

SPACE SLAVE

Martin Hughes

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction novel are at least 18 years of age.

CHAPTER 1

With her eyes wide with dread, sheer terror was etched into the face of the beautiful girl as she ran through the jungle. The girl's dark hair streamed out behind whilst her feminine charms danced obviously and deliciously within their covering. Her full, sensuous lips were drawn back to gasp panting breaths in her headlong flight, revealing fine white teeth which would make any dentist redundant. So the deadly perils of the drop-dead gorgeous Starship Commander, Liz Hartley, are continuing.

Heart pounding, her breasts aching from their wild bouncing, Liz ran through the verdant undergrowth ahead of Harry; his breathless voice urging her to greater speed. She was sweltering in her space coveralls but they at least protected her from the scratches of the thorn bushes in her path.

From less than half a kilometre behind came the hoots and yelps of the dark-skinned pygmy tribesmen ringing ominously in her pounding ears. She faltered when she heard further screaming voices ahead of her, making her bite her full sensuous lips in anxiety. Their retreat was seemingly blocked off. Suddenly Harry's hand clutched desperately at hers, dragging her into the heart of a dense bush. She was oblivious to the wicked barbs tearing at her; she had to be, it was the least of her worries.

"Quick - only way - waiting for us the other side - hide here," Harry managed between rasping breaths, carefully tugging the bushes back after them to conceal their entrance.

Thankfully Liz collapsed, easing several of the longer and sharper of the vicious barbs from her coveralls and wincing where they had pierced the softness of her skin beneath. She blinked away tears of pain and terror, trying to catch her wits.

She was no longer a Federation Starship commander, a level-headed resourceful woman in her twenties. Rather, she was a little girl again who just wanted to hide under the bed covers, seeking reassurance from her parents until her fear subsided and was stilled. As much as she loved Harry, the Captain of her Starship, she doubted whether he could save her now. She felt a deep primeval terror loosening her bowels, turning her stomach to jelly. It was the kind of fear that dispels all reason. At that moment she would have given anything never to have become one of the most famous space officers in the Federation. Instead she wanted this nightmare to end and leave her back in her parents' country home in Maidstone, England, on her home planet of Earth.

Desperately she tried to reassert her fleeing reasoning, needing to do something positive and practical to save her sanity and maybe take back a little control. She grabbed a heal-quick scan from her pocket. Unzipping her clothing she ran the little device over the areas where she had snagged herself. Then she did the same for Harry. The heat from the instrument immediately eased most of the sharp pinpricks of pain. The tiny marks would be gone in a few minutes.

She slumped in Harry's strong arms, comforted by his presence and musky smell pressing the softness of her trembling body hard against his. His hands slipped inside her gaping coverall, soothing down the arch of her back, tracing the enticing dip of her spine and sliding under her tiny knickers to deliciously stroke the cheeks of her bottom. Incongruously, despite their desperate circumstances Liz knew that she wanted him now; something had almost taken over her mind to make her feel that way amidst their peril. She came alive in his arms and she could feel his hardness against her most intimate flesh; he wanted her too. Unconsciously she parted her endless thighs to trap the surge of his quickening desire against her moist flesh as he eased aside the now damp gusset of her panties.

"Fuck me," she breathed, her eyes wide with pleading as she slightly raised her hips.

His hands tightly gripped the perfect spheres of her bottom, his fingers brushing her secret entrance in the cleft as he positioned her. Forces beyond their control were driving them. Panting, her slim hands squeezed and encouraged the hard knob of his manhood jutting from his coveralls.

She slid her cool hands under his clothing, gripping the two hard rocks of his muscled buttocks, feeling him thrust eagerly against her and her welcoming heat and wetness. She opened her mouth hungrily as his lips descended brutally and possessively over hers. Their tongues darted and entwined like minnows as she pulled him against her, into her. For a moment they could forget their dire circumstances; it was almost as if their bodies were locked together in one of the bunks of their Starship. But no, this was madness. Liz dredged up every ounce of her self-control and will.

Gritting her teeth she reluctantly broke away, easing back as Harry gasped weakly in frustration. Her breasts were heaving, her curves covered in a sheen of passion. She wanted to feel his hardness within her aching sex. However, steeling herself she hushed his protests, straightening her clothes, pushing away his unfulfilled spear now glistening with her own lust.

How could she have such carnal thoughts at a time like this? Their lives were in jeopardy. She had heard somewhere that the urge for sex and procreation was sometimes linked to the proximity of danger and death. Was that it? She pondered the cause of their sudden lapse of reason. Luckily the moment somehow passed just as a band of tiny natives swarmed by, alert for any movement in the bushes. She could have imagined how easily the tiny hunters would have discovered the thrashing and locked bodies of their quarry if they had been shaking the bush in deep passion.

She was content now just to hold Harry against her, stilling their surging hearts. Could this nightmare have been avoided? She pondered. And how could they escape it? Seeking a temporary refuge from their predicament her thoughts drifted back to the events which had pitched them into this fresh nightmare.

Harry was Captain of the Federation Starship Cruiser Explorer; Liz, a commander, was his second in command. They and the other hundred or so of Explorer's crew had finally escaped from pirates who had captured and tortured them on the planet Magellan. Their captors had allowed them to leave that planet in an old freighter, Colossus, but the pirates had the cruel intention of then blowing it up with them all in it. The resultant 'accident' in space would have removed all traces of the shameful and painful ordeals which the pirates had inflicted on Liz and the others in the Federation crew. However, the pirates had in turn been tricked into blowing themselves up with Explorer's self-destruct devices when attempting to themselves make use of the Federation ship.

Although sad at the loss of their Starship, Liz and the others in Explorer's crew had been initially jubilant at the demise of their cruel tormentors. They had escaped and dealt with the pirates and they were now heading home to Earth. However their hopes were dashed somewhat when their instruments told them that the hydrogen tanks of the old freighter were leaking. This setback was they guessed due either debris from Explorer's explosion or else a hidden contingency measure by the pirates to prevent their captives from having enough fuel to return to Federation space.

There were some supplies in the holds of Colossus but no ready means of repairing any external damage to the old ship without a planet-fall. As the pirates had removed any method of inter-space communication from the vessel, Liz and the others were on their own.

Their scanners had found the small lush, green planet with plentiful supplies of water to help replenish their fuel. With seemingly only a few small life forms roaming the planet and no signs of industry it appeared primitive, posing no possible threat even to their unarmed ship. The holds of Colossus had yielded a few hand-held stun guns, which they thought would be more than enough protection here.

For a few days life in their new Garden of Eden was indeed a paradise. It took all of their willpower to concentrate on repairing and replenishing the ship. Most of the crew just wanted to relax after their ordeals on Magellan. Liz found it progressively harder to motivate and convince the crew, and indeed herself, to carry out the necessary repair work.

Too late they realised there were unseen forces playing with them. It slowly dawned on them that something, some intelligence, must have lured them here like flies to a spider's web. They had been misled by the planet's lush appearance and its seemingly harmless nature. Yet the only occupants of the planet were a few pygmy natives, dressed in loincloths and carrying only spears. How could they pose any tangible threat to them as a fearless Federation crew who had survived so much on Magellan?

Nevertheless, slowly the crew disappeared. One by one they would stroll into the surrounding countryside never to return. Liz and Harry then insisted they go only in armed groups of three or four. However, the steady attrition continued whilst those crew who did remain struggled to either find their colleagues or repair the old ship. Liz assumed that they were simply wandering off to start a new life, but in her heart she knew that something else, something bad was happening, and she had a responsibility to her crew to find out what.

Yet she appreciated that somehow their will and reasoning were being sucked dry. Harry and Liz had taken a couple of other officers - Michael Haig, the Major commanding the ship's marine company, and Lieutenant Rose Pierce - together with four marines armed with stun-guns to find answers. The few timid brown-skinned natives lurking around the ship had always scurried away from them. They had, therefore, determined to capture a few of the pygmies in a bid to discover the whereabouts of the missing crew and determine exactly what was happening to them all.

But suddenly the hunters had become the hunted. An hour's walk from the old ship the marines' scanners had shown large unspecified life-forms in the distance; then their communicators stopped working. Strange Jurassic-type roars stunned Liz and the others into a frightened immobility as they saw trees in the nearby jungle crash and sway like matchsticks. Her mind told her that something big and no doubt bad was heading for them.

When the troopers investigated they disappeared as thoroughly as the other crew, apart from several blood-curdling screams, which were soon silenced. Then the terrible screeching roars were repeated but now from close-by. When the huge grey, tooth-encrusted heads of gigantic dinosaurs erupted from the forest snapping in their direction Liz guessed that her own face was as white as that of Rose's. Both women instinctively clasped each other in dread, creating a classic picture of feminine vulnerability. The ground shook from the monsters' steps as the four officers ran for their lives. Although the ship's scanners had given no indication of such creatures on the planet they couldn't deny the evidence of their own eyes. Primitive, gut-wrenching fears took over.

A few wild shots from Liz's gun had no impact on their armoured pursuers and uncharacteristically, panic threatened to engulf her. She and Harry were separated from their two companions. More of the hideous monsters, which reared over 10 meters on hind legs, had driven a wedge between them; herding them. Then the creatures seemed to fight amongst themselves, huge trees swaying wildly as they did so, leaving their insignificant human prey to run. The roars diminished.

Liz and Harry had stopped to gather their breath, searching vainly for the other two, when a large band of screaming natives emerged, brandishing spears. Frantically they fired their stun guns only to find that they had apparently failed as thoroughly as the communicators had. Liz and Harry had only managed to outdistance their tiny pursuers by virtue of their longer legs.

Liz had thus thoroughly reviewed her memories of the lead-up to their current plight and could still think of no way in which they could have avoided it. They now lay deep in the thorn bush trying to get a grip on their senses.

Her nostrils twitched, clearing her mind and dragging her firmly back to the present. Suddenly the bushes around them were engulfed in flames. Choking on smoke, heat searing her lungs and senses, she struggled with Harry from hiding, ignoring the thorns, scarcely able to see her hands before her. Under cover of a pall of smoke, they staggered towards a patch of clear blue sky in the distance.

"Harghhh!"

The cry was wrenched from her as a noose concealed on the uneven ground snapped around her shapely legs, pulling them from under her.

Fresh terror threatened to engulf her as she was unceremoniously jerked upwards by her ankles. Totally helpless, she swung sickeningly upside down from a tree alongside Harry. Her long dark hair cascaded around her face obscuring her vision. She shook it wildly, brushing it aside, her beautiful face white with shock. Her fear was then subsumed by disbelief and confusion; there was no sign of the fire - only the grinning upturned faces of the natives who now surrounded them below.

Instinctively, although it might be useless, she reached for her stun gun.

"Yaahh, ouch..." She immediately dropped it, gasping. The plastic of its butt seemed to burn her hands and she saw that Harry had done the same, also rubbing his hands in pain and shock.

Casually the natives retrieved the fallen weapons, examining them without discomfort. Liz realised that they had become victims of psychic control. Somehow their minds had been invaded, influencing and suggesting. The mind control had conjured up visions from their nightmares of monsters and fire, had encouraged and stoked their lust to unbearable limits to make them lose concentration and give themselves away. With a sickening feeling of hopelessness she realised that they had thus fled straight into a trap. She was a captive again.

Abruptly the rope securing her ankles slackened. A ground-level close-up replaced her lofty, upside-down, view as she crashed painfully to the forest floor, winding her and momentarily jarring her senses. She heard Harry gasp from above as the natives' spears silenced his helpless protests.

Ominously circling, the natives made mocking jabs with their spears, thankfully just falling short of her flinching body. Wide-eyed, Liz struggled to her feet, mouth dry with fear, hands outflung to parry any blows. She had been trained well in the space service and was fairly good at hand to hand combat, and her adversaries were little more than half her size. But they had spears and there were many of them. Desperately she twisted and turned on the spot trying not to lose sight of any of her attackers; needing to anticipate and brace herself for whatever came next. She felt like one of the American 19th Century frontier wives she had seen on films surrounded by savage Indians. However, this was for real. A dozen of the tiny pygmies, their sun-scorched faces level with her chest, surrounded her like spiteful children. They were jubilant yet grim and determined. There was no escape. Gulping, she tried not to imagine what the first spear-thrust would feel like when it penetrated her coverall and tore into her flinching body.

The action momentarily froze, a change rippling simultaneously across each of their faces. Then they began snatching at her clothing. There were simply too many tiny hands to fight them all off and the spear thrusts ensured that she couldn't prevent them whilst they had their way.

"Please We mean you no harm, why are you doing this? We need your help then we'll leave here. Let us speak to your leader ... your chief."

Her desperate words had no impact on the natives, who she suspected hadn't understood or cared despite the frightened plea in her voice.

"Ow ... stop ... please," her gasping entreaties were useless as the giggling demons snatched at her coveralls, ripping and tugging.

The result was inevitable. Nervously licking her lips, Liz now stood in a circle of her tormentors wearing only the scanty black satin bra and pants she had donned in Harry's cabin that morning. They clung to her lush curves with a sensuousness she certainly didn't feel, only adding to her anxious shame. With trembling hands she covered the generous display of her jutting breasts whilst her captors eagerly sorted through the contents of her coverall pockets.

"Look, there is no need for this. We come in peace ... we mean no harm; we can pay you ughhh!" Her plea was abbreviated as they grabbed her arms to pull her down to their level, stuffing a smelly rag in her mouth to bulge out her delicate cheeks. "Haah," she yelped as her wrists were twisted cruelly and bound up behind her shoulder blades, painfully thrusting out her breasts. They finally hobbled her with a rope between her ankles.

“Pluughhh,” her further cries were muffled through the gag as a brown hand painfully squeezed her breasts, another slapping her bottom. She was a helpless captive in their tiny hands.

“Leave her alone, you lousy bastards.”

Harry jerked still helplessly upended as the tiny fiends toyed with the beautiful woman he loved. Liz could only guess his emotions. Only that morning he had gently crept up behind her in his cabin after showering. She stood gloriously naked but for a towel before his mirror combing her long dark hair; the enticing dip of her back had beckoned him. She had shivered when he had lifted her hair to kiss the soft nape of her neck, pushing him away in mock-anger when his hands reached around to grab her boobs. When she turned to face him, full lips smiling, he had stroked her hair, holding her tightly against him. Now he hung powerless as they stroked and pinched her silken flesh, delighting in her muffled screams.

He breathed easier when Liz managed to stifle her squirming gasps, at least denying the beasts the outward pleasure of her suffering.

“Bastards ... haaarghhh!” A spear butt in his groin reduced his continuing outrage to gasps of pain. Then they finally tired of the sport with her, concentrating on him, small hands prodding, emptying his pockets as he swung helpless.

“We take to Jabba - he like the woman,” one said in broken English.

Although Liz was relieved that the natives at least spoke a little of their language, the thought of her being taken – like this – to Jabba, whoever he was, brought no comfort. Then her eyes bulged above her gag as Harry was cut down, stripped to his underpants and similarly bound. She felt so vulnerable wearing only miniscule covering as they were dragged to another group of natives eating under the shade of a tree.

To both her relief and despair, Rose and Michael were with them. Both had also been stripped and trussed up like chickens. Soon she and Harry were lying with them in the dust, their ankles folded back and tied to their necks with a short length of rope. It forced her to arch her back painfully to avoid choking from the noose.

Helplessly she looked at Rose, trying to express some reassurance when her blonde friend’s large green eyes widened in mute greeting above her gag. Rose wore small white bra and pants, the lace nearly transparent, through which her dark nipples and curly blonde thatch were visible, her bindings thrusting her body into a tight curve accentuating her loveliness. Although her beautiful face was creased with fear Liz was reminded just how attractive her lieutenant was. She sensed the impotence of the men lying so helplessly next to them.

The prisoners were offered no food or drink. They had to watch the natives trying on the clothes just ripped from them, eating their provisions. Tears sprang to Liz’s eyes as one of the little beasts placed her locket, which Harry had given her, around his neck, giggling. Then their captors moved off. The ropes hobbling the prisoners’ ankles were removed, but not those binding their wrists behind them. They were also roped together by nooses around their necks. She longed to let the remaining crew know their fate, warn them, get help perhaps? No such opportunity was afforded. Although dwarfing their jubilant captors they were led, hot and tired, further away from Colossus and any hope of rescue or safety.

The sun blazed down, the ground rough under her bare scrabbling feet. Liz longed to stop and drink from her own flask, which was slung around the shoulders of a pygmy. Even to be able to ease back to catch her breath would have been a luxury. However, the noose painfully tightened whenever her pace slackened from that set by the natives.

Liz pounded at a steady trot to an unknown destination, breath snorting through her gag and flared nostrils to burn in her aching lungs. As the journey progressed, her fatigue and fears mounted with the grinding misery. Muscles screaming in protest, her legs felt like rubber, jarring numbly over the ground as if unconnected to her body. Her generous breasts bounced painfully under the thin restraint of her skimpy bra.

Sweat formed stinging pools in her eyes, rivulets trickling down her back. She guessed her panties would be in a similar state to Rose's. Such underwear was designed to make the wearer feel good about herself, or to titillate a lover. Now the skimpy lace moulded transparently to each jiggling globe of the blonde lieutenant's curvaceous hindquarters, riding into the cleft. The bra and panties, no matter how scanty, were her last vestige of civilisation in this wilderness; her sole covering from public view. When dressing that morning, neither woman could have envisaged having to expose them under such circumstances.

Staggering but managing to get her balance before being choked further, Liz thought she must soon die. Every breath burned and the sun penetrated her aching head to scorch her mind. She hallucinated about iced drinks and deep swimming pools as she was remorselessly pulled along to an unknown fate.

Exhausted after many hours of such torment, they finally they reached a settlement of mud and straw huts in the centre of which the gasping captives were halted.

Liz sighed with relief, rubbing circulation back into her hands when they were released. But although freed from her bondage she couldn't move, for a throng of small brown figures surrounded them. Her captors' heads just about reached the level of her bra – and so did their curious hands. She squirmed this way and that, unable to escape the tiny brown hands curiously pinching her and Rose's exposed white flesh.

"Stop ... please, ow," Liz gasped as pigmy women wearing grass skirts giggled, sadistically enjoying her screech of pain as her minuscule covering was examined and snapped back painfully against her smarting flesh.

Then prodding spears herded them into tiny stockades. These had seemingly been designed for prisoners of the natives' size. The stout wooden uprights were of insufficient height for Liz to stand properly. She had to stoop, only able to stretch full length by lying on the ground. There were numerous cages each holding around a dozen prisoners; women and men segregated. Relaxing slightly, relief flooded Liz when she recognised all of her other crewmembers who had so far gone missing on this planet.

Sharing a cage with Liz and Rose were several others of her crew; amongst them two of the older members, in their thirties and forties. However, both were fit and strong and she therefore hoped they wouldn't have too many difficulties coping with the ordeal so far.

Liz helped comfort a young girl who was sobbing in a corner. Sally was amongst the youngest of the crew and this would be harder for her to bear, but they all shared the common misery. All attractive women, they were now prisoners crouching in their skimpy underwear intended for the privacy of a bedroom rather than public display. She saw Harry and Michael regarding them with tense frustration from a stockade a few metres away and waved tiredly to show she was OK.

After slaking their thirst and hunger on buckets of cool water and loaves of hard bread, rough blankets were pushed through the bars. As the night drew down its welcoming cloak they modestly squatted to perform their bodily needs in a hole they dug in far corner of their low prison before curling into an exhausted sleep.

More plain food was provided in the morning but they were otherwise ignored. The boredom was only broken when the temper of one of the more volatile crew girls snapped at several laughing pygmy youths who prodded them through the bars.

"Cut it out you bastards, fuck off," she snarled as a hand grabbed and cruelly squeezed her breast where she stooped by the bars.

Although the words were possibly lost on their captors the intent was not. More youths joined the sport until Liz and Rose managed to interpose their own bodies, shielding their colleague. Then the male crew shouted from their stockades, distracting attention from the women, causing some guards to sidle over. The laughing native youths were ordered away and thankfully lost interest.

“Keep it together until we can figure a plan,” Liz snapped to her crew. “They obviously want us alive – and so far we've only lost our dignity,” she glared into the still flashing eyes of the pretty woman whom the natives had picked on.

Liz was responsible for her crew and although it might have been difficult to exert authority whilst wearing only enticing underwear she would do her duty to the best of her ability. That mantle of responsibility fell heavily on Liz. In reality a part of her just wanted to just curl up and cry. However, she knew she owed it to all her crew to stay cool. She marvelled that they still listened to and obeyed her. Dressed only for a bedroom, stooped over with the others in the small and horrible stockade, she knew that she hardly cut an authority figure. She hoped that she sounded more confident than she actually felt.

In the world outside the starship and their captivity, the crew-girl who had flared up, Lindsey, was a rich woman with a millionaire husband; someone who was obviously not used to such treatment from such natives. She had apparently joined the space service for a sense of adventure. Well, Liz thought with a secretive wry smile, she was certainly getting it now.

Glancing at the skimpy covering provocatively clinging to the curves of her crew she could, in a way, almost sympathise with the native youths. She too nearly found herself patting a shapely backside here and there.

As the day wore on her heart sank in proportion to the aching of her back in their cramped confinement. Throughout the day groups of her remaining crew were led into the stockades. The natives angrily jabbed her with their spear-butts for greeting them but she gave silent smiles of encouragement to the weary dejected band as they were brought in. She guessed that the ship had been stormed, or maybe the crew had been persuaded by the natives' mind games to simply surrender. Whatever, her captured crew were unwillingly laden with 'booty.' They staggered into the compounds carrying bags of personal effects from the ship suspended under heavy yokes around their necks, including even some chairs ripped from their fixtures.

The pirates of Magellan from her previous adventure had returned many of their belongings before letting them go. Those personal articles would presumably have verified their identities to whoever found their bodies after they had been blown up whilst escaping in the old freighter. Now her treasured possessions had been taken from her for a second time. Seeing her lovely dresses draped over her tiny captors made her think of the happy times she had worn them; Liz's fists clenched in frustrated fury.

CHAPTER 2

After a second night as a prisoner Liz was grateful to be ushered from the cramped stockade. However, her belly soon quaked in dread as her wrists were again bound behind her. With the prisoners from Harry's stockade, they were led at spear point down a sloping path through a crowd of jeering and hooting natives. Again the tiny hands reached for them. One, a small native boy, successfully tugged her tiny panties partially down her thighs.

"Pretty lady ... make good fuck eh," her tormentor smiled crudely at a blushing Liz, his hand pushing against her delicate pubic bush and outrageously between her legs.

"No ... get off you bastard," she screamed. It was horrible, crude and obscene and made worse because normally, if she wasn't frightened and bound, she would have kicked or slapped away any such diminutive aggressor who dared to touch her like that. Forgetting her own words of caution to her crew she squirmed away, ineffectively trying to lash out at her tormentor. "Arghhh," she then gasped as a spear was lightly jabbed into the seductively swaying and inviting target of her bare bottom.

"Prisoner behave," a native guard gestured angrily as she gasped in pain, awkwardly tugging her panties back up with bound hands.

The natives screeched delightedly as others joined in the attacks on the helpless captives. Liz's squirming evasions couldn't prevent her bra next being jerked to one side, letting her generous breasts bounce free to more delighted screams and curious poking fingers. She huddled forward as she walked, trying to preserve a little of her remaining dignity while glaring at the young culprit who grinned impishly at her lush bouncing fruit.

"Hmm, nice tits too," he leered at her jiggling shame.

They were led through some bushes to a small flat plain leading to a wide river, its gurgling freshness making them realise how hot and sticky they were. Liz was apprehensive as long ropes were again noosed around their necks and she imagined them falling in the water to choke and drown. However, when Harry attempted to object, a menacing spear silenced him.

Liz relaxed a little when their hands were released and the natives indicated they should enter the river to wash. The prisoners stood at intervals, the noose rope slack. It was wonderfully refreshing to duck under the cool water. Liz shivered in delight as the water ran over her body restoring a small semblance of normality to their awful predicament. Unconsciously she and the others gasped and frolicked like children. Losing herself in the moment and enjoying the cooling cleansing water, Liz tried to forget the terror and uncertainty of their fate. She felt the sheer pleasure of being clean again, returning to her another layer of humanity. They could almost be oblivious to the gathering of natives on both banks who watched them bathe.

