbered with tears, Kate gave a short nod.

“To whom do you belong, slave girl?”

“To... to you.”

“Then you will call me ‘Master’ as any good slave should when her owner permits her to speak.” When she kept silent, he flicked the cane across her breasts. “Well?”

“Yes... Master,” Kate said in a tiny, hoarse voice.

“And you will be obedient. I want no more defiance.”

“Yes,” Kate said more firmly. She did not add ‘damn you’, but it was evident from the look she gave him. The cane tapped the jut of her right teat. “Master,” she added quickly.

The man laughed. “We’ll see. You have much to learn and only a short time in which to learn it. I have a feeling this won’t be your last encounter with the cane. And you have yet to make the acquaintance of the whip.”

Julia felt sick. The redhead looked so utterly vulnerable and helpless, standing forlornly with her knickers around her ankles and surrendering her freedom. She saw with horror the thick, crimson ridges the cane had raised on the girl’s delicate bottom. Kate was trembling. Strong, confident, outgoing Kate had been cowed by the cruel beating, and shy, reserved Julia was more than cowed. She was terrified. With a sudden, crushing dread she saw the man Kate had called Master turn his iron hard gaze on her.

“We’ll do this one too,” he said as if it meant nothing. “She needs to learn the same lesson. It might as well be now.”

Panic surged. Julia thought she would faint. In that moment she could no longer contain her bladder. She wet herself from sheer fright. The two men who had started towards her stopped as her piss squirted through the fine silk of her panties and splashed the terracotta tiles in front of her. A split second later a sudden wild surge of energy helped her turn and bolt towards the door. Somehow she yanked it open and, with her piss still spurting uncontrollably, rushed blindly down the passage, filled only with the desperate need to escape.

A shout from behind kept Julia running full-tilt. She turned the corner and slammed into someone large and broad and very solid with enough force to send her sprawling.

Chapter 3

"I seem to have run into one of your more reluctant guests, Jefferson, or more accurately, she has run into me." As he spoke, the man Julia had crashed into bent and hauled her to her feet. Her knees buckled and he moved his hands to her armpits and held her upright with her back towards him.

"Please don't beat me! I'll be good. Please, I'll do anything you say. Don't beat me. Oh, don't!" Julia cared nothing for her humiliation as she pleaded. The cane was utter horror to her. She would do anything to avoid the wicked pain it would inflict on her defenceless buttocks.

"She seems very anxious to avoid a beating," the man holding her said.

"She's just seen her friend take one," the man who had been about to deliver it replied, "but I've never seen a girl react so extremely to a straightforward caning. Now I'll have to add some more strokes for her trying to run."

"Oh no, please!" Julia begged desperately. Her head whirled and she sagged in the big man's grasp.

He shook her gently. "Now don't go fainting, girl. No one is going to beat you today. I give you my word on it."

"Just a minute," the man he had called Jefferson said, "she's about to start training. She's bound to need disciplining."

"There are other ways than flogging her. I take it she is one of the two you told me about?"

Heart racing, Julia saw Jefferson nod.

"Then let me take her home with me." Holding Julia up with one hand, he raised the other as Jefferson began to protest. "It will make no difference to her price, I promise. I will see she is properly trained and obedient before the day of the sale. And you will save the time and trouble of training her yourself."

"Well.... I have my reputation to think of. If she isn't satisfactory it will reflect badly on me." Jefferson rubbed his jaw thoughtfully then gave a shrug. "Oh, very well. Since it's you, I'll make an exception. I expect you'd like to see the other one too?"

“That is why I rode over here.” Strong arms lifted Julia easily and carried her back to the room where Kate stood under the guard of one of Jefferson’s henchmen. The redhead exchanged a frightened glance with her, and then glared at Jefferson and the newcomer.

“Ah, a rare flower in this part of the world,” the man said, placing Julia back on her feet but retaining his hold.

The man guarding Kate gripped her tightly as she flinched from Jefferson’s outstretched hand. He slid the straps of her chemise from her shoulders and jerked the garment down until it joined her silken panties around her ankles. Kate’s cheeks flamed crimson at the exposure of the pointed mounds of her teats. Her leg twitched, and Julia had the impression the girl dearly wished she dared sink her knee into their captor’s groin.

“Hair like burnished copper,” the man holding Julia said admiringly, “and her skin is so light and fair. You did not exaggerate her beauty, and I fancy she is spirited too.”

Jefferson laughed shortly. “I fancy you are right. But I’ve never come across one yet who didn’t see sense in the end. Of course, white girls can be more difficult. They have a different mind-set to the Indians and you have to get through that before you can really get started. They usually have to learn the hard way that their European culture and ideas don’t mean a thing here. Once they do, they’re just like any other woman underneath. I’ve had well over a dozen before these two and never failed.”

“Time is short, however.”

“No matter. We might have to flog our little spitfire a bit more than most but you can be sure she’ll be ready.”

Shuddering, Julia looked at the purpling weals across Kate’s pale buttocks and sensed the man gripping her do the same.

“I hope she will not be marked on the day. That would be most displeasing,” he said.

“I know my profession, Jahngir Khan,” Jefferson said stiffly. “She won’t be.”

Julia gulped. The man was a native. In her distress, she had not seen him clearly, and from the way he spoke English had taken him for a white man. Looking up, she could see little of him but a firm jaw covered by a small, trimmed beard, and the skin of one cheek, no darker

than that of the deeply tanned Europeans. Her belly turned over. He was one of the frontier tribesmen, one of the barbarians that Kate had talked about.

“Of course you do, Jefferson,” he said. “I beg your pardon. But if I may make one suggestion: do not have the red-haired one fully depilated. Leave some of that coppery fur on her mound. It will make her even more stimulating.”

“I’ll take your advice,” the slaver said. “Now, let’s see if she’s virgin.”

Kate bucked as he pushed his hand between her legs, shrieking in outrage and then pain as her struggles pressed her flogged backside against the man holding her. Despite her efforts to evade him, it was obvious from the way she abruptly gasped and stiffened that Jefferson had managed to force a finger into her sex.

“No hymen,” he announced. “Have you been fucking, girl?”

“Go to hell,” Kate spat.

Jefferson laughed. “You’ll take another caning before the day’s out if you carry on like that.” He turned to the tribesman. “It won’t alter her price.”

“I know,” Jahngir Khan said, and laughed. “As you British say, one does not look a gift horse in the mouth. The hymen is not important. The hair and skin are enough.”

There was a vast, hollow feeling in Julia’s belly. They were talking about Kate as if she was an object, an article on a shelf to be bartered over, not a person at all. Jefferson had called them slaves and talked of selling them. And it was all real. He meant every word!

“Should I check her?” Jefferson asked with a nod at Julia.

“I will *ask* her when I get her home. A blonde and a redhead are a fine prize, Jefferson. Your reputation for always providing the best seems well deserved. Now I must take my leave. We will meet again on the appointed day.” Jahngir Khan scooped Julia into his arms.

“Oh, Kate!” she wailed as he carried her away.

“No, you can’t let him take her!” Kate cried. “He’s a heathen Pathan. He’ll treat her...” The rest of her words were cut off by the closing of the door.

Jahngir Khan’s grasp tightened on Julia’s anxiously wriggling body. He took her outside and set her on her feet beside a horse tied to a

hitching post. Filled with a new horror by Kate's words, Julia blinked in the bright sunshine. Wherever she was, it was definitely not Peshawar. They were in a compound surrounded by a high wall and beyond it lay rank after rank of brown and yellow mountains for as far as she could see.

"You had better take those wet pants off," the Pathan said.

Shaking with fear she cringed inwardly at the reminder of her panic and at the idea of exposing herself to him, but he took a light, cotton cloak from behind his saddle and draped it around her shoulders to give her some privacy. She was surprised but grateful. The soaked panties clung uncomfortably to her skin. Julia pulled them down and stepped out of them.

"Can you ride?" he asked.

Clutching the cloak around her, Julia saw him clearly for the first time as she faced him. She nodded, too afraid to speak. Eyes that were nearly black met her own, looking at her down a long, straight nose. The man's face was angular – as hard and rugged, she thought, as the mountains that surrounded them. A neat, short black beard covered only the outline of his chiselled jaw and chin, and a narrow moustache crowned his upper lip. His wide mouth broke into a smile that did not look unkind.

Julia squeaked in fright as he took hold of her, but it was only to place her astride his horse. He mounted behind her and set the animal towards the gate of the compound. She sat stiffly, leaning forward to try to avoid contact with the body pressing against her back, though with two people filling a saddle made for one it was useless. Julia looked away from the curious stare of the man with the rifle who opened the gate, very conscious of the two arms holding the reins at each side of her waist, and conscious too of her bare crotch straddling the saddle bow with only the thin cloak between them.

"Relax," Jahngir Khan said behind her. "We have a long ride ahead of us."

She knew it was good advice but could not have followed it even if she had wanted to. Why had she ever chosen to come to this awful, alien land? Why had she not followed her parents' wishes and stayed in England? It was bad enough for poor Kate, held captive in the house they were rapidly leaving behind and under the constant threat of another cruel beating. But at least the redhead was in the hands of white men, however

wicked. She was riding towards an unknown and terrifying fate in the hands of a native savage. Julia's belly shrank and a cold dread filled her heart.

* * * * *

"You bastard," Kate spat as the man gripping her arm tightly pulled her into the room and closed the door. She had heard the one named Jefferson call him Ross when he had told him to see to her training.

"You shouldn't call me that," he said. "It's disrespectful of my mother."

"Bastard," Kate repeated and the fire scorching her buttocks flared as the man's big hand slapped them hard.

"There's another reason you shouldn't call me that, and I'll give you a few more if you don't behave yourself," Ross said as she hissed in pain. "Stand over there." He pointed to the floor beside a raised, white-tiled platform about as big as a single bed. Two such platforms took up much of the space in the room, which was almost identical to the bare cell where she and Julia had awoken from their drugged sleep barely two hours earlier.

Fiercely resentful, but far more afraid than she cared to admit even to herself, Kate felt the stinging throb of her backside, eyed the short, thin whip tucked in the man's belt and did as she was told. Burning with humiliation she lowered her head as he looked her nude body up and down.

"You're a pretty girl, all right," Ross remarked. "First thing you need to learn is to hold your head up. A man likes to see his slave girl's face. It's a good part of what he's paid for, after all."

"I'm not a slave," Kate said hotly. "For god's sake, I'm a white woman. You have no right to treat me this way. You... you can't just sell me."

"Of course we can," Ross said. "Do you think you're the first white girl I've trained? Slavery is as natural for you as for Indian girls. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll get used to it. So don't go getting yourself into a temper."

“A temper! How else should I feel, you b...” Kate bit back the insult as he laid a hand on his whip. “Listen, my father’s an important man in the government. He’ll pay you well if you take me back to him.”

The man’s harsh laugh shattered her faint hope that he might agree.

“He’d slap me in jail quick as I could blink and we both know it. Now lie down. As the Captain said, we haven’t much time ’til the auction so we’d best get started.”

Swallowing hard, Kate lay on the tiled platform, propping herself on one elbow and careful to keep her caned bottom off its hard surface. She pressed her shivering thighs tightly together and raised a trembling hand to cover her breasts. Warily she watched Ross raise a hinged metal bar in the shape of an inverted ‘U’ from the floor and lock it in place above the platform in line with her thighs. He moved to the opposite end and did the same with another bar, this time hinged at the edge of the platform, above her head.

“W... what are they for?” Kate asked, her belly flipping.

“Well, this one is to tie your wrists to,” Ross said.

“Oh, no!” Kate had half risen from the tiles when his palm pressing between her breasts forced her back down.

“We can do this hard, little miss, or we can do it easy,” he said. “Either way you’ll end up where I want you, but hard means you’ll get a dozen licks of my whip to your backside first. Do you really want it hurting more than it does now?”

Kate definitely did not, but it was hard to stave off her panic as she felt the leather straps tighten around each of her wrists, and Ross secured them to the bar above her head. She wanted desperately to fight him.

“I don’t suppose you’ve ever been tied before,” he said, “but you don’t need to be afraid. Nothing drastic is going to happen, if that’s what you’re thinking.”

That was exactly what Kate had been thinking. “What are you going to do?” she asked, hating the tremor in her voice that betrayed her fear.

“Just tidy you up a bit, little miss. Nothing too unpleasant.” He gave her a smile. Much to her surprise, it seemed to hold some genuine warmth, but it did nothing to quell her mounting apprehension.

“Oh, please!” She cringed at her weakness. She had always felt so sure of herself, yet here Kate knew she was completely and helplessly out

of her depth. Embarrassingly aware that she was revealing her most intimate places, she did not argue when Ross made her raise her legs and hook the backs of her knees over the second metal bar. It took all of her self-control not to kick out as he fastened a strap in a figure of eight above and below each of her knees, tightening the leather to hold her upraised thighs apart. At least the position lifted her smarting buttocks off the platform.

“Good girl,” Ross said. “No sense making trouble that will only get you punished.” He fed a leather belt through a metal ring on the platform at Kate’s right hip and then through another at her left, and buckled it tightly across her belly, which immediately fluttered with fear.

She could scarcely believe she was actually cooperating in her own enslavement. She was stronger than this. She had courage – she knew she had. Kate’s pounding heart and churning gut told another story. With tears prickling her eyes, she watched Ross take something from a cupboard and sit at the end of the platform facing her spread thighs. From there he could see everything, she thought, and felt her buttocks clench as she realized how close he was to her defenceless sex. Ross produced a roll of sticking plaster and tore off a strip.

“Oh, what are you doing?” Kate asked anxiously.

“I’m just going to take some of the hair of your pussy, little miss. There’s no cause for alarm.”

There was every cause for alarm as far as Kate was concerned. She tugged feverishly at the straps holding her, but it was too late to fight. She should have kicked and bit and scratched when she had the chance. Now all she could do was wail despairingly and wriggle as Ross laid the length of sticking plaster directly against the twin swells of her sex-lips and pressed it firmly onto her skin.

“No! Noo! Ow! Ooh! Ow!” It stung horribly when he ripped the fabric away, taking the copper curls around her labia with it. Kate squirmed and pulled herself up by her wrist straps, shaking her head and gasping. Ross’s broad palm pushed her down.

“Oh, no! Not again!” she wailed as he pressed another strip over her sex and tore it free with the same stinging effect as before. He did every area at least twice, even the hollows at the very tops of her inner thighs. Kate’s gasps had turned to groans and her wriggles to frantic

jerks by the time he trimmed the little that remained of her fleece with a pair of scissors and sat back with a nod.

“There, that wasn’t so bad.”

“Yes it was,” she contradicted. “You’re a very cruel man to treat me so.”

His smile broadened. “Nah! I’m not kind, I’ll grant you. Twenty years in the army saw to that. But I’m not like Jefferson. This is just work for me. My cock doesn’t get hard when I beat a girl.” His eyes explored her nudity. “Well, maybe a bit, but I’m not angry and bitter like he is. Don’t you cross him, little miss, or you’ll regret it. He can’t make those who broke him pay, so he’ll take it out on you if you don’t behave yourself.” He leaned towards her. “You’ve been a good girl, so now you get your reward.”

Kate saw him look at the tiny triangle of short, red-gold hairs that was all he had left of her pubic fleece. Below it, entirely visible even if she had been able to press her thighs together, were her pale pink folds. She jerked suddenly, straining at the straps holding her to the bars, but she could not evade Ross’s finger. He rubbed its tip on her frighteningly sensitive flesh, and Kate shuddered.

“You....” She clenched her teeth, glaring at him. His smile, which still somehow did not seem threatening, was unwavering as he met her eye. Humiliated, she turned her face aside.

“We know you’re not a virgin,” Ross said. “But I don’t think you’ve been fucked, have you?”

The question was like a slap in the face. Kate opened her mouth, not because she had any intention of answering his disgusting question but simply from astonishment that he had asked it. Suddenly more angry than embarrassed, she stared at him defiantly. A little tickle thrilled through her clitoris. She caught her breath. Ross seemed not to notice.

“Maybe you were the sporty type at school, eh? A hockey player? A gymnast? Perhaps it was horse riding? Or did you find a more interesting use for the handle of your hairbrush?”

With more heat rushing to her cheeks Kate dropped her eyes from his. She had never blushed so much in her life as she had this day.

“Ah, that’s it, eh? No need to be embarrassed. You’re not the first by a long way. At least you’ll have some idea of what to expect.”

Kate had no idea what he meant. She was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate on anything but the gentle friction of Ross's finger on the tingling flesh at the apex of her pussy. She suddenly realized what was happening.

"Please stop. It's... it's not right."

"Sorry, little miss, you have no more say in when you get the pleasure than you have in when you get the pain. That's for me to decide."

Kate laid her head back and turned her face from his grin, but she could not avoid his touch or the tremors of arousal that had begun teasing through her pussy. Breathing faster, she gritted her teeth against the sighs trying to escape her lips. Ross spread her prickling clitoral folds and pressed directly on the swelling nub they no longer concealed. Despite her determined efforts to suppress it, a sudden warm feeling spread through her lower belly. Her hips wriggled involuntarily, pushing her sex against his moving finger.

"Ah, now that's good," Ross told her. "Fiery *and* passionate. I knew you were going to be one of the more responsive ones."

"No," Kate gasped. This could not be happening. No one but she had ever touched her pussy before. No one but she had provoked those lovely, tickling tremors that she was vainly fighting to quash. Her heart shrank. This man was holding her captive. He was going to sell her into slavery. She told herself he had threatened her, beaten her and was violating her against her will. None of it worked. The more he rubbed the more Kate's arousal intensified – the faster the pulsing of blood through her veins, the more eager the treacherous snaking of her hips that thrust her pulsing clitoris against his teasing fingers. And the more urgent her need for fulfilment became.

Without reducing the friction on her upright bud, Ross used his other hand to smooth over the freshly depilated outer lips of Kate's sex. They tickled, heightening the delicious ripples of excitement in her sheath. She squirmed, fighting the need to moan. A finger stroked the length of her slit, and pressure on the fleshy crescents of her labia told her he had spread them apart. Kate had no time to feel ashamed. The finger slid over her moistly tender inner lips and slowly pushed inside. At once her sex contracted, clamping its writhing walls around the invading digit.

Bucking frantically, bound limbs tugging fiercely against her straps, Kate orgasmed.

Never before had she known such overwhelming delight, nor such devastating humiliation. Totally beyond her control, her naked, sweat-sheened body squirmed as wave after wave of pleasure racked her pussy and tore long, breathless moans from her lips until she thought she would lose her senses completely. As stars flashed behind her closed eyelids, through the sounds of her ragged breathing she heard Ross laughing softly.

“There, that’s what you get for being a good girl. Wasn’t it nicer than what you got for being a bad one?”

“No, it was horrid,” Kate said thickly, with the dying spasms of her climax still trembling through her sheath. “It was a wicked thing to do.”

“Oh, come on!” Ross held up a shiny, dew-covered finger. “Don’t try to tell me you didn’t like it, little miss.” He gave her still-erect clitoris a gentle pinch that made her hips jerk of their own volition. She looked down between the swells of her breasts at the shiny, bright-pink bud and turned her head away, as disgusted by her body’s reaction as she was by Ross’s treatment.

“I’ll bet you do it to yourself all the time,” the man continued. “Didn’t you enjoy having it done to you for a change?”

It had felt different, Kate acknowledged, but as strange and frightening as it was stimulating, and being bound and helpless was a horribly nerve-racking experience. She tried to glare at Ross, but her fear was returning now that her pleasure had waned and it was all she could do to contain it and stop herself screaming aloud. Perhaps he sensed it. At any rate, he unfastened her and helped her to her feet.

Kate swayed dizzily for a moment. The after-effects of the drug and her fear were making her feel weak. Nevertheless, when Ross turned his back and went to open a door on the far side of the room, she charged out of the one through which they had entered and ran for all she was worth down the passage beyond.

She had seen the front door when Ross had led her from Jefferson’s office. Kate reached it, yanked it open, and rushed outside. Her steps faltered. Weeping with sudden frustration, she stared at the high-walled compound into which she had dashed and saw the guard on the gate watching her as he unslung the rifle from his shoulder.

“There, now you’ve seen what’s outside,” Ross said from behind her. She turned angry, tear-filled eyes on him, and he smiled down at her from the veranda. “Come out of the sun,” he said and went back into the house.

What choice did she have, Kate thought bitterly. Defeated and despondent, she trudged back to the room. Ross pointed to the door he had opened and she stepped through it. The room beyond was almost empty, but what it contained was enough to make her belly curl into the tightest of knots. There were no windows. In the glare of electric light she saw two long chains ending in shiny steel cuffs hanging from the centre of the ceiling. Two more lay on the floor, fixed to ringbolts set into its terracotta tiles. In the centre of each of the room’s white-painted walls was a tall, wide mirror.

“Well, you’ve spoiled it now, little miss,” Ross said, “and just when I was thinking I had a sensible girl on my hands. Now I’ll have to punish you.”

Kate turned sharply towards him, immediately conscious of her nudity as she saw his gaze roving over her body. He smiled and shook his head as she covered her breasts and sex.

“No sense hiding yourself from me now. I’ve seen pretty much everything. And pretty is certainly what it is. You can just bend over where you are while I smack your bottom.”

“No!” Kate leapt away in alarm. “I’m not going to help you make me a slave. For god’s sake, this is nineteen-thirty-one, not the Middle Ages, and I’m a British subject. I’m entitled to be treated with dignity and respect.”

“You’re a naughty girl who tried to run away,” Ross replied, “so I don’t want any arguments. You can bend over and take six from the flat of my hand or I can chain you and give you a dozen with my whip.”

Kate’s heart sank. She had hoped they were still in Peshawar where she might have quickly found a policeman or a soldier, but it had been horribly clear she was held prisoner in some wild and remote part of the country, far from any chance of rescue. She felt utterly trapped and aching alone as she bent over. His smacks were not as hard as she had expected, but more than enough to intensify the scorching of her caned buttocks.

The moment she straightened up, he began fastening her wrists in the manacles hanging from the ceiling. Kate did not resist. He still had the whip tucked into his belt and she had no doubt he would use it if she struggled. His face blurred through her despairing tears as he looked up from locking the shackles around her ankles.

“No need for any more crying. If you’re good, this will be more pleasure than pain.” He shortened the ankle chains to draw her feet further apart, and added two additional ones between her wrist cuffs and the floor so her arms were held out at shoulder level and she could only move them an inch or two backwards and forwards.

It was horrid to be confined, to feel so defenceless and vulnerable and not to know what was to come. Kate raised her head and saw her reflection in the mirror on the wall in front of her. Shocked by the sight of her own nudity, she turned her head and saw herself again in the mirror at her left. In whatever direction she looked she was confronted by an image of her naked body and her wide, frightened eyes looking back at her. Her only escape was to close her eyelids, but she knew instinctively that that was forbidden. She caught sight of her back, reflected from the mirror behind her to that in front and her gut clenched tight. The round cheeks of her bottom were fiery red from Ross’s hand slaps and darkly lined with the welts the cane had inflicted. No wonder it was burning so terribly.

The man stood behind her and she stared at his reflection staring at hers. He was more than a head taller than she was.

“Aye, you’re a beauty all right, little miss,” he said. “Face as pretty as a picture, a lovely figure and a fine pair of tits.” His hands slid around her and squeezed her twin, pointed mounds. “Not too big and not too small. Just the way I like them.”

“Oh, please don’t,” Kate cried as his big, calloused hands rubbed the yielding flesh and teased her pale-pink nipples until they stiffened.

“I’ve already told you who makes the decisions,” Ross said, moving the balls of his thumbs up and down on the hardening points. “What you should understand is that a slave girl always belongs to somebody. That’s the nature of slavery. And while you’re in my care you belong to me. That’s simple enough now, isn’t it?”