Eventually tugs on the rope hauled them from the river. She was very conscious of the wet transparency of her underwear as a native stood close to her and bound her wrists behind her. Shamefully her nipples and love lips pressed tightly and provocatively through their thin coverings, which emphasised her feminine delights. Her captor casually patted her bottom when he had finished binding her. The indignity made her jump whilst the movement further thrust her breasts through the thin material. Lindsey's teeth gleamed in anger when a pygmy laughingly jiggled her breasts but this time the rich crew-girl managed thankfully to keep her temper.

A set of large, deep footprints in the mud by the river's edge took Liz's mind somewhat off their predicament. The tracks looked basically human but were far larger than those of either the natives or themselves. They led towards a large cave set in the riverbank. Perhaps this was someone who could help them? Before she could puzzle any further a tug on her noose led her back with the others in a line through the village. Harry was alongside her and a smile crossed her face at the bulge in his pants. She was conscious of him trying desperately not to look at her undulating bottom, which, impishly, she deliberately gave a secret wiggle just for his benefit.

Instead of being taken back to the small cages they were instead herded before a large hut across the village. The native onlookers now kept a respectful distance whilst their guards seemed to be cruel and forceful, maybe trying to impress the hut's occupant, whom Liz surmised must be someone important. Maybe, she thought, they would at last meet someone in authority, perhaps the Jabba person? She just wished that she were more modestly dressed for any such occasion.

"Ooow."

Liz yelped as hands slapped her bottom and back, pushing her and the others precisely into a neat line before the hut. Spears urged them to be silent and still. She winced at the tortured look in Harry's eyes as a grinning native casually fondled her breasts, making them bounce enticingly. She longed to slap him away but was unable to do anything but squirm.

Harry was fighting a mental battle to control his emotions. Not only was he fearful for himself, Liz and the others, there was also a guilty excitement and lust. He fought the latter feeling, trying to prevent any enlargement of his manhood - which had already been groped by the curious hands of his captors. He was surrounded by his crew, many of who were attractive scantily clad women, but he was totally unable to help them.

His Liz looked so beautiful and fragile. She was the type of woman who turned heads in a crowd. This would be especially so in one of her short black dresses, backless and low, cut to reveal so much of her creamy cleavage, her sleek black hair tumbling to her smooth shoulders. When they danced he would drink in the jealous admiration of countless men as his hands slid down the shimmering dip of her spine, over every enticing notch, to grip the swelling roundness of her bottom before she laughingly repositioned his hands.

Now she was bound. Her long hair curling wetly to smooth shoulders below which her shapely breasts were barely confined by her bra, their outline clearly visible through the wet material. He recalled with a heavy heart buying her the garment, never expecting to see it revealed in such public and humiliating circumstances. Her bound hands attempted to cover the magnificent globes of her firm bottom which undulated so magnificently, and to which her panties adhered like a second skin. Her exquisite face retained its perfection despite her tenseness and fear. He longed to hold and comfort her.

In fact he was surrounded by beauty, young and older. Some of the crew had figures which would never reveal the children they had borne. In contrast, the younger ones were barely out of their teens, fresh and innocent, vibrant, more used to dances and clubbing. Now the brash confidence of youth had been removed. They trembled nervously, forced to stand provocatively posed before these savages. His loins twitched again in forbidden desire, forcing him to stifle his emotions.

For half an hour they remained in the hot sun. Liz wondered if they were to meet this Jabba person the natives had mentioned after their capture. She turned to the lovely blonde next to her and was about to speak to Rose but a threatening spear butt made her stand silent and still. Then, at a shouted order from within the hut, a native respectfully opened its door.

A tiny petite native girl, probably a year or two younger than Liz, casually emerged to walk slowly down the line of prisoners. Her eyes glinted from an arrogant face and flicked carefully over each captive. She reminded Liz somewhat of a native of the East Indies back on Earth and resembled the natives in colouring and stature; but touches of makeup and elegant dreadlocks together with a smart skirt and blouse lent her a more civilised air.

"I am Miss Ming. You bow to me now please."

"Ahh," Liz gasped through her teeth as a spear jabbed her. The wicked spikes continued to jab until they all obediently bent deeply and humiliatingly from the waist before the smirking girl. Liz gritted her teeth in helpless rage.

"You remain bowing in my presence," she ordered as Liz gasped from a cuff around her head when she attempted to straighten. "I now examine; you first." Liz looked up from her bow to see Harry glare impotently as the girl pointed at her.

One of the natives immediately untied Liz's bonds and pulled off her noose, allowing her to rub circulation back into her hands.

"Inside ... bitch," the harsh looking native girl snapped, glaring up into Liz's twitching and wary face, before leading the way into the hut's gloom.

"Hah ... OK ... stop it," Liz protested as the guard annoyingly continued to push her flinching body from behind with his spear to ensure she obeyed.

"Name?" Miss Ming now sat casually before a small computer monitor on a large wooden table covered in documents. The native who had accompanied them inside positioned Liz before it as if she was a naughty schoolgirl before a headmistress

"Commander Elizabeth Hartley of the Federation Vessel Explorer," Liz responded, "and I must protest ... Argghh," she grunted in agony, doubling up, interrupted by a spear butt driving painfully into her belly.

"No speeches, Hartley, I only wanted confirmation. I know enough from your records here and various pictures." Her smile strayed into a dangerous snarl, her thick lips curling. "You the famous Federation Pin-Up officer," she spat contemptuously. "Now I give you once over. Take off stupid underwear shit," she snapped dismissively.

Not for the first time Liz regretted the various PR holos the Federation had taken of her in daring costumes. She was one of their youngest and prettiest starship commanders and they had found her useful in promoting the flagging image of the Federation. Those shots had been taken a seeming a lifetime away from this hell.

"Please ... " was as far as she got before the native's spear again knocked the wind from her belly. Her captor leapt onto a stool to haul her back to her feet by her hair. She saw the shared agony on Harry's face through the open door. A spear had similarly rewarded him for protesting at her treatment.

"You learn obey orders, no ask questions, cow. We keep this up all day. You get tired before I do," the small face sneered. "I will check you over. I have medical training; some of us do visit the so-called civilised worlds beyond planets such as this. Then you may get to meet Jabba, he look forward to you," the twisted smile distorted the cruel face again. "If you no undress in ten seconds, you get hurt again... and maybe your crew too," she added spitefully.

Another nightmare of shame was starting again for poor Liz. Although no prude she hated the concept of being forced to strip before someone, especially one who so obviously hated her. Fear and shame pounding her belly, Liz unclipped her bra, passing it to her small tormentor's impatiently snapping fingers. She was conscious of her breasts swinging free before the girl's amused eyes. How she longed to cover them from that wicked gaze, or even better to punch out the smirk in her captor's slanted eyes.

The oppressive heat of the hut seemed to increase. With no modicum of compassion in the faces of Ming or the native, she eased her fingers into the thin waistband of her delicate panties and slid them down her slender thighs. The movement set her lush orbs bouncing anew and she now stood completely naked before her seated tormentor, fighting back tears. Conscious of the eager eyes glinting over her and knowing she was also in view of those outside the hut, she covered herself with trembling hands.

"You have problem with nudity?" Ming's eyes glittered with mocking cruelty as she surveyed her trembling captive. "Surely no. I surprised after seeing details of your career - and the Magellan tapes after your capture. You do those people much harm ... I wonder if they like you back?" Ming paused, smiling wickedly at Liz, whose eyes had widened at the thought of being handed back to those bastards. "We see later, maybe yes maybe no, maybe Jabba have you? Whatever you have nothing to hide here before me now. I see digi-films your boyfriend has of you in cabin. Nice eh?"

Liz flushed deeper, remembering the humiliation the Magellan interrogator had heaped on her when they had found those pictures. She bitterly regretted that Harry had kept the intimate poses

he had taken seemingly a lifetime ago on Explorer when they were both in another world. It was a world where two people in love could alone share such intimacies without them being exposed so publicly.

"Nice," Ming leered, projecting a picture from the computer onto the hut wall.

In it, Liz sat on Harry's desk, wearing nothing apart from her Commander's cap. Her legs were wide, to reveal her pouting, furry, mound nearly hidden behind a bottle of wine. A lopsided drunken smile was on her face as she cupped her breasts, scooping them enticingly as the camera. Eyes downcast, Liz felt the prickly heat of shame redden her cheeks. Never before had she posed for such pictures, never would she again – at least not willingly. She was certainly not that type of girl; it was a drunken one-off which she regretted so much.

"Stand legs astride hands on head while I check you," the spiteful girl continued as she approached with a handheld medicorder, "I sure you familiar with that pose, slut."

In that dark hut of shame her last vestiges of civilisation fell away. She had joined the primitive surroundings, which contrasted so much with the computer and deep-space communicator on the desk before her. Those familiar things could have been from another world. Liz knew that if she could only reach those controls – just for just a few minutes - she could summon help and save them all.

"I know what you think," Ming spoke softly inches from Liz's flinching eyes as she intercepted her gaze. Her hands rested on Liz's smooth shoulders, stroking softly as if they were lovers stealing precious moments together in the hot, dingy hut. The touch made Liz shiver with sick uncomfortable dread, almost making her prefer being jabbed by the spear. "Sit on desk next to it," the bitch lightly tapped her swaying bottom, positioning her next to her potential salvation. "There ... So near yet so far," Ming mocked, her hands resting familiarly on the smooth thighs, gently easing them wide apart.

"More ... wider, I want see more of you," the small girl smirked as she made Liz adopt a most blatant pose.

"Haaah, ...please," Liz instinctively, modestly wanted to close her thighs. She hated such intimacy from another woman, jumping as the fingers horribly stroked the curly thatch at the apex of her gaping sex. The touch was so unnatural, so unwanted; it sickened her. When the pirates had forced her to ... perform with her lovely lieutenant, Rose, it had been somehow ... different. Now a cruel girl who only wanted to shame her was touching her.

"Oh dear, a little shy are we? That surprises me after what I see and hear about you," the girl's voice oozed derision. "Well I afraid you have to get used to this. I have control over famous Commander Hartley now to do with as I wish."

"But, please ... why? We mean you no harm, we only want to repair our ship andhaah," Liz gasped into silence as the sharp end of the guard's spear jabbed the top of her bottom perched on the desk.

"You are here to be assessed. The best amongst you to go onto, er ... better things with Jabba, and maybe I play with you when he finished – if you survive," the girl looked both excited and amused. "Or maybe we hand you back to surviving pirates? But you really must learn that you no ask questions, only answer them," the girl smiled. "It hurt otherwise. And ...if only you knew computer access code, and if only I wasn't here to stop you, I know what you thinking," her tormentor laughed sadistically as she stroked the equipment on her desk. "But put useless thoughts out of pretty head," she brushed back a stray lock of dark hair from the captive beauty's face. "Look away, such sophisticated things part of your history now – you no longer in Starfleet. Lay back on desk, arch back, nice bottom up, show me what everyone else see before," she laughed into the crimson face. "Spread wider," she turned to cruelly wink at Harry outside. With a final longing glance at the communicator Liz allowed the probing fingers to do their obscene and shameful work.

"Ooh, hah," the gasping squirm was torn from her as her body was invaded. Obediently she stood, bent, stretched and lay as demanded whilst the small probing hands took their ghastly

liberties, filling and stretching her. She had no choice but to let them, but dearly wished the guard and her crew were not witnessing this.

"You like being in control; it not so good to lose it eh? Now I in control –and I like." Ming removed her gloves, finally returning casually to her seat. "You no need these now." She snatched away the undergarments Liz had instinctively reached for. "You have nice body, such a shame to cover it," she spoke softly as her hands trailed over Liz's trembling face, stroking her delicate cheeks and her full, quivering lips before moving down to indolently weigh her boobs. "Ah, yes, nice nipples come out to see me," she laughed as she stroked the delicate pink buds before cruelly flicking them.

"Haaah," Liz jerked back before the burning intimate pain, which left her precious boobs stinging awfully.

"Now we tie you up again so you do no mischief, then sunbathe with friends outside." The relaxed girl nodded to the guard, who tightly bound Liz's wrists behind her and unceremoniously pushed her out of the hut.

Liz kept her eyes downcast, trying to ignore the shouts of disbelief as she was paraded naked before her colleagues, unable to do anything about it. It was just as bad as being captured by the pirates. Staring bleakly ahead she couldn't meet the eyes of Harry or the others, her face hot from the sun and shame, just wanting this to be over. Her only hope was that she could somehow convince this person, Jabba, when she met him, to let them go. She guessed that to do so she would have to use all of her womanly wiles; whatever it took.

The examination of each crew-member lasted just a few minutes but it was almost as bad for those watching outside. Liz saw the impotent frustration in the face and balled fists of Rose's boyfriend as the lovely blonde lieutenant stripped before Ming. A therm-probe protruded obscenely from between the cheeks of her friend's delicious bottom whilst her mouth was wide for a dental examination and their diminutive tormentor felt her breasts. It was like watching a grown woman being examined by a schoolgirl. After Ming had casually patted her bottom, Rose was returned to the line, naked and bound.

Young or old, all of the women were put through the mill of shame, either by Ming or by other natives in adjoining huts. Liz flinched in sympathy as they flushed with shame, their bodies tense.

When it was Harry's turn it was, for Liz, more personal. She longed to tear the girl's hands from him, seething when she skilfully brought him to a huge erection.

"Think you up to it?" Ming laughed, her cool, childlike hands sliding over him, then callously slapping his swinging flesh. "I no think so; maybe Hartley like it up her, no me." Then she ordered him to be bound and thrust outside, his penis stiffly saluting before him.

When the examinations were complete, Liz again found herself the centre of attention. The others were given loincloths to wear similar to the natives' garb - but not her.

"You clean and healthy, you win beauty contest - now meet Jabba in your natural state. Maybe others in crew honoured another day," Ming announced with cruel amusement to Liz.

"Please, not like this. I am a Federation Officer andhaahh."

Liz's face stung from a slap as Ming stood right before her.

"What wrong? I thought all Liz Hartley had to do was flash her tits to get what she want eh?" The spiteful girl painfully jabbed her swaying boobs with thin fingers. "Well now you have chance, yes."

Her struggles were futile as she was roughly and painfully bound with further thongs. At the sound of Harry's protest and resultant gasp of pain, she forced herself to be calm and allow them their brutish way with her.

Pulled by two natives like a dog by a leash around her neck, Liz padded up the hill above the river. Her wrists had been twisted harshly up behind her back and tied to the noose. The enforced pose provocatively thrust out her bare breasts and nearly choked her if she struggled to relieve the pressure. She was also hobbled with cords tied to each ankle allowing her only an awkward

shuffling gait. The bindings were, she noted, flex-ties, which could either lengthen or contract on command from a control unit.

A lump came to her throat, fearing that Harry's last sight of her might be her being tugged away like this, trussed like a chicken on its way to a butcher's shop.

Higher they rose until, out of sight of the village, they finally stopped by a grille covering a shaft approximately a metre in diameter. That shaft was set into the bowels of the hill. Liz shivered delicately as chill and somewhat putrid air wafted up from the depths. Positioned directly above the grating swung a round platform, hanging from a chain and a winch. Dread rising, she was prodded onto the precariously swinging platform where her ankles were chained to eyebolts and her pinioned wrists secured to the chain above. This constraint increased the pressure on her shoulders, forcing her to bend forward almost at right angles and peer into the intimidating depths below.

A native slid the grille away to leave her swinging above the ominous and open darkness below it. Casually the brute patted the enticing curve of her taut bottom, fingering her disgustingly.

"Please ... " she began, eyes wild and pleading but, with a chuckle, the natives began winching her downwards. Craning her neck up against the thongs she caught one last glimpse of the sun and grass before harsh, damp rock walls replaced them as she swung down into the shaft.

"Haaah," she cried as the platform jarred against the rough rock sides on its downward journey, painfully scraping her shoulder. Her voice echoed hollowly in the total darkness now engulfing her. Her only light was the pinprick of daylight diminishing above her. Although she had relieved her bladder in the river, fear made her want to do so again. She held herself in, sickness rising within her, trying to control the growing panic. Was she descending into Jabba's lair? What was he, or it? Straining her ears she could hear nothing apart from the creaking winch as she descended helplessly to her fate below.

By virtue of her bindings her head hung towards her widely spaced feet. Groaning with pain she forced her neck back for a final look up into the dwindling circle of daylight above. It was a world of air and sunshine far away from the dank horrors awaiting her below ground. Head falling back, the curtain of hair brushing her tense face absorbed her frightened tears.

A deep primeval fear threatened to choke her. She was vulnerably naked and helpless, bound by unyielding thongs, dropping remorselessly into whatever waited below. Her heart hammered wildly, the pounding of her blood obliterating the creaking of the winch now so far above her. Down and down, her descent seemed endless. Gooseflesh covered her body shivering in the chill, damp air. Finally the platform stopped. Liz tensed. Her eyes desperately tried to penetrate the blackness of her surroundings. She dared not make a sound, and in any case, her mouth was too dry for speech.

Panic engulfed her; was that a rustle somewhere to one side? She felt sure that whatever might be stirring at her arrival would hear her hammering heart. Now a smell assailed her nostrils. It was an animal smell, a smell of beasts and monsters from her childhood. As if she was a child, it made her want to wrap herself in a secure cocoon of sleep in bed to avoid them. Now though, she was far from a secure and comforting bed. Her bare flesh shivered against the tight bonds, which refused to allow her to flee from this place. Provocatively bound, breasts jutting forward, she helplessly awaited her fate.

"Eeeekkk," she screamed, fighting down a feeling of sickness.

Beside her, nearly touching the platform, she made out in the gloom the barely recognisable outline of what had once been a woman. Her body cavity had caved in on itself and would have totally collapsed were it not for the black tendrils entwining her. The stems of a yellow plant grew upright from each empty staring eye socket.

Liz twitched her toes away from the monstrosity nearly touching her bare feet; it was the only possible movement her cruel bindings would allow. Stomach aching with fear, her bowels nearly turned to liquid when she heard something big slither towards her. Then there was another sound close by and a warmth between her splayed thighs.

“Arrghh,” the cry of revulsion and fear was torn from her before she realised that her bladder had involuntarily emptied.

“Hooohhah.”

A deep sniggering chuckle came from the darkness beyond. Despite her shame, Liz was able to beat back her deep fear a little. Whatever it was, it appeared to understand her predicament. Maybe it was not a wild beast.

“H -hello, who's there?” she whispered. Her civilised entreaty sounded so out of context in such primeval surroundings, but what else could she do?

Silence ...

Her eyes slowly became accustomed to the darkness; it was not as total as she had at first assumed. A grotesque silhouette slowly interposed itself between her and a glimmer from a light source somewhere behind it. Gasping, she realised that she had been holding her breath. Chest heaving, her breasts thrust involuntarily forward even further.

“Nice tits,” a deep, male voice gurgled as if from under water.

Liz jumped, but was relieved that her tormentor appeared to at least be human. He slowly drew closer with a shuffling gait. Once he may have been a man, a giant of a man. Now he was mound of grey slimy blubber; an enormous slug-like man with a height and girth of about two metres equally.

“You like me?” It was a voice conjured from nightmares, matching his appearance.

“I ... I, please.” Liz didn't know what to say as piggy eyes devoured the feast of her body spread helplessly before him.

“Aaarghh,” she screamed, her voice bouncing harshly off the walls as cold flabby fingers slid over the silken smoothness of her shoulders to close like pincers on her provocatively jutting breasts. There was a red-hot excruciating pain as if her nipples had been caught in a vise. Tears stung her eyes as the hand finally released her throbbing orbs.

“No matter, you will nevertheless please me - or suffer the awful consequences of not doing so,” he chuckled from deep within his blubber. “It matters not what you think of me, but what I think of you.”

“Please, no, ... ugghhh,” she squirmed helplessly as a slimy hand now stroked the flinching cheeks of her bottom. “Noooo, please,” she gasped as hard coarse digits stroked the ripe softness of the down-covered portals of her sex, making her cringe in sick dread. “Uuuggggghh,” the grunt was almost pumped out of her as long thick fingers thrust without warning straight up into both her sex and the tight rosebud of her sphincter, impaling, nearly turning her inside out. “Please nooo don't ...” she gasped, feeling totally violated and invaded as his fingers hotly explored her intimacies before leaving her gasping with shock and disgust.

“Are you familiar with these?” He next held up several slender yellow leaves covered in black tendrils. Immediately Liz shrank away from them to the limited extent possible, her throat constricted. “Yes ... I thought you might have come across binders on your travels,” he chuckled again. “You'll know then that once swallowed, this - a binder weed - even in powdered form, immediately spreads its seeds within the human body. There's no problem for the first couple of weeks, you probably wouldn't know they are there even - apart from your mental agonies of impending death. But then they grow, feeding off your body, leaving you to die in agony over a period of two or three weeks. There is no cure available - certainly not here. The lady by your side was nearly as pretty as you - a month ago. Then she annoyed me and disobeyed me. And how she paid the price...”

She glanced briefly at the ravaged body then jumped as another podgy hand brushed her. She swallowed, involuntarily grinding her teeth as he tucked a few deadly binder leaves under her collar. The touch of the leaves with their deadly connotations was loathsome, nearly making her vomit. She longed to tear them away. Her eyes were wide and pleading. The leaves caressing her skin concentrated her mind terribly; she would do anything to get rid of them, to remove the threat

they implied. The screaming death of one of her crew a few weeks after he had been tricked into eating such a leaf on an out-world was still vivid in her mind; she shivered, but forced herself to be calm. She mustn't panic.

Even if she had the use of her hands, she knew that the beast could use his vastly superior strength to force the leaves into her mouth. Tied up as she was, the outcome would be the same, just that much quicker. Then she realised that he had slithered few metres back to what her acclimatised eyes showed her to be a large stack of straw, which she assumed was his bed.

"You are here to fuck the arse off me," his voice bubbled towards her. "Do you agree, or shall I feed you a leaf from my collection? They thrive here. Well?" He demanded.

"Please ... I-I'll do whatever you want," Liz croaked in a small voice between anguished breaths, feeling the leaf against her throat.

"Yaaghh," she cried as her bonds suddenly tightened, jerking her wrists impossibly further up between her shoulders, practically tearing her arms from her sockets. The pain was as awful as her pose was provocative as she arched her charms further towards him.

"Oops, I always forget which button operates the controllers binding you," he snickered. "Be clear, if you change your mind or annoy me in any way I'll feed you and your nice blonde lieutenant a binder each. She is the next prettiest on your ship, isn't she? And I know you like her, your innermost feelings. I know many things," he smiled shrewdly as Liz was unable to meet his gaze. "Then I'll keep you both with me here the few weeks it takes for the binders to burst out of your screaming bodies, and watch you die. Understand?"

"Y-yes, I'll do whatever you want. " There was simply nothing else she could say or do. The thought of her and Rose ending like that made her feel sick. And besides, she needed time to think of any way out of this.

Mercifully her bonds, although still in place, now slackened under his remote control. She could finally straighten her aching body, allowing her wrists to fall freely by her side.

"The leaves stay in your collar as a reminder, little girl. If you remove them I shall immediately stuff more into your mouth and watch you die. Now crawl to me." He tugged slightly on her lead.

Winching from the rough rock floor against her knees she grovelled towards the slimy blob reclining on the straw, unable to prevent her breasts swinging enticingly. Drawing closer he was better illuminated by a glimmer of daylight behind him.

Her brain jolted as if by an electric shock and another viewpoint entered her mind. She must have been mistaken about his appearance. He was not as big as she thought, and certainly not smelly; she had been wrong about that. In fact he smelt quite pleasant. It was the same after-shave, *Desire*, which Harry frequently used.

Shaking herself, she assumed now that she had been dreaming. It was Harry lying on the straw. The rest of this had simply been a horrible nightmare; perhaps she had hit her head when climbing down the shaft into this hole? She now remembered a note from Harry asking her to meet him here. It was a funny place to meet but he had obviously defeated the natives and they could now relax to await rescue. She saw him lick his lips, beckoning her. He obviously wanted her to play one of the 'slave-girl' games they had enjoyed, albeit a trifle reluctantly on her part, since their Magellan experiences.

Smiling mischievously she crawled to him, hips swinging seductively as he reached out, cupping her breasts to him in offering. Snuggling up and fitting herself to his body, she realised just how aroused she was. Kissing his nipples, she felt a wonderful hardness grow against her belly. Now a wanton woman, she parted her legs, grinding her excited wetness urgently against him. The ripe berries of her nipples dragged over his chest as she extracted his huge length. With an impish grin she slid it into her mouth; it seemed bigger than usual. When he cupped her bottom with hands that somehow seemed larger than she could remember she decided not to make her usual objection as a finger slid into the tight heat of her puckered ring. Instead she gripped it inside

her, squeezing it with her bottom. Licking her lips, grinning seductively, she raised her haunches to impale in her eager sex the monster his shaft had now become.

"I love you," she gasped, breathless, pumping her haunches on him, sucking avidly on his nipples. "Please fuck me hard," she breathed wantonly, knowing they both loved it when she talked dirty. He felt so huge, filling and stretching her, his finger still probing her anus, separated only by a thin membrane from his throbbing penis. It was a wonderful feeling. He barely moved under her, unusually finding the self-control to let her make the going. Urgently, nearing her orgasm; panting, she kissed him deeply, her tongue a predatory shark as she ground and rutted shamelessly against him. Then he responded, exploring her mouth entwining his tongue with hers. He was so brutish - but she was his and she could almost accept an element of roughness in their couplings now.

"Hah, hah, hah, yes pleeeeeease, haaaaaaah," her loins jerked in a frenzy of passion as he exploded like a volcano within her whilst she climaxed noisily, her straddled knees gripping his thighs. Slowly she subsided, pressing tenderly against him, gripping his shrinking member within her liquid heat.

Then, like a receding tide, the nice thoughts ebbed away and other senses intruded into her rosy orgasmic glow. The smell had returned and she was aware of pain from the various scratches from his rough hands. She looked up to playfully admonish him - and screamed. Her hands flew to her mouth. The awful loathsome reality of her actions and her predicament burst back into her skull like hammer-blows as she struggled in the slug-man's enfolding arms.

"Very nice my dear, you're an accomplished lover - one of my best," he murmured against her squirming body still crushed against him. "Lay quietly, let me feel you against me, or you'll taste a binder. You see I wasn't always as you see me now, a mountain of a man," he reflected, musing. He casually patted the enticing curve of her squirming bottom.

"After I found this planet, this paradise," he continued, "the natives, with a little mental encouragement, worshipped my size and trappings of civilisation like a God. I was also able to hone my then fairly limited, psychic powers; with their uncomplicated minds I can keep them under constant control without much energy. Federation people used to call me a freak. They shunned me for being able to invade their minds. So I stayed here, enjoying the good life. To prevent nature's toll on my body I took to this cave away from the sun. I've kept myself alive for eons by body-fluid replenishment. Twice a day my body needs an 'oil' change," he laughed pointing to a mass of bottles and tubes connected to a harness around his bulk. "I visit the river occasionally but for years I've been content to let my mind do my wandering. Solitude has allowed me to further develop my psychic powers; now I see and control all, my little native friends - and when necessary yourselves. I can be anyone you want," he laughed as in her mind he changed from his real form into the delicious blonde Rose, and then back again.

"Those monsters I conjured up were quite creative I thought, and the fire," he continued. "Even the instruments of passing ships in space are not beyond my reach," he chuckled. "I lure the unsuspected like a spider. I selected Miss Ming, a natural dominator and always grateful for the human morsels I sometimes send her way, to take care of my occasional contact with society. Meanwhile I live a thousand lives through other eyes. I've seen much of yours, in your memories and those of your crew," he mused. "But who would have thought that the famous Commander Hartley willingly fucked me - and she enjoyed it so much!"

"You bastard," Liz spat, feeling ashamed and soiled, you can...gruggghhh."

Without warning, eyes flicking, he mentally activated the controller. Liz's wrists were jerked back between her shoulders again, the noose tightening slightly. He grabbed her boobs and pushed her away like a discarded doll.

"Naughty, naughty little girl. Kneel over there where I can see you, I may want you again before you join your friends and work for your keep with the natives as my slaves."

“Please Jabba, let us go, we’ve been through so much already, the Federation will pay you well to release us and maybe you can get medical help for yoagghghhhh ...” Her speech turned into a choking gasp as the noose cruelly tightened. Her hands were confined behind her as her face turned purple, tongue protruding. She rolled writhing to the cold rock floor until he commanded the controller to slightly slacken her bonds whilst still confining her wrists behind her.

“Silence, another word and I’ll leave you to choke, or awake with a binder leaf in your mouth. Forget your false platitudes, Hartley,” he roared, “I want nothing from the Federation. I could have been a starship commander like you if their stupid entry demands hadn’t been so unfair. They didn’t want me - and I don’t want them. They just used me as a freelance scout until I found this place. I’ll either keep your crew here to work or sell you. You have no further part to play in your own destiny, Hartley. Kneel quietly while I sleep and let my mind rove.”

Breath rasping, Liz struggled back to her knees whilst the ogre settled back, satiated. Her mind raced. She felt dirty and unclean after giving herself to the quivering mound of jelly. A flush of shame and anger spread through her beautiful features as she realised how thoroughly she had been abused. She recalled the loving words she had whispered while her body had invited him deep into her. Shuddering in revulsion, the terrible yellow leaf quivered in her collar making her look thoughtfully at the slug-like beast before her - and at the bottles in his harness. Her quick wits began formulating a desperate plan whilst he was asleep and unable to penetrate her mind.

Minutes later Jabba swam back to consciousness. She knew he would soon become aware of the warmth against his legs. Opening his eyes he regarded her sensuous figure squatting over his out-flung legs. Although still bound she gently worked her haunches back and forth, gyrating. She looked up, teasingly, provocatively shaking long dark hair from her face, licking her lips.

“I-I’m s-sorry Jabba, I-I thought you were still asleep,” she whispered huskily, eyes glinting. “It ... it must be the way you-you t-took me, you’re- you’re so powerful ...” she continued to fill the vacuum of his curious silence. “It made me realise how much I want Sorry I didn’t mean to disturb you,” she knelt back upright at his feet.

“You want fucking again?” He seemed amused, but unable to keep an element of pride from his voice.

“You made me realise there are so many ways of pleasure previously unknown to me ...,” her voice trailed off, her pink tongue again circling her lips.

Jabba regarded the lush beauty before him who was utterly in his power. She knew, as did he, that he could crush her like a twig if he chose; he was confident that she could do nothing to harm him. He licked his fleshy lips at the sight of her shapely breasts bouncing with her rapid breathing, nipples erect. The enticing dip of her back led to the swelling hindquarters just visible in the gloom.

“Fuck me again then whore, you are simply living up to your reputation.”

As he slackened her wrist constraints she slid forward, seductively swaying her hips over his lap. One of his hands held her long hair, the other painfully squeezed her breasts. “I need you,” she whispered huskily, stifling her tears, lowering her body, pressing her breasts against his blubbery face. He sucked her hanging pink-tipped orbs, unable to see anything but her smooth flesh, especially not the sick yet determined look on her face. She guessed that his mental probes would concentrate only on her softness enveloping him. He would delight in her writhing against him and her occasional jerk as he bit her bosom, drinking in her shrill gasps of pain.

Now one of her hands slid over his rampant length, guiding it to the warm wet portals of her waiting sex. She knew he would find her hot and juicy as he tightly grasped each cheek of her bottom and crudely impaled her, making her grunt in pain and disgust, disguised as pleasure. Taking control he wildly bucked her up and down, a rigidity spreading up his legs to his loins before bursting into hot lust within her gripping depths.

Liz kept the look of abandon on her face, moaning softly as she carefully rubbed her hands over his blubber, ensuring that no trace of the yellow leaf she had ground up in her fist remained.

Whilst he slept she had carefully and logically determined which of his bottles and tubes were which. With his face buried in her boobs and shrouded by her hair as she writhed against him, he hadn't seen her extract a binder leaf from her collar. Nor had he seen her grind it in her hand whilst she jerked up and down and then tip it into one of his bottles.

The pleasure of watching it dissolve into his fluid replacement gave an added impetus to her theatrical moans and screams as he again pumped his vileness into her. She guessed that within a week such an act would be beyond him.

CHAPTER 3

The rough wood of the heavy yoke chafed Liz's slender neck, and sweat pooled sharply in her eyes.

The natives were using Liz and their other captives to help reclaim and cultivate the forest and build irrigation works, presumably at Jabba's behest. The Federation prisoners thus carried large quantities of earth in heavy buckets slung from hooks at either end of yokes. Tired and hot, her body was an aching sheen of effort as she staggered along in her skimpy loincloth, her bare breasts bouncing to the amusement of her captors. She was now just a slave, a yoked animal and a source of free labour until she dropped. She and her colleagues had learnt the futility of resistance or slacking; most of the toiling bodies carried thin red lines of torment raised by sticks wielded spitefully by the tiny natives.

She smiled sympathetically at Rose and Lindsey as the two beautiful women scampered by with natives lashing their undulating bottoms for greater speed.

"Haah," she yelped as one of the small natives swished a cane across the small of her back, making her arch in pain.

She again concentrated on her own plight, shaking away the hair plastered to her face without being able to use her yoked hands. Somehow she managed to run faster as the spiteful little imp now gleefully lashed her shining thigh.

"No talk to friends, work harder lazy cow-big tits," the grinning native now jabbed her bouncing boobs making her outstretched fists ball in frustration, knowing there was nothing she could do besides obey. She gritted her teeth at the word 'lazy.' She had aches in muscles she didn't know existed. However she was simply being grateful for the temporary release from Jabba's clutches whilst he sampled other female crew members; that and the simple 'pleasure' of having the heavy painful yoke released from her stooped shoulders in the evenings when they could try to recover from their daily toil.

It had been several days since her ordeal in Jabba's cave and she wondered when he would descend into his terminal agony. But then, with the natives no longer under his control what would they do with their captives? Without his mental direction might they revert back to the simple peace-loving beings she assumed they had once been, and release the spacers? Then again might the spiteful Miss Ming take over and nothing would change? Alternatively perhaps they would simply panic when they regained control of their minds and kill everyone? However, Liz had a back-up plan.

Then with the approach of the hateful Miss Ming herself, strolling languidly up the hill without a care in the world, she had to forget such thinking. She stopped running and, gritting her teeth with rage, bowed deeply to the diminutive fiend, the weight of the yoke nearly breaking her back.

"Hello my big tits bitch," Miss Ming drawled, cupping her victim's orbs when Liz's bowed head was at her level, "are you working hard?"

"Yes," Liz gasped earnestly.

"I think I prefer you call me 'Miss Ming.' It carries greater respect of a slave for her mistress. OK?" the girl enquired, stroking the screen of hair on Liz's bowed head.

"Yes Miss Ming," she replied softly, trying to keep the hate from her voice.

"Good, and yes it does indeed appear that you are putting much into your tasks," she agreed, her hands sliding over the sheen of sweat on Liz's back to pat the loincloth covering the shapely curve of her bottom. "I played with your friend Rose the other day," she continued, "and she too had a nice little sweat on her when we'd finished. You'll look forward to when Jabba says I can play with you too won't you?"

"Yes Miss Ming," Liz whispered dejectedly, thankful for the screen of her hair hiding the bitterness on her face. She hated what the spiteful and sick young cow had done to Rose. She had

comforted the blonde in her arms when Ming had finished with her; untied her and soothed the bruises and bite marks the cow had left behind on Rose's body. Yes, she knew what would come to her when Jabba gave her to Ming.

"Good, I look forward to that too. You please, continue your work," Miss Ming lightly tapped her bottom.

Straightening her aching back, Liz thankfully jogged off again on her chores and thought again of her escape plan. Given time and access to Ming's quarters, Helen, head of the ship's computers, could hack into her system and summon help. In whispers during their backbreaking labours, Liz and Harry planned to gradually loosen and uproot one of the bars in each of their respective stockades. Then twenty or so crew would then cause a distraction. The remainder would secure Ming's hut to allow Helen access to the computer. If Jabba remained out of action Liz guessed they'd be home and dry.

Then their lives and routine changed.

With rising hope one evening they stood transfixed as a deafening crescendo of noise reverberating off the surrounding hills and crystallised into the glinting shape of a silver space vehicle. As it cruised serenely overhead to land, they recognised it as an old Federation model.

A space-suited figure, a giant amongst the pygmies and his own entourage, sent a surge of hope through Liz's aching body. She was as usual confined in the backbreaking stockade and several spear-carrying native guards ensured the prisoners were silent as the suited figure conversed with Miss Ming. The diminutive native pointed to the one containing Liz. Ming led the visitor over, smiling sweetly before stepping to one side.

The newcomer was well over 6 feet tall, with a devilishly handsome face from Earth, probably Arabic origin, beneath the helmet. His glinting brown eyes seemed to peel away her flesh to reveal her soul to him. She blushed furiously, smoothing back her hair and tugging down her small loincloth. Instinctively she covered her bare breasts as a native pulled her from the cage. Chivalrously the giant placed a cape around her shoulders like a medieval Saracen. Unobtrusively he kissed her forehead when she was shielded from view by his large frame. It made her shiver with pleasure as he led her to one side. Yet she was angry to be overawed by his sheer animal magnetism.

"Pretend to look frightened," he hissed softly, gazing at her. "My name's Hassan, I'm just passing through these parts. What are you all doing here?" He was a dream - her knight in shining armour.

"I'm Commander Liz Hartley from the Federation Earth ship Explorer," she desperately squeezed his arm. "We were held captive on Magellan but escaped in an old freighter, Colossus. After calling in here for repairs these 'friendly' natives and the beast who controls them captured us with their mind games."

"My, my, so you're the famous Liz Hartley are you," he stepped back to appraise her, so obviously drinking in her feminine charms. "I thought you'd been killed by the pirates. But yes, we know all about their little tricks here - that's why we always wear our helmets," he laughed, a deep, reassuring chuckle. "Who knows you're here? Should I tell anyone? Then we'll see about getting you out."

"No one knows, we lost our communication; but we can get out of these stockades," she whispered. "But the natives might have damaged the ship. Please inform the Federation and the sooner you can spring us from these bastards the better. The Federation will reward you." Cautiously Liz didn't reveal to him their escape plans, or her poisoning of Jabba, simply smiling her gratitude, a hint of promise in her wide eyes.

"The Federation might even give me a better ship, I suppose," he pondered, "I originally bought this one from them at an exorbitant price. I'll let the right people know and return soon. Stay put until I return with more help, don't do anything rash, play along with them. I told the

small native girl that I was a slave trader interested in prospective purchases, so she allowed me to have a look.” Again he openly appraised her, this time in view of Miss Ming.

“No good,” he said loudly shaking his head.

“Thanks,” Liz spluttered softly, “you’re such a charmer.”

“Don’t worry, we’ll sort this out, I’ll get you away,” Hassan continued to whisper. “There are probably more natives around and we don’t want to take chances,” he smiled, his large hand touching her cheek, making her shiver with both gratitude and just the thrill of his masculine touch.

Hope surged through her. However, there was no disguising her frustration and shame as the natives returned the cape covering her to Hassan, pushing her stooping back into the stockade, bare breasts bouncing. She blushed again, wishing as his eyes roved appreciatively over her exposed curves that they had met under less demeaning circumstances.

“No, nothing I want here,” he boomed to a somewhat pleased Miss Ming. “Like I originally said, I’m after strong working men for a mine – nothing like that amongst this lot.”

CHAPTER 4

After three more days they had decided they couldn't wait much longer for Hassan to rescue them. Miss Ming had returned from Jabba's lair looking confused and agitated. Had she guessed something was afoot? Yet their scheme for that night was thwarted by the presence of additional native guards and in any case Liz seemingly had another, less pleasant, destiny.

When the natives had dragged her from the stockade, tightly binding her wrists behind her and blindfolding her with a black rag, she guessed correctly that she was to share the same fate as Rose. She bit her lips in anguish as she was dragged to Miss Ming's hut and pushed inside.

"Hello big tits, my pet," Miss Ming's hateful young voice came from the darkness outside of her blindfold after the guard had left. "It would seem that Jabba's senses are failing and so I help myself I think. You probably wear him out," she laughed, "but now I see how good you are. If you no good to me – you never see your precious Harry or Rose again. And you no see me either," Ming chuckled, "I like to keep my pets in the dark," a hand came from the darkness to stroke Liz's blindfold. "But we don't need these," Liz jumped as the hands slid into the waistband of her loincloth and tugged it off to leave her naked.

The scene to an observer would have looked at once erotic yet tinged with menace. The beautiful dark-haired Liz stood in the centre of the simple native hut, bound and blindfolded, completely helpless, as the hut's flickering firelight cast shadows over her lush nudity. The brunette looked naturally nervous, licking her full lips as her head quested blindly in her own darkness. Before her stood a tiny Oriental girl, her head reaching only to Liz's breasts, which rose and fell with anguish. The small girl was also naked; a pink dildo jutted from her thin straight body and she also held a bamboo cane, which she flexed ominously.

Thwack!

"Haah, please," Liz yelped, staggering back as the cane lashed her bare boobs.

"No escape from me my pretty. I make big tits sore. Plenty more of that unless you do what I want. Understand?"

"Yes ...Miss Ming," she remembered the required respect before the cane leapt at her again from the darkness.

Miss Ming placed an arm familiarly around Liz's waist, and sitting herself on a wooden chair she guided Liz down.

"Legs wide, splay them, hmm that's nice, now sit on lap my pretty, a leg either side," she instructed her hands resting on the smooth cheeks of Liz's bottom. "There's a good girl," she sighed happily.

"Ooh," Liz gasped, wriggling as the cold plastic of the dildo touched her belly in contrast to the heat as her bottom rested on Ming's bare thighs.

"Oh yes, that's what you going to fuck, up and down on my lap, then I let you kiss me, down there," fingers stroked Liz's dark curly pubes, making her wriggle uncomfortably again. "But first, lift up slightly I position your fuck stick so you work yourself off on my lap till I think you come, yes."

Miserably, Liz nodded her head as she obeyed, lifting her hips to then slowly impale herself on the plastic rod jutting from her tormentor's lap.

"Haah," she gasped as the cold plastic sank deep into her.

"Ready then, off you go," sang the mocking voice as Ming gripped Liz's bottom.

"Huh, huh, huh, aaaah," she gasped as she pumped up and down in a parody of sex, breasts swinging wildly, gasping with pain as the bamboo rod spitefully clashed her boobs or back whenever her pace slackened.

It was awful, degrading, especially when a finger found its way to her anus, pushing into the tight ring whilst another hand alternated between her bouncing boobs and the lips of her sex.

“Kiss me as if you mean it,” demanded the girl, her voice tight with excitement as Liz leaned towards her, so that the jiggling breasts crushed against hers.

To any observer in that dingy hut of shame it could have been a liaison between a masochistic lesbian couple, one bound as she gasped and gyrated on the other, mouths locked in a passionate kiss. But only Liz knew her true feelings of shame and disgust as the stiff hard rubber embedded between her jerking hips brought her to a reluctant orgasm. Worse was then being forced to her knees and her head thrust between the thighs of the seated girl, the cane lightly lashing her to greater enthusiasm whenever her tongue and lips grew tired of their enforced devotion.

She was grateful to finally be returned to the small stockade to gasp as the cool hands of her crew eased her sore body, all thoughts of escape forgotten for that night. But she knew that they had to soon put their escape plan into operation before Jabba went into his death throes, and possible chaos and reprisals descended.

Yet the following day, before they could put their plan into effect, a huge silver ship descended on columns of fire by the native village. It looked like a converted freighter, bigger than Colossus, an awesome and heart-warming sight. Liz and the other tired captives cheered; yet doubts grew in her mind when, instead of running away, the natives ambled over to greet the numerous space-suited figures.

Her heart sank further when the ship’s crew began unloading supplies for the natives whilst others pointed guns at the stockades. There must be some mistake? Desperately she tried to spot Hassan but it was impossible in the general melee as the prisoners were dragged from their confinement.

“Oh dear, did poor big tits think she get rescued,” smirked a hateful Miss Ming. “I guess that Jabba maybe dying now, he couldn’t live forever. Maybe you even help him on way? Who care. I just happy to sell off his captives, even pretty ones. Come on big tits, put them in my hands for once last feel Do it or I’ll tell the men to kill you, right now – you’re nothing to them,” Miss Ming spoke softly and sweetly.

Using considerable self-control, wanting to strangle the young cow, Liz meekly edged forwards and stooped so that her lush orbs sank into the small, outstretched hands. Gently the girl squeezed and stroked until her victim’s nipples sprang automatically into two pink cones of shame. She blushed crimson as Ming kissed each of her nipples before stroking her hair almost tenderly and walking away.

Liz looked around. Seemingly they had been sold for money and crates of provisions. Her premature joy at impending release by Hassan turned to apprehension and rage.

“Strip, everyone strip and run around this, we wanna see what quality slave meat we’ve got here.” A brutish crewman pointed his stun-gun at a large square pen they had erected, each side formed by coloured laser beams running horizontal to the ground. In the centre were several space-suited figures with cameras to record their potential purchases.

“Move it tarbrush,” one of them tugged the loincloth from the ebony curves of a dusky crewmember, laughing as the pretty woman uselessly tried to snatch it back. “Just as you are, my beauty,” he slapped the enticing curve of her bottom with painfully loud smack.

Liz felt sick with fear. She was at the mercy of large burly men who looked at her and the other women with hot merciless eyes.

Their new captors used electrical prods to scourge a few reluctant backs until all protests were stilled. Looking at the men with wide frightened eyes Liz tugged off her loincloth, shivering, vulnerably naked and knowing that they could assault or kill her at a whim if they chose. Obediently, shamefully, she ran naked round and round within the marked square behind Harry. How she hated the evil smirks of the men who drank in her womanly charms. Bleakly she stared straight ahead; they were now simply animals at a market.

Desperately she looked around for Hassan whilst guessing that he had set them up; kept them docile until he could arrange their capture. Yet still she had a shred of hope that even though he was a bit of a rogue, he wouldn't consign them to this. Yet he seemingly had.

"Aah," she gasped, knowing there was no escape when she received an electric shock as her leg brushed the laser beam forming their pen. Hair flying, her breasts jiggled painfully under the fast pace they had to maintain.

"Don't fuckin' cover the goods, hands away," a laughing man shouted at her when she and several of the women tried to modestly cover their bouncing breast fruit. She tried to ignore the guffaws of crude laughter, her face flushed in her humiliation. But eventually their new mentors had filmed enough and allowed them to stop.

"Commander Elizabeth Hartley," she panted when like the others she had to give her name to a group of guards as she was directed to stand on the large mirrored gangplank leading to the ship's entrance hatchway. After their eyes had goggled over her body the smirk of recognition on their coarse faces was not lost on her, simply adding to her shame. But worse was to come.

"Commander," the man laughed to set his ample frame wobbling. "You're not a commander now, you're just slave fodder. Come on girlie, hands on head, squat over the mirror, slowly up and down, make sure you're not concealing anything," he demanded with a leer to her and the line of naked women waiting in line behind her.

Flushing profusely Liz obeyed, like her companions. Her legs splayed blatantly wide for balance, she lowered her haunches then stood again, the mauve slash of her intimacy clearly reflected for the brutes in the mirror.

"Mouth wide, tongue right out, you should be used to that," a guard spat into her crimson face, peering between her parted lips as she demeaned herself so fully for them.

The swine were very thorough - nothing could have been concealed from them. Blanking her eyes from the indignity, she focused on the backdrop of the lush grassy paradise which had lured them down. She simply hoped that the obscenity in the cave below had by now begun his death throes.

"That's a girl Commander Hartley, let me help you in." She angrily wriggled away from a hand familiarly patting her bare undulating bottom to indicate the search was over.

"Ow," her gasp of pain amused them further as they cruelly used an electric prod on her breast. Slivers of fire lanced into her but she blinked back further tears, determined not to give them that pleasure, yet unable to meet the gloating eyes.

When she had last stepped through a ship's hatch she had been a Federation Commander. Now she realised that she was simply was a nude slave and slavery was rife in some outworlds. Hands modestly covering her boobs, sighing, she stepped through the airlock, trying to ignore the sweaty crude hand on her flexing bottom helping her in. Still, she was at least about to enter a world she knew of humming electronics and steel, she thought, trying to find any small comfort in her predicament.

Unfortunately there was nothing familiar about this particular entrance to the life of the ship. She had to run, body jiggling, through a long dark corridor with nozzles protruding from every angle. Gasping, powerful icy jets of water tinged with disinfectant pummelled her bare flesh leaving her numb and shivering. She piled into one the older crew-girls in the queue ahead, her breasts squashing against the deep curve of her companion's back. The woman's bottom was cold against her curly thatch as they both jumped up and down, gasping under the icy sprays, her companion's long dark hair tickling her nose.