“It’s... it’s not right,” Kate said weakly as her nipples tingled under his touch.

“Maybe not, but it’s how things are,” the big man said and slid his left hand down her taut belly to the plump love-mound above her parted thighs. His finger circled through the little tuft of hair he had left there. Kate jerked back from the tickle of it and gasped in pain as her bottom met his thighs. He laughed softly and pressed a finger between the oily slickness bathing the lips of her sex. Kate jerked again, feeling the shackles bite into her skin at wrists and ankles, as she pulled away as far as the taut chins would allow. It was not enough to stop his finger pushing into her pussy. She gave a horrified squeak as it circled her entrance, sending unwanted little thrills through its tender tissues.

“Still good and damp,” Ross observed, withdrawing and moving to her right side. She turned her head and saw her nude body in the mirror with her breasts thrusting out, humiliatingly hard-nippled, from her chest. He reached into his trouser pocket and Kate stared in shock as he produced a long, black, phallic object. “You’ll like this better than a hairbrush handle,” he promised.

“No! Oh, no!” Kate protested as he pressed the rounded tip of the phallus against her moist pussy-lips. She squirmed, tugging at her shackles as she strained to escape the frightening contact. The sudden pressure of Ross’s other hand on her scorching bottom made her hips jerk forward, and the hard, black length slipped easily into her sheath. A ripple of excitement teased its quivering walls.

“Ooh!” Kate could not stifle her surprised cry, nor deny to herself that it also held a note of pleasure. “It’s not right,” she murmured even more weakly than before, and began to pant.

Ross pushed the phallus deeper. “Right, little miss, you clamp down around that. You’re to keep it inside you until I say otherwise, understand?”

“No, I won’t!” Kate wailed, horror-stricken by her pussy’s response to the hard, horrid thing filling it. It was much larger than her hairbrush’s handle, much larger than anything she had felt there before. She strained to expel it. It slid easily over the slick membranes of her sheath and clattered to the floor at her feet.

Ross made an annoyed sound and picked it up, pulling the whip from his belt. As Kate sucked in an anxious breath, he flicked the leather backhanded across her lower abdomen. It stung like a nettle.

“Bad girl.” He held up the whip before her wide eyes. It was about two feet long, a narrow strap split into twin tails for the last third of its length. It seemed less menacing than the rigid cane Jefferson had used to flog her but she had just discovered it could still hurt.

“Now see,” Ross continued, “that could have been on your bum where it would have stung a lot worse. Let’s try again.” He pushed the phallus easily back into her sex despite Kate’s frantic twisting. Immediately, she forced it out. The whip flicked out, stinging the outer curve of her right teat.

Ross lifted the phallus. “One more try then you’ll get another lesson.”

Frightened though she was, Kate let the phallus slip from her sex for a third time. She did not want the awful thick length inside her, not least because she feared the pleasure she knew it would create. She stared back at Ross’s look of displeasure. She even dared hope he had given up when he left the room with a furrow in his brow. Fresh determination rose inside her. She was not going to surrender and let him make her a slave. Her gut twisted violently when he returned.

“Back or front?” he demanded, bending the long, thin switch he was holding in his calloused paws. “You choose.”

“No!” Kate cried, suddenly realising what she had brought upon herself.

“It had better be front then.” Ross lashed the whippy rod across the firm flesh of her thighs.

With a high-pitched yelp, Kate writhed in her shackles as its fiery scorch seared her skin. Even before she had stopped he had slid the hard phallus back into her pussy.

“Now don’t disappoint me, little miss. If I see that dildo again before I want to, I’ll switch you properly and you won’t like it a bit, believe me. And don’t blame me for your tears. You did it to yourself.”

Hissing in pain, Kate blinked moisture from her eyes and tightened her sphincter. Her sex clenched around the – what had he called it? A dildo? It must be a native name for the strange instrument. Her sex quivered. It had never felt so filled or tingled in quite the way it was doing at that moment. She thought the dildo might be made of ebony and she had seen that, apart from its smooth, rounded tip, it was carved with a chequered pattern of grooves. It seemed as if the sensitive walls of her

sheath could feel every one of them as they gripped tightly around the phallic shape. Ross moved to a corner of the room, leaned the switch and his right shoulder against the wall, folded his arms and watched her.

The tremors in Kate's pussy grew stronger and were soon joined by an ache in her lower belly. Her muscles could not possibly keep continually clamping down on the hard wood. She tried to relax them a little but the phallus immediately began to slip and she had to tighten her sex again. It wriggled. Each time she tried to ease the strain on her pussy muscles she had to clench them again, and each time more tickling tremors teased her. Beads of perspiration formed on her naked body. As time passed, they trickled in little rivulets down her skin. Kate groaned. All the while her arousal was growing.

It seemed an age before Ross appeared before her. By then, the sweat was streaming down her body. Kate lifted her head to plead with him and caught sight of her naked reflection, gleaming wetly in the bright lights. Between the parted crescents of her labia the butt-end of the phallus protruded from her twitching pussy. It looked so horribly obscene, she thought, with the flipping in her belly only heightening the quivering of her sex. Her legs ached from standing in the same position for so long. Kate shifted her weight and the dildo moved within her sheath. She gave a long, breathy sigh and saw her image in the mirror run a wet tongue over her parted lips.

Ross chuckled. "That's it, little miss. Now you're catching on."

"Oh lord," Kate moaned, and surrendered to the need to shift her weight again. Pussy prickling, she willed herself to keep still. Ross flicked his slim whip in the direction of her belly, and she jerked her hips back and felt a waft of air whisper over her pussy-lips.

"Ooh! Aah!" The phallus moved and then moved again as she squirmed when the tip of the leather licked the underside of her left breast and left a fiery tingle in its wake. Ross struck her right teat just enough to sting, and then alternated his blows between the two.

Every twist and jerk Kate gave chafed the dildo against the rippling walls of her pussy, and with every chafe they rippled faster and for longer. Abruptly, her sex clenched tight, and then writhed deliciously for long seconds as her orgasm overtook her. Even as her belly thrilled with the little climax, it contracted in fear as the phallus slid free and clattered to the floor. Breathing hard, Kate looked apprehensively at Ross.

He smiled and shook his head. "No punishment for that. It's just what we wanted." He picked up the phallus. "Now, let's tuck it back in there and see if you can do it again."

"Nooo!" Kate wailed desperately.

* * * * *

Julia drifted slowly back to awareness. She could still feel the rocking motion that had lulled her overwrought mind and weary body to sleep. The smooth shoulders of the horse were rubbing gently back and forth on the insides of her thighs, and the movement of its withers against her crotch was creating a disturbing tingling sensation. She was leaning back against something large and warm and very firm. It really felt quite pleasant.

Julia's eyelids flickered and opened. She shot upright, aghast. She had been lying against the barbarian Pathan who was carrying her off to enslave her. As memory flooded back so did her terror, made worse by the sudden tightening of the strong arms holding her upright on the horse.

"So, you wake at last, little *murgah*. You timed it well. See, we are nearly there."

Julia looked ahead. They were on a steep track that wound its way from the green valley up a mountainside dotted with boulders and straggling bushes. Above, perched atop the brown, rocky crags, was a fortress. Her heart was in her mouth as they drew closer to the high, crenellated walls. A man on one of the gate towers waved in their direction and a minute later the ironbound gates swung open and Jahngir Khan carried Julia into slavery. She trembled.

When he lowered her to the ground, her legs almost gave way. He slid from the saddle and Julia dropped her gaze from his, saw with horror that one of her legs was bare to the thigh, and quickly moved the cloak he had given her to cover it. His smile bared white, even teeth that made her think of a tiger stalking its prey. She jumped when he took her arm and led her towards the big house that dominated the buildings within the fortress's walls.

"Do not fear me, little *murgah*," he said. "I promised you would not be beaten. You will not be punished at all, or even chastised, if you

are obedient. Come, we are travel-stained and weary. Now we will take our ease.”

Julia was too dry-mouthed to even attempt to reply. She did not know what to say anyway. To plead with the savage would be useless and she was unsure if she could depend on his promise to spare her a beating. The way he had just mentioned punishment suggested he did not think of it as anything unusual or out of the ordinary. Her belly flipped as his firm grip steered her up the steps of the veranda to the big, brass-studded door of the white-painted building.

An elderly man waited within, bowing to Jahngir Khan and giving Julia a curious glance as they passed him. She was suddenly grateful that she had the cloak to conceal her nakedness.

“I am going to the *zenana*, Babrak,” Jahngir said. “Disturb me only if it is important.”

The house was cool and dim after the bright sunshine outdoors. Julia climbed two flights of stairs, fearfully conscious of the hand on her arm that might tighten at any moment if she dared to resist. She was too afraid to take in her surroundings, almost too afraid to keep one foot moving in front of the other. They stopped at an ornate double door decorated with gold leaf and plaques of ivory and mother of pearl. To Julia’s surprise, for he was plainly the owner of the house, Jahngir tapped on it instead of entering.

It was opened at once by a stunningly beautiful native girl who smiled at Jahngir, bowed and backed into the room with an inviting gesture of her hands. As she straightened, her eyes fixed on Julia and she said something in a language the English girl did not recognise. Julia did not meet her questioning stare. Even if she had not been terrified, her attention would have been drawn immediately to the native girl’s scandalous lack of clothing. She wore a flowing robe of pale yellow muslin so fine and sheer it was nearly transparent. Beneath it the high mounds of the girl’s bare breasts were clearly visible, their brownish-pink nipples straining against the gossamer-thin cloth. Below a white cord slung around her hips the fabric hung in folds that did not conceal the outlines of her long legs or that only a tiny scrap of silk covered the area between her shapely thighs.

Gasping in shock, Julia looked away only to be further shocked at the sight of more scantily clad young women who rose from couches or

silken cushions on the floor and clustered around her and her captor. They all spoke to Jahngir at the same time in their unintelligible language. He held up the hand not gripping Julia's arm and replied in the same tongue. All but one of the girls immediately fell silent. The one who did not, spoke rapidly and, Julia thought, heatedly, gesturing in her direction. Jahngir responded levelly but before he had finished speaking the girl interrupted with an angry retort. Her dark, kohl-rimmed eyes went suddenly wide and she clapped a hand to her mouth.

The Pathan spoke more sharply and the girl took a step back and bowed her head. Lifting her gaze to his she said something very softly, sighed at his head shake and walked slowly off down the long room towards an area divided by many wooden screens.

"Come," Jahngir said in English, and then switched to the other language to speak to the girl who had opened the door. He led Julia out onto a long balcony, down a staircase at one end and into a high-walled garden. She walked beside him beneath shady fruit trees, past green lawns and flowers and a gurgling fountain to an open-fronted stone building at the far end. Very apprehensive, Julia reluctantly let herself be drawn inside.

In the centre of the large building was a rectangular pool a good twelve feet long and eight wide, sunk into the stone-paved floor. The place was a bathhouse. A frightening suspicion came to Julia, confirmed at once by Jahngir Khan pulling the cloak from her shoulders and laying it on a marble bench beside the pool.

She leapt away from him with her heart hammering and covered her sex with both hands.

"Come now. I'm sure even well brought up English girls remove all of their clothes before taking a bath" Jahngir said with an amused smile and a nod at the chemise that was all she wore. It barely reached her hips. Julia shook her head vigorously, too afraid to speak.

"You'll feel better with the dirt washed off, little *murgah*, and the bath will relax you. You've been coiled like a spring since I first set eyes on you. It must be very exhausting." His eyes twinkled as he spoke.

Why did he keep calling her that name? She finally found her voice. "I will not be a slave." Her own daring surprised her, but the Pathan seemed unimpressed.

“That is not the issue,” he said, still with a smile. “It is only about you taking a bath, or more accurately, I think, me seeing you undressing to take a bath. What if I don’t look?” He turned his back.

Julia eyed the steamy tendrils drifting above the pool. The water did look very inviting. She was gritty with dust and her body ached, especially her belly, which had not stopped twisting and churning since she had awoken that morning. She darted a glance at her captor, and when he remained turned away she slipped off her chemise, hurried to the far end of the pool and down the steps into the water. It reached her waist, but she could feel a slope beneath her feet and waded towards the centre of the bath until it was lapping around the upper curves of her breasts. It felt wonderful. For a brief moment she surrendered to the comfort of the sensuously hot water cleansing and soothing her tense body. Then she looked up.

The barbarian was standing at the opposite end of the bath, looking down at her and casually stripping off his clothes.

Chapter 4

Julia looked away, but not before her horrified gaze had seen the width of Jahngir Khan's shoulders, the dark hair covering his broad chest and the bulging muscles of his arms. She backed away until the points of her nipples bobbed above the water then dared retreat no further and crossed her arms over her breasts.

Risking another glance made Julia's breath catch in her throat. He was descending into the bath, as naked as she was and making no effort to conceal the snake-like appendage hanging between his muscular thighs. Outraged and scandalised by her first ever sight of a man's penis, Julia kept her head down as a fierce blush burned her cheeks. Her belly gave an awful lurch as fear returned with full force.

The Pathan laughed softly. "Don't worry. I'm only here for the same reason as you – to be bathed."

Julia looked at him from the corner of one eye. He was up to his waist in the water and no longer moving towards her. The breath she had been holding escaped in a rush just as the girl who had admitted them to the *zenana*, along with another, entered the bathhouse. One of them carried a small bundle that she laid on the marble bench before joining the other in removing her revealing garments. It did not take long.

Shocked once more, Julia watched them slide their lithe, brown bodies into the water and take up position on either side of Jahngir. His big, muscled arms encircled their waists.

"Afia will help you bathe," he said, giving the girl who had answered the door a gentle push towards her.

"No," Julia cried, clutching her arms more tightly around herself. "I can manage alone."

The girl stopped with a questioning glance at Jahngir, and at his nod held out a sponge to Julia. Heart thumping, she snatched it and pressed it between her breasts. Apparently indifferent, the Pathan turned to the two girls. One began rubbing a sponge over his back while the other, Afia, ran her wet hands up his belly and through the springy hair on his chest.

Julia stared, muscles tense and every nerve strung tight. The girls stood very close to the man, completely untroubled that their bare breasts

continually came into contact with his skin or that his big hands were sliding over their naked buttocks and bellies as they worked. Was this what it meant to be a slave girl, Julia wondered, her mind a whirl. A moment later, it spun so fast she thought she would faint.

Jahngir had moved to shallower water, revealing again the flat hardness of his stomach and the bunched muscles of his thighs. The brown-skinned, snake-like thing at his groin was no longer hanging down but curving boldly upwards. And it had grown. Oh my, how it had grown!

Stunned and feeling slightly sick, Julia watched Afia reach out, curl her fingers around the thick shaft and draw the skin fully back from the dark-pink, plum-shaped swelling of its tip. Jahngir gave a sigh and eased himself down onto the pool's steps with the water lapping around his calves. The two native girls sat at either side of him, and the second girl added her hand to Afia's in rubbing slowly up and down on the grossly enlarged penis.

Julia snapped her eyes tight shut. She was not so innocent that she knew nothing about sex. Girls at school had talked about it, and she was country bred. She had seen animals mating, though of course she had never watched closely. Her mother had given her a lecture when she was seventeen explaining that men had certain desires she would need to fulfil when she married. These unsavoury urges came upon them irregularly and unpredictably, but satisfying them was one of the inescapable duties of a wife. Julia had been informed it was not the most pleasant of tasks and not one she should expect to enjoy. Indulging any urges of a similar nature that she might experience was not the sort of thing expected from a well-bred young lady and did not speak well of her character. Such excesses were only for a certain type of woman of much lower moral standing.

Julia had taken the lecture very much to heart. What young girl with respect for her mother's opinions would not? And she had indeed been indulging urges just like those her mother had mentioned for some time with the aid of her fingers. That had changed after their talk. Understanding that no responsible young woman would act so reprehensibly, Julia had suppressed her unwholesome passions. If they went against convention, they were not for her, however nice the tickling and tingling she could create between her legs might be. Most of the time

she was able to resist, but occasionally she had given in to the undisciplined side of her nature, only to find herself feeling guilty and embarrassed afterwards.

She was feeling just that way at that very moment. To her intense shame and surprise, the sight of Jahngir Khan's muscular body and her brief glimpse of his very upright maleness had reawakened those same sensations she had spent so much of her time ruthlessly subduing.

Jahngir gave another sigh, and Julia opened her eyes a crack only for them to spring wide of their own volition at the sight they beheld. The girl called Afia had her head resting on the man's stomach, his hand holding her long black hair out of the way while her mouth moved slowly up and down on the hard flesh of his thick shaft. She was...! Julia felt a warm glow in her sex even as she refused to believe what she was seeing. Was Afia sucking on the penis? The English girl clapped a wet hand over her eyes. This could not be happening. Surely she would wake soon and find she was safely in her hotel room in Peshawar.

"Now you, Reshmina," she heard Jahngir say. "Suck my cock."

It was true, Julia thought, and was stunned by the quiver that suddenly ran through her sex. The girls really were sucking his – what had he called it? His cock? She parted the fingers covering her right eye and watched as Afia removed the cock from her mouth and angled it towards the other girl's. Before she took it between her lips, Reshmina wriggled her tongue over its fat, pink head. And did it not seem a much brighter shade than it had been, Julia thought with her belly flipping, and even bigger than she remembered it? She must look away, she told herself, but her gaze seemed trapped. Like a rabbit transfixed by a car's headlights she continued to stare at the disaster fast approaching her.

Only one clear thought penetrated the confusion filling Julia's head: the Pathan had spoken English to the girls. She had the disquieting feeling that he had deliberately done it to be sure she would be in no doubt about what was happening. Julia turned the eye squinting between her fingers from Reshmina's bobbing head to Jahngir's face. He was smiling. And he was looking directly at her!

She retreated from his bright gaze and crouched on the step at her end of the bath. Drawing her knees up and wrapping her arms around them with the water covering her to her chin, Julia stared fixedly into the depths of the pool. She felt deeply ashamed. Her nipples were hard

cones pressing into the fronts of her thighs and she could feel her pussy glowing and quivering with indecent arousal. Her fingers slid involuntarily down her skin and almost reached her sex before her self-disgust drew them back.

Whatever was she thinking? That was the problem, she answered herself. She was not thinking, merely feeling, and that would never do. How on earth had she let herself get into this awful state over the vulgar behaviour of these uncivilised natives?

Julia shivered and tried not to listen to the moist, slurping noises the girls' mouths made as they took turns to lick and suck Jahngir's cock and the soft grunts and sighs he was making in response. It was disgraceful, she thought. They had no right to demean her by making her witness such an exhibition of licentiousness. She looked up as Jahngir suddenly gave a long, gasping moan, arching his back to thrust his hips upwards with his head back and mouth wide. Reshmina had her lips clamped firmly over his shaft, drawing on it until her cheeks hollowed from the suction.

Breathless, the English girl watched the girl's throat bob once and then again before her head lifted and she turned the glistening cock in Afia's direction. To Julia's utter amazement the native girl lapped the thick pearl of semen at its tip onto her tongue, swallowed, then began to thoroughly lick the saliva-covered cock before once more engulfing it with her mouth. Oh heaven, they were starting all over again!

Jahngir Khan rising to his feet and wading back into the pool spared Julia from the humiliation of a repeat performance. He ducked beneath the water and resurfaced with an alarming splash right in front of her. Heedless of his half-hard penis jutting in front of him, he reached out a hand.

"Come along. It's time we ate."

Julia retreated to the next step. Emboldened by her outraged modesty, she shook her head and saw his mouth turn down.

"You must come when you are told, little *murgah*," he said. "Do not defy my orders before others. Now you have undermined my authority and must be chastised for it. Do not make me turn your chastisement into a punishment."

Julia gulped. Whatever distinction he made between chastisement and punishment, she had no wish to learn what it was. She was suddenly

very aware of her precarious position and of how desperately she was clutching the sponge to her breast. Embarrassment and modesty warred with her fear, and lost. She stood up, self-consciously holding one arm across her breasts and the wet sponge before her sex, and backed up the steps. Jahngir followed, still holding out his hand.

“Give me the sponge,” he said, “and put your hands at your sides.”

Never more reluctant, Julia did as he told her, lowering her eyes as his gaze explored her nudity.

“You are very beautiful.”

Was he talking to her? Surprise made Julia raise her head and she saw that he was. His smile sent a little thrill of pleasure through her. She had always thought she might be pretty, though she could not recall anyone ever telling her so, not even her parents. It had not helped her efforts to overcome her shyness.

“You have a small scar,” Jahngir continued.

Trust him to spot her flaw, she thought, deflated.

“I... I had my appendix out when I was small,” she explained, pressing her thighs together. That was how she had recognised the smell of the ether they had used to drug her. The thought reminded Julia that, however attractive the man might be, he was in league with her kidnappers, and the realisation that she found him attractive so astonished her that she forgot she was naked and exposed as he led her to the two girls waiting by the stone bench.

“Let her do it,” Jahngir said when she flinched from the towel Afia began patting on her wet skin, while Reshmina did the same to him. Julia obeyed, though it felt awkward and alien to be dried by someone else, especially when the girl did not hesitate to apply the towel to her breasts and buttocks. She balked when Afia reached it between her legs however, and took over the job herself, turning to hide as much of her intimate parts as she could from the Pathan. Julia immediately regretted rubbing so quickly in her hurry to get it over with, as the tingling in her pussy increased.

She heard Jahngir laugh softly. He was belting a robe of dark blue silk around himself but there was no similar garment for her. The cloak and her chemise had vanished from the marble bench. Afia was holding up a small, rectangular strip of transparent, pale blue muslin. Julia darted a glance at the Pathan.

“New clothes appropriate to your new status. Keep still. The girls will dress you.”

It was as hard to be dressed by hands other than her own as it had been to be dried by them. The muslin was a breast band that fastened at the back with hooks and eyes. Julia’s relief when Afia helped her put on a short, sleeveless jacket of light-blue silk was short-lived when she realized its low front buttoned below her breasts, leaving them bare but for the sheer muslin. Reshmina fastened a thin cord around Julia’s hips, from which were suspended two small semi-circles of the same light-blue silk. They reached only to the tops of her thighs, barely hiding her sex or the cheeks of her bottom.

“I can’t wear this,” Julia said in dismay.

“You do not like them?” Jahngir asked.

The material of the garments was lovely. There was just too little of it.

“They are much too... revealing.”

His soft laugh held the amusement that so often seemed to accompany his words to her. “They are just revealing enough.” He nodded at the two girls who were putting on their own scanty clothes. “They are meant to enhance your beauty, little *murgah*. To heighten your natural allure, not conceal it.”

“A... allure?” The word was not one Julia had heard often. For a barbarous mountain savage he seemed to know a lot of uncommon English words.

“They will make you more attractive to men, or, more accurately at the moment, to me.”

Julia blushed for what must have been the hundredth time that day.

“You can keep them on or go naked,” he said. “Either way it is time to eat. My stomach grows impatient.”

Anxious not to provoke him, Julia accepted she must wear what she was given. Jahngir walked behind them on the way back to the house and Julia knew with embarrassing certainty that he was watching every sway of her hips and wriggle of her bottom. Her pussy gave a wriggle of its own as she felt the kiss of the breeze on its uncovered lips, and she heartily wished she had at least been permitted some panties.

Along with the native girls and her captor, Julia sat cross-legged on cushions at a low, round table to eat. Still half-terrified, and worn out by

the day's experiences, she had little appetite. Another of the girls, the one who seemed to have angered Jahngir earlier, also seemed indifferent to the many dishes on the table. When the meal was over it was that girl the Pathan turned to as he rose from the table. She hurried to kneel and press her forehead to his feet, and spoke to him in her own language.

"In English, Helai," he said with a glance at Julia, "so our guest will understand."

"Forgive me, my lord," Helai said. "I was wrong to question your wishes."