Another body pressed against her from behind, equally anxious for the line of shivering pink flesh to move clear of the merciless darts of water. Rose's hard-tipped boobs were cold buttons against Liz' spine as she offered a teeth-chattering apology. The touch brought her a brief and uncomfortable arousal, recalling her experiences with Rose on Magellan before she shook herself. She was certainly not a lesbian, though, and banished the shameful thought.

Without being given the luxury of drying off, de-lousing powder squirted from more jets further along the tunnel, coating them like white gingerbread figures.

Choking, Liz emerged into the ship's well-lit, cavernous hall containing numerous glass cubes. Each contained a treadmill, like large hamster cages. The cubes were stretched in neat stacked rows the length of the hold and in numerous tiers up to the ceiling. Each nude prisoner was thrown a thin tracksuit by a bored female guard.

"Put 'em on in your cell, not now – no-one's interested in what you've got," the guard snapped when Liz made to dress.

"Please - where are we being taken? Hassan was going to release us. We are Federation personnel, I demand ... haah," Liz gasped in pain, clutching her stomach as the guard's prod interrupted her plea.

"You don't make demands – you get them," laughed the wardress, lashing out again. "It's Mr Hassan - to you; he often trades with this planet. Those natives entrap all kinds of passing shit like yourselves in which Mr Hassan might be interested. You're nothing - enough chit-chat, girl," she disdainfully pushed Liz away.

Thus before they could don their coverings, Liz, Rose and those with her were directed to scamper up a steel ladder to one of the tiers of cubes high off the ground. The doors of their little cells were open and a guard standing on a connecting walkway pushed her into her small glass prison, locking it behind her. She quickly appraised the thin armoured glass, which had a sophisticated lock offering no chance of escape. And the cubes were sound-insulated. Although she could clearly see her immediate companions on each side they were effectively isolated.

The 'hamster' wheel within her cube had inner and outer rungs. It took up most of the cell's space, rocking gently on its axis as she examined the centre hub inset with tubes and a miniature view screen. Apart from the snouts of several nozzles her cell contained nothing apart from a thin foam mat. Shivering slightly she pulled on the tracksuit.

She climbed onto her wheel, placed the mat across the inside hub rungs and lay on it. The wheel totally enclosed her. There was just sufficient space for her to lay slightly curved on the outer rungs or stand on them to turn the wheel. The set-up afforded little privacy, and she suspected that the nozzles above her contained monitoring equipment.

The female crewmembers were taken to glass cubicles alongside one side of the vast hall, the men on the other side. Liz saw Harry across the room and they waved to each other. It took an hour until the final crewmembers were locked away, then the view screen in her wheel crackled into life to show a stern-faced woman in uniform.

"I am the captain of this transport. There will be no talking or communication between slaves - you are under constant surveillance. You will remain locked in your cubes for most of your journey but will exercise several hours a day on your wheels to keep fit. Nutrition will be supplied and waste products emptied via the nozzles in the wheels. I advise you to remain in them during lift-off."

The screen snapped off. That was it, Liz thought wryly, not so much as a 'have a pleasant trip.' Yet her inner superficial lightness was just her method of disguising a deeper dread at again hearing herself referred to as a 'slave.'

She felt an increased vibration as the ship lurched into the air. Without the normal luxury of acceleration couches they all hurriedly scrambled into their wheels to cushion themselves against the inevitable g-forces.

For several minutes Liz's face was pulled into a mask of pain as her body was pressed hard against the outer rungs of the wheel, covered only by the thin mat. Slowly the wheel rotated as the ship turned. Finally the pressure eased and then conditions went to the other extreme, zero-grav. She guessed that their captors saw no reason to waste additional power in supplying an artificial gravity for the slaves. They were, she supposed, nothing more than a cargo, and it was seldom thought necessary to provide gravity to a cargo hold.

Although they had all naturally been trained to operate in zero-grav, Liz experienced the familiar feelings of nausea which always initially plagued her, knowing it was also caused by the culmination of her ordeal. She floated up from the outer bars to empty the contents of her belly into the waste nozzle protruding from the centre hub.

Looking around she saw a similar discomfort on faces as ashen as hers. No sound penetrated her glass box apart from the background hum of air conditioning and so she could only offer her crew smiles of sympathy and encouragement. Their wellbeing and comfort was obviously not uppermost in the minds of their captors.

Then the view screen crackled into life above Liz's head.

"OK listen up people," announced a man's craggy face; "time for your first exercise routines; five hundred revolutions of your wheels please. I expect you to be finished within three hours; by then you'll have forgotten about grav sickness. Jump to it, the noise level increases unless you make good progress."

Immediately a high-pitched screech invaded Liz's domain, and then her head, making the sickness worse. Feebly she pulled her floating body to grasp the inner rungs whilst standing on the outer ones. With the sound blasting her senses, Liz managed to slowly begin turning the wheel.

"Shut it off, stop," she screamed. Like a safety valve, her own voice stemmed the incessant noise pounding her head.

Very slowly the noise did ease and she stopped screaming, conserving energy as she got the wheel turning. Depressingly, the counter inset in the hub's screen showed that she had only clocked up six revolutions. It was not easy scrabbling over the two sets of rungs like a monkey without the benefit of gravity.

By the time she had clocked up a hundred turns her tracksuit clung hotly against her. At three hundred revolutions her hair was plastered to her face rather than billowing around her head like a dark halo. Every breath burned her lungs but whenever she slackened her pace the awful screeching noise built up again to invade her senses.

She was fit, and thus one of the first to reach the five hundred mark. Collapsing, she floated between the two sets of rungs, gasping for breath. Alongside her, Rose had just finished her stint whilst Lindsey, maybe her several added years counting against her, still pounded away, her face shining with effort. However, she guessed that, like her, the sheer effort had driven any sickness from them.

"Daily wash time," the speaker crackled some time later. "Tracksuit off, put them in the wash tank, stand under the shower nozzle."

As Liz stripped, icy cold water squirted, invigorating, washing away her sweat, making her jump and squeal. The water was collected at the base of her cube and recycled through the nozzle into which she had pushed her tracksuit. After half a minute warm air dried them sufficiently to don the clothing and she relaxed, floating between the inner and outer rungs in the wheel. In the cell alongside water cascaded over Rose's delicious curves making Liz almost lick her lips. Again she recalled holding that lush body against her in the Pussy Club on Magellan. There, under orders of the pirates - for their amusement - those shapely breasts had pressed against hers. She had sucked those hard red nipples and the blonde's sensuous mouth had sucked her orbs as their hips had jerked to a mutual orgasm.

She shook her head, looking away to clear the foolish thoughts filling her head as an alternative to their awful reality. What was she becoming, she wondered? Instead she turned bleakly to Harry's cage, just able to see his look of helpless frustration as he returned her gaze from a hundred metres across the cargo hold.

Next they were instructed to suck an unappetising liquid nutrient from one of their nozzles; whilst doing so she saw one of her lovely companions, red faced, squatting over the waste nozzle. All of their basic needs were being attended to, no matter how publicly.

“You slags - come,” ordered an old butch guard, “march,” she shouted, prodding Liz, Rose and one of the youngest girl crewmembers with her crop.

After twenty-four hours of zero-grav in the cubicles, the three now had difficulty walking and at first staggered under the ship's own grav field in the crew's quarters beyond the hold. Accompanied by a young male guard with cropped blonde hair, they proceeded through endless narrow steel corridors reverberating with the ship's pulse. The familiar sounds and feelings of racing through space tugged at Liz's heart and soul; this was her life. Onwards they marched towards the heart of the ship, raising her hopes that she might glean some idea of their destination and destiny and thus again begin planning an escape.

“Eyes straight ahead, nousey bitch,” shouted the boy guard when Liz tried to hesitate near an open door to the astro-nav centre. It was normally second nature for her to stride in, assimilate the situation and give orders; but she was now simply a prisoner, a slave. Opposite was a cabin door on which the female guard knocked and pushed the women inside. “Stand to attention, toes on the line,” she shouted.

Flanked by the others Liz stood on a yellow marker about a metre before a large desk at which a bored looking female doctor sat. Something churned in Liz's memory when the woman, somewhere in her fifties and probably at least a size 16, looked up, sending shivers of apprehension dancing up her spine, her mouth quivering open slightly.

“I see you remember me, Hartley,” the woman's plump face broke into an icy smile.

“I, er ...” Liz unsuccessfully feigned a lapse of memory.

“Oh come on Commander, I didn't take you for stupid as well as a scheming and callous cow, but perhaps I'm wrong. You are thick as well.”

“I - I can recall...”

“Oh you can recall now can you,” interrupted the bulky woman as she stood to waddle up to the three women standing stiffly before her. “You recall being 2nd officer on board that old Federation ship, Tigress, several years ago and having me kicked off it?”

“Look, you know it wasn't like that, there were good reasons why ...aahh,” Liz yelped with shock as the woman's hand cracked across her cheek.

“Silence Hartley, and back to attention before me please, I'm calling the shots now not you,” the woman's mottled face was inches from Liz's. “The reasons were that you resented me, you saw me as a threat to your position and had me kicked off - on the grounds of me being medically unfit for duty. Incidentally, I was also kicked out of the Federation as a consequence of your recommendations and eventually found alternative employment on ships in the outworlds such as these.”

“Yes but, please, it wasn't like that, you were too... well a little over...haahhh,” Liz again gasped in pain as the woman harshly slapped her other cheek.

“Overweight I believe you were going to say Hartley. Well I was a damn good officer, we shared the same rank and you could see that I'd get the next promotion. So you got rid of me. No, don't say a word unless you want your friends here to suffer too,” the doctor threatened when Liz desperately made to speak again. “And no doubt you've even forgotten my name, it's Clench; in fact I'm Doctor Clench - using my Federation knowledge to gain a doctor's licence in the outworlds.”

Fear churned in Liz's stomach. This was so unfair. She had had to recommend the woman, Clench, be removed from the ship because she was way above crew weight limits and had difficulty with some of the drills. There was also a suggestion, never proved, of the woman making unnatural advances on some of the junior female crewmembers. In any case, she would have been a liability to the ship and Liz never backed away from difficult decisions; she knew her duty. But

what were the odds on that one person who hated her so much being on a ship which had now captured her? Her shoulders slumped as she bit her tongue.

"You can only imagine my feelings when I ran my eyes over the ship's slave manifest a few hours back and saw your name," Clench smiled coldly into Liz's wide apprehensive eyes. "The famous Commander Hartley fresh from a bit of a romp with pirates is now a slave – under my jurisdiction on this ship. It feels so good," she sighed.

"Well, I'm here to check you slags over, but in view of your reputation as a tart, Hartley, I'm going to ask the lad here to remove your clothes for you – I know you'll enjoy it more," she nodded to the young guard.

"Please Dr Clench I..."

"Just step out of line by talking without permission once more you fucking slag and I'll have you – all three of you," she waved at Rose and the young girl too, "dumped in the airlock and squirted into space like the three useless shits you are. I have the authority to dispose of troublesome slaves on board ship. And by heaven I'll consider you troublesome if you don't do exactly as I say."

Liz stood miserably compliant as the leering boy eagerly pulled her tracksuit top off to make her bare breasts bounce. Then he swiftly tugged down her bottoms, yanking them off her feet to leave her stark naked. Awkwardly, she covered herself, feeling the temperature in the cabin rise in line with the deep flush of shame on her face.

"Oh for fuck's sake don't cover your wares Hartley, we all know you use them to sleep your way to the top – so don't pretend modesty. Hands neatly on your head please Commander, legs apart; there's a girl."

Gooseflesh now formed on Liz's beautiful body as Clench and the two guards openly appraised her. She hated public nudity, especially before this bitch who so hated her, and just wanted to find this was a terrible dream from which she would awaken. But it wasn't a dream and Clench continued to humiliate her.

"You know, this is so good. The famous Liz Hartley, the bitch who ended my career, standing starkers in front of me. I bet you don't feel so clever now do you Hartley?"

Slap!

"I'm sorry, it just feels so good to do that," Clench smiled as she regarded the fresh red handprint she had raised on Liz's shocked face. "I love knowing that you can't do a fucking thing about it. But I know you'd like to," her hand lightly brushed Liz's fists, balls of tension on her dark head. "But you know that if you do ... you and your friends suffer for it. You are a naked slave and I am in charge now – that's how it should be. But, hmm, I think you might have a weight problem too, Hartley, eh?" The doctor's hands stroked Liz's bottom then gripped it, making her cheeks wobble enticingly.

Liz's body was magnificent but most women are vulnerable to comments on their size and never more so than when they are naked and under critical examination. She blushed a deeper crimson, biting her lip as the lying barbs of shame were fired at her.

"And these sagging tits ..." She made Liz's firm lush orbs bounce under her hands, her eyes happily drinking in the shame she was stoking within her victim with the outrageous comments even though they were so wide of any truthful mark.

"You look just about OK for slave meat – for a woman of your age," she added mockingly. "But I suppose you'd better bend over and touch your toes so I can check down there. Just hope I don't lose my hand in there – or find the last poor Fed officer up there, who you probably shagged to death," she smiled, slapping the curve of Liz's bottom with a loud crack in the small room.

Liz was determined not to cry, but her eyes were nevertheless a little wet with tears when the awful woman's hands had finished probing her every orifice and made her again stand to attention before her. She could tell by the way the sweating hands and fingers lingered on and in her most intimate flesh how much Clench enjoyed it.

Wham!

“Haarggghhhh,” Liz doubled up winded and in agony after the doctor’s fist had without warning sunk into her flat belly. With no time to tense her muscles she felt sick, tears stinging her eyes, but had to endure the guards again pulling her upright, her stomach churning.

“Just checking your flabby belly Hartley – the enjoyable way. It seems OK and surprisingly, no sexual diseases – you must have been lucky,” Clench mocked. “But I’m putting you on half rations and double exercises for the duration of the trip. Oh and when I decide you can dress again you’ll wear this.” She threw a skin-tight pink leather cat-suit onto the floor. It had the logo ‘Fed Tart’ emblazoned across it. “I had it made up this afternoon. I shall enjoy the thought of you sweating your guts on your little wheel out wearing that. Then everyone will know what you are,” she laughed cruelly.

Liz had struggled enough with the turns on the treadmill demanded of her. She dreaded to think how she would make out wearing that hot leather and with a half empty belly.

“And now your pretty friends,” Clench regarded Rose and the young crew-girl who both stared bleakly ahead. “I think I’ll have you undress them please Hartley, I always suspected you had lesbian tendencies and certainly those films I saw of you on Magellan confirmed my suspicions. Start with the blond floozy,” she prodded Rose’s breasts, “then the young girl,” she similarly jabbed the dark-haired youngster who was now biting her lips in fear.

Liz smiled apologetically as she removed Rose’s clothes, angrily stilling the shivers of delight at the sight and touch of her blonde friend’s body. It felt so unnatural having to do so. But it was even worse having to undress her young crew-girl, barely eighteen, briefly wiping away her tears when she too was naked, her ripe young breasts quivering with her sobs.

All now stood like naughty schoolgirls in the headmistress’ study, incongruously naked, shivering in the steel cabin, toes exactly as demanded on the thick yellow line. The young guard’s eyes devoured them, preoccupied. He hadn’t closed the door fully and reflected in the doctor’s mirror Liz could see a tantalising portion of a star chart in the astro room opposite. She stood grinding her teeth in frustration. Scant metres away were the facilities to identify their location and summon help. The Federation could rescue them within hours.

“No daydreaming! Look fucking straight ahead, you’re not here for a guided tour, girl,” snapped the boy, kicking the door shut with his foot.

Her hopes were dashed; instead just continued humiliation lay ahead. She tried to shut her mind to the monstrous woman doctor probing the supple nudity of Rose and then the young girl.

Tears misted her eyes at the sight through a porthole of the deep black firmament of space. Space had been in her blood since a child. It was now her life, enthralling and exciting, so pure and all-embracing. The light from those stars had travelled for countless millions of years against man’s mere hundreds of thousands before washing her eyes with its incandescence. The vast cosmic scale of things put into perspective mankind’s futile meddling on the numerous pinpricks of light, which winked so brightly at her.

“Spread your legs bitch, bend over, you’ve nothing to hide from us.”

The woman’s command to Rose jerked Liz back to the reality of standing helpless before brutal captors who cared nothing for their feelings or indeed their continued existence. They were simply something to be processed and forgotten.

“Full name, date of birth, address, occupation?” the guard demanded of them all for a voice record as the doctor’s hands probed and explored their bodies. With almost a tinge of jealousy she watched the hands as they moved over the lush curves.

“As you were curious about next door I’ll show you the astro room on the way back while your friends dress. You go as you are,” smiled the female guard.

Blindfolded and with her arms now bound behind her, Liz struggled ineffectually under the woman’s steel grip as she was pushed into the astro centre, stumbling to a halt, breasts jiggling.

“Commander Hartley wanted to satisfy her curiosity - as you may wish to do with yours; a personal visit from the Federation pin-up,” the woman laughed harshly.

Liz could hear wolf-whistles, her head questing under the black blindfold frustratingly obscuring her eyes. Just one quick peek would have allowed her to see where they were going – but even that was denied her. Instead she had to meekly endure more shame and fear.

“What a looker. I'm standing to attention for you madam,” mocked a male voices; a hand smacked her bottom, “cute arse.”

“Aaah,” she squealed as a hand roughly grabbed her pubic thatch.

“Had enough? You know what curiosity did to the cat,” the guard chuckled, finally leading her stumbling out, a hand pushing her flexing bottom.

Catcalls echoed from corridors down which she would normally have strode in uniform, snapping out orders instead of stumbling bound and naked. It was almost a relief to be pushed back into her tiny glass cube.

CHAPTER 5

Liz calculated that a week had passed. The ship had probably covered a vast distance and they could be anywhere now. Meanwhile she and her crew had run countless miles in the hated treadmills, relieved only by collapsing into exhausted sleep or sucking the goo to keep up their strength.

It was worse for her. She had double the number of turns to achieve, minimal rations, and also had to wear the shameful and hot leather suit. It left absolutely nothing to the imagination, only titillated as her body bounced frantically on the wheel. Quite often, Clench or one of the guards would come up to leer at her as she sweated and strained.

Finally, a bumpy re-entry into orbit pressed them painfully against their treadmills.

Liz stood apprehensively as a large, bald Negro guard entered her cell when normal planet-fall gravity was restored; his glittering eyes roved over her.

"Strip," he shouted.

"What? Why? Where are we?" She shrunk from his leering face.

"No for you to worry about girlie," he smiled, "just strip - or I'll do it for you." He grinned menacingly to show several blackened teeth.

Frightened and alone despite being on view to all, she bit her lip as she reluctantly complied. His eyes devoured her as she pulled off the leather clinging to her every curve, holding it protectively before her.

"If only these cubes weren't so public," he drawled, throwing her a shrink-fit coverall and skin tight underwear. "Get 'em on quick, you're a convict now," he laughed, slapping the pert curve of her bottom.

Thankfully she slipped on the tiny bra and pants and then the tight yellow one-piece on which the logo 'Penal Colony 7' was emblazoned in black. It was almost an improvement on the skin-tight leather with the shameful motto.

Within seconds of exposure to her body-heat the coverall had shrunk to cling tightly and transparently to every contour. She might almost have been nude but such coveralls were standard wear for convicts to prevent concealed weapons. Now the Negro was next door, ogling Rose. She had to similarly strip before him and allow the gaze to wash over the dips and hollows of her loveliness.

Soon, Liz again had her own problems. With her wrists cuffed painfully behind her and the humiliation of a collar from which a ball gag thrust into her bulging mouth, she was led from her cell and linked by a neck chain to her crew. Finally a black scarf tied tightly around her eyes completed her vulnerability and obscured her view of the world.

Tugged in a helpless line from the ship, she stumbled down the gangplank into open air. Gravel was underfoot as they were pulled along and into a building. Liz longed to see where she was, rapidly blinking and contorting her face she sought to dislodge the cloth over her eyes. At least knowing the planet on which she was being held could be useful in an escape attempt.

By the time she sensed bright lights around her and heard a bored official-sounding voice asking the guards questions in the universal language of the outworlds, she had managed to reveal a chink of light at a corner of one eye.

She guessed the official would hardly care about the individual identities of the numerous prisoners he was checking in from the ship. However, knowledge of her location would be useful - they could be on any one of a thousand planets. Beyond the anonymity of her blindfold she could hear people. If only she could only let someone see her. She knew that she was quite well known; someone might recognise her and inform the Federation. The loss of her starship's crew would presumably be universal news.

The cloth gradually shifted down; she might soon see where she was. Then, frustration overwhelming her, she was tugged away. Voices and possible help were so close! She was outside again and frantically trying to work her blindfold down as she was pulled along. Finally it sagged from one eye - just in time for her to see the interior of the hover-sled into which she was pushed.

“Naughty, naughty,” the large Negro tightened her blindfold.

“Oooof,” a fist in her stomach doubled her up with sickening breathless pain as the door of the hover-sled slammed shut.

“Welcome to your new home,” a metallic voice boomed from speakers high in the wall of a large, draughty reception room. They had been led there and their restraints removed, leaving only the cuffs securing their wrists. “You have no need to know where you are,” the bored voice continued, “but you may have heard rumours of a flourishing slave trade in numerous 'backward' areas of the universe. Now you have the honour of experiencing it. You are commodities to be sold; this is your introduction to hell. Those who are strong and clever enough to survive will lead productive lives serving masters and mistresses. Those who fail or are disobedient will be blinded to live what little will remain of their lives as miners on Zarog. It is not something I'd recommend,” the voice chuckled unpleasantly.

“Oooh, no, please, aaah!” gasped one of the crew-girls as a guard spitefully slapped her face until her protest was reduced to pitiful sobs.

“Silence Please,” the voice continued as if nothing had happened. “This location will remain a secret lest any of you try to tell anyone when you get to your new homes. This organisation relies on secrecy, as do the lives of your trainers and guards. They know they will die if they divulge the location of this place - as will you if you ever discover it.”

In vain Liz looked around again for Hassan, wondering how he could have consigned her to this.

“Now you must all face your deepest, darkest fears,” the voice continued, “hellfire before redemption. Imagine the worst thing that could happen to you. It will happen to you when you go through the portals at the end of the next room.”

Liz's belly tightened and her face was as tense as those around her. They had been relatively well fed and exercised on their journey. Although their clothing was probably more for the benefit of any prying eyes at the spaceport, it at least restored to them an element of humanity. Soon, she guessed, such normality would be a thing of the past. She walked beside Harry, hands brushing behind their backs, and they were pushed along by the armed guards – and several loathsome dwarfs.

The dwarfs were originally genetically bred quite callously on Earth for their small size and strength simply for working in the cramped conditions of deep-space ships. When new technology replaced them and demand largely dried up for their services, they had an in-built grievance against the Federation, which had 'engineered' them. Although 'designed' to fit into cramped spaces and to use their long arms, no thought had been given to their looks or intelligence above a basic level. Squat and hairy, their drooling faces were blessed with thick lips allowing stumpy yellow teeth to protrude. Even before her hideous experiences at the hands of a repulsive Mungo on Magellan, Liz couldn't bear the sight and touch of the creatures. Her awful suffering at his hands had only deepened those feelings.

When one of them prodded her to keep moving she squirmed away, shuddering in revulsion, her bound hands balled helplessly. The gibbering little creep laughed as he poked her breasts.

“You get used to worse,” he giggled, his electric prod preventing Harry's protective lunge before it started. “You learn she ours now - not yours,” he jabbed Harry's midriff.

Engraved in black gothic letters above red padded doors at the far end of the room was the inscription:

'Lose Hope All Ye Who Enter Here'

'But Salvation Is Nigh.'

Below was a large portrait of Hassan, his powerful features making Liz's heart involuntarily quicken; but she quickly stifled such feelings for the creep who had delivered her into this.

The large room contained two long lines of hard-backed metal chairs, snaking back and forth. The last chair in each row was set before the large, ominous, doors.

"Men in one row, women the other. Now!" boomed a loudspeaker.

"Now wait a m... " Harry protested until a blue light beam darting from the ceiling sent him screaming to the floor.

"Stop," screeched Liz, falling to her knees beside his rigid, contorted body.

"Silence," the loudspeaker boomed. "There will be absolute obedience and silence from now on. Computerised capture & control beams automatically inflict punishment if anyone fails to obey. You will all be seated within 20 seconds or pay the consequences. Obey the instructions you will be given."