"That's true," Jahngir replied, "but if it had not been the second time in as many days you would have received only a chastisement. Instead, I have decided you will be punished."

"I obey your will, my lord," the girl said and the tremor in her voice heightened the hollow feeling in Julia's belly. The Pathan took her arm and she had no choice but to go with him to the far end of the *zenana*. The room must take up most of the top floor of the house, Julia guessed, not so nervous that she did not look curiously into the gaps between the wooden screens that divided its central part as they passed. Each contained a mattress resting on a raised platform. They were sleeping areas, she realized, more than a dozen in number, though she had seen only six other girls since her arrival.

The area at the opposite end of the long room was a blunt contrast to the part they had just left. There were no brightly coloured wall hangings or bowls of flowers, and no scent of sandalwood and rosewater. There were no cushions or furniture, except for a large cupboard of very dark wood and a big, elaborately carved chair that stood against the end wall. Julia caught her breath. Above the chair, resting on pegs in the wall, were three long canes, one above the other, each thicker than the one below it, and above them was a stiff, tightly plaited whip of red leather. Her gut gave a sudden lurch. Jahngir had told her she would not be beaten. Was he about to break his promise?

He must have sensed her tension and looked in the direction of her gaze. "No, you are not going to be beaten, little *murgah*, and since it is your first time your chastisement will be mild." He released her arm and wagged a finger. "But memorable, I hope, so the lesson is well-learned."

Avoiding his eye, Julia swallowed hard.

“First, however, there is the matter of Helai, who chose to question my judgement,” he said. The girl had followed along with the others and stood with them clustered behind her.

“I am yours to command, my lord,” she said.

“Strip then.”

Helai wore a muslin breast band as sheer as Julia’s, and two little rectangles of silk. In seconds, she was naked. As Julia had noticed with Afia and Reshmina in the bath, the swell of the girl’s mound and the lips of her sex were without hair. The complete exposure of her pouting pussy and the narrow cleft of her slit seemed to add to her air of vulnerability as she raised her dark, doe-eyes to Jahngir’s stern face.

“Now you,” he told Julia.

“Oh no, please.” Her belly flipped wildly and she looked in dismay at the semi-naked girls watching her. “Please, n... not in front of them.”

“Do you recall my promise, little *murgah*? I said you would not be beaten today. I said nothing about tomorrow.”

Julia trembled as she let her scanty garments fall to the floor. She would do anything to escape the cane, even suck his cock. A quiver teased her pussy at the thought, and at the same moment she felt a wave of self-disgust. Agonisingly self-conscious, she wished her breasts were not so big and so very obvious.

Jahngir’s attention soon left them, however, and turned to the nude native girl nervously licking her lips. On either side of the throne-like chair the floor was lined with objects covered by white dustsheets. There were six of them, all but their outlines hidden under the cloth. They all seemed to be different, some higher than others, some wider, but all mysterious beneath their covers and, from the expressions on the native girls’ faces, all to be feared.

The Pathan whipped the sheet from one of them and set the object down on the tiled floor next to Helai who shied from it with her lips twisting. It was a framework of heavy cast iron with a wooden board fixed at an angle about a third of the way up. The details of its shape escaped Julia as her eyes fixed on the most obvious and frightening part of the device. Rising from the centre of the board was a long, round-headed and blatantly phallic shape that made her sex clench tight and her heart beat faster.

“Down.”

Helai dropped to her knees at Jahngir’s command, laid one cheek to the floor and arched her back, lifting her buttocks high. The Pathan opened the cupboard, revealing a line of small bottles on one of its shelves. Bewildered, Julia saw they were clear glass and that each contained a liquid of a different colour, mostly in shades of red. Jahngir chose one of a pinkish colour.

“Saba, Laila.” The girls he had named knelt at either side of Helai’s hips and placed their hands on the girl’s buttocks. Standing directly behind her Julia watched with increasing anxiety as they pulled the firm cheeks of Helai’s bottom apart, revealing the pinky-brown pucker of her anus. Without Jahngir needing to order it, the girl relaxed the tight little knot and Julia was suddenly confronted by the bright pink of her gaping rectum. Shocked but horribly fascinated, she saw Jahngir bend, remove the glass stopper from the bottle in his hand and trickle some of its oily contents into Helai’s opened rear. The girl hissed and gasped, shuddering and clearly battling to keep still.

“Mount yourself,” Jahngir said.

She did not rise but crawled the few feet to the iron frame, turned and eased herself backwards until her feet were beneath it and her bottom touched the phallus jutting from the wooden board. Puzzled by Helai’s reaction to the oiling of her rear passage but frighteningly certain what she was going to do next, Julia felt her sphincter nipping as the girl reached behind herself. The young Indian girl’s mouth opened and she gave a series of grunts and gasps and wriggled her hips, slowly moving her buttocks closer to the board until they flattened against it. Teeth bared, she drew herself upright and raised her arms.

There was a T-shaped bar at the back of the frame which Julia had not noticed with all of her attention held by the phallus. An iron collar was fixed to the centre of the ‘T’ and iron cuffs on short chains to its ends. With increasing anxiety, she saw Jahngir fasten Helai into them. He wrapped a length of rope tightly over the upper curves of the girl’s small breasts and then below them until they were squeezed tightly between the thick coils, which he tied behind her. Her thighs he roped wide apart to two struts that angled down to form the front feet of the iron frame until their flesh, like that of her breasts, bulged at either side of the many loops in testimony to their tightness.

Before the last knot was tied Helai was squirming in the fearsome bonds, her face reddened and large beads of sweat springing up on her forehead. Surely she was not excited by the phallus's unnatural penetration, Julia thought, but the girl's expression seemed more one of distress than arousal. Suddenly it was far less important than the fact that the Pathan had risen to his feet and was looking directly at her.

Afia held out a short length of rope to him, not of the smooth kind that bound Helai but a rough, hairy sort.

"Three knots," Jahngir told her. "Not only was she slow to obey but she argued."

Julia watched anxiously as the girl added a third large knot to the two already tied in the rope while Jahngir went to one wall and loosened another rope tied around a cleat. A foot in front of Julia an iron ring attached to the other end descended from the roof beam. Hanging from it by a short chain were a set of steel manacles.

The blonde English girl desperately wanted to flee. Only her terror of the consequences prevented her, and the sudden despairing weakness that overcame her. The Pathan reached up to the manacles. He was not smiling. Abruptly she realized he was waiting for her to raise her arms and surrender herself. They shook as she did so.

Though he must know she had never been confined in her life Jahngir did nothing to relieve her panic as he clasped the shackles around Julia's wrists. A squeak of utter fear escaped her parched mouth as he pulled on the rope and drew her arms above her head. Her gut twisted horribly. The use of her hands had been denied to her. Terrified, helpless and agonisingly vulnerable, Julia fought for breath as Jahngir buckled a wide leather belt around her waist, took the rope, now with three knots, and held it up before her belly.

"Please," she managed to gasp in a hoarse whisper. He met her frightened gaze as he finished tying the rope to a metal ring at the front of the belt.

"I'm sure your modesty is very appropriate for an English drawing room but it has no place in my *zenana*, little *murgah*, and the sooner you accept that the less you will suffer." Jahngir moved behind her and she felt his wrist push her thighs apart as he took the end of the hanging rope and pulled back and up.

“Ooh!” Julia wriggled as the thick knots in the coarse fibre pressed hard against her sex and anus. “Ooh!” she gasped again as her struggles made the lips of her sex part and one big knot forced its way between them and into the entrance to her pussy.

“Obedience will serve you better here,” the Pathan said, pulling the short rope tighter still and tying it to another ring on the back of the waist belt. He went back to the cleat on the wall, loosened the long rope holding Julia’s shackled wrists and hauled on it until the manacles began biting into her skin and she had to lift her heels off the floor. She yelped in shock as he stretched her buttocks apart and made sure a knot was firmly seated against her anal pucker before reappearing in front of her. As his fingers sought her sex and confirmed the knot there was deep between her labia she jerked in frantic outrage. Even more humiliating was the way he spread the folds of her hood to ensure the third knot in the rough rope made full contact with her quiescent clitoris.

“Please,” Julia groaned, but the earnest plea in her eyes was wasted. He did not even glance at her as he turned away and led the other girls back to the opposite end of the long room. She tottered on her toes, trying to relieve the strain on her wrists and shoulders. The movement momentarily relaxed her anus and she felt the knot pressing on it work its way into the ring of muscle. At once Julia tightened it, but it was too late. The knot had forced its way into her tight opening. She gave a groan of despair.

As if in reply Helai also groaned. The girl’s face was deep red and little rivulets of sweat were trickling down it to drip from her chin to the bindings that were making her small breasts bulge. Despite the tightness of her bonds she was wriggling constantly as if trying to break free. Plainly she was very distressed, and more, Julia suspected, from the effects of the oil Jahngir had poured into her rectum than the penetration of the phallus or the harsh ropes.

As her own discomfort quickly increased, Julia forgot Helai’s plight and focused on her own. The slightest movement, even drawing breath, caused the knotted crotch rope to rub against her most sensitive areas, creating two contrasting and very worrying sensations. The pressure and chafe of the coarse fibre was very uncomfortable but, to Julia’s shame, it was also rather stimulating.

Even as her sphincter began to ache around the knot she felt a warmth spreading through her sex and a prickling tingle amongst the folds of her clitoral hood. Soon she was sweating almost as much as Helai and giving the same moans and gasps as the native girl. Her breathing quickened, increasing the friction of the rope on her tender flesh and heightening her maddening discomfort, and much to her embarrassment, her arousal too.

She had to be free of these knots, Julia thought. She could take no more of the awful pressure, or of the wicked stimulus they caused. Half of her mind dwelled on the ache in arms and legs and shoulders and the growing soreness of her labia and anus. The other half longed to relieve the frustrating excitement that was making her pussy quiver with a heat that demanded to be quenched. She jerked at the manacles that stopped her reaching her sex and groaned. Faint feminine laughter reached her ears, followed by the deeper rumble of Jahngir Khan's. It seemed to mock her.

The daylight faded. Helai's anguished face dimmed until it was nothing but shadows. Her gasping continued, joined by ever more frequent groans and whimpers as time passed. Chained helplessly to the roof beam, vainly struggling to keep from moving and adding to her pain and arousal, Julia added her own distressed moans to those the girl was making. Her sweat continually running into her eyes made the little pool of light at the far end of the room nothing but a blur, but she knew the Pathan was sitting there comfortably with his concubines. How she ached to be amongst them instead of suffering the horrid torment of the rope. Her belly leapt suddenly. What if he left her bound like this all night? She would never stand it.

Bright electric light shining onto her closed eyelids stirred Julia from the wretchedness of her torment. She raised her drooping head and saw Jahngir bending over Helai, loosening her ropes.

"Soothe her," he told Afia who accompanied him, and she helped the girl get to her feet and stagger away while he released Julia's wrists. She slumped to her knees at once, aching from head to toe. Dazed and with her fingers tingling from returning circulation, she was vaguely aware of the crotch rope and belt being removed but was too exhausted to feel more than a brief stab of fear as Jahngir scooped her into his arms. He laid her on a soft mattress in one of the sleeping cubicles. A cup

touched her lips and Julia drank the water thirstily. Her eyes flickered open.

The robe Jahngir Khan wore had come loose while he carried her. He was standing at her right side, leaning over her. She had only to lift a hand and she could run her fingers through the dark hairs covering his broad chest, or as the girls in the bathhouse had done, curl them around the thick baton of flesh rearing upright from his groin. Julia's pussy rippled and she gasped in horror. Kate had spoken the truth. After what the Pathan had done to her, Julia did not doubt it. He was a barbarous savage. And he was going to violate her.

Chapter 5

Her fatigue instantly forgotten, Julia was as tense as a coiled spring. In the long silence she could hear the loud, rapid thump of her heart. The scent of the arousal the knotted rope had provoked drifted into her nostrils and set them aquiver. Despite the fear churning her belly, her pussy quivered too.

Jahngir sank to one knee and she jumped. “Easy, little *murgah*. Your chastisement is over. You can rest soon, but first you must show me what it has taught you. Spread your legs.”

What would he do if she refused, Julia wondered, but really it was a relief to stop pressing the bunched muscles of her thighs so hard together.

“Are you virgin?” he asked.

Eyes widening, she nodded, then flinched as he reached out.

“Keep still. I would know for myself.”

Steeling herself, she shuddered as he touched what no one but she had ever touched before. She gave a mew of mingled terror and surprise as his finger gently stroked the slit between the fleshy crescents of her labia, tickling the soft curls that framed them and the startlingly sensitive skin they only partly concealed.

“Oh no,” she groaned despairingly, but dared not fight him as his fingertip slipped into the warm dampness of her pussy. He was bound to think that she had lied. Julia struggled hard not to squirm as his finger sank deeper.

“You are not intact,” he said, “but I think you have told the truth. You have not yet known a man. Perhaps though, you are not completely innocent of the knowledge of how to pleasure yourself?”

“I... I would never,” Julia protested, alarmed that he had guessed her guilty secret.

“Never?” His finger slid from inside her and he held it up. It was shiny with moisture. “I think you exaggerate a little.” There was a rattle of chains as he reached above her head.

“No more, please,” she begged at the sight of the manacles fixed by a short chain to the wall where it joined her sleeping platform. He meant to shackle her before he abused her. At least, a tiny voice said in her

head, she could not be blamed for failing to resist if she was helpless. Her sheath tingled damply and made her feel ashamed again.

“I understand you don’t like being confined,” Jahngir said, “but this time I am not chastising you. It is to ensure you cannot pleasure yourself. Only your master can permit that.”

While her fear battled with her embarrassment, he closed the manacles around Julia’s wrists and locked them with a key. They were thin, steel rings very similar to handcuffs. She shuddered, and automatically pulled on them until the chain to which they were attached went taut. She could move her hands no lower than the stiff peaks on her breasts.

Jahngir patted her belly above the honey-blond hair that crowned her love-mound. “Rest, beautiful little *murgah*. You have had a tiring day. The first of many to come. You must be taught to perform the duties of a slave girl and you have only a short time to learn. Tomorrow we have an early start.”

He stood up, and Julia looked away from the arrogant jut of his erect penis. When she looked back, he was gone. Her relief that he had not violated her turned to a pang of regret. At least his presence had spared her from dwelling on her fears. Now they crowded in upon her, heightening her dread. She did not want to be a slave girl. Yet she was trapped, a prisoner in an alien land with little hope of rescue. After all, what could Mrs. Winter do to save her, even with the aid of the authorities? No one even knew her whereabouts, or those of poor Kate, ensnared in the clutches of their cruel countryman, Jefferson. Julia shuddered at the memory of the cane cracking wickedly down onto Kate’s buttocks. They were both alone and utterly defenceless, entirely at the mercy of their captors. And there was nothing whatever they could do about it.

Belly leaping, Julia turned onto her side, drawing her knees up, and the chain jerked the shackles around her wrists at the same moment a tremor teased her pussy. There was nothing she could do about that either with the use of her hands denied to her. It was just as well. She had thought more about sexual pleasure on this single day than she had in the previous three months. It was not such a big surprise considering the sort of day it had been – like nothing she could ever have imagined even

in her worst nightmares. Julia yawned. It had been very tiring. Her eyelids drooped.

Her sleep was restless and filled with dreams of brown-skinned buttocks and breasts, and red, glossy lips closing over and over again around a great, upright, swollen cock.

* * * * *

“When Macdonald mentioned you bringing Rolls-Royces up here I should have realized he meant armoured cars,” Penny said lightly as Tony Wetherell tapped the end of his swagger-cane on the door of the British Residency. “It wasn’t quite the luxury ride I expected.”

Set-faced, he did not reply or even look in her direction. He had been cool and distant since the moment he had opened the back door of his car for her, then gone and sat in front next to his driver. Penny had not known what to expect from Wetherell after nearly five years, but she had thought his anger towards her would have waned.

He was as attractive as she remembered, she thought, and an image of him coming towards her across a bedroom with his hard cock slapping against his belly filled her mind. She thrust it away. That had been years ago and she did not want to remember it now. Sex had been almost constantly in her thoughts since her humiliating encounter with Macdonald. She had gone without for a long time, Penny told herself. That must explain the extremity of her reaction, but the aftermath had been a greater surprise. Though she ought to have been concentrating on getting her girls back, after leaving Macdonald she had spent half the day in a state of acute sexual arousal. With a sudden surge of mischievous bravado, she had even had Subaidah shave her pussy entirely, only to find she could not resist slipping her fingers into it the moment she was alone. A thrill ran through her at the recollection, just as the door opened.

To Penny’s intense annoyance, the servant who answered it informed her that Courtney Sahib was up-country and not expected back for two days.

“Your room awaits, Sahib,” he told Wetherell, “but one will need to be prepared for the *mem-sahib*.”

“See to it then,” Penny ordered. “I may be here several days, even after Mr. Courtney deigns to put in an appearance. He *would* have to go gallivanting around the countryside when I need him.”

“We’ll have a drink,” Wetherell said, dismissing the servant and leading the way to a large drawing room filled with a contrasting mixture of Indian and European furniture. They were the first half-civil words he had spoken to Penny since they had renewed their acquaintance. As she sat down, she realized she had automatically drawn her skirt a little higher than necessary and crossed her right leg over her left, exposing it to the knee. Self-consciously, she pulled the hem lower, lit a cigarette and thanked him as he handed her a tall gin and tonic. Wetherell sat on a big, hide sofa facing her and took a long swallow from his glass before setting it on the low table to his right. Still he did not look at her. Penny realized he had not even asked about her reasons for coming to Jargahal.

“Thank you for bringing me, Tony,” she said tentatively, “And for keeping me safe on the way.”

“I owed Macdonald a favour,” he said curtly.

She drew on her cigarette and tried again. “I thought you might have written to me after Tom died.”

“To say what?”

Her eyebrows lifted at his abrupt tone. “To say you were sorry to hear of it, at least.”

“Of course I was. Were you?”

“Whatever do you mean?”

At last he turned his face to hers. When she saw his expression, Penny wished he had not.

“Did you ever care what happened to him? Did you ever really give a damn while you were fucking one of his fellow officers and he was out in the hills risking his neck?”

Penny felt a blush on her cheeks, and indignation rose in her breast. “I always cared about Tom, even after he resigned his commission and began doing all those irresponsible things. I cared right up to the end.”

“Then how is it you weren’t with him when it happened?” Wetherell demanded.

The question and its implication were a shock. “Because it was the middle of the night. He used to get up without me knowing and just drive

off. He was away for hours at a time. I knew he was being reckless. I pleaded with him, but there was nothing I could do to stop him.”

“Any more than you tried to stop him giving up his military career,” Wetherell accused. “You couldn’t wait to get back to the bright lights of London society, could you?”

“No, it wasn’t like that,” Penny protested. “It was Tom who chose to finish with the army. I never tried to persuade him.”

“But I’ll bet you weren’t disappointed. You didn’t exactly stand by him through the court martial.”

The words were like a blow to Penny’s gut. She swallowed, intensely embarrassed. “That was.... It... it was getting too much for my nerves. I just needed an escape for a while.”

“So not content with betraying him yourself, you had to get me to betray him too,” Wetherell said bitterly.

So that was it, Penny realized with a flush of anger. “Don’t try to pass your guilt off onto me, Tony,” she said hotly. “As I recall, you didn’t need much encouragement. You had been pursuing me for weeks before the trial even came up.”

“And you hadn’t been flaunting yourself in front of me, I suppose?” he countered with equal anger. “One of Tom’s friends for a lover wasn’t enough. You had to involve me in your sordid games too.”

“Sordid? I don’t remember you describing it that way at the time,” Penny shot back. “And it was over between George and I long before he and Tom went on that patrol. Besides, Tom never knew anything about it.”

“That’s a lie,” Wetherell said, leaning forward in his seat. “Everyone knew what had happened the minute they came back. Tom deliberately didn’t advance to support him. He thought the Afghans would do for the man who had been fucking his wife and save him the trouble.”

“No,” Penny cried, horrified. “How can you believe such a thing about Tom? It wasn’t like that at all.”

“Really? Then how was it, Penny? Tell me.”

She lowered her eyes. She could not reveal the truth. One disgraced officer in the regiment’s recent past was more than enough, and Tom would never have wanted his best friend to know what had really happened. She took out another cigarette.

“Now you’re going to calmly sit there and smoke and forget we ever had this conversation.” Wetherell leapt up and slapped the cigarette from her hand. “No you won’t. I’ll make bloody sure of that. You were a spoiled brat then and you’re still a brat now. You know what happens to brats, Penny?” He grabbed her wrist and yanked her up and over his knee.

“Tony, for heaven’s sake,” Penny cried, struggling to get to her feet. A strong hand on her back forced her down again.

“They get spanked,” Wetherell snarled, and smacked his hand hard onto Penny’s upturned bottom.

“Ow! What the hell do you think you’re...?” Her words ended in a cry as another stinging slap landed on her jiggling backside. “No, Tony,” Penny gasped out between one resounding crack of his palm and the next. “You can’t – Ow! – do this – Ow! – to me. You can’t – Ooh! – hit me like this.”

“You’re right, you should get it bare-arsed.” His hand hooked in the waistband of her skirt and she heard its fastenings rip as he dragged it and her panties down past her knees.

“Noo! Stop it!” She writhed at the sudden awful sting of his big hand impacting on her bare buttocks. The weight of his other hand pressed down hard, demanding and insistent. A tremor tickled her pussy.

“Oh, lord, no!” Penny cried in disbelief, and another fierce smack stung her wriggling rear cheeks. She bucked and felt the bare skin of her newly shaven mound rub over the rough cloth of Wetherell’s trousers where they covered his well-muscled thighs. Quivers ran up and down her sheath. “Oh, no!” She squirmed and gasped as his broad palm scorched her bottom until its bouncing cheeks were blazing like fire. “Please, Tony, no more. Ooh! Ow!”

“Yes, Penny, much, much more,” he rasped through gritted teeth. He continued striking with barely a pause between one loud, fiery slap and the next. Nor was he sparing himself, Penny knew, as she grimaced and squirmed under each searing blow of his calloused palm and felt the awful burning sinking deeper into her defenceless flesh. How could he treat her so cruelly and disrespectfully? A prickling shiver of excitement teased her pussy. And how the hell could she be getting aroused by it?

Desperate, Penny began to plead in earnest. She may as well have thanked him for every wicked strike for all the notice he took. He just

kept dealing her smack after smack until the fiery blaze in her buttocks became a furnace heat that all her frantic thrashing and writhing could not escape. And to her profound humiliation it was not the only heat she was feeling.

At last the scorching impact of his palm stopped and Wetherell leaned back, breathing hard. The domineering pressure of his hand on her back vanished. As breathless as he, Penny remained bent over his lap. Incredible ripples of desire were pulsing through her, and she could feel her hot juices bathing her pussy-lips and smell the ripeness of her woman-scent.

Wetherell must have smelled it too. He gave her a hard push that tumbled her to the floor. "You dirty bitch. You're getting excited."

Penny quickly moved her weight from her blazing bottom to her knees. "No, Tony, it's not what you think. It's just... just been a long time since I..." Despite the fire of the spanking, her madly twitching pussy drove her on. She laid her hands on his thighs and lifted her eyes to his. Her head spun as if she was intoxicated. His legs parted abruptly and stretched out at either side of her.

"Ooh! Ow!" Her cries were half-pain, half-pleasure as his boot heels sank into her spanked buttocks and forced her closer. The pressure of his thighs on her waist made Penny shiver with anticipation as he gripped her with his legs and crossed his ankles behind her. His brown eyes shone as they stared into hers.

Penny pouted. "Yes, Tony, yes," she breathed, pussy twitching.

His lip curled. "You slut." His legs tightened around her as she drew back from his fury. "Brats get spanked, Penny. Dirty, slutty little brats like you suck cocks as well." He fumbled with his trouser buttons as she stared in shock. His thick, taut-skinned cock was suddenly aimed at her, and her belly gave a flip of mingled fear and excitement. "Get your blouse off," Wetherell barked.

Heart racing, she freed the buttons, dragged it from her shoulders and, without being told, pulled her short camisole over her head. Suddenly eager, Penny arched her back, lifting her breasts, their nipples hard, pulsing points. Stinging pain exploded in her left teat. Wetherell had slapped down hard on the jutting mound.

"Ooh, don't, Tony! Please."

He smacked her right teat even more fiercely, and she clutched her arms to her chest as she cried out.

“Doesn’t that excite you too?” he demanded and dragged her hands away. Grabbing the heavy mounds, he squeezed and stretched them, and pinched her erect nipples until Penny was whimpering with pain and there were fresh tears in her eyes. Yet still her sex was quivering hungrily and glowing with wet heat. His hand on the back of her neck pulled her face closer to his straining penis. “Open your mouth, you slutty bitch.”

He was treating her like dirt, Penny thought with a shiver of humiliation, like a whore, like the filthy slut he had called her. Her pussy wriggled madly. She parted her lips, and his hot, hard flesh slid into the wet warmth of her mouth.

“Ugh! Mmm! Oosh!” The tickle of a minor orgasm thrilled through her, contracting her belly and anus as Wetherell pushed his thick meat all the way to the back of her throat. Penny tried to pull back, and felt his grip on the back of her neck tighten. His hips thrust forward and his broad cock-head filled her throat again. Eyes widening, she felt a moment of panic in his unyielding grasp before the cock slid backwards and she could suck in a shallow breath.

For a minute or so he made her rub her tongue over the tip of his shaft and suck on the fat plum-head, while his breathing quickened and he gave occasional jerks of his hips. God, it felt good, but how much better it would be buried in her tingling sheath. A deeper thrust hit her throat and Penny had to suppress the need to gag. She looked at him with a silent plea. He stared back with eyes slitted and glittering with lust. Penny tightened her lips around his cock and pressed her tongue firmly to its underside.

“You fucking bitch,” he swore suddenly, rising to his feet. The movement pushed the cock deep, forcing her head back and making her splutter as she fought the urge to cough. His hands clasped her head.

“Umpf!” Again the fat cock-head bumped the back of her throat. Wetherell lunged again. Careless of her discomfort or her feelings, he thrust hard and fast between her stretched lips, using Penny’s mouth as if it was her sex. Half-choking, she knelt helplessly in his grip, awed by his strength, frightened by his anger, overwhelmed by the violence of his plunging cock.

He gave a sudden grunt and his hips jerked even more vigorously. Penny felt the sudden spewing of his hot, sticky spunk flooding her throat. Fighting to breathe, she gulped and nearly vomited as half of the slimy stuff slid down her gullet almost before she realized it. He held her head tightly, still thrusting in and out and spurting semen into her mouth. Even as her stomach heaved her sex quivered and contracted.

The thrusts slowed then stilled. Too stunned to do anything but keep her lips clamped around his thick shaft, Penny obeyed the pressure of Wetherell's hands and tilted her head up. He looked down at her, his bright eyes still full of anger, pulled his cock free and slapped the hard baton across both her cheeks. A dribble of semen overflowed her lower lip. His hand under her chin forced her head back further.

"Do you want a fucking, Penny?" Wetherell smacked her face with his cock again. "I know you do."

Penny shivered as her pussy twitched greedily.

"You were never very keen on swallowing come, were you? But that's what little sluts do, and you *are* a proper little slut. So swallow it all."

With a stab of shame at her abject surrender, she forced the salty fluid that had pooled around her tongue down to her protesting stomach. Even with Tom she had drawn the line at swallowing. It was just too degrading. Tremors teased her sex.

"What do you want, you dirty slut?" Wetherell demanded.

"I..." It was hard to say the word she had schooled herself never to use. "I want... fucking."

He grinned wickedly. "Not a chance, you cow." His hand stung her cheek with enough force to set her ears ringing and send her sprawling across the floor. Penny lay there, breathing hard, angry and ashamed. All she need have done to end his cruel abuse was bite down hard on his cock. So why had she not done it? She heard the door open and looked up. He was gone.

"Don't bother making up a room for the *mem-sahib*," Penny heard him say to the servant. "She can have mine. Tell Courtney Sahib that I'm staying at the barracks with my men."

"Bastard," Penny muttered, breaking her no bad-language rule again. She struggled to her knees. Her bottom was smarting fiercely, her breasts hurt and her throat was sore, but it was the urgent, fiery heat in

her pussy that obsessed her. Still with her skirt and panties around her knees she crawled onto the hide sofa and lay belly down on its tacky leather surface. Her nipples pulsed as she pressed her breasts into it and slid both hands beneath her, one to the swollen nub of her clitoris and the other to the slick wetness bathing her pussy-lips. Panting, she thrust her fingers inside.

“Oh, thank god!” she groaned as she rubbed her madly quivering sex. Moaning and gasping, she worked her slender fingers over the tender, tingling membranes and her hard bud, revelling in the delicious friction. Her sheath wriggled and clenched and her hips jerked uncontrollably as the sudden wrenching spasms of orgasm made her head spin. Toes curling in delight, Penny sighed and shivered through a stunning climax, and slumped breathless onto the leather cushions beneath her.

Gradually her pounding heart steadied. She was hot and sweaty, and her bottom felt as if it was on fire, but the ferocious urgency of her desire was satisfied. She could think clearly again. At once she remembered the girls. Brushing her light brown hair from her face with damp fingers that smelled of sex, she opened her eyes. A brown, bearded face looked down at her over the back of the sofa.

With a squeak of absolute horror, Penny leapt to her feet, dragged her skirt and panties up and grabbed her blouse and camisole. Heedless of her bare, bouncing breasts she dashed past Courtney’s servant in utter humiliation and rushed upstairs to find the sanctuary of her room.

* * * * *

“Ooh, it’s burning me!” Julia whined. The brown-skinned hands gripping her wrists and calves tightened as she wriggled.

“Only for a moment,” Afia told her in her almost perfect English. “It won’t harm you. We know. We have felt it too.”

The sensation of heat the white paste she had smeared between Julia’s legs was causing was not the only reason for the blonde girl’s alarm. Being in the grasp of four naked native girls who held her firmly down on the stone bench beside the pool was also making her stomach flutter with fear. But most of all, it was because she knew everything that

was done to her as a helpless prisoner in Jahngir Khan's *zenana* was to prepare her to be sold as a slave.

Afia poured a bowl of water over Julia's sex. The white paste foamed and bubbled as it was washed away. Julia stared in shock. All her pubic hair had washed away with it. Her mound and labia were smooth and bald.

The girls released her and, naked though they were, went out into the garden. Afia remained.

"Bathe now," she said.

Julia followed her into the bath and took the sponge the girl handed to her. She dunked it into the water and rubbed at the irritation between her thighs, but stopped immediately when she realized the prickling there was not solely the result of the caustic paste used to depilate her.

"That is not the way," Afia said. "Here we bathe each other." She took Julia's arm and drew her to where the water barely lapped the cheeks of her bottom, and then began to gently rub her skin with a sponge of her own. The English girl shied from it at first, but the unfamiliar feeling of being bathed by someone else was not unpleasant, even when Afia moved from her back to her front and began rubbing her shoulders and breasts.

"You must do me too," she said, and Julia reluctantly sponged her brown-skinned body in return. Even when she was at school she had never been so close to a naked girl before, let alone touched one. Nevertheless, it felt much safer than when she had been forced to share the bath with Jahngir Khan the previous day.

"You are very beautiful," Afia said, rubbing in circles on Julia's left breast.

"S... so are you," she replied, astonished that the girl would compare her to her own darkly exotic loveliness.

"Our lord is careful in his choice of concubines," Afia told her.

"You must please him greatly for him to have chosen you."

"C... concubines? Oh, no!"

"Is it not the right word?" the native girl asked. "I thought that was how my lord taught it to me."

"It's the right word," Julia said with an odd sensation in her belly.

"It's just I..." She had never dreamed it would one day be applied to

her. "I'm not his c... concubine. They... they're going to sell me." Tears filled her eyes.

Afia gave her a sympathetic look and transferred her sponge to Julia's right breast. The English girl had forgotten all about bathing.

"That is unfortunate," Afia said. "It is not a pleasant thing to be pawed and stared at by strangers and then stood up to be sold. I was lucky to be bought by my lord."

"It happened to you?" Julia asked, surprised.

"To all of us here. I hope you have the luck to find a master as good as mine."

That was not the kind of luck Julia wanted. "You think he's a good m... master?" She remembered the girl was a half-civilised native and could know no better than to think there was nothing wrong with a man buying a woman.

Afia shrugged, making her pale-brown breasts, almost equal in size to Julia's, jiggle. "He can be stern." She glanced towards the entrance. "He is moody sometimes and not always easy to predict, but he is kind too." She pointed at the grass and trees outside. "He had the soil brought up from the valley to make us our beautiful garden."

Julia asked the question that mattered most. "Does... does he beat you? With those canes on the wall?"

"Never with those," Afia assured her. "He has switched me a few times when I annoyed him, but that is not a lot in six years."

"Six? You have been imprisoned here for so long?"

The girl laughed. "I live here. It is my home, not a prison. Do you think we are shut up and never allowed outside?"

That was exactly what Julia had thought.

"And you make me sound so old," Afia said. "I am only twenty-three."

Julia swallowed hard. She would go mad if she was locked away in such a place for years, and she had no greater desire to be switched than she had to be caned.

"What about what happened to Helai last night?" she asked. "She was not beaten but she was certainly punished."

Afia shrugged. "Our lord has his ways. He will have order in his *zenana*. He has the right to discipline us as he sees fit and to do as he

pleases in his own home. Helai was wrong to object that he has brought a barbarian amongst us.”

“A barbarian?” Julia suddenly realized the girl was talking about her. They thought *she* was the uncivilised one.

With a toss of her long, black hair, Afia laid her sponge aside. “Come.” She led the way to the rear of the bathhouse with the English girl trailing hesitantly after her. Three long slabs of polished pink marble stood there, set at equal distances apart and lit by several small windows high in the wall.

Afia had Julia climb onto one of them and lie on her back. She fetched a bottle and poured oil from it into her cupped hand. Julia smelled the aroma of sandalwood and shivered nervously as the native girl laid an oily hand on the upper curves of her breasts and began smoothing it over her skin.

“It is our duty to always be beautiful and attractive for our lord,” Afia said, “as you must be for yours. Your skin must be soft and supple. Your hair must shine like silk.” She eyed Julia’s blonde locks. “I have never seen such hair. It is too short, but time will take care of that. I never knew it could be such a colour.”

“It isn’t anything special where I come from,” Julia said. For all Afia was a virtual stranger, she was finding it a lot easier to talk to the girl than she had expected. “The others kept touching it this morning. They used a word of your language.”

“Not mine,” Afia said with a smile. “I am from Lahore. I was sold by my parents so my brother could go to school. But I have learned Pashto as well as English. That is the tongue of the Pathans. You must learn it too. The girls said *tsir* - yellow. They were describing your hair, though I think *sre zer* describes it better. That means golden.”

Julia gasped suddenly. Afia had stopped rubbing her shoulders and transferred her touch to the swell of her right breast. What had been a pleasant sensation changed instantly to a nerve-racking one. The girl seemed unconcerned, however, and Julia did not want to anger her by protesting. She had another question.

“Please,” she said tentatively, “how do you say slave?” Her belly flipped as she spoke the awful word.

“*Mrayay*,” Afia replied, kneading Julia’s firm-fleshed teat with her oily fingers and making her gasp again.

It really felt so strange and unreal to be lying naked with another girl running her hands all over her body. The word Afia had told her was not the one she had expected. Whatever Jahngir Khan kept calling her, it was not 'slave'.

"Now you know three words of Pashto. Learn what you can while you are here. Your new lord may not speak any English," Afia advised, transferring her massage to Julia's left breast.

Dread and fear rose up again as the full horror of her situation struck the white girl. She looked at the slim, brown fingers gently squeezing her teat and saw something equally horrifying. Both her nipples had stiffened to hard points. Afia's hands slid down to her belly, then all the way to the plump mound above her sex. Julia caught her breath as the native girl smoothed a palm over the sensitive skin. It was pink from the effects of the depilatory that had removed the fleece that should have concealed it.

"Oh!" She flinched from the touch of Afia's fingers rubbing her outer labia and the fleshy bump at their apex.

"Relax," the girl said with a laugh. "It is only to soothe your skin. I would not try to pleasure you without my lord's permission."

Julia was too shocked by what her words implied to do anything but stare at the hand massaging her sex. Surely she could not mean that girls actually... She cut off the thought before it could go any further, clenching her fists as a wriggle ran through her lower belly. It did feel quite pleasant, though. While one of Afia's hands eased the slight sting around her sex the other was slithering up and down her stomach as far as the lower curves of her breasts. The regular rubbing relaxed her. A warm, soporific sensation crept into her head, joining with a different kind of warmth that had begun growing at the entrance to her sex. She heard herself sigh.

Eyes Julia was not even aware she had closed snapped open as she recognised the fluttering feeling teasing her pussy. How could she possibly be experiencing any such thing when she was a prisoner and in imminent danger of becoming a slave? She must distract herself from her shameful excitement.

"What does *murgah* mean?" she asked breathlessly.

"It means bird," Jahngir Khan's voice answered from somewhere behind the native girl. Her body had hidden his approach. His

handsome, bearded face suddenly loomed above Julia. "You have fluttered like a trapped dove since the moment I laid eyes on you."

She leapt up and fled to the rear wall of the bathhouse, pressing her back to its cool stones and covering her breasts and sex with her hands. Jahngir remained by the marble bench, looking very displeased.

"Come here," he barked. "Come here now."

Looking desperately around for a means of escape that was not there, Julia did not move.

"Come, there is nowhere you can run," the Pathan said more gently.

He was right. She stared at him, certain that he wore nothing under his robe of dark blue silk. Covering herself as best she could, she walked back to the table.

"I have told you there is no place for your English modesty in the *zenana*, little *murgah*," he said and pulled Afia closer. "Watch."

His hand closed over one of the girl's out-thrust breasts, exploring the firm flesh, first pinching the pale brown of its nipple, then rubbing it with the ball of his thumb. Afia stood perfectly still, her arms at her sides and a smile on her lovely face. Very quickly her nipple hardened under the attention Jahngir was giving it. He did the same to her other breast until the point at its peak was also stiffly erect, then abruptly turned the native girl around. She bent forward and rested her hands on one of the marble tabletops. The pressure of his hand spread her thighs, exposing the dark slit bisecting the swelling crescents of her outer pussy-lips and the crinkled, pinky-brown edges of the inner ones peeping from between them.

Horribly embarrassed for Afia as well as herself, Julia dared not provoke the man further by looking away as he closed his hands over the taut rounds of the girl's bottom, sank his fingers deep into their flesh and drew them apart. Afia gave a shiver, and to Julia's complete surprise the little brown knot of the native girl's anus seemed to wink at her. Jahngir's touch slid lower until he could reach a forefinger to the pout of her sex.

Julia caught her breath. The Pathan separated Afia's outer-labia, revealing the bright pink interior of her pussy, a startling contrast to the brown-skinned lips on either side. Why did Afia not object? Why did she simply stand there, pushing out her wonderfully curved rear and

allow him to degrade her? The answer came with a gut-wrenching jolt of fear. Because she was a slave.

“Oh, no!” Julia cried. Jahngir had pushed his right middle finger into poor Afia’s sex. The girl gave a soft hiss and wiggled her bottom. Julia’s belly flipped and her sex went tight. This was awful, she thought, her breathing fast and shallow as she watched wide-eyed while Jahngir slid a second finger into Afia’s pussy. The girl’s hips jerked and she thrust them rearward, moaning as she took the man’s big digits to the knuckle. She was not humiliated or ashamed, Julia realized. She was enjoying it! Her own pussy quivered.

Julia tore her eyes away from the sight of the Pathan’s penetrating fingers and the gleaming moisture oozing from Afia’s sex as the native girl gasped and groaned and pushed herself onto them. Jahngir pulled them free eventually, and a pat to her perfect bottom brought her upright. She turned and faced Julia. Her eyes were bright and there was a look of mixed desire and disappointment on her exotic features.

The Pathan was smiling as he looked directly into Julia’s staring eyes. “Now it’s your turn.”

Chapter 6

“No, you can’t!” Julia croaked hoarsely. Her heart leapt. She tried to back away and felt the marble edge of the table press into the small of her back at the same moment Jahngir’s hands closed over the full, tapering mounds of her breasts. She shuddered.

“Once more you flutter, little *murgah*. Always it seems you wish to run away, whether it is pain or pleasure that is offered to you.”

Heart pounding and head spinning, Julia felt her nipples grow harder beneath the pressure of his warm palms and a frightening tingling tickling through her sex. She willed both sensations to stop. They ignored her. Her nose wrinkled at the ripe scent of Afia’s juices that clung to the fingers gently kneading her flesh.

“Please,” she begged breathlessly as his right hand smoothed over the curve of her belly and stroked her freshly depilated love-mound. The smile he gave her held all its usual warmth but she knew it had to be false. She had experienced his barbarian cruelty only the night before. A broad fingertip slid over the soft folds of her hood and a tickle ran though it.

“Nooo,” Julia wailed.

“Softly, my nervous dove.” He stroked her, gently rubbing her clitoral hood and the moistening slit below it just as he had done the night before. Jaw clenched, breathing hard through her nostrils, Julia had no choice but to endure it. She looked anxiously into his handsome face and at the dark hair curling on his broad chest above the open neck of his robe. He was strong, she thought, and knew herself to be weak. He was confident and commanding. She was timid and shy. Her pussy quivered and glowed.

Jahngir turned her suddenly, a hand between her shoulder blades bending her until she had to put her hands onto the marble tabletop to keep from falling. Even as her startled cry escaped her lips Julia felt fingers much longer and thicker than her own push her damply warm labia aside and sink deep into her pussy. A tingling thrill rippled through the sensitive walls of her sheath, strengthening with every movement of the Pathan’s big digits.

“Ooh! Ooh!” Julia could not stop her cries or the wriggling of her hips in response to the teasing touch. Heat flowed inside her even as fear twisted her belly and disbelief flooded her whirling brain.

“Take her wrists, Afia,” she heard Jahngir say above the sound of her pounding heart and suddenly she was looking across the table at the girl as Afia’s hands pressed hers to its marble surface. The native girl’s eyes were still bright and heavy-lidded with desire. With an absolute certainty that made her burn with shame, Julia knew her own were exactly the same. She could not be blamed, she told herself. The hands that held her in place, the Pathan’s dominating strength gave her no alternative but to surrender. But she did not have to submit so eagerly, a voice accused inside her head.

Her hips were straining against his hand, heightening the wonderful friction of his fingers in her pussy. Her nipples were so hard they ached. Even the heaviness of her breasts swaying and swinging to the rhythm of her rearward thrusts was increasing her passion. She felt Jahngir slide the hand that was not creating the marvellous sensations in her sex around the curve of her hip to the trembling nub that had swelled amid the folds of her hood. He found the little point and rubbed hard.

Julia’s pussy wriggled frantically and clamped around the Pathan’s fingers. Her breath escaped in a loud whoosh, and as she fought to suck in another her whole belly writhed with the wild spasms of her orgasm. At once a rippling rush of utter delight shivered through her upright clitoris. Her spine arched and her head went back, her head spinning until she was sure she was going to faint from the sheer power of the climax racking her body. Afia’s hands tightened on hers and at the same time another deep thrust of Jahngir’s fingers into her roiling sheath made her explode into a second incredible orgasm.

Julia’s knees gave way as lights flashed behind her eyelids. She felt herself falling, than caught in a strong embrace with her head resting on a muscular shoulder and – her heart missed a beat – something long, thick and very, very stiff was pressing against her bare stomach. She had not strength to even try to pull away.

“Good, you have pleased me, little bird.” Jahngir’s voice seemed distant through the sound of her panting and the sparkling pleasure still spinning Julia’s head. “Now I know your blood is hot and your passions easily aroused. That is as it should be.”

At last she found strength to stand unaided. The Pathan let her go and she heaved a sigh of relief as the pressure of her hard-nippled breasts on his chest and his big cock against her belly vanished. Horribly ashamed of herself Julia hung her head.

“Remain here, Afia,” Jahngir said. “I will return shortly.” Fingers wet and shiny with her own juices closed around Julia’s wrist and he pulled her after him towards the open front of the bathhouse.

“My great-grandfather built this house and my grandfather these baths. He was a strict disciplinarian.” Jahngir pointed to a bronze bar about two feet long set low down on brackets in the stone floor between the pillars supporting the roof, and then at a bronze ring fixed to the lintel above. “He used to tie any slave girl who displeased him there.” He lifted Julia’s head with a finger under her chin. “He would whip a girl until she bled for the smallest offence, and make his other slaves look on.”

Julia caught her breath.

“My grandfather was not an enlightened man. I do not follow his example but I *will* have discipline in my *zenana* and obedience from every girl it contains, however brief her stay may be.”

She winced at the reminder of the fate awaiting her.

“And I expect to be addressed respectfully by a slave girl,” Jahngir continued sternly. “You cannot call me lord as the other girls do, so you will call me Master when you speak to me. You understand?”

“I... Yes, Master,” Julia said with a wriggle of fear in her belly.

“Come along.” Keeping his grip on her wrist, he led her past the girls exercising naked on the grass and up the stairs to the balcony of the *zenana*. It was divided from the room by wooden shutters instead of a wall. They opened vertically, supported on poles and providing shade over the balcony during the day.

“Stay,” the Pathan ordered, as if Julia was a puppy and not a person. He went indoors and returned seconds later holding a slender switch.

“Oh, please don’t beat me!” she cried, clutching both hands before her breasts.

“Be silent,” he snapped. “I have no intention of switching you if you behave yourself. But I do intend to punish you.”

“Oh, why? I thought you said I had pleased you.” The memory of how made her throat tighten.

“So you have, but only after you displeased me,” Jahngir said. “You ran from me and tried to hide your nakedness. I told you last night that such things are unacceptable. It seems you didn’t believe me.” He laid the switch down. “Kneel beside it. If I find you have moved I’ll use it on your backside when I return.”

Horried by the thought of the slim rod scoring her tender flesh, Julia knelt and was very careful to keep still until he reappeared carrying an oddly-shaped stool, some silken cords and a saucer with a piece of something of a yellowish-brown colour on it. He placed the stool near the rail at the edge of the balcony.

“Up. Lay your belly over that.”

Julia rose, one hand lifting to her trembling lower lip as she eyed the leather-covered, saddle-shaped seat of the stool. Its legs were long and set at a wide angle so that they stretched out in front and behind.

“Oh, don’t tie me,” she begged, and then remembered his order and added, “Master.”

The Pathan looked at her down his long nose. “Obey.”

Sobbing, she laid her churning stomach over the leather saddle and let him tie her trembling limbs to the stool’s outstretched legs. With her bottom raised high and her head hanging down she could see very little. Her position and the tightness of the bonds biting into wrists and ankles made her feel frighteningly vulnerable.

“Please, Master,” she panted and jerked against the cords as one of his hands stretched her buttocks apart. Pressure on her sphincter made it clench reflexively but by then it was too late. Jahngir had already pushed something into her anus and followed it with a finger that forced whatever it was deeper still.

“Oh, no!” Julia cried in despairing humiliation as the finger withdrew, and then in sudden alarm, “Oh, no, it’s burning me! Please take it out. Take it out!”

“It’s ginger root,” the Pathan said. “It is meant to burn.” He knelt and lifted her head until she was looking into his face. “It won’t do any permanent harm, little *murgah*, but it should concentrate your mind on what I told you. I’ll let you have an hour or so to think about it.”