Nodding to show his partial recovery, Harry allowed the dwarf to push him onto a chair. With tears misting her eyes Liz was led to the other row, where she sat awkwardly with cuffed wrists. She saw Harry clench his teeth in impotent frustration as a grinning dwarf possessively patted her curving flanks despite her desperate wriggling away.

Circuits within their wrist cuffs activated, releasing them and allowing Liz to thankfully rub circulation back into her hands. The guards relaxed against the perimeters, allowing events to be orchestrated by a hologram sign which materialised in the centre of the room. It displayed:

'All move forward one chair towards the red doors'

None initially obeyed until Liz felt a slight sting, gradually increasing in intensity, from the overhead capture beams. Although just a discomfort, Liz saw Rose next to her rubbing her arms - they knew the potential. Obediently everyone moved up a chair. Then another sign appeared above those occupying the chairs nearest the red doors.

'Outer clothing to be removed from this point on. Hands placed on Head'

Liz ground her teeth. It was a subtle cruelty, a gradual building of their tension, fear and humiliation as they remorselessly headed towards those ominous doors.

The older crew-woman Lindsey occupied the front chair in the female line, and fear made her volatile temper snap.

"Bastards.... aaarghhhh," she writhed to the floor bathed in the cold light of a control beam.

"Obey or your colleagues will also suffer," the impersonal voice boomed from a speaker.

Gasping, she reluctantly complied, shivering in her white bra and pants.

Time dragged, tension building in the enforced silence. A tear ran down each pretty face when they had to move up a chair and join Lindsey in undressing. Their ordeal was intentionally drawn out; their fear of the unknown growing. The young girl who had shared with Liz the doctor's examination on the ship now sat exposed in her underwear, her pretty face crumpled with tears.

They moved remorselessly ever nearer the doors; now Lindsey had to remove her underwear too. The cruelty was evident. They had been given clothing, tasting civilisation before it was slowly withdrawn again. The worms of fear ate into Liz. Each of them was in a private hell of anticipation, awaiting whatever lay behind those waiting doors.

Harry, wearing only underpants, looked imploringly at Liz. She looked so vulnerable, yet so adorable. Her beauty shone through the tenseness of her face, her satin body gleaming with the sheen of fear. Now the female line all moved forward and Liz had to remove her last covering. Her magnificent breasts were rising and falling, nipples tight with fear.

It was worse, though, for Lindsey. She now occupied the last chair and had been instructed to sit with her legs wide apart to reveal her charms. Then the sign instructed her to go through the

door. She looked so out of place, her naked body tight and flexing with tension as she walked to those red portals. Nervously licking her lips she took a deep breath before opening the doors and disappearing from sight.

"Legs wider missy, I want to see it wink at me." A grinning dwarf stood before Rose, who was next to display her naked charms.

"You dirty ...please no ... haaaaah," a control beam rolled the lovely blonde to the floor in agony, her long legs flailing.

"No more warnings. All will suffer if any disobey. You want that?" the loudspeaker boomed.

"Lubbly boobies," the dwarf drooled, poking the blonde's creamy orbs, as she reluctantly spread her legs wide before the beast.

The red door had occupied Liz's every thought for the past hour; it had seemed like a day. There were no screams of the damned, no cries of souls in torment, just a heavy silence as one by one her crew went to their fate. One enters the world naked, and one leaves it naked she thought philosophically. Yet how, she wondered, could she be philosophical with bubbles of pure terror erupting in her belly? There was no choice, refusal wasn't an option; she had heard of the mines of Zarog. Convict workers, all initially blinded to develop their other senses, mined valuable ore in the dark, deep underground. Like animals they searched by smell for hidden seams of Zaroga used to power matter transmitters. Someday other sources might become available, but that didn't help the miners, who usually had a life-span of only weeks. So she had to play their games here for the moment; the alternative was too shocking to contemplate. Where there was life there was hope for the future, she decided.

What faced her beyond that door, she pondered? It was a dilemma. She knew that the bastards probably had thought probe beams lifting and analysing their waves of fear. They could create a tailor-made hell for each of them, but the more she tried not to think about her personal fears, the more they intruded. It was, she guessed, one reason for prolonging their fate.

Perhaps beyond those doors was a deep pit where she would be buried alive, cast away and forgotten? Possibly that was her worst fear. She shuddered. Maybe she would somehow be shamed before her family? Unwanted thoughts of her own sexuality surfaced, yet she was heterosexual and loved Harry. True, Rose was beautiful, but her intimate acts with her lieutenant had been forced on them; they had had no choice. She didn't know why she even thought of it. Possibly it was a stupid childhood crush on another girl and nearly being caught by her parents? Or being forced to perform with Rose on Magellan? However, there was no doubt in her own mind about her preferences - was there?

Liz was interrupted by Rose's thigh brushing hers as she stood to meet her fate. The blonde looked lovely, her body undulating sensually towards the door. With an apprehensive look over her shoulders, the delicate arch of her back intensifying as she straightened her shoulders, she passed from view.

Sweat trickled down Liz's armpits; she sat in the last chair, legs spread wide apart pouting her mauve charms at the sniggering dwarf. She tried to be brave as the sign came on. With a knife in her belly she stood, taking a deep breath, walking as calmly as possible to the door. The handle was moist under her shaking hand as she briefly smiled for posterity, seeing the strained looks on the faces of her nearest crew, fondly casting one last glance at Harry.

"Goodbye darling," she mouthed, her full lips quivering with emotion.

Feeling sick, she closed the door and faced a dark tunnel leading down. It was pitch black but for an illuminated sign directing her forward. Taking another shuddering breath she walked slowly through the darkness towards her destiny.

Opening another door, she was surprised to find herself in a plush, carpeted corridor like a hotel - apart from two guards standing to attention on either side. Modestly she covered her nudity, feeling so out of place in such surroundings. The guards stood impassively ignoring her. There was another sign ahead:

'Training / Termination Room - Knock and Enter.'

Edging forward over the deep carpet pile, Liz stopped by the imposing door. Feeling simultaneously hot and cold, she grasped the brass handle and pushed. She flinched back expecting to be seized by burly, masked torturers, stripped to their sweating waists, the fires of damnation burning beside them. Instead was a long table at which sat two men and between them a woman, all middle-aged faceless officials.

"Come in dear, close the door, that's right. Stand right before us so we can see you ... good girl." The woman was almost homely. "Turn round on the spot, slowly, raise your arms so we can see all of you. No secrets here," she smiled as Liz slowly performed the obscene pirouette. "Thank you," the woman's tongue licked thin lips, "Your name please?"

"C-Commander Elizabeth Hartley. I'm from ..."

"Silence, we don't need any more from you, in any case slaves don't have rank," interrupted one of the men. "And don't cover yourself; we've seen it all before, hands straight by your side to attention. That's better," he smiled as Liz obeyed, "you've got a good body, a shame not to show it. Now you have a simple choice. Two signs, two directions." He indicated arrows on the desk, one pointing left and one right.

The sign on the left said 'Zarog Mines,' and on the right, 'Slave training.'

"Only you can decide which path, dear," The woman leaned forward earnestly as if she cared. Liz controlled her loathing and fear at the amused looks on their faces. They were three creeps who were so obviously enjoying this. She shivered in fear, wishing she wasn't naked and vulnerable before them.

"This is ridiculous, what right do you have to do this?" she erupted, "We are all Federation personnel, and when they hear ..."

"Be quiet girl, no-one wants to hear anything from you or your crew anymore. You are ours now," spat the woman as a guard, hearing the outburst, opened the door and trained his gun on Liz. "The only ridiculous thing is you, on your high horse standing before us, a cornered naked animal. You have no rights, only a choice. And if you fail to make a choice your colleagues will be executed until you do. Everything we do here is by choice; you have three. Do nothing and kill your crew, be worked to death in the mines, or be trained as a slave. We begin the first execution in exactly one minute." The woman leaned back, looking pointedly at her watch before staring into Liz's despondent face.

"Please..." Liz began sobbing, burying her face in her hands; it was all too much.

Suddenly the woman was beside her, tutting, her arms around Liz's shaking shoulders.

"There-there dear, you must try to be brave," she comforted, wiping Liz's large wet eyes. "I think you know the right course, but hurry - you haven't much time."

Somehow regaining her composure, Liz turned to the right.

"There's a good girl," the woman gave her a motherly pat on her shapely bottom.

Shrugging in resignation, unable to meet the eyes of her tormentors, Liz walked through the right hand door with as much dignity as she could muster. This exit again led to blackness, but before she could orientate herself a sleep beam sent her tumbling to a velvet-soft floor.

CHAPTER 6

“We are going a journey of exploration, you and I,” a deep resonant voice intoned. “It may be one from which only one of us shall return.”

Liz's eyes snapped open. She was in darkness, unable to move a muscle. It took her several deep breaths to control the rising panic threatening to engulf her. Was she on Zarog, a blind mining animal?

Desperately she tried to move, her muscles cording and flexing before mentally slumping, held immobile. She could recall the fear of the waiting room, the officials behind the desk and then nothing. Although physically powerless, she was mentally alert. Reason was her only weapon against the unknown.

Deciding that she must be held in a force field chased away some of the demons of irrational fear. There was a treacle-like resistance to any movement apart from her eyes and mouth. She gradually became accustomed to the velvet darkness; it was not quite total, there was a shimmering halo of yellow light around her. Floating, she was wrapped in a skin-tight coating of plastic. She was for all intents still naked; it clung to her, emphasising every curve and contour of her body, which was spread-eagled in the shape of a cross. She could see nothing in the deep blackness beyond the force-field, and tendrils of panic returned. She could be anywhere, deep underground, deep underwater? She remembered the voice - or had she been dreaming? Even if it had been real the speaker could have been miles away on the other end of a communicator. Her heart pounded in her ears, sick panic threatening to engulf her.

About to call out, she then decided with the greatest effort of will not to give them that pleasure. Logically, someone would be monitoring, waiting for her pleading request for reassurance. Possibly, rather than being buried deep somewhere away from anyone, she could be just inches away from her captors; they might be waiting outside the field's opaque perimeter. Such fields normally allowed others to see, penetrate and touch the person or object held immobile within. She tried to reassure herself that she was not isolated. Having brought her all this way, they surely wouldn't want to kill her outright.

Cautiously, she took stock. Her head was slightly inclined, allowing her to see the glimmering length of her body. Biting her lip, she saw a tiny probe clipped to each of her nipples, making her aware for the first time of the constricting pain of the small, serrated teeth gripping her. Below the flat plane of her belly another probe was evident at the apex of her spread thighs; it crouched like a tiny, clawed beast at the portals of her sex. Again she became aware of the discomfort of the metal teeth gripping her sex. There was another probe deep within her, actually in her vagina, filling her sex uncomfortable, obscenely. Her breathing increased, knowing those things were not there for her comfort. Time passed; it was impossible to judge how long, but she was thirsty.

“Although you are completely alone down there, I know you are conscious; everything is monitored. We will get the preliminaries out of the way. Confirm your name, age, occupation and address.”

A tiny bubble of joy blossomed within her; she had forced them to come to her. Then the words sunk in. Was she really all alone down in the depths of somewhere? Hopefully they were just trying to add the pressure of isolation. She had to assume that they already knew her vulnerability to such isolation from mind probes used in the waiting room. In annoyance she tried to shut out the thoughts, to prevent feeding her captors more information, giving them more ammunition - it was impossible. Years ago, some childhood 'friends' had locked her in the cellar of an old deserted house, forgetting her for hours. She tried to control the renewed terror of remembering the occasion.

“So ...?” Liz needed to bolster her thin reserves of courage and keep the upper hand. “I don't answer questions until I know why I'm being treated like this and who I'm talking to.”

"Oh, tut," the voice admonished, "still trying to be brave. I'm afraid you're sadly disillusioned to think that we need you. The reverse applies. You will surely have heard rumours of unwilling, black-market living body donors in deep, sealed vaults. Restrained - as you are - they are unable to deliberately hurt themselves and deny any host body who may require their organs. Years pass; sustenance beams preserve a donor's body until parts are gradually harvested on demand and they can no longer be kept alive. Their bodies live whilst they are still of use to a rich host, but their minds crack much sooner. Imagine the despair and pain of this being the rest of your life."

"You must be mad - you cannot"

"Although limbs and organs can of course be cloned and grown artificially there is still a certain black-market demand for 'organic' body-farming methods. There is also the one-upmanship of possessing part of someone who was maybe once famous," the voice interrupted her as if she hadn't spoken. "Parts of the Federation's pin-up Commander will be in high demand. And I can assure you it is not me who is mad - but you will be before long, I assure you," the voice chuckled. "However, back to the joys of administration; we need the personal details of those about to become slaves - but why should we wish to make you a slave when we have your fit healthy body and keen mind for organ harvesting? Indeed your parts will be greater than the whole. You will slowly be reborn all over the galaxy to serve your captors. You have no way of preventing it. Just die - forget about giving us personal details then."

Liz realised that as they were undoubtedly monitoring her heart-rate and thoughts, they would know her panic. Was this how it would all end for her?

"You don't know about my disease then?" It was the only thing she could think of, but she was unable to keep the terror entirely out of her voice.

She waited in silence. Nothing.

"I'll enjoy the thought of poisoning everyone who takes any part of me." Again, a hollow silence stretching to eternity was the only response to her bluff.

Then Liz was aware of difficulties breathing. Her surroundings were becoming hotter, her lungs burning to draw in the little air remaining.

"Best we don't take a chance then, switch off the machines and save power," the calm voice was totally dispassionate.

"Wait, don't you want to know"?

"Know what?" the voice interrupted, "what could a dying defective have to say that I'd be interested in? Goodbye."

"Please, I'll..." Liz's voice trailed off in hopelessness and with the difficulty of taking gasping breaths.

"You'll do what?"

"Any-anything," she managed to croak.

A red veil began drawing over her eyes, her lungs sucked on nothing, a burning chasm in her body. Her head exploded with flashing lights. It was over. She cursed Hassan before becoming aware of a throbbing pain in her head and chest. She was still alive!

"If I have to turn the switch again it stays off. Think very carefully about your next answer, it might be your last. You have the choice between dying right now, or maybe living longer for slave training. There's nothing you can say that we cannot instantly check. The question is, the most important one in your life, have you any disease?"

"N-no," Liz managed, beaten. She mentally slumped in her bonds until the voice continued.

"Right, we can progress to the next questions. Name, age, occupation, address - and when was your last medical check-up before capture?"

She despondently provided the details; waiting whilst they were presumably checked by an all-knowing galaxy wide computer web.

"So, we have established that you are perfectly healthy. There is no reason why you cannot remain in these catacombs as a donor. Correct? Think carefully."

"Y-yes, correct." Liz mentally slumped. They had taken her down to her own personal hell to demonstrate their control and break her spirit. They had temporarily succeeded. She shivered; the word catacombs conjured up images of her lying deep underground amongst mouldering bodies.

"Hello? Help, please," she sobbed uncontrollably, but received no reply.

Time passed; her thirst added to the discomfort of her pounding heart.

Would they just leave her here? Panic bubbled up within her.

"Do you wish to change your status?" the voice made her jump.

"What?"

"Do you wish to remain a donor?"

"No ... please" she gave a sobbing gasp.

"Then, there is only one other road, slavery. It is of no concern to me which you choose, but think carefully; your next answer determines your fate. Do you want to be a slave?"

"Y-yes."

"Repeat please, word for word."

"I-I want to be a slave," Liz mentally retreated further into the blind alley into which she had been herded so cruelly. And she meant it – no way could she contemplate remaining down here to await someone deciding they needed one of her organs.

"It is a long hard road with much to be learned, painfully learned. You willingly accept?"

"Yes ... I have no choice," her voice was flat.

"There are always choices, but I'm not sure you're suitable slave material. I think we should leave you here for a few years to mature..."

"Please no," the plea escaped her before she could stop it. "I-I want to be a slave." Liz knew she was helpless and broken, but where there was life there was at least some hope.

"Beg to be a slave."

"I b-beg, please make me a slave," her voice a whisper.

"Louder."

"Please, I beg to be a slave," she announced in firmer tones. "Please."

Silence; there was another interminable wait.

"Please ... I want to, I really do," the sob in her voice was mostly genuine. What more could she do or say?

"And if you were ordered to fuck a dwarf you would willingly do so?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Repeat word for word."

"I-I'll fuck a dwarf," she screamed at her hidden tormentor, yet the thought of doing so made her feel sick.

Silence.

"Please, don't leave me here. I need to drink," her plea again echoed hollowly.

More time passed, she couldn't gauge how long; she had no yardstick besides the beating of her heart.

"You have been selected for slave training."

Joy leapt through her captive limbs, quickly followed by sobering realisation. The fiends had put her through the mill, taken her to the limits so that she was indeed pleased and thankful simply to be a slave. Then came the creaking of a chair; she wasn't alone. Her tormentor was right beside her.

Click!

"Arghhhhh!"

The metallic click had been followed by sudden pain exploding in each nipple and blossoming throughout her breasts. The tendons stood out in her neck, muscles tense and corded, trying uselessly to make her limbs move whilst pain shook her, consumed her. Immobile and totally helpless, when the pain finally eased she mentally slumped, confused, sweat trickling from her body.

“That was a demonstration of my control of your pain, the first of many such punishments should you prove unwilling in your retrogression therapy. It is on the lowest setting at the moment, but it can increase to ultimately death.”

Liz groaned, wondering how such a blast of pure agony could be classed as 'mild,' knowing she couldn't take any more. She hated the voice - the instigator of her pain. She guessed that they would brainwash her but was powerless to prevent it; she must avoid that pain at all costs.

“You can imagine the effect of the probes also being switched on within you, and those in the sensors of your body coating,” the calm voice continued. “Let's hope you are sensible and they only have to be used to a minimum. They will remain throughout your initial training here. Now, the correct response to such news as I gave you is 'Thank You Sir.' Well?”

“T-thank you S-sir,” Liz was broken and drained.

“First we capture your mind, mould and train it, and only then work on your body. You will from now on ask no questions, initiate no conversation. If you do reply, it will be with absolute humble respect. You must accept your new station in life. If you receive any sustenance, any relief from pain, indeed any attention whatsoever, it will be because I decide it. Any infringement of these rules will cause you pain and a reversion to your previous status as an organ donor. Understood?”

“Yes Sir,” she gulped, concentrating on the voice, which controlled her. It sounded like Hassan, perhaps it was him?

“We will begin a journey back into your past; reassemble the building blocks of your personality in a more acceptable order. I'm sure you can remember some incident in your past of which you are ashamed, things you wish never to have happened, or happened differently? I understand you were a starship Commander before becoming a slave?”

“Haah, yes Sir,” she hurriedly confirmed at the sound of his creaking chair, desperate to avoid that pain-giving click.

“Let your memory roam further back to when you were a girl, things in your deep past,” the voice droned on, now soothing, hypnotic, releasing her memories.

Despite her training and her knowledge of mind-probes, which she assumed were scanning, an unpleasant memory of when she was sixteen leapt unwanted into her consciousness. Immediately she tried to suppress the images of her best friend, the beautiful blonde, Sabrina - and her own parents.

“That's good - let your memory roam; think back slave,” the voice soothed and lulled.

She felt calm and relaxed. She tried to put a face on the voice of her mentor, her sole lifeline, deciding that it was Hassan - because she wanted it to be. He had total power to leave her suffering underground or let her re-join the world. In her imagination he was an uncle figure, strict yet fair - not an ogre; she had to believe that to preserve her sanity. Although her thirst tormented her she daredn't make any further requests. An eternity passed, her throat burning.

Then movement stirred before her; a huge black breast and nipple descended into her cocoon, stopping inches from her parched lips.

“Suckle, child,” it was a deep voice, kindly, reminding her of a large black nanny from the ancient American South back on Earth. Despite her thirst she was hesitant at the thought of the demeaning action. “You must suck, child, they'll just leave you here otherwise.”

Liz knew that with the undoubted electronic gadgetry the voice could be anyone's ... but she didn't want to believe that. She wanted to believe that there was someone kindly watching over her, such as Hassan. Gingerly she craned her neck up, the only movement she could make, her lips

just touching the rubbery teat. It felt disgustingly human. She could never have imagined herself doing this in her wildest nightmares. Her cheeks hollowing as she sucked. Warm, delicious, sustaining milk squirted into her parched mouth. Greedily she sucked the life-giving liquid, no longer caring whether it was a real woman or some mechanism. Certainly the hand stroking and cradling the back of her head seemed real.

"I-I have to to go," Liz whispered, disengaging from the teat.

"Release your belly child, let it flow, your skin coating is porous, it will be collected, you will be wiped," the words were comforting, motherly, trusting, the sort of voice Liz needed to believe in. Slowly she relaxed her straining bladder and bowels, feeling the release but not hearing it. What was at first hideously shameful became natural, easing the tension of her fear. She had to keep reminding herself that she was a starship commander but that she was lying bound and naked, helpless as a baby. It was becoming difficult for her to hold any other image. She decided, quite correctly, that the milk was doctored with drugs to lower her defences.

She was a baby again. A large black hand gently wiped her, temporarily peeling away the transparent coating on her body as her hold on reality was also being peeled back; the cream was cool and pleasant. Its smell awoke long-forgotten memories of her nursery so many years ago. They were warm comforting memories of people who would never hurt her.

"I leave now."

"No, please," Liz pleaded, she wanted the woman, her nanny, to remain and look after her.

"No child, your master speak to you, I be back - if you a good girl."

"Please... ." but the presence left and she was talking to a void.

"Are you ready to voyage back, to rebuild?" the probing voice had returned.

She tried to find the resolve to meet her questioner.

"Why?"

Click!

"Haaaaargggghh," she went into spasm as the hateful creak and metallic click made her breasts explode into pain. Mentally she sagged, longing to rip the pretty-looking probes from her nipples.

"Naughty child, you don't question your betters, you must learn respect - life will be painful otherwise," the voice admonished as the pain slowly ebbed. "Whenever you hear me flick the switch you will know you have offended me and that pain will follow. Now, we'll think about you and your friend Sabrina when young, exploring your emotions and bodies."

Liz cringed, flushing as the scanner replayed direct into her mind the images it had previously extracted and distorted from her memories. Without the power to alter or stop the vivid three-dimensional nightmare she had to relive it in shocking detail, stimulated by sight, sound, smell and touch. It was as if the events, dredged from her deepest memories and customised by their probes, were actually taking place- she was actually there again.

Sabrina was a buxom blonde, her school-friend. Now her sixteen-year old body writhed hot and naked with Liz on her bed, their limbs entwined. The tips of Sabrina's breasts were hard pink buds of desire against her sticky body as her friend's hand fanned and explored between her legs.

Liz moaned softly. A part of her brain knew she was reacting to sensors in her cocooned body, stimulating her in the present; but a larger and ever-growing part of her being simply enjoyed Sabrina's long manicured fingers sliding over her, into her, her thumb rubbing over the throbbing bud of her clitoris. It was totally real.

"We shouldn't really," Sabrina gasped, as Liz nibbled the pulse of her delicate throat.

"I-I love you Sabby," Liz moaned, "I want us to stay forever like this, never leave me." She writhed as Sabrina squeezed her breasts whilst delving within her tightness. She cringed, always dreading the thought of anyone other than themselves hearing her girlish, orgasm-induced words.

"I love you too Liz, ooohh, I want you so much," the young blonde sighed between deep kisses.

“We'll live together and I'll fuck you every day,” Liz breathed, “we don't need anyone else - just us two.”

A tiny, sober part of Liz's mind knew that the scene from her memory was being doctored out of recognition, but that scarcely mattered to her now. What mattered were the sensors and probes in her body exciting her just as Sabby had done, but more so. Her head was cradled on her friend's large breasts, her mouth sliding down the fluttering belly whilst the blonde's lips sought out the ripe morsel of flesh between her own legs. Her thighs clamped hard around the blonde head. A bubble of pure liquid pleasure erupted in her belly, enveloping every nerve end, a gamut of emotions and dreams racing through her. Gasping her pleasure in the cocoon, she knew her inner soul had been turned inside out and exposed to the devils inducing her pleasure.

Slowly, the probes attached to her moist sex stilled. She shuddered with pleasure, feeling Sabby against her. Then the door burst open.

“What do you sluts think you're doing?”

It was Liz's father. In reality he had returned home unexpectedly but hadn't actually caught them together. The shame had lingered, however, as they both tried to walk casually from her room, concealing their flushed faces, hoping their hurriedly replaced clothes were in place.