“An hour,” Julia cried in horror. “Oh, no, you can’t! Please, it’s like fire.”

Jahngir stood up. “Be glad I did not use a chilli instead.”

Julia wailed.

“And don’t try to expel it,” he added. “You’ll find it only makes things more unpleasant, and I may decide to switch you if you do.”

“Please,” Julia begged desperately but his footsteps had already faded. She looked to her left and saw him through the balcony’s railing, striding past the naked slave girls in the garden towards the bathhouse, where Afia waited. She could see Helai too, laughing and chattering along with the others in their alien tongue. Julia realized the girl’s punishment on the previous night must have been very similar to what she was going through now. It was unbearable. Her anus was stinging fiercely as the burning, astringent juices seeped from the ginger and flowed over her sensitive membranes in hot, fiery torment.

Julia squirmed and sweated, tugging at her bonds, gasping and whining as the awful fire spread through her rectum. In spite of Jahngir’s threat to beat her she could not help but try to force the horrid root from her burning bowels, and she discovered he had spoken the truth. The expansions and contractions of her anus not only squeezed more juice from the ginger but also made some overflow and trickle down to her pussy-lips. They too began to sting and burn, and intensified her suffering. She had made things worse.

Julia had plenty of time to regret it. As the heat of the day and that in her sex and anus grew more intense, she sweated rivers and wriggled as much as the tight, silken cords allowed. Now she understood why Helai had found it impossible to keep still. The minutes felt like hours. Utterly wretched, she sobbed and whimpered until at last the sound of the girls’ voices on the steps behind her kindled a spark of hope. They fell silent as they filed past her and into the *zenana*. Several long, agonising minutes passed before Jahngir’s heavier tread announced his return.

Afia helped him untie Julia, and when he ordered the girl to take her to the bathhouse she cast aside all modesty and dignity and ran all the way to be free of the horrid discomfort in her bottom. There was a toilet of sorts at the rear of the baths, four holes in the stone floor covered with gaily painted wooden lids. Too distressed to feel any embarrassment, Julia squatted and at last got rid of the fiery ginger. There was a stone

trough of running water mounted along the wall nearby. Without hesitation she sank her buttocks into it and heaved a sigh as the cool water flowed over her smarting sex and sphincter.

Afia appeared and laughed, but not unkindly. "That is not the way." She filled a copper jug at the trough, and with Julia only too glad to bend over and pull her bottom cheeks wide, she poured water into her relaxed anus. The relief was wonderful but even after two more jugfuls had followed the first it was still buzzing.

"The bath now," Afia said.

Standing thigh deep in the warm water, Julia leaned her hands on the edge of the bath and stuck her bottom out when she was told. To her surprise Afia produced a bar of pink soap, worked up a lather and ran a hand down the cleft of the English girl's buttocks. She leapt away with a cry as a finger pressed on her anal knot.

The native girl held out the soap. "Do it yourself if you like. All trace of the ginger must be washed away or it will plague you all day."

Julia tried. It was awkward and uncomfortable to reach back and rub her soapy finger over the tender interior of her anus, especially with Afia looking on. It was also an extraordinary sensation, and to her intense embarrassment, oddly stimulating. Startled, she pulled her finger free and sank her bottom below the water. The whole area between her legs had suddenly begun tingling threateningly.

"That's enough," she said hoarsely, sank to her neck in the water to wash the sweat from her skin and stood up.

"My lord was right. He said you have much passion." Afia smiled, looking from the hard cones of Julia's nipples to the hairless swells of her pussy-lips.

Julia looked down and felt her cheeks flame. The pink tip of her clitoris had emerged from its concealing folds. "Oh, heavens no!" she wailed. "Oh, this is awful!" She turned her back to hide the evidence of an excitement that had plainly gone much further than she had thought. Afia's hand rested on her hip and she shivered as the girl's left breast pressed against her upper arm.

"No, it is good. A master expects such things." She turned Julia to face her. "It is not awful that you can feel desire. You should take pleasure in your body whenever you can."

"No, it isn't right at all," Julia protested. "I can resist it."

Afia looked surprised. “Why would you want to do that? Sex is a wonderful gift. Everyone should enjoy it. It is not good for you to deny yourself its pleasures. You will become ill.”

Julia shook her head. It was pointless trying to explain to a half-civilised native why she should exercise restraint and self-control. As they returned to the house she realized she was not so very clear about the reasons herself. She climbed to the balcony with her belly fluttering at the prospect of facing Jahngir Khan again. At least her apprehension quenched the tingling warmth in her pussy, she thought with relief. Thank heaven the evidence of her shame had shrunk beneath its hood once more.

The girls were all clothed when she entered the *zenana* – if the revealing garments barely covering their most private places could be called clothes, Julia thought, self-conscious again about her nudity. Afia took some scanty items from a chest and held them up while she eyed Julia. She called the girl named Laila to help her and, glad to have anything that even partially covered her nakedness, Julia let them dress her.

There was a triangle of blue silk held low on her hips by a gold chain and baggy, pale-blue muslin trousers that gathered at the ankles and were horribly transparent. To her total humiliation, Julia discovered there was no seat in the trousers and her buttocks were left entirely bare. She was equally alarmed when Afia had her put on the little, sleeveless jacket of blue silk that did not cover the two, out-thrust mounds of her breasts. That some of the other girl’s were wearing even less was no consolation. That Jahngir Khan was not present to see her was – for now.

The native girls had watched Julia with undisguised curiosity while she was being dressed but soon turned their attention back to themselves, arranging their hair and making up their faces before several mirrors that hung on the room’s end wall. They put on a lot of jewellery too, she noticed. Mrs. Winter had told her that Indians liked to wear jewellery, especially gold, and displays that would have been considered overly ostentatious in Britain were seen as quite normal in India.

The girls were lavish with theirs, adding rings to their toes as well as their fingers, bracelets and bangles to wrists and ankles and two, three or more necklaces around their slender necks. The items were all gold, many encrusted with gems that Julia had no doubt were real. If Jahngir’s

fortress-like home had suggested he was a man of some wealth and position, the splendour of the jewels with which he bedecked his concubines confirmed it. So why had he chosen to take upon himself the task of training her to be a slave?

Her belly flipped as the awful word filled her head but she had no time to ponder her silent question. A tap at the door was immediately answered by the nearest girl. Jahngir Khan entered the room and Julia faced a horrible dilemma. She dared not try to cover herself after what he had done to her, so should she face him bare-breasted or turn away and instead reveal her naked bottom to his gaze? His dark eyes met hers, and she was left with no choice but to stand facing him as he came towards her. Julia shied away from his outstretched hand.

His smile faded and he raised an eyebrow. "Must I warm your bottom again?"

"No, Master," Julia said quickly, and held herself still as he rubbed a lock of her blonde hair between finger and thumb. The same finger smoothed down the softness of her cheek and traced a line down her neck to the curve of her left breast. Cringing inwardly, she saw his eyes leave hers to watch his fingertip circle her nipple.

"Such golden hair and eyes of bright blue, and skin so pale and smooth. You truly are very beautiful," he said.

"M... me?" He had said it yesterday too, but she had not really believed him. Julia had hoped she was pretty. Never had she imagined that anyone could find her beautiful.

He met her eye again. "Surely some man has told you that before?"

She shook her head. She had never sought compliments and most men's attention had focused on her breasts within moments of her meeting them. That was one reason she always preferred to remain in the background. Julia wished she had the chance now as his warm touch tickled the point of her teat and sent a tremor through her belly.

He lowered his hand. "Afia, make up her face. I'm sure you can enhance her natural beauty."

Sitting on a low stool before one of the mirrors, the English girl almost choked at her first sight of her own reflection – nearly naked, her bare breasts jutting forward and revealing her embarrassingly hard, bright pink nipples, her slim legs visible all the way to the hip through the sheer

trousers, and between them only a tiny scrap of silk that scarcely covered her sex. She watched nervously as Afia transformed her face with paint and rouge and powder, colouring her eyelids bright blue, thickening their lashes and extending the outer corners of her eyes with a dark line of kohl. Julia's lips were a glossy red pout by the time the native girl turned her attention to her shoulder-length blonde hair, piling it atop her head and fastening it in place with two pearl-encrusted, golden combs.

The Pathan's reflection appeared behind hers. "A concubine must always be ready to please her master," he said to her image. "You must spend your time preparing yourself to serve him, oiled and scented and suitably adorned to stimulate all his senses."

As he spoke, Afia added rich-smelling perfume at Julia's neck and wrists and armpits. Jahngir stepped closer. Julia trembled as he rested a hand on her shoulder and his thumb stroked the nape of her neck. The blue eyes staring back at her from her reflection widened. She *was* beautiful, as lovely as the darkly exotic and sensual girl who had just clipped pearl-drop earrings to her lobes and fastened a matching necklace around her throat. Julia could scarcely believe it was her own image she was staring at. A warmth glowed inside her as Jahngir continued stroking her skin.

"There is more than just looking beautiful," he said. "Your body must be prepared also. It must be always welcoming and receptive to your master's caresses, and willing and eager to receive his cock."

She gasped and her heart gave a leap. Receive his cock?

"And your mind must be equally receptive," the Pathan continued. "You must want to pleasure your lord and to take equal pleasure from him. You must think always of how you will arouse him and he you. When you bathe or eat, when dressing or undressing, when you go to bed at night or rise in the morning, your thoughts should be on how to best pleasure your lord when he next takes you."

Julia felt giddy. Her gut was twisting and churning. What he had described was a life devoted to nothing but lust and depravity, to constant, unrestrained sex. To her alarm and consternation her pussy twitched.

Jahngir laughed softly and continued stroking her neck. "You are shocked. I know it is not the way of the British, but the British are not

here. In our country you will learn to follow our ways, and I and these girls will teach you.”

Her head was still spinning when Julia took her place with everyone else, cross-legged at a low table, and ate the midday meal. This time the nervous jumping of her stomach did not take away her appetite. She had eaten almost nothing the day before and the food was welcome despite its unfamiliar flavours.

At first her thoughts dwelled on the Pathan’s frightening words. He shared the meal and Julia was careful not to look in his direction. From beneath lowered eyelids she watched the girls as they ate. They were indifferent to their revealing clothing or that their movements continually jiggled a bare breast or exposed more of an ill-concealed sex. They were all lovely, stunningly so in their make-up and jewellery; exotic and glamorous and mysterious. And so was she. Incredibly, not only had both Afia and Jahngir Khan said so, but she had seen the evidence herself in the mirror. Shy, restrained and timid little Julia Thomas was beautiful. The knowledge started a wriggle low in her belly. With a jolt of alarm she concentrated on her food.

By the time the meal was over Julia realized she should have been more thorough with the soap. Her bottom was buzzing noticeably again, though not too uncomfortably. What worried her more was that, wary of the possible consequences, she had barely soaped her pussy at all and it was tingling warmly and attracting far too much of her attention.

The other girls reclined on the many cushions heaped on the floor. Julia was unsure what to do until Afia patted a place beside her and smiled an invitation. Jahngir took his ease on one of the couches nearby. Suddenly conscious he was watching her bare bottom as she walked Julia hastily sat down next to the girl and concentrated on not looking in his direction.

She had found the unfamiliar and enervating heat hard to cope with since arriving in India. It increased as the sun climbed higher and the afternoon wore on. The girls were silent, relaxing and dozing after their meal. Julia could not sit stiffly upright with her muscles tense and her belly tight for the rest of the day. Shortly, her head began to loll. Drowsily she leaned back into the cushions and felt her head pillowed on Afia’s breast. It was too much trouble to move. Julia drifted, thinking of nothing, refusing to face her fears about the future, conscious only of the

prickling warmth the remnants of the ginger were causing beneath the scrap of silk hiding her sex. Half asleep, she sensed Afia's hand slide around her shoulder and rest on her forearm. It felt friendly and comforting.

"Orzala, Helai," Jahngir Khan called softly.

Julia watched through half-closed eyelids as the girls crawled on all fours to the edge of his couch. He was wearing native-style trousers, baggy above the knees and tight around his muscular calves. The two girls removed them with practiced speed and their own brief garments even more quickly. With an indrawn breath Julia saw both girls reach for the swollen baton of the Pathan's erect penis. She felt strangely languorous, with a torpid feeling of detachment filling her mind that was sparing her from much of the shock and outrage she should have been experiencing. Though she knew she ought to, she did not look away or shut her eyes.

Jahngir turned onto his side. The hands stroking his thickened cock were replaced by lips and tongues as Helai and Orzala took turns to lick and suck the straining length. The English girl's head moved restlessly against the pillow of Afia's breast. She barely noticed the warm hand that slid from her forearm to the hollow beneath her ribs. Julia drew a breath and let it out in a long sigh. Afia's fingers smoothed softly over her skin to the curve of her breast. Except for the moist sounds of the two girls' mouths moving on Jahngir's wetly gleaming cock there was silence. His eyes had narrowed to slits.

Afia's hand cupped Julia's breast, squeezing it ever so slightly. Jahngir took Helai's hand in his and drew her onto the couch. She knelt astride him with his upright shaft pressing into the crease between her buttocks.

Beyond a quickening of her breathing and a slight widening of her languid eyes, Julia did not react. She knew what was coming. She should not watch. Surely such intimacy was meant to be a private thing? Afia's warm breath caressed her cheek and the girl's fingers pressed more firmly into her full-fleshed teat. A little wriggle that began in Julia's belly made its way to her sex, still tingling from the effects of the ginger. A thumb and forefinger gently rolled her hard nipple between them and made it tingle too. Julia sighed.

Helai's back was directly facing her. The girl was gyrating her bottom, rubbing it against Jahngir's rearing cock as his fingers separated her sex. As Julia watched they sank inside. Helai pushed her hips forward, seeking deeper penetration. She had done the same thing only that morning, Julia thought, with a prickle in her pussy that should have alarmed her, but she was remembering how marvellous it had felt. Her nipple pulsed under Afia's touch as she watched Jahngir giving Helai the same pleasure he had given to her.

The girl's hand reached back, curling around the broad cock. Julia's pussy quivered again as Helai lifted herself, back arching as she guided the shaft's thickened head to her glistening sex-lips and sank her weight down onto it until its whole length sank deep inside. A little gasp escaped Julia's slightly parted mouth. Without conscious thought she ran her tongue over her lips.

The brown-skinned girl moved sinuously and the Pathan's cock, shiny and slick with her juices, slid slowly back and forth between her swollen pussy-lips. How would it feel to have the hard, thickened flesh thrusting to the limit in the tender tissues of her own sheath, Julia wondered.

Afia's hand left her breast and smoothed down her belly and under the waistband of her gauzy trousers to draw aside the little triangle of silk at her sex. Julia turned her head and rubbed her cheek on the warm, soft swell of the girl's up-thrust breast. Gentle fingertips stroked her bare love-mound and started fresh tremors in her damply prickling pussy. One of them stroked lower, found the sensitive hood of her clitoris and sent a pleasurable tickle thrilling through it.

"Ooh" Julia breathed. An arm encircled her waist and a palm smoothed over her perspiring skin and closed lightly over the swell of her left breast.

"Relax," Afia whispered. "Enjoy it."

"Ummf," was Julia's best response as the finger rubbed faster on her clitoris.

Helai was moving faster too. The rhythm of her wriggling hips grew ever more rapid until she seemed to bounce on the big cock filling her, moaning and gasping her pleasure. Julia was spellbound. She would not have believed it was possible to be calm and excited at the same time, yet that was precisely how she felt as she watched Jahngir and one of his

concubines taking pleasure in one another. That was how Afia had described it in the bath and now it was happening right in front of her eyes.

Dreamily the English girl felt Afia's fingers slip between the moist, fleshy crescents of her pussy and shivering thrills ran through her inner petals while a thumb strummed deliciously on her swollen clitoris. It was lovely. Julia sighed again. She felt languorous and sensual and beautiful. Her head spun with a feeling far more intoxicating than the champagne she had drunk at the nightclub. Abstractedly she saw Helai thrusting herself onto the Pathan's cock with rivulets of sweat streaming down her glistening brown back and over the twin swells of her buttocks. Julia's pussy clenched around the fingers probing within. Another girl's fingers, she abruptly realized, and her belly gave a terrified lurch. Her eyes snapped wide open.

"Noo!" Julia cried in sudden, stricken horror.

Chapter 7

Afia's arm tightened around Julia's struggling body. "Don't fight it."

"No!" the English girl cried again and twisted in her grasp, trying to pull free of the fingers working in her sex.

"Hold her," Jahngir Khan's deep voice ordered, and for the second time that day Julia felt the hands of his willing slaves tighten on her limbs. She squirmed but that was all she could do. Afia's hand remained between her legs, skilfully teasing her trembling pussy and pulsing clitoris.

"Good," the native girl said as a little flow of juices accompanied another tremor in Julia's sex. "Good girl. It's nice, isn't it? Give yourself to it. Enjoy the pleasure."

"Noo!" Julia wailed but she was too far gone to resist. Her hips were openly defying her and thrusting avidly against Afia's busy fingers, and the rippling heat in her sex was out of control. She felt the grip of the girls who held her fast. She could not be blamed, she told herself. They were forcing her. What choice did she have but to surrender?

Jahngir's figure loomed over her supine body. His dark, glittering eyes looked down into her passion-clouded blue ones. Desperately she fought to stifle her moans as the wonderful quivers in her pussy grew faster and stronger. She dropped her gaze from the desire smouldering in the Pathan's eyes and saw the big, up-curved length of the penis jutting arrogantly from his groin. Imperious and commanding, it seemed to summon her. With a frenzied wriggling of her hips and a great, heaving breath that made her back arch, Julia's pussy clamped down hard. Her orgasm rippled and wrenched, twitching and trembling with an intensity she had never felt before.

Oh, god, it was a girl! A girl was making her come like that. It was unbearable. It was horrible. How could she ever have let such a thing happen?

Julia panted. Afia's arm still encircled her waist while her hand continued to rub gently over her tingling sex. The scent of her spilled juices hung heavily around her. Gradually her head stopped spinning,

and as her breathing steadied her shock turned to shame. Released at last, she slumped down and hid her face in the cushions.

“You disturbed your Master at his pleasure, little *murgah*,” Jahngir said. “It seems you have yet to learn your lesson. This time I will punish you.”

“Oh, no.” Julia looked up at him with tears brimming her eyelids.

Afia sank to her knees at his feet. “My lord, the *zenana* is strange to her. She is a foreigner and new to our ways.”

“Do you question my judgement?” Jahngir demanded.

“I only speak what is true, my lord. The judgment is for you to make.”

He regarded her in silence for long seconds. From his expression and the wary looks on the other girls’ faces, Julia had the feeling Afia was taking a big risk. To her surprise, he smiled suddenly, raised the native girl to her feet and kissed her on the lips.

“You are right, my love. A chastisement will suffice.”

The English girl was still grappling with the fact he had called Afia his love when she dared to glance at his face. There was no affection in the look he was giving Julia.

“Go and fetch the red belt, Afia,” he ordered.

“The red, my lord? Her rear is surely virgin.”

“The red is for you,” Jahngir said. “Fetch the blue belt also.”

Afia’s dark eyebrows rose for a moment, then a small smile of resignation flickered on her full lips. “Yes, my lord.”

She hurried away towards the far end of the room. Julia had not been aware she was holding her breath until it escaped in a rush when the native girl returned carrying two leather belts of the colours Jahngir had specified. Attached to the blue one was a long, phallic-shaped piece of ivory as thick as three of her fingers. Julia’s pussy clenched tight. She gulped nervously, in no doubt where it was intended to go, but relieved also when she saw the two even larger phalluses fixed to the red belt.

“Laila, Saba,” the Pathan said and the girls he named each took a belt from Afia’s outstretched hand. At once she loosened the scraps of white silk that were all she wore from around her hips and let them fall. Belly squirming in embarrassment and anxiety, Julia accepted she had no alternative but to follow suit and stripped off her silk jacket and muslin

trousers. She hesitated over the tiny triangle hiding her sex, but only for a second as she glanced once more at Jahngir's stern face.

"You may oil the rear one to ease its entry," he told Saba as she readied the red belt.

"Thank you, my lord," Afia said. She appeared very composed as Saba fastened the broad leather around her waist, then went behind her, grasped the thinner belt hanging from a steel ring attached to the back and took one of the ivory phalluses in her right hand. Laila poured a dribble of oil into the girl's cupped hand and she smoothed it over the hard ivory. Julia shivered. Her face expressionless, Afia bent forwards and reached back to separate her buttocks. She took the broad shaft with a soft grunt and a wiggle of her hips, and then stood upright and thrust her pouting sex forward to accept the even bigger length of ivory that Saba slid into it.

Heart thumping, the English girl watched it sink all the way in, and Saba pull the crotch strap tight until Afia's labia bulged at either side before buckling it to the front of the waist belt. Startled by the touch of Laila's hands, Julia clutched reflexively at the leather tightening around her own waist.

"I still have the switch to hand," Jahngir warned, quietly menacing.

Her wide eyes met his. Horrified that something even bigger than the Pathan's broad fingers was about to fill her virgin pussy, only the threat of a beating could make Julia stand still while Laila fastened the belt in place. So why, she asked herself in wonderment, was she trembling as much in anticipation as in fear? Surely her disgraceful desires had been sated already today? She could not possibly be aroused by something so horrid and lewd being done to her.

Julia gasped as Laila pressed the tip of the phallus to her sex. Its lips were slickly wet and prickled as they separated. She looked down. The broad ivory was as big as Jahngir's straining cock. Would it feel like it too? She almost panicked and leaped away from the pressure. Nothing anywhere near so large had ever filled her before. Julia almost overbalanced as the hard ivory slid much more smoothly than she had imagined into her sex. The sensitive membranes of her sheath rippled and a low moan escaped her lips. Her guilt grew worse when Laila buckled the crotch strap tightly in place and a tickling shiver ran through the stiffening nub of her clitoris.

Jahngir made both her and Afia kneel on the balcony. Staring through the railings and out across the garden, Julia was almost grateful when he tied her wrists behind her back. Whatever happened now, she would not be responsible.

“You can stay like that until the evening meal,” he announced as he finished binding Afia’s wrists. “Then we will see.”

Julia’s belly contracted. It must be hours until then. Her pussy was already quivering around the big phallus, defying all of her efforts to suppress its growing arousal. It was humiliating enough to be kneeling naked with all the other girls able to see her. She was very much afraid she might embarrass herself even more by climaxing again simply from the hard ivory’s touch.

Her fear proved groundless. It was not her sexual excitement that obsessed her thoughts during the long hours before the sun finally sank to touch the mountaintops on the horizon. It was the ever increasing discomfort of kneeling in the same position on the hard floor with her arms pinioned behind her while her muscles ached and cramped and her dripping sweat stung her eyes. Long before the ordeal ended the presence of the phallus in her sex was just another source of her increasing distress.

To Julia’s surprise, another feeling had arisen while she suffered. Timid as she was, she did not often become angry, not even when her parents had provoked her. This place, she told herself, was definitely not one in which she ought to be losing her temper. Yet she could not stop her resentment flaring when Jahngir Khan strolled onto the balcony and coolly announced the torment was at an end. Julia kept her face carefully turned away from his, anxious that he would not see the indignation she could not conceal.

“You have five minutes to bathe,” he told both girls as Laila and Saba untied them and removed the phalluses and belts. “If you wish to eat again today you will take no longer.”

“Thank you for standing up for me,” Julia said to Afia as they hurried to the bath. “I’m sorry you suffered for it.”

The native girl shrugged. “It was no more than I expected. He is not in one of his better moods just now. He gets that way where his brother is concerned.”

“His brother?”

Afia shrugged again. "Besides, it was worth it. He will honour me tonight. He always honours us after we are punished or chastised."

"Honour you?"

"Take me to his bed. It is an honour to serve my lord." She giggled, made a circle with a thumb and forefinger and pushed her other forefinger through it. "It's fun too. He is a powerful lover."

Julia blushed at Afia's broad grin and spared herself further embarrassment by plunging into the bath. Afia acted as if the chastisement was of little importance. Julia could not be so blasé about it. How the other girls could accept it as normal to be bound and tormented at the whim of their master she could not understand. But of course they were just barbarous natives, while she was a well brought up and respectable English girl. Except that Afia did not seem in the least barbaric. She was intelligent, shrewd, confident, and, as she had just proved, courageous, and the rest of the girls could well be the same for all Julia knew. And to them, she reminded herself, she was the barbarian. It was all very confusing.

When they sat down to eat, Julia's appetite deserted her. Despite the brief bath she felt hot and sticky and still smelled disconcertingly of her own arousal. Though the sun had not yet completely disappeared, her eyelids felt heavy and by the time the meal ended her head was drooping. Strong arms lifted her suddenly and Julia gave a startled cry.

"You are weary," Jahngir said as he carried her to her sleeping platform and laid her down amid its soft cushions. "Rest now. It will be another busy day tomorrow." He chuckled. "Perhaps then I will have *you* pleasure Afia. That seems only fair." He sat down beside her and ran his fingers up the inside of Julia's thigh almost to the bare pout of her sex.

She shivered, partly at his words and partly at his touch. "W... will I be chained again?"

His eyebrow arched. "Do you need to be?"

Round-eyed she looked at him and her pussy shivered as she nodded.

"Why?"

"I..." She could not tell him it was to absolve her of her guilt.

"Never mind. You will always be chained. Unless, of course, I decide otherwise." His smile was not unkind as he fixed the slim

shackles around her wrists. His anger at her seemed forgotten. Julia's belly tightened as instead of leaving he sat down again and stroked his fingers up her thigh. Her sex prickled.

"Why are you so afraid of the cane?" he asked. "I understand that you do not like pain, but to wet yourself at the mere threat was rather extreme. Did you not think that you would bring a worse punishment on yourself by trying to escape? Ah, but then you weren't thinking at all, were you?"

"I..." Julia gulped. It was not an easy subject to talk about. Why then did she choose to answer? "I was just a girl, barely fifteen. My father bought me a pony. I disobeyed him and took it over the jumps before it was ready. It fell and broke a leg and had to be destroyed." The words came out in a rush and left her breathless, or was it the Pathan's continued stroking of her naked thigh?

"He punished you," Jahngir said. "With a beating?"

"He told the head groom to do it. My father said six of... of the best... b... but he took me into the stable. Two of the stable lads held me over a bale and... he... he pulled my pants down and...." Julia took a deep breath. "He gave me twelve with a riding crop. They were really... really hard." She shuddered at the memory of her pain and terror.

"What did your father do?"

"I... I never told him. I was too... too...."

It was after the flogging that she had become really shy. The little confidence that she had been developing had disappeared entirely.

"You were very young," Jahngir said. "Yet the fear remains even now. It is unfortunate. I have never come across a slave girl who hasn't needed to be beaten sooner or later."

Julia's belly shrank. Her pussy tingled alarmingly as his finger stroked her slit.

"Ooh, no!" She tugged hard at the steel encircling her wrists. To her great relief it did not yield. The finger slipped between her moist labia and pushed into her sex. Her bottom wriggled.

Jahngir smiled. "I believe I could coax you into coming again. But Jefferson was right about overcoming white girls' inhibitions. I had not realized they would be so strong. I have not had a white slave before. Perhaps I should rethink my strategy."

As he said the word 'slave' Julia's pussy tightened around his probing finger, and he laughed softly.

"But maybe there is hope for you. It seems your body is more willing than your brain." His finger withdrew, and he bent forward and planted a kiss on the swell of Julia's hairless mound. Before she could recover from her surprise, his mouth covered hers and pressed gently against her lips.

"Good night, little *murgah*," he whispered and was gone.

Julia was left grappling with the fact that it was the first time any man had kissed her on the lips. The circumstances under which it had happened could not have been more different from those she had imagined. The thought was only one of many that, along with a confusion of fears and feelings, were clamouring for the attention of her weary mind. From amongst them all came the memory of what Jahngir Khan had said about focusing on how she would please her master. Julia remembered the fiery burn of the ginger he had forced into her anus, the thrust of his fingers into her pussy as it had spasmed in orgasm, and how it had done the same while she lay helplessly and watched his engorged cock looming above her as she surrendered to Afia's touch. Her chains rattled as her hands reached reflexively to the tingling, tickling need that filled her sex, and the cuffs on her wrists pulled them up short. Her mind in utter confusion, she turned onto her side, pressed her thighs together hard and tightly closed her eyes.

It seemed only a little later that she opened them again. The *zenana* was dark but not silent. Julia rolled onto her back and saw the light of a lamp through the pierced wooden screen separating her sleeping platform from the next. A long moan and rapid breathing came from the other side. Leaning closer, she squinted through one of the holes in the screen and her heart gave a leap. Afia lay on her back, thighs raised on either side of Jahngir's waist and her ankles crossed over his labouring buttocks. The Pathan had a hand around one of the girl's breasts and his lips – those same lips that had so recently kissed Julia's own – clamped over its nipple. His hips were thrusting rhythmically. The English girl held her breath. How easy it was to imagine his big, broad cock sliding in and out of Afia's wet, eager pussy. How easy it was to imagine it doing the same to her own.

Horror-stricken, Julia turned her back and wished her wrists were free so she could press her hands to her ears and shut out the sounds of their lust. No, that was not the reason, she forced herself to admit. She wished they were free to relieve the maddening frustration of the fiery arousal burning between her quivering thighs.

* * * * *

“Ow! Fourteen, Mr. Ross, sir,” Kate cried.

There was another swish behind her, followed at once by the crack of the switch on her bare bottom and the sharp, fierce scorch of it biting into her flesh even harder than before.

“Aagh! Fifteen, Mr. Ross, sir.” Kate clenched her teeth and waited for the next stroke. To her surprise, Ross went to a corner of the mirrored room, leant the switch against the wall and returned to sit on the low stool he had placed in front of her earlier.

“I told you not to annoy Jefferson, little miss. See what it got you?”

“You didn’t have to hit so hard,” she said resentfully. Kneeling with her wrists manacled to the solid wooden block over which she was bent she could not even reach back and rub the awful stinging in her buttocks.

Ross grinned. “As I recall, Jefferson ordered twenty with the cane for your impertinence. I gave you fifteen with the switch. You ought to be thanking me.”

Kate’s impertinence had been no more than to look nervously at Jefferson when he had come to see some of her training for himself. He had ordered her beaten for no better reason than disliking the expression on her face. But he could do that to a slave girl whenever it suited him, and for any reason he chose – or for no reason at all. Kate felt a twist of fear in her stomach. Maybe she should be a little grateful to Ross, but thanking him after all the horrid things he had done to her was going too far.

The previous day had been almost a repeat of the first: long, uncomfortable and exhausting. She had spent all of it chained upright before the mirrors with the black dildo sunk all the way into her pussy. The ordeal had continued with barely any let-up. Even when she had

eaten she had not been released. Ross had spoon fed her like a toddler, and when she had had to piss he had simply held a bucket between her legs with one hand and used the other to keep the phallus in place while she let go. It was torture enough to be forced to come over and over again until she was sagging in her chains without the added humiliation of having to perform her most intimate bodily functions in front of the old soldier.

Kate saw her reflection in the mirror; on her knees with her wrists shackled to either side of the heavy, rectangular wooden block that held her in the same spot where she had had to stand for most of the previous day. It seemed that this time Ross had something else planned. Her gut tightened. Whatever it was, she knew she would not like it.

“Let’s get you warmed up,” Ross said and Kate hissed in frustrated anger as his hand smoothed over her bald sex-lips and pushed between them. “Good, you’re already wet,” he said.

Even as she cringed in embarrassment a tickling thrill ran through her pussy. Why was she finding it so hard to control herself? The man was a monster who was trying to make her a slave. Well, it would not work. However much her body might defy her, she was not going to let Ross inside her mind. Kate shuddered and gave a long, breathy sigh. Oh, it felt so good!

“I expect you’re missing your little companion,” the ex-soldier said, and she felt the pressure of the round-headed dildo against her labia. Her pussy thrilled again at its deep penetration and the friction on the sensitive walls of her sheath. She could push it out, but he would only flick his thin, stinging whip across her breasts as he had so often done the day before. They still bore fading pink stripes and felt tender from the leather’s bite. His words made Kate think of Julia, trapped somewhere out in the vastness of the hills in the clutches of a medieval savage and probably suffering even more than she was. The poor girl had been so frightened of being beaten. Kate was beginning to understand why.

“You let that awful barbarian have Julia,” she accused. “She might never see another white man again.” And that could be true for her once she was sold, she thought with a sudden quickening of her heartbeat.

Ross laughed as he sat down on the stool in front of her and took a length of black silk from his pocket. “That ‘awful barbarian’ is a damned sight more cultured and educated than I’ll ever be. He went to one of the

best universities in England. All I managed were the three 'R's'. And geography, of course. I always liked hearing about far-away places. I joined the army to see some of them, and I plan to see a lot more before my number's up."

"I've travelled a lot," Kate said, hoping she had found a way to delay whatever fate awaited her. "I've just come back from Europe, and I went to England too, of course. My parents keep telling me I ought to get married but I like having adventures. I'd hate to have to settle down in one place." What her father had really said was that he was not going to fund any more trips abroad for her and that he expected her to find herself a husband when she returned from her latest one. Despite her grim situation, it seemed no more attractive now than it had then.

"Aye, I'd hate to be tied down when there's so much of the world I haven't seen yet," Ross said. "I was just a boy-soldier when I came to India. The first week I was here I met an old beggar in the bazaar. I got a map from him he claimed shows the way to a lost city built by the men who came to India with Alexander the Great two thousand years ago. Everybody laughed at me. There's one of those maps for every gullible European who comes here. The odd thing was I didn't have to buy it. The beggar gave it to me. It's not likely it's genuine, but I intend to find out some day soon. The city's supposed to be way up on the border with Tibet. I don't expect to find anything but I'll enjoy looking. That's what life should be about."

"It sounds like a *real* adventure," Kate said, impressed by his enthusiasm. "I wish I could do something as exciting as that."

Ross chuckled. "There's a different kind of excitement waiting for you, little miss. Pretty soon you'll be in a *zenana* somewhere, and spending a lot of your time looking at its ceiling, I shouldn't wonder."

"*Zenana*?"

"Women's quarters. Like a Turkish harem," he explained.

Her belly flipped again, tightening her pussy around the dildo.

"Oh, I wouldn't like that at all! I don't want to be shut away inside."

"You won't have any say about it," he said. "Now, that's enough of your chatter. We've business to see to."

Kate pouted. It was he who had done most of the talking. "Won't you tell me more about the lost city?" she begged, anxious to stall him as long as possible. The forbidding look he gave her and the thin,

compressed line of his mouth reminded her of someone. She could not remember who, but it gave an unsettling familiarity to what should have been a stranger's face.

"Never mind about that," Ross said. "If it's adventures you want, you can have a little one right now. And don't give me any trouble. You're still owed five with the switch, and if you don't do as you're told I'll add five more with my whip to those cheeky little tits of yours."

Kate knew his threat was real, but delivered with a twinkle in his eye that somehow made it less intimidating, at least until he took hold of one of the thin chains attached to the front of the block and reached for her right breast. She shied away until the shackles tightened on her wrists and stopped her. His finger smoothed over her teat and pulled on the point of her nipple.

"Oh, what are you doing?" She stared at the flat, open jaws of the big sprung clip in his right hand, then hissed and flinched from the pressure of his left on her smarting bottom. The movement brought her forward again, and he closed the clip on the end of the chain over her semi-erect nipple.

"Keeping you in the position I want you," he said as she yelped.

"That hurts," Kate protested.

"No it doesn't. It's just uncomfortable for now, but it'll hold you still." Ross closed the second clamp on her left nipple and she yelped again, more from anxiety than pain perhaps, but the grip of the steel jaws on the points of her teats was far from pleasant. The short chains to which the clamps were attached made her lean forward with her belly against one end of the block and her head extended beyond the other.

Ross moved his stool closer, until Kate found herself staring at the crotch of his trousers, only inches from her nose. There was a startlingly large bulge in the material there, which made her gulp nervously and her sex contract around the length of hard ebony filling it. Ross picked up the narrow rectangle of black silk he had taken from his pocket.

"No, please!" Kate jerked her head back as he put it over her eyes, and she gasped as the chains tightened and gave her clamped nipples a painful tug. With tears prickling her eyes, she let him tie the blindfold in place. It was frightening to be deprived of her sight. Whatever he did now she would not even be able to see it coming. She was entirely at his mercy.

Her other senses seemed suddenly more acute. She could hear the man's small movements and his regular breaths above her own shallow, rapid ones. The buzzing of her nipples in the grip of the tight, grooved jaws of the clamps and the burn of the stripes scored across her bottom by the switch seemed more intense. Embarrassingly, she could smell her own woman-scent as her pussy quivered around the dildo and feel the trickle of her sweat over her bare skin.

Ross's hand brushing her hair back from her face made Kate jump, and the clamps gave another little distressing tug at her teats. A second later something warm and fleshy and very firm rubbed against her cheek. Kate caught her breath. It was not a finger. It was much too big. Behind the blindfold her eyes went wide. Her belly did a somersault that set her sheath rippling. She jerked back and two painful stabs in her nipples made her resume her original position at once.

"Mouth open," she heard Ross order.

Kate's head spun. Though she had never seen one before and could not see it now, she knew all too well what the thing rubbing her cheek was. Surely he did not mean to... But he did!

Awestruck, Kate clamped her lips tight shut. The hard, warm flesh pressed against them and she jerked away, only to yield once more to the painful pull of the nipple clamps. Fingertips tickled her armpits. She shrieked with involuntary laughter, and her uncontrollable wriggling tugged tormentingly on the tips of her breasts. The moment she regained control, the upright thing she knew with awful certainty was Ross's erect penis touched her lips again. She kept them firmly closed. The pressure increased. The flesh felt strange; firm yet at the same time smooth and velvety, and not at all as she had imagined. It was not damp or greasy, as she had always thought, but dry and very warm and perhaps not quite as distasteful as she had expected. But it was frightening, and to take the thing into her mouth was abhorrent to her. Surely that was an unnatural and disgraceful thing to do.

It took three more ticklings and the torture they caused her nipples before Kate was forced to admit defeat.

"We've got all day," she heard Ross say casually, and realized he would have his way in the end regardless of how much she suffered. She swallowed hard and parted her lips a little. The thick tip of the penis immediately slipped between them and she let it push them wider.

Almost before Kate was aware of what was happening the whole, broad cock head was filling her mouth. She gagged and drew back, careful not to hurt her nipples by going too far. She wanted to spit and rid herself of the horrible taste but the truth was that the swollen shaft did not really taste of anything. A gentle pull on the chain clipped to her left teat was enough warning to make her take the penis into her mouth again.

“Suck gently,” Ross said.

Very wary of the result, Kate did as she was told, feeling as disgusted with herself at surrendering as she was by what he was making her do. At least the blindfold spared her from having to see herself being humiliated in the mirrors, she thought as the ex-soldier instructed her how to use her tongue and lips on the thick baton of his cock.

That was how she would heighten her master’s pleasure whenever she was ordered to suck him, he explained, which would probably be every time he used her. Kate’s disgust increased at the word ‘used’. It was crude and barbaric, and emphasized the fact that she would have no choice in the matter, implying that she was no more than an object without any feelings or wishes of her own. The thought horrified her but, certain of the consequences if she failed, Kate did her best to perform the techniques through which Ross guided her.

Soon they seemed to be having an effect. Kate was sure the hard shaft slowly sliding back and forth between her lips had increased in size, and the man’s breathing was growing louder and more uneven. Her stomach knotted. Oh hell! She was getting him even more excited. If she was not careful...

Immediately, Kate stopped her movements, but Ross’s sharp pull on her nipple chains quickly got her head bobbing again. In the total darkness created by the blindfold she licked and sucked and nibbled his hard cock, wincing each time a jerk on her clamped nipples told her he was dissatisfied with her efforts. Hours seemed to have passed by the time he pulled his shaft from her mouth. Kate raised her head, breathing fast, wishing she could see what was happening around her.

“What -?” she began and fell silent as both nipple chains went taut.

“Hush,” Ross said. “No talking.”

She stared into the blackness of the silk covering her eyes, heard the scrape and flare of a match and smelled tobacco. A cry of alarm escaped her as she felt a hand rub the undersides of her breasts and give

each of them a squeeze. He could do anything to her, she thought with her heart thumping, and she could not even see it coming.

“How’s your pussy?” Ross asked.

Kate had been trying not to think about it. Her sex was responding to the dildo’s presence in the same way it had for the last two days; by prickling and tingling since the moment it had penetrated her. Denied the distractions of sight, she found herself focusing more and more on the feelings while Ross smoked his cigarette. Just as before she was tormented by conflicting emotions which she knew would only get worse as the day wore on. She had no wish to be forced to another humiliating orgasm in front of a virtual stranger, yet her growing arousal had already reached the point where her manacled hands were fidgeting in her agitation to do something about it. The teasing touch on her breasts was not helping her efforts to suppress her excitement. Beneath their biting clamps her nipples were pulsing.

Ross stopped stroking her teats, and the pressure on her lips made her open her mouth and accept his broad-headed shaft inside it once more. It pushed deeper than before, and Kate felt a tremor of fear when a hand on her head stopped her pulling back as the tip of the shaft touched the back of her throat. Gagging, she tried to turn her head and the cock pressed against the inside of her cheek until it bulged. Without thinking she flickered her tongue along its underside. Her pussy gave a warm tickle. Her belly contracted with the shock of what she had done and her sheath tightened on the phallus. A long ripple of pleasure ran through her.

Kate had long since lost track of time. Blind as she was, her world had shrunk to no more than the sensations caused by the cock between her lips and the dildo in her sex, the increasing throb of her nipples and the trickles of sweat running over her naked body. She could hear nothing but the wet slurping of her mouth on Ross’s cock and the mingled sounds of their quickening breathing. Several times the old soldier withdrew his shaft and allowed her a short rest before he started again. On each occasion he forbade Kate to speak. It was unnerving to sit in silence, straining her ears to detect the slightest sound that might, or might not, represent a threat. And even if she did there was not a thing she could do about it.

Nothing seemed so bad as not being able to see. It brought home to Kate how utterly dependent on Ross she was. When she begged for a drink he gave her water, but he could just as easily have refused and made her go thirsty. When she was desperate to urinate he kept her chained to the block and made her do it where she was. Kate had to suffer the embarrassment of hearing her piss splattering onto the tiled floor behind her and afterwards of kneeling in the puddle she had made. Ross did not even take his cock from her mouth while she pissed.

There was something incongruous about the pause in all the lewd torments for the mundane process of eating. Ross left her blindfolded for that too, and spooned spicy rice into her mouth without releasing her shackled hands or the clamps from her nipples. His power over her was daunting, yet in some strange way reassuring too. Kate would far rather be in his hands than those of the much more frightening Jefferson.

To her amazement, she realized that in spite of everything he had done to her she felt a measure of trust for the old soldier. He hurt her, but not as cruelly as he had the power to do. He forced her to humiliate herself by performing sexual acts she could barely have imagined, but not in as harsh or violent a way as he could have. His words to her were not as unkind as they might have been and he even seemed to have some sympathy for her. Kate struggled with her startling discovery as she chewed her last mouthful of rice. After a long drink of water she dared to speak.

“Sir, my.... The clamps, sir, they’re....”

“Aye, they must be hurting a bit by now,” Ross said. “You’ve been a good girl so I’ll take them off when I’m finished eating. Mind, your nipples will hurt more for a while when I do.”

He was right. The tips of Kate’s breasts buzzed and throbbed with the return of circulating blood. As if to prove what she had just been thinking, Ross massaged them until the worst was over. By then they were as hard as buttons and pulsing from the friction of his fingers. With a sudden start, Kate realized how desperately she wanted to come. The dildo had been inside her all morning. She could not stand its maddening presence for much longer.

Much to her disappointment Ross did not release her, and the nudge of his cock on her lips forced her to take it between them yet again. After so many hours it did not seem quite so extraordinary to be sucking

gently on the thick shaft as she slid her mouth to and fro along its length. Without the painful steel clips on her nipples Kate felt that she had some freedom of movement and at least a little control over what was happening, even when Ross's thrusting abruptly quickened.

Her delusion was instantly dispelled. She heard a deep grunt, and for a moment the swollen cock seemed to vibrate between her lips. Suddenly her mouth was filling with horrible slimy liquid. Kate tried to pull away but Ross held her head with both hands and continued spurting the awful fluid onto her tongue. As it pooled in her throat, Kate half-swallowed, coughed, gasped, and coughed again. Only then did the old soldier pull his cock free. She spluttered and spat. The stuff was bitter and salty, and it caused a nasty cloying feeling inside her mouth. She could feel some of it dribbling down her chin.

"Ugh, that's horrid!" Kate sensed Ross stand up, and a moment later she was blinking in the glare of the lights as he at last removed the blindfold. The first thing she saw when her vision cleared was the broad, wetly-glistening length of the cock that had just spewed semen between her lips. It was the first one she had ever seen.

"You're not finished yet," the old soldier said.

Kate gulped and almost vomited as some of the slimy goo she had not managed to get rid of slid down her gullet. His cock was shiny with a mixture of his spunk and her saliva and a big, greyish pearl of come clung to its tip. She had no wish to add to that which was already lying uneasily in her stomach. Kate glanced at the switch leaning against the wall. She also had no wish to feel it stoking the fire already in her bottom. Fighting her nausea, she closed her lips around the half-hard cock and sucked. A dribble of salty slime on her tongue made her gag and she pulled away. Ross grabbed her head in one hand and slapped his wet, slowly shrinking cock on her cheek with the other.

"Stop," he snapped as she made to spit. "If you do that I'll cane you."

Kate stared up at him and saw he meant it. She paused with her mouth open and the gob of semen on the end of her tongue.

"Swallow," Ross ordered.

Before, it had been accidental. Now he was making her do it deliberately. Somehow she managed to force it down, thankful it was

only a small amount, though her gut still churned until she thought she would puke.

Ross laughed softly as her face twisted in disgust. "You'll have to get used to it," he warned. "You should lick a cock clean after you've swallowed, but I'll let that go for now. I'll see you get more practice in the next few days."

As her belly flipped at the prospect, he stepped back and it flipped again when she realized he was completely naked. She eyed his solid, well-muscled frame, noticing the scars on his right thigh and high on his chest but more surprised by the suddenly shrunken penis dangling loosely between his legs. His quiet chuckle made her look up at his face and then hang her head in embarrassment.

Kate had never been very interested in young men. Their compliments and flattery were very nice, but they always seemed so immature and they were never old enough to have done anything really adventurous that might have captured her imagination. Ross was a different matter entirely. He must be nearly forty, yet he had not lost his taste for adventure and she was sure he had already had plenty in the past. He was quite attractive too, in a rugged, outdoor sort of way. Who *did* he remind her of, she wondered. It was not so much his face as one particular expression it often bore, but he was not wearing it at that moment. He was smiling at her.

"Time for your reward." He knelt beside Kate, slid his hand down the cleft in her buttocks, over the protruding end of the phallus in her sex and began rubbing her clitoris.