Now they had changed the past; she knew that deep inside, but the nightmare was a reality. Her father's screaming rage and lashing belt was a total departure from his normal behaviour, but the pain scorching across her breasts was real. The tiny part of her brain reminding her that the pain was coming from the sensors coating her flesh was shrinking. It hurt, it was real. And the shame, so close to a possible reality, was also real. Sabrina was crying and sobbing in the background as her father turned on her. Liz tried to stop him hitting her but he was too strong. Tears streamed from her friend's face as the belt also fell across her exposed body.

“I'll show you what you should be doing.” Unbelievably her father was lowering his trousers and moving between Sabrina's thighs.

Liz tried to stop him.

Then somehow Hassan was at the door; his handsome face was stern as he pulled her father away. The two fought whilst Liz and Sabrina clasped each other, trembling on the bed. Then Hassan landed a solid punch, knocking her father out.

“It's all right now,” Hassan, her saviour, beamed, “you're doing nothing wrong - it's natural. I'll see he doesn't bother you anymore. Enjoy yourselves.”

“Oh Sabby,” Liz sobbed in her friend's welcoming arms, their bodies responding and growing eager again. “Yes, yes, yeeess,” she writhed and bucked, thighs locked around Sabrina's neck as her tongue delved deep. She in turn tasted the musky passion of the mauve delicacies of her friend, feeling the hands on her bottom turn to talons, causing exquisite pain as they both climaxed again.

Hassan returned, casually cuddling them both.

“You enjoyed that, and you can do so whenever you want. You are both my daughters now. You can forget your father; he won't bother you anymore.”

Liz beamed with happiness and the afterglow of passion. She was in love with Sabrina and Hassan and was not ashamed to start her new life on that basis.

“Know your sexual preferences, slave.” The reality of her bedroom faded to her mentor's voice.

“But – but ...”

“Silence. Hassan is your saviour. You are a closet lesbian whose feelings we must coax out - to become a true slave. You are a lesbian?”

“No Sir,” the denial was abrupt.

Click!

“Haarggg, arghh, pleeease, whatever you want, argggghhh,” Liz's pleas turned into an animal moan as an intense, excruciating pain not only bit into her breasts but also corkscrewed into her sex. It was awful, degrading, making her feel as if she had been turned inside out.

“We're now onto a higher pain setting. Together we can find the right threshold for you, my dear. Remember it isn't what I want, child. To avoid this you must believe for yourself as I rebuild you. Let's start from basics. Given your past behaviour, you cannot deny the possibility of you being a lesbian. Correct?”

“... No Sir.”

“And we both know that your parents suspected you of being one, don't we?”

“I-I don't...”

“Don't be coy, you're a raving queer but you suppressed it by joining the Space Service - all those girls in the shower room, eh? You must accept the homosexuality lurking within you. You cannot prove otherwise, can you?”

“No Sir,” Liz whispered mentally sagging.

“Good. You accept that you are a lesbian. Let's delve back again,” the voice was now brisk, businesslike, brooking no further interruption. “You recall the holiday with your parents on Slovan. You were seventeen and the local police pulled you and your mother in for failing to carry your identification papers. You hated her for not being able to stop what happened, but you see, she in turn was shamed by seeing how her dyke daughter enjoyed it so much.”

Liz cringed again as more memories were manipulated to increase her shame and terror tenfold. A travel guide had sorted things out but not before she and her mother had been hauled into the tiny office of a reptilian-like police officer on Slovan. The man resembled a fat slimy toad and was assisted by a plain, efficient-looking young woman with flame coloured hair tied up in a bun under her uniform cap. Suddenly she was there, it was totally real and was happening again - but now to her captor's script.

Treated like hardened criminals, she and her mother stood hands on head, their noses against a grimy wall of the tiny office whilst their bags were searched. The awful smell of the Slovan official, like stagnant water, made her feel sick. The woman was now searching her mother. Smirking, she ran her hands over the poised and sophisticated woman. In her thirties, her mother was probably ten years the police girl's senior, but still glamorous, with long hair dyed blonde.

“Hmm... your tits are still nice and firm, Mrs Hartley,” the woman took a cruel delight in shaming her before her daughter.

When it was Liz's turn, she wanted to die as her tormentor's eyes bored curiously into hers. Yet she couldn't deny the small flicker of excitement as the cool hands touched and lingered. Liz knew she was an exceedingly glamorous girl who could use her charm to entice, and she sensed that the policewoman envied her.

The tiny voice inside her told her that that this wasn't how it happened, that this wasn't her true feelings; it grew ever more quiet under the manipulations of her mind-bending captors.

“We need to be thorough with this one, she's got a criminal face,” declared the Slovan leering at her. His bulk lifted his chair from the floor as he rose. “Face the wall, keep your hands on head,” he oozed to Liz's distraught mother. “You,” he leered at Liz, “will strip for a total body search.”

“Please, I've done nothing... Mother ...”

“Shut it,” interrupted the girl, “or you both suffer. You have no objections, Mrs Hartley?” she enquired.

“Well, I suppose you must be thorough to prove my daughter has nothing to hide.”

“Mother!” Liz screeched, hardly believing her ears, as if her mother wanted her to be taken by the brute. Perhaps her mother thought it might clear away any doubts about her sexuality?

“You'd better do it dear,” she said, ever practical, “then we can clear this business up and go on our way.”

“Especially if you've nothing to hide,” the policewoman's voice dripped scorn.

Liz felt the heat radiating from her crimson face as she undressed in the stifling confinement, and before her mother. The woman she had always looked up to stood obediently facing the wall, hands clasped to her head like a schoolgirl. The posture raised her skirt to reveal much of her long thighs.

"Everything, please," the old man demanded of Liz when she was down to a tiny pair of bra and pants, which she had intended to perhaps flash discreetly that night at a dance to impress a boy she fancied in their hotel.

"Butt naked please, little poppet," the policewoman hissed with a glassy smile, "hands above your head."

The girl began exploring her. Liz tingled when her hair was lifted, a shameful warmth between her legs. Fingers trailed down the arch of her spine, making her shiver. Treacherously her nipples firmed into peaks as the girl lifted and weighed her breasts. She obediently bent over to allow the insistent fingers to find her wet and warm as they probed so intimately, twisting, turning, filling her.

"I see," smiled the policewoman, "not all bad eh," she disdainfully slapped Liz's bottom when finished.

"Let me check," breathed the toad. Now podgy hands like two slugs were on her, making her tingling turn to a shudder of revulsion. Feeling sick, still naked, she too now had to stand facing the wall.

"We'd better check you too. Strip please, Mrs Hartley," the girl then ordered.

Hearing the sound of whispering cloth and zips, Liz almost took a perverse delight as her mother experienced the shame. A woman forced to undress under such circumstances could retain little poise and dignity. She heard the familiar orders to bend, lift each leg onto a chair. Why did she feel irrational jealousy knowing the girl's hands were not on her?

"Stand next to each other in the centre of the room."

Liz gulped as they stood side by side, fingers laced on their necks, uplifting their bosoms, preventing them attacking their captors or covering their shame. "I wonder what we do now?" the brute gurgled.

She jumped, almost tearing her hands from her neck as a podgy finger invaded her anus, making her squirm up onto her toes. From her mother's reaction, it was obvious that she had suffered the same indignity.

"I've got a hand up both mother and daughter. Maybe now I'll have to be more thorough. Both lie on the floor and..."

"What the hell is this?" the tour guide burst into the room. Again it was Hassan.

"It's just routine I assure you," the creep was sweating, "We have searched them; the mother is clear, a few questions for the daughter - who could be smuggling drugs and ..."

"Preposterous," interrupted Hassan, "you'll let them both go now with a full apology."

"I've finished with the mother, she can go. The daughter can leave shortly after we're satisfied," the toad tried to maintain some control.

"It's OK dear, I'll go and sort something out," announced her mother to Liz's disbelieving ears as she struggled back into her clothes in an undignified hopping gait.

"Nonsense, they both go now, and you'll be lucky to keep your job," insisted her saviour imposingly - until he finally had his way. Weak at the knees but incensed at her mother's betrayal of her, Liz stumbled from the room with Hassan's arm protectively around her. Her mother was already several metres up the road, practically running.

Slowly, the smell of the Slovan faded and Liz found herself again cocooned in her torturer's force field. It was becoming impossible to separate the various realities. She only knew she was drained, unable to collect her thoughts. Had her mother abandoned her to her fate until Hassan arrived? Maybe her mother enjoyed seeing her brought down to size? She tried to kill off the seed of doubt before that line of thought poisoned her.

"You can trust no-one, least of all those you thought loved you, little girl, but you can trust me to show you the truth, the way ahead. I'm right, aren't I?" The familiar voice was persuasive; the pleasure probes deep within her body between her splayed legs were active again, stimulating waves of pleasure.

"Yes... Sir," she felt weak with guilty pleasure.

"You enjoyed the girl's hands, the feeling of helplessness?"

"No I Yes Sir, a little," she whispered. Was that perhaps true? She no longer knew, or cared, what was truth or reality anyway. Her only need was to say what they wanted to hear, to get this over.

"You also enjoyed being with your Lieutenant Rose Pierce in the Pussy Club? You don't need much reminding do you?"

Again, she cringed with shame at the captured memory from her ordeals on Magellan. If she hadn't done those things, and everything her captors made her, her crew would have been killed. She hadn't wanted to crawl through those terrible water-filled tunnels. Then her breath quickened in recollection of her striptease in the lesbian Pussy club, and making love to Rose for the benefit of the patrons. Was her reaction due to the probes, or just the recollection? She couldn't tell.

Now she could feel Rose's lips on hers, the taste of her pouting sex, her gasps of contentment, the supple smoothness of the blonde's body. Rose lay on top of her; her beautiful sensuous body undulating like a pink serpent, writhing, pert backside flexing under her stroking hands. Their lips pressed against each other's shining skin, fingers teasingly withdrawing to leave her gasping, then thrust back into her. Rose's thighs parted wider to reveal her hair-fringed loveliness as Liz's fingers tickled the mauve delicacies, delving slightly into the puckered ring, feeling it grip and contract, then deep into her hot, liquid sex, finding the hard button of desire. The lips gripped her fingers as they climaxed simultaneously, intensely.

"I ask again. Do you agree you are a lesbian?"

Yes Sir," Liz confessed. Had her life so far been leading her to this revelation? She wanted to please her mentor. He understood her and would help her where she knew now her parents obviously didn't. Uppermost, however, was the need to avoid the terrible suffering or being abandoned as a body donor.

"You are also a tease, a control freak and a bully," the insistent voice badgered her again after the big black breast had again invaded her world to provide sustenance. Time had passed; she didn't know how long. She might also have slept, it was impossible for her to tell now. Her existence evolved around questions, pain, soul-searching and humiliating replays of her life. Facts blended and merged with the products of her tormentor's imagination. Or was it all real? Liz was becoming so confused.

Memory and manipulated reality were being extrapolated into a new cocktail of events. Uncertainty and resentment now replaced her warm feelings for relatives, friends and colleagues. Remembering her Federation training, Liz was rapidly retreating into her inner self in an attempt to preserve something for possible later reactivation whilst surrendering the rest of her mind to her captor. As her memories were dragged up and distorted it became increasingly difficult to remember whether the ever-present voice was good or bad; was it a tormentor or a teacher? Her feelings were so confused.

It was true that she left Magellan with secret feelings of excitement after her ordeals. Maybe she was a lesbian? Maybe she did like the pain of her suffering?

Occasionally her kind nanny would come. She no longer found the method of feeding disgusting; it was somehow comforting. The large black breasts brought a relaxing respite from questions and memories. She tried to make those visits last for as long as possible, talking about

anything. She told her nanny all about herself. Nanny was good; she wouldn't hurt her. It hardly mattered anymore whether the milk was doctored. The force field could bend her will, as could the lack of sleep and pain. The relentless pressure on her reason was slowly subverting her will.

"I think we must explore further your feelings about pain, Hartley. You enjoy receiving it eh? We'll examine your liking of it, those masochistic leanings which you try so hard to hide. Think now girl, we'll go back together," the soothing voice continued. "You recall just recently in a cabin in that freighter, Colossus, a bit of 'rough' with Harry?"

Liz cringed shamefully; nothing was safe from the exaggeration of the mind probes. Yet somehow she wanted to explore matters with the kindly voice. She now wanted to understand her feelings. Nevertheless, her face turned hot when the images of a long afternoon with Harry flashed across her vision. Her breathing quickened when he blindfolded her and gently tied her hands behind her back with soft cords. A delicious tingle spread throughout her belly as his fingers brushed her erect nipples, holding them between finger and thumb, teasing them to an even greater hardness.

Her bound, dark-haired nudity stood questing before him, tongue moistening her lips. Harry slipped out of his clothes, making her squirm in blind anticipation as she heard them rustle from his body. Then his fingers teased the pouting lips of her sex, making her gyrate her hips in anticipatory pleasure.

Effortlessly, despite her playful writhing and mock screams, he lifted her across his lap, his erection pushing hard against her belly. She wanted it in her, but it wasn't yet to be.

"Haah ... beast," she squealed as his hand began slapping her bottom, making it tingle with pleasure and pain. Only when it was thoroughly hot did he lift her to her feet. Then his large member thrusting up into her waiting body made her squirm up onto tiptoe. Her bound hands corded impotently as she longed to pull him deeper into her. Instead, he lifted her pinioned wrists and, stretching her sex with his throbbing desire, began spanking her bottom.

Gasping, she wriggled under the downbeat of his hands tinting the pert roundness of her cheeks to pink. Soon she was jerking her haunches in rhythm with his thrusts. Her mouth dropped open, sinews taut at the combined pleasure and pain as his hands began rubbing the inflamed nub of her clitoris. Climaxing together, shuddering, she buried her face on his heaving shoulder. The warmth spread between her legs as pleasure seeped from her. When he had untied her and removed the blindfold she clung to him desperately tightly, whispering the normal words of passion exchanged by lovers. Now they filled her not only with the remembered longing, but also the empty charade of knowing his true feelings for her.

Perhaps she had grown to enjoy submission after her experiences on Magellan? She certainly loved the physical domination by Harry and the feel of his hard hands cracking across her eager flesh! She knew she hadn't felt such things before Magellan. Agreeing with the kindly voice, she decided that she must be a masochist as well as a lesbian.

Time slowly passed in her cocoon of pain and pleasure as she regressed back to childhood. Her willingness to help her mentor search and bare her soul also slowly increased. That approach reduced, or even avoided, her pain. Even when her most dark secrets were dug up she learnt to hold nothing back. Wherever they lurked in her mind, they would be exposed whether she wanted it or not. It would either be volunteered, or dragged from her screaming mouth. So she learnt to go with the flow, almost ahead of it, knowing that she really wanted to assist in the exploration of her mind.

“Permission to speak sir?” Liz had never before had this temerity. She was tensed against the click, the most awful sound in the Universe. There was for a long time silence before the deep voice wafted over her.

“Well, child?”

“I-I just wanted you to know that I do understand now Sir. I want to thank you for making me whole. I don't care that I'm a lesbian, I can make someone a good slave. I don't need anyone else, only - only you Sir. Please, please may I see you? You are Mr Hassan, my Master, aren't you?” Liz so much wanted to see the face of the man who had taught her. “I feel that I know you so well, better than anyone else. I so much want to see you and touch you, please,” she continued, “I'll go straight back in here again. I'm happy here, but please let me just see you and thank you. I'd- I'd make you a good slave if you'd have me Sir.”

“Who I am scarcely matters, child, many of us are here to help show slaves their inner selves like this. But that was what I was waiting for, child. It is thus time for you to leave this place, leave me, and begin your slave training proper,” announced the now kindly voice, her sole link with anything except her memories. She couldn't clearly remember the last time that he had cause to punish her. She was proud of being good enough not to warrant it. Liz panicked, not wanting to leave. She was safe here. What would happen to her outside?

“If you are obedient and honest, you will feel no more pain. Do you thus go forth willingly and obediently to do the will of your future owners?”

“Yes Sir.” Her voice was clear and determined.

“You are ready to go,” he continued, “you haven't been too bad a pupil I suppose. Have you anything else to say, child?”

“I am humbled and proud that you have shown me the light Sir, clarified so much for me. If you consider me to be ready, then I am.” Liz tried to sound brave, instinctively knowing it was the kind of response required. She genuinely wanted to do the right thing. She did want to please her mentor, her saviour; she felt indebted to him.

The force field cleared slightly, her plastic coating falling away from her nudity. It lifted her towards a dim white light shining from a shaft in the ceiling, the first genuine outside stimulation Liz had received here. As she was positioned under the shaft the field relinquished its grip. She next became enveloped in white goo, which continued to make any movement virtually impossible. Although her muscles were still in good trim from the constant electro-stimulation of her plastic coating in the cocoon, she could barely move through the sticky substance. Only a tiny breathing mask sliding across her mouth allowed her to breathe; her ears, nose and eyes were now thoroughly clogged up. She felt herself rising upwards towards the white light, which was growing brighter at the top of the long narrow shaft. Ever faster she sped, arms stuck by her side. When the tunnel turned horizontal she lost her breathing mask and panic set in. Carried surging along in the viscous liquid, she held her breath till her lungs burnt. Just as she thought she must suck in the gel, she burst spluttering from the tunnel exit into a warm pool of water.

CHAPTER 7

Immediately, large black arms were lifting her exhausted body, wiping her sticky limbs. Vaguely she realised she was in a large bright room. As she lay gasping on a cool tiled surface, plastic restrictor bands were clipped around each arm just above her elbow, pinioning them together behind her. This preventing her from bringing her hands together and allowed her only limited movement. Next, a large and exotic green necklace was locked around her throat. It fitted snugly against her skin, moulding itself to her body. Regarding her dispassionately, a large buxom Negress in baggy green coveralls slowly touched a button on her a wristband. Blushing, Liz wondered if this was the same woman who had suckled her in the cocoon.

Click!

“Haaaaah.”

Instantly, with the horribly familiar sound, it felt as if her necklace had burst into flames and was eating into her windpipe. Liz writhed onto the floor desperately choking, her pinioned arms preventing her clawing fingers from touching the hot, constricting band. She guessed that the wristband used by the Negress was largely symbolic. They could just as easily use an implanted control chip to trigger the necklace. These were used to subdue prison inmates and were activated simply by thought waves. She guessed the necklace could be activated that way, but it would then lack the cruel anticipation and formality. Her mouth dry with fear, she knew that this method linked it symbolically with her punishments in the cocoon. As the pain slowly receded the black woman wagged a warning finger at her whilst slowly repeating words in an unintelligible tongue.

“Kareena aughtyn, ainp.”

“What?” Liz struggled to her knees, shrugging her shoulders in bewilderment. As if in slow motion, the finger moved to the button. “No, please ...” but it was too late.

Click!

“Graaahh.” The pain gripped her again, throwing her back to the floor with limbs threshing. She cared nothing about her modesty or pride as she rolled this way and that, fully exposing her charms.

“Please,” she sobbed as the pain slowly ebbed. She was broken. “No more, I'll do whatever you want,” she whispered. Then she heard a familiar, soft, voice speaking slowly in the same strange tongue. Warily opening her eyes, she saw Rose.

Liz's emotions were in turmoil; she didn't know whether she desired her beautiful blonde colleague, or if those feelings were real, or even reciprocated? The emotions she had experienced in the cocoon had probably been buried only just beneath the surface, and those events could have actually happened as portrayed. Liz could no longer be sure. Her only positive feelings were for Hassan and Rose now.

Her lovely lieutenant was as naked as Liz, with elbows similarly pinioned partially behind her to leave just her forearms free. That pose thrust out her lovely breasts enticingly – just as her own were. The restraint reminded her of history films she had seen of American prisoners in the late 20th century Indo-China war back on Earth.

After bowing deeply to the scowling Negress, Rose spoke earnestly though hesitantly to the black woman in the unfamiliar language. Seemingly reluctant, the large woman finally nodded to her, allowing Rose to kneel at Liz's side.

“Commander ... Liz,” the blonde used the familiar mode of address only reluctantly. She seemed as wary of Liz's previous authority as Liz was of her newly liberated sexual feelings towards her lieutenant. “Please don't speak Fed English again or they'll keep hurting you,” Rose implored breathlessly. “They want me to tell you that was an example of their authority over us. We get that, or worse, whenever we're ... naughty, and it activates automatically by sensors if you try to attack any of them. Our 'nannies',” and Rose grimaced at the word, “are teaching us the new

slave language. It's the language of whatever planet we're on, I think, and it's the only speech we are allowed to use from now on. They are making us learn it the hard way."

"But .. can't they give us electronic translators? Then we'd..."

"No ...and keep quiet or you'll be in trouble again," Rose hissed, urgently interrupting her. "They want us to learn it by heart, by suffering if necessary, to make us better s-slaves," Rose winced at the word, her breasts bouncing as she sighed dejectedly. "And I'm sure you don't want to get hurt, do you?" Liz sensed a trace of venom in her tone and wondered what memories had been forcibly implanted in her lieutenant. "Your new name is Kareena, apparently; mine's Hotlips," Rose continued, wrinkling her nose. "Your nanny was saying to you that if you are bad you'll be punished. You must learn this language from books they give us; it's like being at school."

"Thank you Rose," Liz whispered hurriedly. "If your thoughts are as confused as mine we'd better just stick together, hold ourselves together until we can think clearly or until Hassan summons us," she smiled. As she made a superhuman effort, summoning every ounce of self-discipline to maintain a semblance of normality, a small voice inside her was asking how she could be telling someone for whom she was once responsible to simply await slavery! Yet she knew that for the moment that was indeed the case – and she wasn't sure if she hated the idea that much; or was that simply the brainwashing?

The Negress growled something, making Rose flinch. "We mustn't talk Fed-speech anymore; I must go," she whispered. "Just learn as quickly as you can. I think they understand Fed too- so be careful," the blonde whispered, her big green eyes wide with warning as large black fingers snapped impatiently, summoning her away.

After being sat on the broad black lap of the huge Negress, Liz was being bounced like a baby. Ominously, a thin wooden cane hung from a belt on the woman's thick waist.

"Kareena," the Negress painfully jabbed her white bouncing breasts with the cane, continually repeating the word.

"Kareena," mumbled Liz in agreement, nodding earnestly to emphasise that Kareena would be good. The large black arms enfolded her maternally, patting and stroking her back.

Recent events suddenly overtook her. She had been deprived of any real human contact in that cocoon for what seemed a lifetime but now she was with someone who, like the nannies who had suckled her, was showing her affection. Her emotions involuntarily welled up, tears overflowing. Before she could prevent it she was blubbing like a child, burying her face in the tight black curls. The woman's arms were protectively around her. Softly, the Negress bounced her on her broad lap, setting her breasts jiggling again as the black hands soothed down the delicate arch of her spine to gently pat the enticing swelling of her backside almost like a lover.

Dearly Liz wished that her hands were free to wipe the tears from her eyes and that she could be with the man she loved - Hassan.

The stern face of the Negress brightened into a toothy grin as she clasped the beautiful nude girl to her bosom, soothing her sobs, stroking her long dark tresses.

Now lying horizontally across the broad lap of the Negress and wrapped only in a towel, Liz felt the large woman wipe the residue of the goo from her body. She half-heartedly struggled at being positioned so unceremoniously, but knew that even without constraints she was no match for the dark woman's strength. Holding her in a vise-like grip, the woman totally controlled her. Liz was as helpless as a baby, and she realised that in effect that was what she had become; a child again to be trained as a slave for Hassan.

There were a dozen or more of her female crew in the large room; all were hunched on stools listening to tiny lobe-phones, intently studying and writing in books. Liz felt ashamed at her tears before them but rightly guessed that they had all given a similar performance on their arrival from

the cocoon's isolation. Apart from a huge portrait of Hassan adorning one wall they could almost have been studying in Space Academy or on board Explorer. However, in a drastic departure from those worlds, they all had the awkward thrusting posture with their elbows strapped behind them - and all were completely naked.

Supervising them were several Negresses. Another dusky supervisor, in her teens, stood expectantly near a huge plastic model taking up an entire wall. It depicted a beaming black woman, sitting upright with legs wide. At the apex of her thighs was the dark pink opening of a tube, from which Liz had so unceremoniously emerged a few minutes earlier into the liquid goo cushioning her arrival.

Liz now accepted her new station in life but, frustrated by her inability to influence or communicate, wriggled and kicked her long shapely legs.

Slap!

A swathe of tingling pain erupted across her bottom as her mentor smacked her with a hand which felt as large and hard as an ironing board. Eyes briefly screwed shut, her mouth stretched wide with pain whilst the large woman wagged her finger, admonishing her. Liz shook her head, eyes wide with shock, ceasing her struggles as the woman continued drying her.