"Ooh, no!" It was not so much being given an orgasm Kate objected to as having no say in when it happened. She strained her wrists against the shackles holding her fast to the wooden block but already her bud was swelling and tingling. In seconds, her hips were wiggling and she was grinding her pussy against his hand. She came in half a minute, bucking ecstatically with the pent-up fury of her passion, her sex and anus spasming deliciously. With many gasps and long sighs, Kate shivered through the marvellous tremors, powerless in the grip of the pleasure the man's fingers were creating in her rippling bud.

With a sudden, startled cry she squirmed even more ferociously, horrified, humiliated and disbelieving. As her sphincter had convulsed

with the tickling contractions of her climax Ross had thrust a long, broad finger deep into her wriggling rear.

Chapter 8

Kate writhed. She could not escape. Her pussy continued to spasm helplessly in orgasm. As it clenched and unclenched in tingling delight, her anus alternately tightened and loosened around the single digit sunk inside. It felt lovely.

“Ooh, no,” Kate cried a second time, mortified by the obscenity of it and astonished that it was heightening the pleasure rushing through her. Sparkling spasms seized her again, and her body jerked and shuddered with a second furious climax. Bucking wildly, her sheath clamped hard on the dildo and her anus around the invading digit, Kate collapsed onto the wooden block beneath her with her head spinning and her vision a blur.

There was an obscene plop as Ross pulled his finger from her backside. “Good girl,” she heard him say. “That’s what a man wants from his slave girl. That sort of response makes him feel good about himself.”

“Beast,” she gasped between heaving breaths. “It was horrid. It was disgusting.”

He laughed. “No it wasn’t. You liked it, little miss. Do you think people don’t do it all the time? You’ll likely find your rear entrance being used as often as the front one.” He tickled the sensitive ring of muscle and Kate wriggled frantically.

“That’s unnatural,” she protested, even more horrified. “It’s not an entrance. It’s not for that at all.” It seemed inconceivable to her that it should be used for anything but what nature intended.

“Lots of girls wouldn’t agree.” Again Ross rubbed his fingertip on her puckered knot and chuckled. “I’ve known quite a few who liked it in there as much as in their pussies.”

“Damned ignorant natives who don’t know any better,” Kate said, hiding her shock behind her with scorn. Her heart leapt as she looked down and saw the gooey little pool of come she had spat onto the floor.

“No, white girls like you as well as Indians. How long have you lived in India?”

“All my life,” Kate said. “I was born here.”

“You haven’t learned much about it though. You wouldn’t be so disparaging if you’d taken the trouble to find out about its people and cultures. The Indians had already built a civilisation with palaces and great cities when people in Britain were living in caves.”

For someone who claimed to be poorly educated, Ross seemed to be very well informed, Kate thought. He was right about her attitude to the land of her birth. She had lived in the British community, aloof and isolated from most Indians except for servants. She had never been much interested in Indian culture and certainly was not now with the threat of enslavement hanging over her head.

“Well, never mind,” the ex-soldier said with a pat to her bottom, and released her manacled wrists. “You’ll be learning a lot more about it first hand soon enough. And I wouldn’t make a habit of voicing your opinions if I was you.”

He pulled her to her feet, and she saw her naked reflection next to his in the mirror. He was head and shoulders taller than she was, a giant beside her, with a mat of grey-flecked hair on his chest and far more intimidating than when he had his clothes on. Or did she mean impressive?

His big hand around her wrist drew her down to the end of the corridor and into another room. She stared around its bare, white-walled interior and her gut twisted. On the wall beside a complicated contraption of timber and brass was a rack of vicious-looking whips and canes.

“Don’t worry, they aren’t for you,” Ross said at her sudden sharp intake of breath. He led her to a corner of the room below a long, narrow window high in its outer wall where a showerhead was fitted to the ceiling. “Arms up.”

Having just seen how imposing he was, Kate had no thought of defying him and stood unmoving while he clasped the handcuffs hanging beside the showerhead around her wrists. The water was cool and refreshing. She tilted her head back, letting it wash the sweat beads from her face, and she jumped at Ross’s touch. He was soaping her, running his big paws over her bare skin, and she could feel a strength in them that was suddenly unnerving. He must have felt her go tense.

“Relax. You’ll feel better after this.” His hands rubbed gently and in minutes he was proved right. He massaged away the aches in Kate’s

calves and thighs, the last of the buzzing from her switched bottom and eventually the knot of apprehension from her belly. It returned momentarily when his slick hand slid lower, only to be swamped by the tingling quivers that tickled through her sex as Ross lathered her clitoris and outer labia. His other hand kneaded her slippery breasts and teased her nipples to erection.

Hips jiggling in defiance of her will, Kate felt the pull of the cuffs on her wrists and silently cursed her weakness. After all her exertions that day, still her body was ready to betray her. Her mind betrayed her too. The sensations were too exciting for her to really want them to stop. Kate's shocked gasp at the admission changed to a long sigh of pleasure by the time it escaped her lips. She ran her wet tongue over them. She wanted the hand on her breasts to squeeze harder, the fingers soaping her eager pussy to sink deeper inside. She wanted her hands free so she could reach down to the straining point of her clitoris and rub it really hard or – her heart leapt – to curl her fingers around the thick, rearing cock that was pressing against the skin above her right hip.

She was mad, Kate thought. She had completely lost her senses. Panting hard she thrust her sex wantonly against Ross's caressing hand. The one so skilfully toying with her teats slipped to her waist, then her buttocks and then the crease between them. Ross pressed his palm hard onto her squirming pussy. Kate caught her breath. Despite the delicious tremors in her sex she was very conscious of the soapy, slippery finger that was gliding down her anal crease towards the little knot it concealed. Certain of what he intended, she pinched her sphincter tighter. Her pussy contracted around the fingers within it, a flick of a thumb on her erect clitoris made it twitch wildly and her anus shivered. With the gentlest of pressures, Ross's big forefinger sank to the knuckle in Kate's rectum.

"Ooh! Oooh!" It was crude and vulgar and unnatural. And it felt absolutely wonderful. The sensitive membranes in Kate's anus trembled. Seconds later she came with a great pussy-wrenching rush of delight that the handle of her hairbrush had never given her in all the years she had been using it. It seemed there were sparks in her sex as well as her head as her mind spun with overwhelming pleasure. The long finger in her rear pushed harder, wiggling deliciously over its tender, rippling walls. Her pussy spasmed uncontrollably, and with a strangled and incredulous cry Kate climaxed again and again and again. Waves of incredible

pleasure crashed over her in a vast, dumbfounding deluge that made her lightning flash inside her reeling head.

The shower had stopped when Kate's senses returned and a strong arm was wrapped around her, holding her upright and taking the weight from her aching shoulders. Her legs were bent and refused to straighten and support her. Her arms flopped uselessly to her sides when Ross freed them from the handcuffs. She could feel the damp, wiry hair on his chest against her cheek and the hardness of his cock pressing on her stomach. She knew she ought to pull away but could not find the strength, and it was pleasant and comforting to feel him holding her in the dizzying aftermath of her multiple orgasms. If she could have lifted her arms she would have held him too.

It was several minutes before she was able to lock her knees. Ross let go of her and Kate leaned dizzily against the wall, stunned by the unbelievable sensations she had experienced. She dragged her eyelids open and saw him drying his naked body. He gave her a smile that seemed warm and not at all unkind. How could he possibly be nice and a slave-trader at the same time?

Kate's intoxicating pleasure had dissipated, leaving her feeling weak and weary. The sight of his great, up-curved cock as he came towards her sent an anxious flutter through her stomach, but he only began patting her with a soft towel.

"That was a bit of a surprise, little miss," Ross said, "for me as well as you. I think you liked my finger up your bum a lot more than you thought you would, eh? You're very tight back there, though. Perhaps we'd better see about stretching you a bit. It'll make things easier for you when you have to take a cock in it."

If his words were meant to reassure her they had the opposite effect. Kate's fear returned in all its full-blown horror as she recalled the fate awaiting her. She had been like a toy in his hands, picked up, played with, and put down again when she no longer amused him. She was not going to spend the rest of her life like that. However many incredible orgasms she experienced they would never be adequate recompense for the loss of her freedom. And they were going to sell her to some barbarian tribesman who would likely treat her no better than his goats or his cattle. It was too awful to even think about.

Nerves strung tight with fear and desperation, Kate eyed the wooden framework on the opposite side of the room and the wicked-looking canes and whips on the wall. They were an all too clear reminder of the danger she faced. She saw Ross glance in the same direction.

“Don’t fret about that,” he said. “It’s Jefferson’s solution for our more reluctant guests, but you’ve pretty much behaved yourself up to now. Carry on the same way and you won’t need to get any closer to it than you are now. It’s only for *very* naughty girls. Come on, I think you need a lie down. You’ll sleep in my room from now on.”

He took her to a room across the passage from the one that held the shower. Kate saw the big, brass-framed bed first. It dominated the spartanly-furnished room. Her belly shrank. He was going to make her sleep with him. Oh, heavens, she would have to do a lot more than sleep! A little thrill of excitement as she imagined just what, only increased her terror.

Her eyes flickered to the large revolver lying on the nightstand by the bed as she watched Ross bend to a low, steel-barred cage standing beside the room’s far wall. He lowered one side of the cage and gestured to the thin mattress that covered the floor inside.

“In you get.”

Kate felt a rush of anger and resentment. He seemed quite cheerful about locking her up, about trapping her inside the horrid, cramped little cage. She balked. Heart pounding, she rushed to the nightstand, grabbed the heavy pistol and thumbed back its hammer as she aimed it at the crouching man.

“I know how to use this,” she warned, breasts lifting as she sucked in a long, unsteady breath and fought the trembling in her hands. “Take me back to Peshawar or I’ll shoot you.”

Ross rose slowly to his full height. “Not with that you won’t. Do you really think I’m fool enough to leave a loaded gun lying around?”

Kate looked over the cocked hammer of the revolver. There was no glint of a brass cartridge in the chamber beneath. She uncocked it and drew the hammer back again. The cylinder rotated to another empty chamber. The ex-soldier’s figure blurred as tears of frustration welled up in Kate’s eyes. She felt a horrible, heart-rending disappointment.

Ross moved very fast. He plucked the pistol from her hand and snatched her wrist as she tried to back away. Blinking away her tears she

stared up into this face. It bore that expression that seemed so familiar and reminded her so much of someone she could not quite place. Looking fearfully at his sternly compressed lips and the furrow between his lowered eyebrows, Kate suddenly realized who it was.

“Here you were behaving like a good girl and then you go and do this,” Ross said with a disapproving shake of his head. “I think you had better have a closer acquaintance with Jefferson’s machine after all. I told you it was for very naughty girls, little miss. And *you* have been a very naughty girl indeed.”

* * * * *

Lifting her bathrobe to her waist Penny craned her neck over her right shoulder and eyed her buttocks in the wardrobe mirror. The carmine blush that had been there the day before had gone but it was still uncomfortable for her to sit down and Penny thought she detected a mauve tint of bruising beneath the skin. She shuddered at the memory of her humiliation, not only the indignity of being spanked like a naughty child but at being caught masturbating by Courtney’s servant. Equally bad was the embarrassment of having her overtures rejected by Tony Wetherell and the cruel way in which he had responded to them.

Only once had Penny’s feminine wiles failed to get her what she wanted, when she had tried to persuade Tom to withdraw his request for transfer to the frontier. It was only much later that she had understood why. Yet now, in the space of a couple of days they had failed her twice more. In fact, her attempts to manipulate Macdonald and Wetherell with her charms had only got her deeper into trouble. Not only was it a shock but also it was undermining Penny’s self-confidence. Instead of using the men for her ends it was she who had ended up being used for theirs. Her pussy tickled – and how she had been used!

She opened her robe and faced the mirror. Her nipples were two hard, darkly pink cones. No, she told herself emphatically. Nothing could be allowed to distract her from recovering Julia and Kate. This was not the time to be indulging passions that would have been far better left buried, at least until she had achieved her goal. Why then had she begun her morning by playing with herself when she would have been better employed formulating a plan for when she confronted the slavers?

Penny watched the reflection of her index finger slide down the ripe roundness of one breast and flick back and forth over its erect nipple. She turned away and, swearing as she had not sworn for years, closed her robe and belted it firmly around her waist. She was *not* going to start again. A tap at the door saved her from further temptation but her relief was short-lived when she opened it and found Courtney's servant on the other side. Her belly went tight and Penny felt a hot rush of blood to her cheeks.

"Courtney Sahib has returned sooner than expected," he said. "He awaits you in his study, *mem-sahib*."

"Thank god," Penny said with heartfelt relief. Now perhaps she could get on with rescuing the girls.

As soon as the servant had gone she dressed quickly and made her way to the study. She knew the residency well, having spent two months in Jargahal when Tom had commanded the garrison there. That had been in the days before the troops had been withdrawn and replaced by occasional visits like the one Wetherell was making. It was a sign of the Raj's trust in the frontier state's ruler, though shrewdly backed up by the annual payment of *khillat* that bribed him and his people into behaving themselves.

Penny had got to know Clifford Courtney quite well during her time there. She remembered an after-dinner conversation during which he had revealed his profound interest in and admiration for the native people and culture. He had seemed an amiable, rather eccentric character who had spent so many years in his post as British Resident that he had virtually 'gone native'.

He could almost be a native, she thought, as she entered the study, sat in the chair he indicated and eyed him across the width of his desk. His face was tanned as dark as any Pathan's and he wore a silk *chapaan*; a loose, long-sleeved, native robe. Penny wrinkled her nose. And he still smoked the foul-smelling, black cheroots he had the last time she had seen him. He must be close to fifty now, she guessed, though he seemed little changed since their last meeting.

"It's been a while, Mrs. Winter," he said, and his crisp English accent immediately dispelled any impression that he was a native. "I must say I never expected we would meet again, particularly under the circumstances Macdonald describes." He picked up a letter from the

desk, scanned it briefly and put it down. Penny assumed Wetherell must have brought it with him.

“Then I don’t need to explain my dilemma,” she said. “I do hope you can help me get the girls back.”

Courtney drew on his cheroot, eyes narrowing. “We’ll see. First, let me belatedly say how much I regretted hearing about the loss of your husband. It was a most unfortunate business. I gather there was some doubt about the exact nature of his demise.”

The British community on the North West Frontier was small and insular. Everyone knew everyone else, even if they were hundreds of miles apart and did not see each other for months at a time. It appeared everyone minded everyone else’s business too, even when it took place on the other side of the world. Penny shifted uncomfortably on her seat, but Courtney had always seemed to have a sympathetic ear for her when she had previously been in Jargahal.

“There was no evidence it was anything other than an accident,” she said, still feeling defensive after Wetherell’s recent accusations. “But Tom was never the same after the... the court martial. He didn’t seem to care whether he lived or died. I tried to get him to act more responsibly but...”

“You mustn’t blame yourself,” Courtney said when she faltered. “He wasn’t the most strong-willed of men, was he?”

Penny’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. She did not feel responsible. It was Tom who had chosen to take his Lagonda off into the darkness night after night and driven too fast down narrow country roads in spite of all her attempts to dissuade him. And it was not polite for Courtney to be commenting on the character of her dead husband.

“Oh, come now!” he said when she told him so. “When the two of you were here it was perfectly clear who was in charge. I always thought you needed someone who could give you a proper measure of control.” He smiled without humour. “Someone a good deal more assertive who knew precisely how to keep your waywardness in check.”

Penny’s annoyance increased. He had no right to be commenting on her relationship with her husband, or making unflattering observations about her character either. Of course she had been the dominant one in their marriage. That was the way she had wanted it. Only in the

bedroom had Tom ever asserted himself. Everywhere else it was Penny who had almost always got her way.

Perhaps that was what had attracted her to George and why their lovemaking had had an edge to it that she had never felt with Tom. George had never let her manipulate him. One stern word had been enough to bring her to heel. After a while, despite the sex, she had not been able to put up with being controlled that way and had ended their brief affair. Suddenly aware of the pregnant silence and that she was staring vacantly into Courtney's impassive features, Penny forced the memory from her thoughts.

"That is no business of yours, Courtney," she said indignantly. "Neither is it to the point. Macdonald said you can tell me where to find the slavers. Are you going to do it or not?"

The man laughed. "Ah, there's the Penelope Winter I recognise. You disappoint me. I expected you to employ your seductive charms before you resorted to a show of petulance – a tantalising glimpse of those famous long legs or a deep, slowly indrawn breath to pull your dress tight across your big tits. Do you think I'm too old to appreciate such things, Penelope?"

While Penny was still too stunned by his comments to respond, he rang a small hand bell on his desk. A shapely young Indian girl entered and gave him a bow. Courtney spoke to her in Hindi rather than Pashto, proving the girl was not a local. She began unbuttoning her short bodice. Before Penny had fully grasped what the girl was doing her brown-skinned torso was bare and she was loosening her skirt. With a twinge of envy at the firm jut of her full breasts Penny rose to her feet.

"Really, this is too much! I won't stay here and..."

"You will if you want me to even consider helping you," Courtney interrupted. "You'll stay, and you'll do as you're told."

Penny's stomach turned over. "Oh god, not you too!"

Courtney patted the letter on his desk. "Yes, me too. I have received a rather graphic account of your meeting with Macdonald and I spoke to Wetherell a little while ago. He's very annoyed with you. He told me about your attempt to seduce him yesterday. And I have had a lurid report from one of my servants about what took place in my parlour afterwards. That sort of thing just isn't done, Penelope. Even you should know that."

Cringing inwardly with embarrassment, Penny looked away from his leering grin and saw the Indian girl had stripped completely. Courtney stretched out an arm and the nude native went to him and let him curl it around her hips with his hand resting on the bare mound above her sex. Penny gulped.

“This is Rane. She was a gift from the men you’re looking for. A bribe, if you like, to allow them to operate here in Jargahal without any interference.” His fingers rubbed gently on the plump swells of the girl’s pussy-lips. “She’s very talented, Penny, superbly trained and obedient. If they were willing to give me something so valuable to persuade me not to reveal their whereabouts, I find myself wondering what you think you can offer me that might change my mind.”

There was no mistaking his meaning. With her gut twisting, Penny forced herself to meet his eye. His smile was cold as he deliberately lowered his eyes from her face to the rise of her breasts as she sucked in an anxious breath.

“Wetherell doesn’t know or care why you’re here, Penny,” Courtney continued, “but Macdonald thinks getting those girls back means a great deal to you.” His fingers separated Rane’s outer labia and rubbed the pinky-brown petals of the inner ones. “So do I, but you can easily prove me wrong. Just go to your room now, pack your case and return to Peshawar. I can provide you with transport.”

She was trapped again, Penny acknowledged, fearful but resigned. Once more she would have to submit. Her pussy tickled alarmingly. When she did not move, Courtney gave her a self-satisfied smile that fired her resentment. She fought it down, eyeing him warily.

“Take your clothes off,” he said in his crisp, commanding tone. He was the master here in the Residency and it was plain he knew it. So did Penny, but still she balked.

“The servant,” she said, intensely embarrassed.

“Stays where she is.” Courtney got to his feet. There was a large map board on the wall behind his desk. He took the wooden pointer from its ledge and tapped it on his palm as he moved towards her. Before Penny realized what he intended, its tapering, two-foot length smacked across the thin cotton dress covering her bottom. She clutched at her buttocks with a yelp more of surprise than pain.

“Clothes off, I said.”

Pulse racing, Penny stripped off the dress and the camisole she wore beneath it and, studiously avoiding looking in Ranee's direction, her silken panties.

"Stand straight. Get your arms by your sides," Courtney ordered as her hands went automatically to hide her breasts and sex. He stood in front of her and looked her up and down. Penny lowered her eyes from his acute gaze.

"It's years since I've seen a pair of white tits," he said. "Your nipples look so pink, and I see you've shaved your cunt too."

She shuddered, worried that his crudity was not the only cause. There was a warm prickling between her thighs as she stood still and let him look at her naked body. She felt again the strange, unsettling mixture of fear and excitement that she had experienced with Macdonald and Wetherell; a perturbing yet somehow stimulating awareness that she was powerless to influence what was going to happen. As her pussy tingled and her heart thumped, Penny realized it was also the feeling that had driven her to end her affair with George. She hated not being in control, so why was she becoming aroused?

"Keep still," Courtney barked as he reached out the map-pointer, and Penny flinched as it pressed on the underside of her left breast. He used the tapered rod to lift the heavy mound, and then pulled it away to let her teat bounce back into place. "You always did have a fine pair of tits, Penny. Not quite so firm now as they used to be, eh? But still pretty good."

With a pang of resentment, she could not stop herself glancing at the tight, out-thrust breasts on Ranee's young chest. The native girl was staring at her. Penny looked away and tried to force the knowledge to the back of her mind. Courtney tapped the map-pointer uncomfortably firmly on the upper curve of her right breast.

"Now to the matter of your disgraceful behaviour in my parlour. You nearly shocked the life out of poor old Ghairat when he walked in on you. Fingering yourself in the public areas of the Residency is strictly prohibited, Penny. I must say I'm surprised that even you were prepared to abuse my hospitality with such a wanton display."

The pointer slapped firmly down on the jut of her teat when she opened her mouth to reply.

"I'm not finished," Courtney snapped. "I could make allowances for the fact you haven't done much fucking while you've been widowed."

Or during the year before Tom's death, Penny thought. He had never so much as given her a peck on the cheek since his court martial. Oh, what was she doing thinking about that? She ought to be feeling nothing but her disgust for the way Courtney was behaving. What had happened to the amiable eccentric she had always taken him for?

"But knowing you, I doubt that's the case," he continued, much to her annoyance. "Anyway, that is hardly an excuse and I've no intention of letting you off scot-free. There's an apology to be made for a start."

"I'm sorry," Penny said, and her sex quivered.

"Not to me, silly girl. To Ghairat." Courtney rang the bell on his desk again.

Penny wrapped her arms around herself and dropped to a crouch on the floor as the middle-aged servant who had caught her masturbating came into the room. She stared up at Courtney in horror.

"Oh, you can't! For heavens sake."

"On your feet. Stand up straight. If you want to see those girls again you'll do as I say, Penny."

She rose slowly, covering herself as best she could with her hands and turned sideways on to the servant. Unfortunately that presented her bare bottom to Courtney who immediately smacked the thin pointer across it in a stinging blow.

"Ow! What the...?"

"Hands by your sides, I told you," he said sharply. "And face Ghairat."

Belly knotting, Penny obeyed. The briefest glimpse from beneath her lowered eyelids revealed the native staring wide-eyed at her nudity. She ached with an awful humiliation.

"Kneel to him, look up into his eyes and tell him you beg his pardon for being such a slutty little bitch."

"No! I'm not..." Her protest was cut off by the sharp splat of the pointer striking her bottom and the fiery sting that immediately followed. Eyes watering, Penny sank to her knees. "I... I beg... your pardon for b... being a slutty... little... b... bitch," she choked out, cheeks ablaze with embarrassment. The man's black eyes glittered as he looked down into her own.

“Good tits, eh, Ghairat?” Courtney said.

“Very good, Sahib. Good round arse too.” The native grinned, revealing the gaps in his yellowing teeth.

Penny hung her head in shame. The servant made for the door.

“Ghairat,” Courtney called as he opened it, “she did come, didn’t she?”

The man laughed. “Oh yes, Sahib. She was coming very much when I found her.”

Courtney hauled Penny to her feet. Completely mortified she looked at him with tear-brimmed eyes. “I... I thought I could count on you as a friend.”

He snorted a laugh. “You never had any friends here, Penny. You saw to that yourself. You made all the women hate you and all the men want you, including me. I don’t expect you noticed, but I fell for your seductive act as well. You didn’t even realize you were doing it half the time. I suppose it became second nature. All the men wanted to fuck you but none of them liked you much. There were times even Tom had his doubts.” Her sudden gasp made him smile. “Oh, yes! He told me one evening when the two of us were dining alone. He always loved you, but he didn’t always like you.”

Penny was stricken. She had always exploited her beauty to get what she wanted, though frequently once it was hers she had discovered she had not really wanted it at all. That had even been true of Tom, but she had done her best to stick by him through their marriage. He had been the catch of the season when she had first met him – tall, fair-haired, handsome and rich. All the unmarried debs had been trying to hook him, so naturally Penny had had to steal him from under their noses. She had been bored too. The leisured life of a socialite had begun to seem increasingly empty after five years and Penny had realized she was not getting any younger. At twenty-two and with lots of younger debutantes coming up behind her, she had not been so very far from being left on the shelf.

Much to her disappointment, life with Tom had not proved any more fulfilling than the endless round of dinners and parties of which it had consisted before. In fact, it had been little different to begin with, though Penny had been shocked to discover Tom’s wealth had been as illusory as the contentment she had been seeking when she had married

him. His whole family had been heavily in debt and the couple had had to survive on his army pay and her own small inheritance.

The transfer of Tom's regiment to India had been an even greater shock, made worse when he had insisted on transferring to the North West Frontier. Resentful when she had failed for the first time to get her own way, Penny had found it increasingly hard to continue playing the role of the loyal army wife she had promised herself she would be.

Another fierce sting to her bottom jerked her from her brief reverie.

"I said come along," Courtney snapped. "You had better start obeying me at once, Penny, or you'll find you won't be enjoying much of what's about to happen."

"W... what are you going to do?"

His grin made her belly flip.

"Find out just how badly you want my help." He flicked the map-pointer over the tip of her left teat and pointed at a door on the far side of the study, one Penny had never passed through during her previous visits to the Residency. As she rubbed her buzzing breast, Courtney steered her towards the door with the pressure of the pointer on her buttocks. When he opened it she stopped dead in her tracks, aghast.

Chapter 9

A vicious swipe of the pointer sent pain flaring across her tender bottom and drove Penny into the room.

Courtney locked the door behind him and pocketed the key in his *chapaan*. “Stand by the table. Clasp your hands behind your neck.”

Clutching at her smarting rear Penny turned to face him. “Please, if you want...” She gasped as he smacked the pointer onto the out-thrust swell of her left teat.

“You will call me ‘sir’, and you will ask permission if you want to speak.”

A wave of the slim length of wood in his hand was sufficient threat to make her obey him. Her upraised arms lifted Penny’s full breasts as if in invitation. Courtney smiled.

“I like a good, big pair of tits, Penny. I always did admire yours.” The map-pointer flickered out and stung her right breast frighteningly close to its stiff nipple.

“Ooh! Please stop hurting me,” she pleaded, clasping both hands protectively over her breasts. Courtney smacked the slender stick on her belly, then her thighs and then her breasts again while Penny’s hands darted from one source of discomfort to the next and he rapped instructions.

“Keep still. Hands behind your neck. Call me ‘sir’. Ask permission if you wish to speak.”

So stunned by his treatment that she felt dizzy Penny resumed her position beside the table, her back to the door and facing the ‘X’-shaped wooden frame on the wall twenty feet away that had made her want to turn and run the moment she had first seen it.

“That’s better,” Courtney told her. “You’re going to do as you’re told now, aren’t you, Penny? And if you’re a good girl I may help you find your companions. That’s what you want, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Penny said, then quickly, “Yes, sir,” but not fast enough to stop him smacking both breasts with the map-pointer.

“Ooh, don’t!” she begged with tears springing to her eyes.

“Hands!” he barked as they dropped to the fiery sting and she stopped the movement at once. “No talking!”

She stood still, apprehensively aware of him flexing the thin, tapering stick between his hands while his gaze roved over every inch of her nudity. The silence lengthened. Penny watched the dust motes floating in the shafts of sunlight coming through the high windows in the wall before her. Why, trapped and humiliated and completely under the man's dominance, was she so excited that tremors were coursing the length of her sheath and she could feel the warm flow of her lubricating juices bathing her outer pussy-lips?

"You've been a bad girl, Penny. Say it."

"I've been a bad girl, sir." A little electric thrill ran through her.

"Tony Wetherell says you're a slut. What do you think?"

"No, I'm not," Penny said hotly. "He's just... Ow!" A stinging swipe from the pointer silenced her.

"The thing is, I'm inclined to agree with him," Courtney told her. "Bend over the table and grip the far edge. You would be very foolish to let go before I say so."

With her belly churning and her pussy prickling at his uncompromising words of command, Penny obeyed. The wood felt cool as she crushed her breasts down onto the table's unyielding surface. She jerked under the grip of two hands low on her buttocks that pulled them apart, exposing her sex and anus at the same time. Only just managing to keep her grip on the table she cringed inwardly at the knowledge Courtney was looking into the moistly tingling interior of her sex. She heard him take a deep breath.

"When were you last fucked up the arse?" he demanded.

"Oh, how disgusting! Never!" Penny rose up in indignation only to be slammed back down by a heavy hand between her shoulder blades. A second later her bottom bounced under a scorching slap from Courtney's palm.

"You were told not to let go. Oh, you really are a bad one aren't you? Won't obey orders, tries to seduce my guest in my own parlour and then behaves like a common little slut afterwards. And you scandalised my most trusted servant into the bargain. Wetherell said your cunt was dripping when he'd finished spanking you. Is that what you like, Penny? Do you like to be hurt?"

"No!" Penny said. "No, sir. It's awful. Ooh!" She bucked as he pushed two fingers forcefully into her pussy and it clenched around them.

“Perhaps you like a good firm grip to keep you in line?” He pushed on the upper curve of her bottom, pressing her belly down hard onto the tabletop.

“No, sir, please. I’m not like that at all.” But the pressure of his hand *was* heightening the quivering in her sex.

“Maybe it’s being forced to give up control to someone else,” Courtney speculated. “I don’t suppose that’s a feeling you’re used to. Is that it? Do you get aroused when you’re made to surrender?”

“No, I hate it,” Penny said vehemently. It was she who had always been in control, she who needed to feel the power and dominance that her beauty and sexuality gave her. Lord, what she really needed was to come! She thrust back onto Courtney’s fingers, driving them deeper.

He pulled them out and made her stand up. Those same damp digits closed on the back of her neck and marched her to a wooden plank with several round holes in it, which was fixed to low brackets set into the floor. Above her head was a length of wood attached at both ends to iron bars descending from the ceiling. There were two iron rings around the wooden crossbar with short chains hanging from them.

“Stay there,” her tormentor ordered, went to a cupboard in one corner and reached inside without opening the door wide enough for Penny to see what it contained. He returned with two thick, leather cuffs in one hand, still holding the pointer in the other. It flicked out lightning fast and stung her belly just above her hairless love-mound. Penny hissed her pain through clenched teeth. Her belly fluttered with fear as Courtney made her hold her hands out and buckled the cuffs tightly around her wrists. A short chain ending in an ‘S’- shaped hook hung from each of them.

“W... what are you doing?” she dared to ask.

He ignored the question, gripped her right forearm and raised it above her head. She did not resist the strong, insistent fingers that stretched her hands high and slipped the hooks on her cuffs through a link in each of the chains overhead. They pulled at her shoulder joints and she could only just manage to keep her feet flat on the floor.

“Oh, that’s awfully uncomfortable, sir,” Penny said. It was frightening too, and worryingly exciting. Her pussy quivered.

Courtney gave a short laugh. “It’s going to be a lot more uncomfortable before we’re finished, my girl.” He bent to the plank in

front of her and released a catch at one end. The hinged front half swung away from the rear one. A smack on the bottom and a brusque command made Penny place her ankles against two of the semi-circular cut-outs in the fixed half of the plank and Courtney closed the moveable half and fastened it, locking her feet a shoulder's width apart. The position increased the pull on Penny's arms and the flutter of fear in her belly.

"Oh, what are you doing to me?" she wailed, fighting the sudden urge to panic. Never before had she been restrained. It was a horrid feeling to know she was utterly helpless, utterly unprotected, utterly at the man's mercy. Penny's heart pounded, her belly writhed in unbridled terror and, heaven help her, her pussy rippled with hot, fiery arousal.

Courtney met her wide-eyed stare and chuckled throatily. "I thought you would have guessed by now, Penny. You owe me an apology. A simple 'I'm sorry' might be adequate for Ghairat but I require something a good deal more" – his wicked smile grew broader – "how shall I put it? Physical?" He loosened his *chapaan* and cast it aside. Beneath it he was naked; lean, tall, rangy, without an ounce of fat, and his cock was rearing upright with its fat, bell-shaped head pink and taut and shiny.

Penny gasped as her sex clenched and quivered. "But I...I'll give you what you want. You don't need to treat me like this."

His teeth bared in a predatory grin that sent a fresh frisson of fear down her spine. "Oh, I do, my dear girl! You won't be any different to my slave girls. They always need to be well secured before I punish them."

"Punish?" The word came out as a terrified squeak. So did Penny's next ones. "Oh, no, for pity's sake!"

Courtney returned to the cupboard and opened it wide so Penny could see everything it contained. She felt a sudden, almost irresistible urge to empty her bladder. The upper part was a rack filled with an assortment of canes and whips.

"No, don't," she begged. "Please, I'll do everything you tell me to." She watched in horror as he selected a long cane and a short whip and placed them on the table at her left along with the map-pointer.

"Now, Penny, I must," he said sternly. "This is what gives me the most pleasure, you see? And you want me to help you, so you need to please me. And you said yourself that you've been a bad girl. I can't

very well overlook all your naughtiness in the parlour. It's a good job Ghairat is such a loyal servant and knows how to keep his mouth shut. If word of your indecent behaviour got out it could damage the British reputation along the whole frontier. So you see, you really do deserve to be punished."

It was all nonsense, Penny knew, nothing but a half-baked excuse. "No, you can't beat me. It's not fair," she protested.

"Fair? Of course it isn't fair," Courtney said and picked up the whip. "Have you always been fair, Penny?"

Before she could even begin to reply he flicked the short, supple length of leather across the fronts of her thighs just below the pout of her sex.

"Ow! Ooh! Oooh!" Penny jerked and fought ineffectually to pull her feet from the holes in the plank. A second stroke scored a fiery track across her lower abdomen and made her cry out again. She heaved on the tight cuffs that held her arms above her head. Their position lifted high the two prominent rounds of her breasts and thrust them forwards. Penny knew they were targets too tempting to resist. She tensed as she saw Courtney drew back the arm holding the whip. It smacked into the flesh of both teats, fiercely stinging their soft-skinned undersides. She threw her head back, hissing and gasping at the pain.

Courtney laughed. "Oh, very nice! Feel it bite, Penny?"

She jerked backwards as he lashed out again but she was too tightly stretched to evade the leather's biting tongue.

"Ooh!" It scorched her abdomen again. "Ooh! Ooh!" Her breasts bounced, burning from two more upward slashes of the whip and before her cries had died another stung horribly across her thighs. "Oh, that really hurts," Penny whimpered breathlessly. Two fiery lashes scored the upper curves of her teats. They seemed to vibrate with pain.

"Call me 'sir'," Courtney barked. "Have you forgotten already?"

"Oh, sir, sir, please stop!" she begged.

"Only when I think you've learned your lesson." His laughter was cruel and his next words ominous. "And I've a feeling that's going to take quite some time."

The whip flicked out again and again, striking Penny's thighs and belly and breasts without any pattern to the blows, so that as well as the pain, she suffered a horrid, dreading uncertainty about where the leather

would next bite her tender skin. Equally frightening was the knowledge that the whip was by no means the largest Courtney had and that he was not hitting anywhere near as hard as he could have. If he chose one of the thicker and heavier whips and used his full strength.... Penny's gut twisted in greater terror and her feeling of total helplessness intensified. The consequences were too terrifying to contemplate.

As if he knew what she was thinking Courtney swung the whip down harder. It landed with a loud, sickening crack and Penny's left breast bounced wildly from the impact of the blow. Agony exploded in her nipple. She gave a shrill, high-pitched shriek and then another higher still when the same hellish blaze of torment seared her right nipple. A split second later the leather lashed fiercely across her soft-skinned love-mound. Wrenching her wrists frantically in their restraints Penny felt her gut twisting cruelly and suddenly she could no longer resist the pent-up pressure in her bladder. As she writhed under another wicked whiplash to her burning breasts a surging spray of urine erupted from between her parted thighs, arcing upwards almost as high as the floating dust motes before it splattered to the floor tiles several feet in front of her.

Courtney did not even slow his cruel lashes, let alone stop. Sobbing wretchedly in pain and humiliation Penny continued to writhe under the searing strokes with the unstoppable stream of her piss squirting erratically up and down and from one side to the other at every jerk and twist of her tormented body.

At last the vicious crack of leather on yielding flesh stopped. Above the sound of her panting breaths Penny heard the last trickles of her piss splash onto the plank beneath her. She opened her eyes and saw Courtney through a haze of tears. He stepped in front of her as if to better admire the evidence of the torment he had put her through. He was breathing as hard as Penny was and his face bore a triumphant grin. She hung her head. The whole of her front from breasts to thighs was bright scarlet and smarting fiercely, and her hard, conical nipples were throbbing.

"Well, that was a good warm-up. I wasn't expecting the golden shower though, Penelope. I think you even managed to splash me a few times." The thick baton of Courtney's rearing cock twitched as he spoke. Dreadfully humiliated Penny looked quickly away in acute alarm as her pussy did the same.

“According to Wetherell you should be dripping wet by now, Penny.”

She flinched from his outstretched hand and felt another moment of panic as the leather cuffs on her wrists tightened once more. Even before his fingers slid inside it her sex was quivering eagerly. Penny hissed and rocked her hips as he pushed deeper, forcing her outer labia wide.

“Hm, not dripping, but your cunt *is* wet. Say it Penny.”

“I...” She had never spoken the word in her life. She did not want to now. His fingertips reached the ridge of her pleasure spot, high at the front of her tingling sheath. Without her willing it Penny’s hips thrust forward. “My cunt is wet, sir,” she said hoarsely.

“Was it the pain, I wonder, or the restraints, or merely having some proper control for once? I always thought you just needed a good, firm hand to keep you in your proper place, Penny. Don’t you agree?” Courtney’s finger rubbed more firmly. Penny heaved on her wrist straps and wriggled as much as they allowed her to.

“Y... yes, sir.” She was aroused in spite of the pain, not because of it, and being bound only made her limbs ache and her belly flutter in fear. Penny did not know why she was excited. Surely it was no more than her long years of deprivation finally catching up with her? Her sheath rippled suddenly and she moaned. Though every movement hurt she thrust herself avidly onto Courtney’s teasing fingers. Abruptly and very frustratingly they withdrew. Penny heard his soft laugh.

“No, you’ve a long way to go before I let you come, my dear. Tonight I’ll chain you to my bed and if you perform satisfactorily, and bear in mind I’m used to the skills of trained slave girls like Raneé, then tomorrow I’ll see about assisting you with your missing companions.”

Penny felt a rush of relief rise through her awful torment. At last he had agreed to help her, though it made her mind whirl to wonder what she might have to do to secure that help. Chained to his bed, she thought, and was shocked by the tremors that teased her sex.

“No,” he said. “On second thought it had better be the day after tomorrow. You’ll need more time to recover from what I’m going to do next.”

“Next?” Penny’s heart leapt as he laid the whip on the table and picked up the cane. “Oh, no!”

She craned her neck to her left and watched him from the corner of her eye as he took position behind her. The cane swished and her buttocks clenched and her belly twisted with awful anticipation, but it was just an experimental swing. Penny was suddenly beaded with sweat and breathing in great heaving gasps that seemed to draw no air into her lungs.

“Please,” she croaked and a heartbeat later the cane cracked savagely across her defenceless buttocks. Raw, brutal pain flamed in her tender flesh, a narrow line of searing fire that spread rapidly outwards across the soft skin of her rear cheeks and deep into the firm muscles beneath. The air trapped in Penny’s lungs escaped in a harsh, guttural cry. She scarcely had time to draw another breath before the next stroke carved a second trail of blazing torment across her helpless bottom.

“Oh, god, it’s terrible! It’s...!” The cane’s fiery impact cut her off and she felt her buttocks bounce from the ferocity of the blow. “Ooh, it hurts, it hurts!” Penny bucked, tearing desperately against the chains holding her wrists aloft, weeping and shaking her head until she was giddy.

Courtney slashed the cane across her jiggling buttocks with regular, unrelenting strokes, ignoring the panting pleas that alternated with Penny’s cries and howls. She could feel her firm, rounded rear yielding beneath every wicked impact of the thick bamboo. Each one seemed to sink deeper into her delicate flesh and intensify its scorching, throbbing torment.

The savage smarting of Penny’s buttocks had become unbearable long before the meaty crack of the cane finally ceased. Courtney placed it on the table and stood in front of her, his swollen cock-head almost brushing her belly. Blinking the moisture from her eyes she saw his lips twist into a lustful smile.

“Tears already, Penny? I like that.” His finger brushed her wet cheek and she flinched and gave a strangled sob. “I like to see a grown woman cry when she’s punished. That’s how it should always be.” He pinched the buzzing nipples standing thick and hard on the tips of her breasts and used them to lift the heavy mounds. “My slave girls must be made of harder stuff. They never shed any tears over a mere twenty strokes. Mind you, I nearly gave you five more for making such a wet mess of my floor. Really, I expected a little more self-control from a

white woman.” Chuckling, he let Penny’s breasts fall back into place and slid a finger over the slit bisecting her sex. “Let’s see if you’re still wet.”

Penny’s humiliation at pissing herself and the knowledge Courtney had flogged her just as he did his native slaves burned her almost as much as the awful fire in her buttocks. Another kind of heat flared within her as his finger penetrated her pussy. Very soon she was gasping from more than just the pain. Not wanting to believe she had given in so easily, she could not stop herself from rubbing her sex against his teasing hand.

“That’s it, work those hips. Move your cunt on my fingers. You see what a little of the proper control can do?” Courtney pressed the ball of his thumb to the hood of her clitoris, letting the small movements that were all Penny’s restraints allowed her do the work. She sighed and wriggled, cursing herself for a weakling but lost to her desire despite the pain tormenting her. Nothing she had experienced before seemed so carnal, so completely forbidden or so awe-inspiringly arousing. What in heaven’s name was wrong with her?

“That’s enough. No coming for you until I say so.” Courtney laughed at her mew of frustration as he drew his hand out of reach. “If you can’t exert any discipline over yourself, my girl, someone else is going to have to impose it on you. Now, its time I gave you a second flogging.”

“What? Oh, for heavens sake!” Penny cried in disbelief, but he had already moved behind her, cane in hand. “Please,” she begged at the same moment a loud whoosh of displaced air told her he had swung the vicious rod. There was an awful crack as the cane struck flesh and turned the fire in her buttocks into an inferno. Penny shrieked.

It was much worse the second time. The cane whipped wickedly across the welts caused by the first flogging. Courtney seemed to have a renewed energy and struck much harder, with longer intervals between each blow, giving her time to feel the cruel pain sink deep into her throbbing bottom and the fierce burn sear savagely across her skin.

Penny’s tears flowed freely, dripping steadily onto her smarting breasts. It seemed as if the cane had become a knife that was carving its way ever deeper into the tender tissues of her buttocks until they seemed to be screaming at her for the brutal strokes to stop. Soon Penny was screaming too, streaming with sweat, and bucking and writhing in

uncontrollable anguish until she was as terrified she would tear her aching shoulders from their sockets as she was of the cruel bamboo.

Only when the pressure of Courtney's hand under her chin lifted her lolling head did Penny realize she could no longer hear the pitiless crack of the cane or feel its wicked bite adding to the agony of her sorely abused bottom.

"There's twenty more for you, Penny. Do you think they might make you behave yourself from now on?"

In too much pain to care about her humiliation Penny managed to gasp out a 'yes, sir' between her racking sobs.

Courtney laughed. "For some reason I doubt that. I think you would need the constant threat of a flogging to keep you in check, and even then there would be plenty of times the threat would have to be carried out. Put you near a man, Penny, and you wouldn't be able to help yourself. You'd be flirting and flaunting yourself in no time, just as you always have."

Penny no longer gave a damn for his opinion. All that filled her mind was the terrible throb in her bottom and the stinging of her breasts and belly and thighs, and how much longer it would be before she was free to rush to her room and plunge into a cold, soothing bath. Her belly turned over as she heard Courtney's footsteps retreating and the key unlocking the door.

"Oh, please, don't leave me here like this!" she begged.

"I've no intention of leaving," he told her, opening the door.

"Come in Ranee."

"Please, don't let her see me this way. She's a native for god's sake," Penny pleaded, her embarrassment suddenly outweighing her pain.

"And a slave girl, Penny. A very skilful slave girl. She's going to give my cock a thorough sucking, and you had better watch closely while she does it. I expect the same from you later, though since you're so fond of masturbating I think I'll let you begin with that this evening, with Ranee and I watching, of course. But before any of that we're going to see how many times she can make you come in the next hour."

For long seconds Penny was stunned speechless by her horror. Did he really mean another woman was going to...? Her head spun until she was sure she would lose her senses. "Please, not a native girl," was all she finally managed to croak.

At that moment Ranee, with her large breasts that showed not the slightest hint of sagging, appeared in front of her. Penny's stomach balled into a knot. Her pain and humiliation made her weak. All she could do was strain uselessly at the chains securing her wrists as the girl smiled at her and glided gracefully closer. Long, slender fingers stroked Penny's tear-stained cheek then slid over her smarting skin to the stiff tip of one sore, pulsating nipple. She felt the softness of the girl's brown-skinned cheek rub against the weals on the other one and looked down with a gasp as a pink, wet tongue described a circle around its hardened point.

"Ooh!" Penny shuddered and gave a startled squeak as a tremor ran through her pussy.

"Relax, Penny," Courtney said, chuckling. "I think you'll find she's very talented."

She stiffened as the girl's hand left her tingling nipple and smoothed over the gentle swell of her belly to her hairless mound.

"No, you mustn't," she said huskily.

Courtney was watching with an amused smile on his face and his pink-headed cock curving arrogantly upright. "Think of those two girls suffering in the slavers' clutches, Penny. You do want to rescue them, don't you?"

They could hardly be suffering worse than she was, Penny thought, but he was right, damn him. She steeled herself. In little more than a week she had to be in the Prince of Dhokat's palace, and Julia and Kate along with her, or her fortunes would never be restored.

Everything now depended on how she behaved in the next few hours. She must be prepared to do whatever was necessary to secure her future. She had come too far and made too many sacrifices already to fail. So she would watch Ranee suck Courtney's cock very closely indeed, and do it herself when he told her to. But she must keep her wits about her, Penny told herself. Too often lately she had allowed herself to be diverted from her objective by the transient pleasures of sex, but as so often in her past the sex was a means to an end, not the end itself. She must never let herself forget that.

Ranee sank slowly to her knees before her, trailing her tongue wetly between Penny's breasts and down her burning belly. She caught her breath as fingers fluttered gently over the insides of her parted thighs.

They stroked the swelling crescents of her outer labia, tickled the moist petals peeping from within and slid easily into her quivering pussy.

No woman had ever touched Penny there. It was wrong. It was unnatural. Her sex contracted and her hips thrust unbidden against the delicious penetration. Her eyes went wide in surprise and then wider still as soft lips kissed the stinging swell of her love-mound and tugged gently on the folds of her clitoral hood. Moments later a moistly delving tongue pushed its way between them.

“Oh, no!” Somewhere amid the vastness of the mountains, Penny knew, were two frightened girls whose destiny was to be sold at auction to the highest bidder. Their only hope of escaping that fate was Penny Winter.

Ranee’s lips closed over her clitoris and sucked hard on its swollen bud.

“Oh, yes!” Penny groaned and surrendered to the pleasure.

The End of Volume One

Julia, Kate and Penny continue their adventures in:
Kate and Julia: Slave Girls Of The Raj.