A sudden commotion in the pool heralded the ignominious arrival of another of her crew, Sumatra. The woman floundered, gasping, covered in the slime. The waiting teenage nanny wiped and bound her in the common fashion, giving her several hard slaps, seemingly harsher on her – a fellow Negress. Again Rose received permission to briefly explain to the confused dusky woman what was expected of her.

Liz's attention returned to her own predicament. The towel and hands lovingly rubbed over her breasts, which were jutting below the lap of the Negress. Her orbs gently swung with the drying motion, the towel's manipulations a comforting, forgotten reminder of babyhood. To her shame her nipples became erect under the soft touch. But after all, she now knew she was a lesbian.

A splashing in the pool signified yet another 'birth' into slavery. The young girl crewmember who Liz had been forced to undress for the doctor was now also reborn as a slave. Her small boobs jiggled wildly under the black hands. The girl was a bright-eyed youngster who by rights should be spending her time flirting with boys in noisy clubs. Instead she had the humiliation of being publicly naked and being manhandled by an uncaring bitch. Liz tried to smile encouragement to the gasping wide-eyed girl but her 'nanny' gruffly turned her head away to facilitate her own attentions whilst the youngster was upended over a pair of black thighs to have her pert bottom spanked.

Eventually the woman had finished drying Liz and liberally sprinkled her with powder. No shame was spared, the hands roamed at will. Black fingers held the cheeks of her bottom painfully wide apart as the sweet-smelling talc was lovingly rubbed around and within her enticing cleft. Then the fingers strayed, delving into her warm orifices. Liz wriggled and writhed helplessly as a finger sought out and lingered on her clitoris, dipping slightly into her pouting heat. Involuntarily her bottom clenched and she heard laughter and comments in the slave tongue.

Her nanny spoke more unintelligible words, pointing at the Rose who sat on a tiny chair before a small desk wearing lobephones and studying a book. The blonde indicated with her eyes that Liz too should sit at an empty place.

Easing herself awkwardly into the chair, she was left to study the new language in pictures and sounds from the headphones. Her elbow constraints made it difficult to turn the pages but she finally acquired the knack, intently studying. Liz was vaguely aware of the nannies talking, but it was only after she received a painful cuff that set her head ringing that she realised they were repeating her name, 'Kareena.'

Rose pointed to a piece of paper pinned to her desk with the words, 'Hotlips' scrawled on it in crayon. She indicated that Liz too should write her new name. She did so awkwardly with constrained hands. Her first attempt was rather messy, but she could have cried when a young Negress simply shouted at her. Liz snorted in pain, nearly jerking off the small chair as the girl's

fingers flicked cruelly across the sensitive tips of her breasts making her nipples burn in humiliating pain. Her effort was torn up and another sheet of blank paper slammed before her.

She made quite sure that her second attempt was better. However, the momentary pang of pleasure she felt when the youngster pinned the notice on her desk stirred forgotten feelings of anger. How could she be so pathetically grateful that the vixen had simply approved the writing of her new name? Her new slave life was beginning.

Soon it was feeding time. This was similar to her experience in the cocoon, but now made more humiliating by its greater visibility and public nature. The nannies attached huge false black breasts to harnesses strapped over their shoulders. With Liz sitting on her thigh, the Negress pointed at the teats repeating a word, which she now understood to mean suckle.

Tentatively, Liz parted her full, sensuous red lips, sliding them over the nauseating, large pink teat. Her despairing face was partially squashed against the warm rubber, the tip of her own breasts just brushing the woman's apron. Her head was pushed further against the bulbous teat until she began to suck, cheeks contracting, lips puckering.

Rose, who was perched on the other thigh of their mentor, sucking on her other teat, momentarily choked as the woman gave her a cuddle. Abstractly, Liz saw a thin line of milk trickle down her lieutenant's neck and into the pink valley between her breasts. A black hand stroked the curve of her arched back until the blonde was back into her rhythm.

This milk, unlike that in the cocoon, was sweet and quite sickening. Stomach full, she tried to pull away but her nanny gruffly shouted and repeated a few words, punctuated by cuffs, until she reluctantly puckered up again over the teat, to suck the last of the revolting fluid. All the while a large hand was either rubbing the back of her head or sliding, almost sensuously, down her back making her spine tingle with unwanted feelings.

The room was quiet but for the avid sucking of the slaves and the gentle humming as their 'nannies' sang lullabies whilst rocking their charges. Next, they held bottles of warm water with a teat to the lips of the women, again ordering them to suck.

Liz's anger nearly surfaced again when she saw how the woman was treating Rose. The blonde's eyes were wide and despairing as her cheeks hollowed obediently round the bottle. She was being bounced up and down on the nanny's knee, setting her delicious breasts wobbling. Gooseflesh had broken out on her soft flesh and Liz realised again just how beautiful the blonde was with her white curvaceous bottom balanced on the black thigh. Did she maybe secretly like other women? Or did she belong to Hassan now? Or were such thoughts all part of her recent programming? She just didn't know any more.

Inevitably the next requirement was for the slaves to be eased down onto a row of small potties facing a mirrored wall. Each was given the unmistakable command by their nannies before they left their charges to perform, whilst they enjoyed a drink and a chat together. A tear of shame trickled down Liz's face as she squatted uncomfortably on the hard potty, knees raised and legs splayed before her. Crimson-faced, she shuddered at the sheer humiliation as she was wiped afterwards.

The more experienced slaves said something to the nannies in the new dialect. Eventually their dark tormentors turned expectantly to Liz. She could only look helplessly, before forgetting herself.

"I'm s-sorry I don't..."

Before she could say more a hand furiously grabbed her arm dragging her to a chair, hauling her over a lap.

Liz screamed, wriggling ineffectively as she received a series of rapid stinging slaps across her soft flesh. The large hands seemed to cover every square inch of her taut bottom, setting it stinging and bouncing. Then they began working their way down to the sensitive tops of her velvet thighs. Her skin felt as if it was on fire when finally an iron fist grabbed her hair, hauling her up as she sniffed back tears. Her wet eyes blinked as her tormentor jabbed an angry finger, but she couldn't

think what to say. The woman hauled her to her feet by the scruff of her neck. Then Rose scurried across whispering that Liz should thank the woman; her friend enunciated the word slowly.

Liz pronounced the word for the nanny. It was enough; after a final glare the Negress turned expectantly to the remaining slaves to receive similar thanks. Liz smiled heartfelt thanks to Rose, also wishing that her arms were not pinioned and she could press her hands to her burning bottom.

The nursery routine continued under the watchful eyes of the nannies and ever-vigilant electronic monitors. Having been broken down in the cocoon, Liz realised that she was now being almost rebuilt as an obedient slave. She hoped that somewhere inside she had managed to preserve the real Liz, should that woman ever have an opportunity to reveal herself again.

Hassan settled back more comfortably before the banks of tiny view screens in his sumptuous apartment. They were from hundreds of cameras showing his slaves in the various training rooms of his domain; the images were being monitored by computer to raise an alarm if any kind of unusual activity took place. Virtually his whole establishment was covered by the micro view-cams, which were common in public places on most worlds. However, only he had access to the full range of their surveillance, and to keep the extent of his monitoring a secret from his staff he would often turn a blind eye to any minor misdemeanours. Although there were laws limiting such surveillance, they hardly applied to Hassan's illegal slavery empire.

At random, as was his desire now, his voice command could magnify an image. Thus, Liz's pretty face, a picture of tense concentration, filled an entire wall of his quarters. He then adjusted the camera view to slowly shift down her body so that he could see every delightful contour of her magnificence.

"Magnificent," he murmured to himself.

His eyes flicked to the official Federation shots of her filed on his computer. In one she sat at the control console of a starship looking very efficient in an officer's cat-suit sporting Federation flashes and insignia, whilst issuing orders to a respectful crewman. In another she relaxed sitting on a rock on some exotic planet, her long tanned legs disappearing under a short pleated skirt, the white vee of her panties just tantalisingly visible to the careful observer. Power rippled through him as she now simply struggled like a child to understand basic concepts of her new life. And she was his. He smiled to himself, muttering a command into a transponder.

Immediately one of the Negresses strode over to the brunette, pushing back her desk and, without any explanation, insisting she sit with her legs wide apart. He chuckled at Liz's initial bemusement and then shame as the black hands positioned her, slapping her delightful thighs until they were blatantly wide. The beautiful face was a crimson mask of humiliation as, for no reason she could see she was forced to edge forward on the small seat, pouting her furry nest as she continued studying. Hassan changed angles until he was satisfied with the view of her mauve intimacies.

"What a beauty," he whispered to himself, feeling a hardness grow.

She had beautiful oyster-shaped sex lips, framed in soft down with the dark puckered ring beyond. All of her was displayed to him in magnificent detail including her shapely boobs rising and falling with her tension, the nipples hard with fear. He revelled in being able to demand she show them to him, to anyone, at his whim. He sighed; she was a beauty and he longed to take her. Then an incoming call distracting him to concentrate on work on his computer screen; he completely ignored the lovely girl who at his whim was being made to continue displaying herself just for his benefit. He could after all look at her from any angle, at any time.

In addition to the welcome revenue, he had for years enjoyed the pleasure of capturing and training beautiful women as slaves. However, he had never tired of watching the reactions of each unfortunate creature entering his domain. Straying from work again, he recalled his meeting with

Liz on Jabba's planet; a captive of those natives, yet still her beauty blazed forth. His handsome face smiled appreciatively. As usual, he would have no direct contact with the new women at this stage, although, brainwashed to some extent, they should all by now crave him, refocusing on him rather than anyone in their past lives. In accordance with his instructions, they would initially be treated just like new-born babies. If the slaves were forced to revert to basics it helped make them pliable for re-education into their new status. Words and actions once totally alien would become second nature in order to obtain their basic necessities, avoid punishment and ultimately to progress in their training.

Forbidden to communicate in their own tongue and with elbow bindings rendering them virtually helpless, they would be totally dependent on their 'nannies,' learning by trial and error what was required of them. Many of his staff spoke Fed perfectly but it was important for the victims to converse in the common language selected as universal for slave trading regimes in the outworlds. Hassan found it fascinating to watch sophisticated women struggling to accept the unfamiliar and strict regime. He knew from experience that, even denied up-to-date methods for rapid overnight learning, they would rapidly do so. The penalties for not doing so were very painful and acted as a great incentive. Besides, his methods were more 'interesting' and his secret films of their training brought a further welcome revenue from the right quarters of the galaxy to top up his main income from slave trading. He guessed that he could make a fortune just from selling films of Liz's training, such was her sensual beauty and famous past. Unusually for him he suffered a tiny pang of conscience at treating such a fabulous woman so – but he quickly dismissed such weak thoughts.

Lying that night in an adult-sized cot with lockable bars, her bottom throbbing with pain, Liz instinctively sought comfort by sucking on the large dummy in her mouth, which had been used to gag her and ensure they all obeyed the no-talking rule. It was strapped round her face so that she couldn't spit it out. She was lost and shamed, reduced to utter dependence. Just having her hands fully free to straighten her hair would be a luxury, but she was coming to accept now that she was simply a slave who shouldn't expect more.

Their ankles had also been hobbled with short chains to prevent them climbing from their cots. Then, with just a night-light burning, the door had been shut and the slaves had been left alone in their cots. Even if there had been anywhere to escape to, their wrist and ankle bindings would have made it impossible. They lay in passive misery trying to sleep.

Liz's bottom throbbed, making her recall the reason for her burning flesh and the gag. She had made a few light-hearted jokes, trying to make them feel more human. With hindsight she should have guessed they were being monitored whilst the nannies were out of earshot. The shouts and curses as the Negresses stormed back to their charges made that quite clear.

"Sorry, my fault," Liz had somehow managed in her newly acquired slave language in an effort to detract the blame from her companions as the nannies lashed out with canes across their protectively hunched shoulders and backs. It did no good; their mentors instantly replayed their misdemeanours from the cameras onto their wrist monitors.

Each Negress swished a long whippy cane menacingly through the air, making Liz quake as they were almost lovingly positioned. Liz and her companions were in a row, bent over, legs wide apart and perfectly straight, elbows still pinioned. Abstractly she noted that each of them was gripping their thighs tightly in anticipation of the pain to come, leaving white indentations in their smooth flesh.

Bitterness and shame gripped her. They were to be thrashed simply for joking in their own language. Despite her brainwashing the reality of their position was not lost on her. They were once proud Federation women who would probably not have given a second thought for people

from whatever back-world such as this on which they were held. Yet now they were simply slaves to those people, and totally dependent on their dusky minders for every basic necessity. A sliver of remaining logic told her that if the illicit conversation had not taken place these bitches would have found another excuse for a demonstration of control and punishment to maintain discipline.

"I sure am going to make your pretty arses squirm some," one of the women chuckled in the language that Liz was now beginning to understand, her cane lightly tapping the curved cheeks of Liz's bottom.

Smirking, the nannies strolled before their once elegant Federation charges; all were silent and still. Liz's eyes were wide with trepidation within her pretty face. She chewed her lips in dread, breasts hanging forward, moving gently with anguished breaths, nipples prettily erect with anticipation, smooth shoulders bunched with tension as they waited.

"Hope you ladies are ready for this."

Gooseflesh stood out on the smooth skin, an occasional shiver running over it. It was obvious that the women who controlled them were enjoying the moment of making their beautiful charges wait on the edge, drinking in their fear and shame.

Hearing a movement behind her Liz sucked in her breath, tensing.

Swish!

The first stroke fell across the right cheek of her bottom like red-hot wire cutting into her feminine softness. Her reaction in the normal world would have been an outraged yelp, to jump away pressing her hands tightly against the agony, lashing out and striking back. However, this was not the normal world. She must not move; their trainers had made that abundantly clear before the punishment began. Nevertheless, her head jerked back on taut white tendons, hair flying, eyes tight shut, body taut as a bowstring, breath hissing through teeth bared in agony. Her hands clenched tighter into her thighs before she sagged, gasping, sniffing back tears.

She hated that she had been made to cry, but couldn't help it. To make matters worse, she didn't know just how many strokes she would receive. Absorbing that one was bad enough but she guessed it wouldn't be all. Although it might not be a major punishment compared to her flogging in the Magellan prison camp, it was nevertheless painful and humiliating.

The anticipation of the pain, and watching it being administered to her companions, was almost as bad as the gut-clenching reality. Her bottom seemingly expanded and contracted under tight bands of fire. She quaked; sweat beaded on her body when another Negress positioned herself behind Rose's taut curves. She knew that her friend's lovely body should be caressed, not caned. The enticing and seductive cheeks of the blonde's bottom pinched up several times during several cruel practice attempts. Liz could hardly look. Then the vicious cane cracked horizontally across those smooth globes.

She felt her friend's pain as Rose cried out, her pretty face contorted, claspings her juddering cheeks. Jumping forward the blonde unthinkingly pleaded in Fed English. The enraged Negress glared into the tear-stained face of her victim and Liz winced as the cane flicked against the blonde's bouncing breasts, making her cry out again.

"You no move, touch or speak ... now you get extra," the woman spat. Liz realised that the stimulus of pain and fear was such that she already understood a fair smattering of the slave tongue.

She tried to nod encouragingly when Rose was again bent-over. The cruel practice strokes made her bottom twitch, flexing the thin red line already adorning it. Then her body tensed, muscles cording as the second stroke actually fell. Liz proudly witnessed Rose this time managing to take her punishment. Her head thrown back, breath hissing, there was only a slight movement forwards but basically she kept silent and still as demanded, a fresh line of pain adorning her pert bottom. The smirking Negress had made her second stroke overlay the first, forcing more tears to glint Rose's cheeks.

"Oh, look at the little girl cry," her mentor mocked cruelly into her sobbing face.

Lindsey's eyes, moist with tears, flashed up angrily at her smirking tormentor as she remained bent over. Liz guessed it must be worse for such a woman to be caned by a youngster nearly half her age. Probably, she surmised, Lindsey would have given her wealth, or her rich husband would have offered it, to buy her out of this hell. But that wasn't going to happen.

"Pretty lady no move, no talk, slowly learn obedience; yes?" a nanny gripped Lindsey's chin, tilting her head up.

"Yes ... haaah," the low whisper turned to a cry as a black hand held her delicate breast in a claw-like grip.

"Yes Miss?"

"Yes Miss," repeated the anguished woman respectfully, holding her temper in check.

Liz could only guess at what Lindsey must have undergone during her time in the hateful cocoon in order to quell her natural fiery temper.

The cane marched down the line of beautiful quivering female flesh. The room was silent but for anguished breathing and the sniffing from the lush unmoving statues of agony. When the cane had finally fallen across the rounded ebony curves of Sumatra another round of punishment was about to begin.

"Now back to you commander," the woman flexing the cane behind Liz used the term mockingly.

"You gonna be a good girl?" the Negress strolled round in front of her bent victim to shamelessly fondle the hanging breast fruit.

"Yes Miss," she managed through grinding teeth. She had to screw her willpower up again. Casually the smirking trainer went behind her to tap her juddering flesh, making her heartbeat and breathing increase rapidly, her mouth dry.

She had no weapons to fight these demons apart from what remained of her once strong self-control, but something of her old fortitude had once again surfaced a little. These fiends were an enemy to be fought; was this a battle to be won? Or were they showing her a better way to live as they had in the cocoon? She determined, however, that she would not give them the benefit of seeing her crack. The core of rage in her heart for the cow tormenting her built up as the cane swished behind her. Each time her shoulders tensed and her bottom contracted. How the bitch must be smirking, she thought. Screwing up her courage, she heard the girl's feet taking a firmer stance.

Swaack!

"Aaaaaarghh, oh, grhh." The cane had caught the sensitive flesh on the inside of the left cheek of her bottom, the velvet flesh guarding the delicate portals of her sex. The line of fire seemed to march right up into her bowels. Within the red core of pain, she kept her resolve. Although moving forward and straightening a little, she quickly bent over again remaining silent.

Now it was Rose's turn again. Liz saw the tendons standing out in her slim neck; her shoulders bunched in stark relief above the curve of her dipped back, her arms like rigid cords, her fists clenched in dread anticipation. She didn't have long to wait for her second stroke.

Swack!

"Haaaaaah, huuh."

Liz winced as her friend went rigid, straining before sagging, a sheen of agony on her shuddering flesh. However, she kept her position in unwilling invitation for any further strokes that her tormentor chose to inflict. Her eyes stared wide, toes curling as the cane now tapped her hanging breasts.

The punishment had continued, grim and remorseless.

If anything, the cane seemed to lash even harder across Sumatra's bottom as if the nannies despised a fellow Negress working for the Federation. This was despite the various Caucasian, Negroid, Oriental, and Asian human races being evenly distributed between various different factions in the galaxy. Bravely the crying girl kept in position, eyes moist but refusing to react to

the line of pain erupting across her ebony skin. She merely glared as a hand gripped her curly hair, playfully pulling her head up and down.

After half an hour of almost unendurable anticipation, tension and pain, Liz and her companions each had several red throbbing lines of pain across their trembling curves.

Even then, the punishment hadn't been over, Liz recalled. Her belly rumbled in memory. They had to kneel erect, a line of misery their flesh throbbing in pain whilst their mentors ate supper before them. Denied any succulent morsels it had made them realise how hungry they were after a strenuous day on a diet of milk.

That evening Hassan replayed some scenes from Liz's nursery. After viewing their caning he gazed at their kneeling line of misery, deciding that there were many in that particular room who should fetch a good price; not only Liz but the gorgeous blonde, Rose. She had a sensuous face, with her pink tipped breasts rising and falling deliciously. Additionally this batch had a good variety of age and colour, young and old; their common denominator was their beauty.

He rolled the film forward, now viewing the rows of slaves in their cots, many tossing and turning awkwardly. Smiling, he himself embraced a dreamless sleep, deciding he was too tired to have one of the trained slaves accompany him that night.

CHAPTER 8

A new day began when their nannies crashed open the door and switched on the lights on, bathing their drowsy charges in a harsh light. It could have been any time of the morning in that windowless environment. Time was simply now another factor over which they had absolutely no control.

Unbound apart from their pinioned elbows, their nappies were removed for them to be individually sat in a warm soapy bath in the pool where they had originally arrived. Liz was a Federation starship commander and couldn't recall the last time anyone had actually washed her. However, her bindings prevented her doing so properly herself. She sat, shamed yet somewhat secretly excited with her knees raised and modestly clamped together as the Negress rubbed soapy hands all over her face, lifting her hair, down her neck. The woman left her choking, blinking soapy water from her eyes, whilst the black hands thoroughly soaped her breasts.

"You like a woman's touch eh," the Negress laughed, raising her eyes as Liz's nipples firmed up involuntarily under the ministrations. Like two raspberries they peeked through the white fluffy covering of creamy soap.

The hands tingled pleasantly up and down her spine. Then she was simply tipped onto her back, legs pulled apart and soaped, right up into the velvet crevices at the apex. She wriggled with shame as every orifice was soaped. Then, without warning her tormentor turned her onto her front, leaving her struggling to keep her face out of the water; as Liz spluttered, the woman soaped into the dark cleft of her bottom.

Without formality, a hand gripping her hair painfully sat her back up for water to be poured over her hair. She again spluttered as shampoo was rubbed into her scalp then rinsed out under another deluge. The woman brushed her teeth as one would a child.

Her enforced ablutions were not yet over. She was pushed down onto her back again and the huge woman started playing with her.

"I make you feel good, yes," the woman mocked.

An array of large white teeth smiled down as she proceeded to tickle under Liz's arms, making her giggle and squirm involuntarily. Moving down she prodded the tight pink nipples, then tickling the soles of her feet. Liz thrashed helplessly, twisting this way and that, squealing to escape the intruding fingers, trying not to wet herself. Then with a secret smile, the woman directed her dark fingers deep between Liz's legs.

"Aah," she gasped as she was so intimately invaded, the fingers so knowledgeable, rubbing the bud of her clitoris, exploring her womanhood until her breath quickened in anticipation. But she was not fulfilled, and was instead left panting in frustration, red-faced, fighting for her breath when the woman eased her out of the bath. The nanny unexpectedly gripped her soapy shoulders, pulling her close to kiss her full on the lips, pressing her wet body against her lovingly. It came as a shock; it was shameful, yet she found it not to be as unpleasant as she might have thought. Obviously her conditioning in the cocoon had its effect. And although helpless to prevent it, Liz nevertheless relished like a child the loving and sexual touch. Then the nanny simply patted her soapy bottom and fetched the next slave.

Studying their textbooks, the slaves gradually mastered more of their new language. However, this did not prevent the shouting and slaps whenever they were judged to be tardy or slow. Later that second day the oldest Negress approached Liz, her face long and solemn.

"Kareena, look child," she spoke simply to ensure Liz's understanding, unusually putting an arm around her shoulders as she guided her and the others to a view screen. "I afraid your Captain was unable to make transition to slave. I hope it an example to all to learn good," she said, as the image of a paved courtyard sprang onto the screen.

Liz's emotions were in turmoil as she had to sit placidly on the woman's broad black lap watching the man she had once loved being led out. Harry was so calm until the noose was placed around his neck. Then he cursed, struggled and wept as the chair was kicked from under him. His face turned puce, eyes bulging, forcing Liz to look away as the Negress stroked her back. The film faded out on his gently swaying body. The other slaves were white with shock as they returned to their studies. Liz was allowed a few moments with the Negress rocking her like a child, soothing, comforting.

"Kareena, I know you had feelings for him but it for best. You belong to Mr Hassan now; just concentrate on being a good slave without distractions," crooned the voice.

"Oh Miss" Liz sobbed, clasping the woman comfortingly to her as best she was able with pinioned elbows.

Numb and confused, she scarcely knew her real thoughts anymore as she buried herself more deeply in the huge arms, pressing her damp face to the large bosom. She decided Harry's fate probably was for the best as her jumbled thoughts turned to Hassan.

With a few more days of training the routines were established. Now the slaves regularly received a treat of supper in their 'nursery.' A hunky teenage guard, probably of Italian Arabic extraction, would spend several minutes chatting with their nannies whilst the girls thankfully consumed the luxury of small portions of hot solid food. It made such a wonderful change from the bland milk, which they had to suckle. They had to sit cross-legged on the floor, their backs ramrod straight, revealing every secret of their intimate charms whilst the guard often squatted before them peering at and touching their open bodies.

Liz could smell his shaving essence with his close proximity; it was similar to Harry's, but she resolved to forget that chapter of her life now. She was a slave and knew better than to pull away as his brown hands stroked and fondled her breasts. Looking down, she was unable to meet his eyes as his fingers stroked over her smooth skin, thumbing one of her nipples to erection; she wondered how this could be happening?

"Nice tits eh," he chuckled.

She sat compliantly allowing a lad to fondle her nude charms. Yet she could not prevent a shiver, making him laugh as he patted down the delicate notches of her spine to the feminine swelling of her hindquarters before he moved to Rose.

He crooned to the blonde, licking his lips as his fingers briefly probed from her flat belly to rub down her wiry pubic area and over the soft lips protecting their oyster-like secrets. The blonde squirmed, her posture allowing him full access to her pouting velvet charms before he licked his finger suggestively. Liz felt almost a jealousy that the guard had transferred his attentions to her friend, not knowing whether her feelings were towards Rose or him. One day, though, she knew she would be fulfilled with Hassan.

"Ah, older women ... make experienced fucks, yes?" the boy grinned, stooping down to Lindsey. She was crimson as he held and weighed her breasts, Her eyes flashed dangerously as his hand travelled over her fluttering belly, delving slightly into the pink and black slashes of her gaping sex before patting her stomach. "Still firm - no fat. You keep that way yes. Good exercise, not too much food." Cruelly he snatched away some of the longed-for tidbits they all clutched so possessively. Tears of frustration misted Lindsey's eyes as walked off, eating the food himself.

"Ah, younger bambino; nice and juicy eh," he had moved onto the teenage crew-girl, casually jabbing her small breasts with his foot.. "And you must be a good fuck too," he declared, patting Sumatra's smooth thighs before leaving them.

It was during a punishment that their routine first changed, with a hideous newcomer to their little world as she and Rose awaited the cane for disobedience. Apparently here the word ‘disobedience’ had quite a different meaning from Liz’s previous understanding. Now it meant that she and Rose were a few seconds late in responding to one of their Negresses. They had been obediently trying to beat a deadline imposed by one mentor for translating some words when another vixen had summoned them.

“When I click my fingers I mean I want your pretty white arses here now,” the scowling Negress snapped when she and Rose had scampered over to her. “Hands on your heads, stick those tits at me and spread your legs wide,” she demanded, and such was their conditioning that they obeyed the demeaning order without hesitation, just shame. “Now some pretty clips for your nipples ...”

“Haah, please Miss...” Liz gasped as her tormentor rolled her buds between her fingers to an unwanted tightness, clipping the serrated jaws to each delicate morsel.

“Now stand facing each other, lean forwards and place your hands around each other’s necks,” the girl had demanded when Rose’s boobs were similarly adorned. “Now... legs wider ladies – I’m sure you Fed scum know how, I’m just going to put something in there.”

“Ooooh,” Liz squirmed uncomfortably as the grinning Negress eased a phallic-shaped cylinder into her, filling and stretching her most intimate orifice.

The indignity of having the object pushed into her ...there burnt deep into her soul, as did the amused look on the vixen’s eyes as she degraded her victims so.

“There, that wasn’t too bad I’m sure,” the Negress beamed, patting her bottom, “I’m sure you’ve had bigger up you – if not you sure soon will – and all you’ve got to do is hold it up there using this,” she stroked over Liz’s pubic thatch. “Oh and keep bent over with your hands locked around each other’s necks whilst you share this, hold it in your mouths,” the girl popped a double ended phallus between their lips.

Cheeks bulging around the phallus, it was almost as if they were embracing and exchanging a lingering kiss, their festooned boobs quivering delicately and just touching.

“When I cane you, if either of you two ladies bite down on that little pleasure stick you so pleased to hold in your pretty mouths, then it trigger a switch to make those little ornaments on your tits and cunts heat right up. And I must say, you’ve both got bottoms made for the rod,” the woman murmured. She filled them both with loathing and shame. They were Starship officers – but here, in this hell, they simply had shapely bottoms to be caned. “Maybe next time you come a running when I want you,” she smiled with sadistic glee as she lightly patted their flexing bottoms.

After five minutes they knew from bitter experience that if either of them bit down as the cane scorched into their taut bottoms, it made them gasp in further agony as their sexual areas seemingly burst into flames. If the phallus dropped out, the punishment began again for them both. The concentration and control they both had to exercise was total as the whistling blasts of agony fell across their shrinking bottoms.

Desperately, Liz tried to balance her conflicting needs. She must absorb the pain eating into her backside without squeezing her aching jaws or relaxing her internal muscles. Rose, though, had bitten down too hard during the drawn-out punishment. They both gasped in agony from the fiery jolt bruising the sensitive tips of their breasts and forcing itself up between their legs.

Then came the almost, but not quite, welcome distraction of the stranger in their feminine den of pain.

He was a travesty of a man. They were shocked and embarrassed especially for him to see them undergoing such a humiliating and intimate punishment. Besides the young guard, he was the first person to encroach into their little incestuous feminine world of misery, sexuality and learning – but if only, Liz thought, it was that guard rather than the squat figure who now smirked at them.

The creep smirked sickeningly at the display of flesh before his slit eyes. Liz's stomach convulsed; she began perspiring. She loathed and hated dwarfs, especially after her experiences on Magellan. Although this one's body had the usual short, hairy characteristics, he had something of the Orient in his features. It suggested a higher intellect on top of the pair of dextrous hands and muscular arms common to most dwarves. A greasy white suit stretched tightly across his stocky torso, long hairy arms and wrists protruding from each sleeve. With the trousers baggy around his stubby legs he was like someone from a Charles Dickens caricature Liz remembered from ancient books. His hands nearly touched the floor as he waddled towards them. All of the women cringed, longing to cover their fragile nudity from his lustful, piggy-eyed stare as his eyes prowled over their exposed flesh. His tongue licked greedily over fleshy, Neanderthal lips.

"I am Mr Pug. I am here to test your language skills, ladies." His voice in their new slave tongue, relatively cultured for a dwarf, sounded like oil trickling into a vast barrel. "If you pass, you proceed into the next stage of slave training. If you fail ...," he exposed black teeth as he smiled, "you go to Zarog or the organ banks - when the guards here have finished with you," he added with a chuckle. "Now who is first?" he pondered, eyeing their beauty again. "I'd better let you girls continue your punishment," his coarse hands slid over the soft curves of Liz and Rose, patting their sore, red bottoms, making them squirm and gasp in utter revulsion from his hideous touch. However that simply earned them another electrical jolt. "Oops," he smiled through his black stubs.

Through her pain, Liz felt her blood run cold. The other crew girls studied their books more closely trying to lose themselves from his sight and not attract the attention of the repugnant creature. It suddenly became imperative to make the grade as a slave; the alternative was too horrible to contemplate.

"Youlittle girl, come," he purred like a sleek cat with the cream to the dark-haired teenage crew-girl. Liz saw the youngster's lithesome body shudder with revulsion as cucumber-like hands gripped her arms, drawing her to her feet. "Such a nice little girl with lovely hair," he simpered, stroking the strands bounding her oval face, her mouth now quivering, biting back tears. "Come," he snapped, giving her small tight bottom a hefty slap.

Liz heard flabby meat against firm flesh. She saw the red handprint on the girl's flinching bottom as, with a helpless look at her companions, she was ushered her from the room with the creep's hand on each of her small and undulating bottom cheeks. She sighed in frustration, knowing she was unable to help the girl; sick that she and the others would all presumably meet a similar fate.

"You worry about the present and learn to come right quick when I snap my fingers," advised the Negress standing behind Liz as she brought the cane down again across her cringing flesh.

Half an hour later Liz was sitting uncomfortably and trying to study, the hard wood of the stool pressing painfully against her bare, burning bottom, when Pug next returned to maul Rose and take her away. She felt impotent and empty. Now she had lost both Harry and the lovely blonde, but her breath still quickened at the thought of Hassan - surely he would summon her soon?

Liz hurriedly shut out such thoughts, desperately studying an hour later as Lindsey was next taken away. She could imagine the feelings of the older woman, indeed hear her gasp, as Pug's long hand tapped her curvaceous bottom, curling around the flexing globes, his fingers sliding forward between them into her secret places. Her hands fluttered helplessly, unable to intervene or prevent him as delved.

"Come pretty lady, you might get to like my touch, yes?" he breathed into her tense, flinching face as he took her away, a muscular arm around her slim waist pushing the curve of her back.

That night half of their cots were empty. Liz and the others that remained fretted sleeplessly about the fate of their missing friends - and theirs still to come.

The following day, the awful dwarf made more intermittent appearances to take away more of the crew girls. Each time Liz's heart would pound with dread until the creature left again with another supple swaying body in tow, his arms around them, on them.

"Come my pretty commander, now you. I hope you will be just as brave, and appreciative, as your blonde friend." The creep was beside her and Liz knew it was her turn. "No hurry, you finish," he instructed.

The swine had chosen to make his appearance whilst they were all using their potties.

"Ughh, please," she whispered as he stood right before her, stroking her long dark hair.

"Please finish, it's not often I watch a starship commander doing anything so personal.

Poor Liz, she wanted a trapdoor to open, to swallow her and her shame, but of course that didn't happen and she simply had to finish under the bastard's amused eyes. Crimson faced and her long hair hiding her tearful eyes, she was thoroughly washed by the Negress as the dwarf gently stroked her bare shoulders.

She squirmed uncomfortably with revulsion as the thick fingers curled upwards into her silken flesh, finding and thoroughly exploring her tight heat. His spittle dripped onto her shoulder as he giggled. His other hand ruffled her hair; her flesh crawled. His voice and the hot touch of his hand together with the smell of his stale sweat nearly made her retch. She regretted agreeing under duress during her brainwashing to fuck a dwarf, and just hoped that it wouldn't be this one - or now.

He was staring at her rapidly rising and falling breasts, thrusting towards him by virtue of her pinioned elbows. She fought to get her panicked breathing back under control as he now snapped his fingers at her. She gave a pitiful look at the two black women in the room, one her companion, one her tormentor. However, the nanny just smirked. Then the hairy hand on her arm pulled her up. She closed her eyes in disgust when Pug, on tiptoe, pushed right up against her whilst opening the door to lead her away. A disgusting male hardness thrust against the soft cheeks of her quivering bottom.

The tiny corridor down which he led her seemed even more claustrophobic with his body touching hers. She angrily pulled away as he continued to pat her bottom but there was no escape. The necklace exploded into brief pain until she collapsed back against him, his hands taking full liberties, cupping and squeezing her soft yielding curves.

"Don't even think about resisting, my pretty," he sighed, rubbing his loathsome body against her. She shuddered as his hands closed over her jiggling breasts, pinching. "There is no escape, and if you resist, the pain will go on and you will never pass my language test. Any stupidity on your part will also be reflected in the treatment given your friends. Sorry, I'm so impolite," he continued whilst Liz controlled the ebbing pain and recovered her breath, "you don't yet know me properly. I chose to better my mind rather than follow the manual activities of my ancestors. I was originally a teacher on an outworld, thrown out after a ... misunderstanding over incidents with female pupils. However, my present employer appreciates my...er ... talents," Liz shuddered as he possessively stroked her wilting flesh whilst guiding her along.

"Some people find me disgusting," he chuckled, his loathsome flesh jiggling against her, "but that shouldn't be a problem for you, Kareena. I understand that you got plenty from the Magellans, didn't you?" he jabbed her ribs knowingly with an elbow. "Is that correct or do you require reminding?" he snarled, pinching her nipples between fingers which had become vise-like, pulling downwards, distorting her breasts.

“Haah, hah, Yes, yes that's right,” she squealed. It was agony, humiliating agony but she reminded herself that she was only a slave and must accept such treatment.

“Sir,” he emphasised, tweaking her throbbing buds still harder.

“Sir” she gasped until he released her swollen flesh. She was again urged along, swallowing another bitter pill of shame, in reality longing to strangle the creep.

His sticky hands cupped the curvaceous cheeks of her bottom as it undulated before him, his middle finger deep into the cool cleft curling up slightly to the hidden warmth, making her wriggle with disgust, his fingers like slimy brown slugs writhing against her skin.

Liz, gasped, knowing she had to endure his obscene touch. In juxtaposition they were an ill-matched pair. A troll-like man, short fat and ugly, like a child dressed in adult clothes, grinning as he led a trembling, naked woman. Revulsion was etched into her face, her confined hands fluttering uselessly. They were two people unlikely to come into contact in the world outside. She would certainly have felt uneasy even fully dressed before the creature - let alone as now, totally within his power.

“Stand straight. You don't move or speak unless I order it,” he breathed, eyeing her breasts heaving with anguish.

The two of them were now alone in a small room and the next half-hour was a nightmare. Bitter tears of shame blurred her eyes. She had to stand, legs astride and hands straight out before her as far as her pinioned elbows would allow, palms upwards. He reclined before her in a chair, sipping an iced drink, ogling her thrusting breasts. She realised how much she needed a martini, trying desperately to suppress such thoughts of a previous life. The walls of the tiny room containing a blackboard and pictures and symbols seemed to close in.

“Do you have a problem with nudity, little girl?” he purred to the woman who was several inches taller than he.

“I ... I,” Liz could hardly speak for her rising sickness at his touch as he obscenely stroked and weighed her breasts.

“Relax, we'll both get on just fine,” he grinned. “We start with you repeating each object's name in your slave tongue when I point at the picture. Understand?”

Her first error was in simply nodding. Her eyes widened in apprehension as he shambled up to her immobile body. Flinching, his cane trailed up her smooth inner thighs, she longed to close her eyes. The cane see-sawed back and forward against her soft woman's lips, making her wriggle in dread.

“This might hurt,” he whispered softly, threateningly.

Swish, whack!

“Haaah please.”

Without warning he had lashed his cane across her upper thighs, making her squeal, jumping back. Her fists were clenched to absorb the pain.

“I fear you are rather thick, Kareena. You must always answer, and address me as 'Sir', and you speak only slave tongue. Is that clear?” Her frightened eyes were mesmerised by his hands stroking down her neck, holding her breast fruit and gently thumbing her nipple.

“Y-yes Sir,” she whispered, trying to control the burning pain, watching fearfully as he caressed her soft nub of flesh.

“Good,” he continued, “we don't want this pretty little bottom to get too sore, do we?” Pug's hands had now shifted to those curves. He moved closer, his enjoyment obvious at the look of helpless disgust in her large eyes. “And this is the ‘lady’ who said in her interrogation that she'd like to fuck a dwarf ... right?”

“I ... er ... yes Sir,” she breathed, trying to ignore her tormentor's loathsome gloating face, sensing the danger in even attempting to lie or deny. Yet now the frightful reality of standing helplessly naked before such a creature was far worse than screaming out the offer under torture. It seemed as if the walls of the room were closing in on her.

Straining upright, grinning lecherously, the bulge in his trousers brushed her pubic mound. His moist hand gently pulled her towards him. He licked his greasy lips before patting the smooth upholstery of her posterior and walking to the blackboard.

He strutted round, silently at first, eyes roving over her trembling flesh. Desperation and concentration lined her beautiful face as she strove to formulate slave language words to match the pictures. At least it helped her to ignore his hot penetrating gaze. She heard the swish of the occasional practice strokes of his cane, making her cringe and wince, longing to cover her exposed body.

Soon the difficulty of the questions intensified but, to her surprise, she got many right. A week ago she could never have guessed she would be standing before such a hideous abomination, able to converse in the strange language without the benefit of subliminal audio aids. Such was the motivation of fear and pain, she guessed, all adding to her newly learnt passiveness.

However, whenever she failed in her answers a frown crossed the contorted, sweating features of the dwarf. Shaking his head he would slash the cane either across her palms, thighs, bottom or breasts.

“Haaargghhhh,” she cried in excruciating agony from such a stroke across the sensitive lower half of her soft buttocks. If she moved from her position she received another. After delivering a particularly hard cut across her boobs he softly sighed, almost apologising.

“Poor Kareena, such nice tits, I kiss better maybe.”

Liz quickly put the throbbing pain from her mind, concentrating instead on not instinctively jerking her orb away from the creep's hot hand. Startling her, he jumped ape-like onto a table next to her, rubbing his fingers over her stinging flesh. Her treacherous nipple hardened. Sickened, she closed her eyes as he kissed it with a hot slobbering mouth, making her feel sick.

He fired questions, his free hand moving obscenely in his pocket. She guessed from his expression the gratification he was obtaining, the part she had to play in it making her sickness worse. Then she had to repeat word perfect a set speech in slave tongue.

“My name is Kareena. I am a loyal and devoted slave to the mighty Mr Hassan, my Master, and wish to serve him for forever in complete obedience. I beg to be trained to do so.” Where was he? She wondered why had he abandoned her to this?

“Sorry Kareena, I regret to say you’ve failed your language test. What use are you to us?”

It was so unexpected. She burst into sobbing tears, wishing her bonds allowed her to cover her face, when the slob made his simple announcement. “Now you’ll leave for the salt mines - after you have been used and passed around.”

Hassan, watching on his monitor, smiled at Liz's despair as Pug gave his normal speech. All girls 'officially' failed his test. However, his employee could always be 'persuaded' to bend the rules. He recalled yesterday seeing the teenage crew-girl, Sally he recollected her name, sitting on the dwarf's lap facing him, her legs spread wide. The weeping girl had to repeat and correct the incorrect words, all the while his long fingers curled past and deep into her ripe juicy sex. It was like watching a spider's large leg delving into a mauve oyster. Mr Pug had separately made Rose and Lindsey lie on their backs, legs high and wide to reveal their charms whilst they answered questions, his cane providing unwanted stimulation as it rested in their gaping sex. Hassan knew that Pug was very inventive; it was an education watching the little man in action with a beautiful trembling woman. Now he was addressing Liz again.

“I'm sorry, Kareena. It is a pity though, you were so close. Have you anything to say?” he asked reasonably, wiping his nose on the stained sleeve of his jacket.

“P-please, I-I tried so-so hard, I'll... is there, anything I can do? Please Sir I beg don't f-fail me,” she sobbed in a low desperate voice, her eyes wide and imploring.

“W-e-l-l,” he appeared to deliberate from the depths of his compassion, “I shouldn’t really; but you do deserve to pass I suppose. You do me a little favour ... with your mouth, down here,” he pointed, “I’ll take a chance and pass you. Agreed?” He smiled like a Cheshire cat, his cane tracing lines of potential pain on her thighs from her knees to the first tangle of her wiry hair.

She licked her lips, swallowing, her feelings transparent. He was a repugnant creep but, however unpleasant, she had no realistic choice. She nodded.

“I didn’t hear you Kareena,” he toyed.

“Yes, I-I agree sir,” she gulped, dry mouthed before her lips started quivering.

“I want you to suck me dry little girl – repeat it.”

“I’ll, I’ll s-suck you dry Sir,” she managed to whisper, holding down her natural sickness at the thought.

His erection was huge in its purple glory. She knelt on a low desk before the slob, her mouth extended over the engorged head of his rampant excitement. Down there he looked like films she had seen of gorillas in a zoo. Cheeks distended, eyes wide and wet with tears, she sucked avidly, lips sliding backwards and forwards, giving him everything. The huge, pulsing, organ filled her mouth, twitching in its desire. She had been instructed to continue sucking until he was completely finished. Yet he seemingly changed his mind.

Hassan, watching, could see the glazed look on Pug’s face as he luxuriated in the warm wet mouth encasing him. He felt curiously jealous. Her pink tongue tickled and darted just as he had instructed. Rocking back on his heels, Pug gazed down at the dark head bobbing below, her jiggling breasts cupped in his hands.

“Uggggh,” Liz grunted as, unexpectedly the ghastly manhood was pulled from her distended mouth.

“You say you’d like to fuck a dwarf – I give you the chance now,” his face was slack with desire.

“Oooh, please ...uuuggggghhh,” she grunted again as he effortlessly turned her round on the desk, so she was kneeling, nose to it and made her raise her bottom, prising her legs wide apart with his muscled arms. Without finesse or preamble he rammed his length, still glistening from her saliva, straight between the inviting oyster-like lips of her inviting sex.

“Huh, huh, huh,” each gasping grunt was forced from her as the squat body pumped into her rhythmically from behind, sweating hairy belly against curved twitching bottoms. “Haaah,” she moaned, her head thrown back as his hands painfully mauled her jerking boobs.

Then Hassan saw him tightly clasp her as he pumped in a frenzy. She had her eyes tightly shut as she had to take his lust. When he finally eased her off she collapsed in a dead faint.

CHAPTER 9

Liz recovered to find herself lying on a bunk in a small dormitory of around a dozen beds. Although there were shower, toilet and make-up facilities there were again no windows, just strong lights. One wall consisted of bars set in mirrored glass, reflecting the image of her sitting up, clasping the sheets to her nudity. She suddenly realised the enormity of such a simple reflex action - her elbows were no longer pinioned. Stretching luxuriously, scratching her head, she saw to her delight Rose and many of her companions sharing her cell. They wore yellow tee-shirts clinging to their curves and just covering their hips. It was better than nudity and Liz eagerly pulled on a similar garment. She had passed the first stage of slave training, she realised proudly, and was now one step nearer to Hassan.

"Be careful - we are being continually watched," Rose whispered as she pretended to retrieve something from the floor by Liz's bunk.

In addition to cautioning about the constant electronic surveillance she also explained that the opaque mirrored wall was two-way and could be turned translucent or fully transparent as necessary. Thus occasionally they were allowed to see out, but more frequently they were on view to their trainers. The pretty blonde only had time to explain a few rules before the heavy clang of the door interrupted her.

"Be respectful, copy me," she hissed, immediately kneeling upright on the floor in front of her bed, legs parted wide with her hands clasped on the back of her head. She looked the picture of a true subservient slave girl, Liz thought before she too adopted a similar humiliating yet erotic pose.

Kneeling, Liz felt her stomach involuntarily tighten in dread as the door opened. Across a corridor she just had time to notice another glass cell housing some of her male crew. She instinctively looked for Harry before remembering; she would never see him again. Swallowing useless feelings she stiffened as three figures entered.

The giant who strode ahead of the others into Liz's cell knew that his victims often likened him to a genie from fairy-tales; he encouraged this by wearing his black hair up in a pigtail. Stripped to the waist, his huge torso gleamed above baggy trousers. A neat black beard adorned his yellow Arabic-Oriental features.

His amused eyes regarded the wide-eyed kneeling females. Their required hands-on-head pose lifted their breasts to almost strain free from their thin, low-cut coverings. The generous valleys of their cleavage gaped deliciously. Below, their costumes were raised by their posture to expose delightful curly thatches and the pert globes of their bottoms. As was the intention, they looked like women dressed for sensual pleasure.

The imagination could roam. They could have been dressed so skimpily after a bout of sensual love-making with a lover in a plush hotel. Instead, they were in a stark cell, the crew of a Federation space cruiser so attired by order of the regime into which they had fallen. It was simply the Arabic giant's job to make them live up to their new roles as pleasure slaves. He saw their eyes flicker to the beautiful woman who had entered behind him, and also the third newcomer - an elfin-like figure in comparison to him.

"For those not yet introduced, I am the chief slave trainer, Quator," he announced slowly and solemnly in the slave tongue, his voice booming from every wall. "This is my sister, Farquil, and my assistant, Sim," the giant indicated the statuesque Arabic girl to one side and a young effeminate lad on the other. He ruffled the thin blonde hair on the boy's almond-shaped head - which hardly reached Quator's stomach. "As you're the latest arrival," Quator's gaze captured and pierced Liz's, "clothes off, let's see what charms you have to offer."

Clutching the bottom of her tee-shirt, Liz glanced apprehensively between the three pairs of amused eyes, shame flushing her cheeks. She could never feel natural being naked under such circumstances. It removed layers of self-esteem, and it was worse undressing before a roomful of clothed people. She could see that Sim was a Neut who had probably been doctored, removing his male sexual organs, whilst still in his early teens. That would halt his growth at that stage whilst surgically removing any interest in sex. Apart from his old eyes, however, he could have been a young boy.

"Hurry girl, we've seen it all before," Sim lisped in a man's voice as Liz still hesitated.

"Please ..."

Click! The most feared sound in their world interrupted her.

"Aaarghhh," she screamed, clutching her throat collar and falling to the floor in agony.

"The stupid cow can serve as an example whilst I look over the rest of you. It's my first shift and I haven't seen any of you yet," purred Farquil taking over from her brother. "All stand." Padding up to Rose, she ignored Liz.

The blonde obediently kept her hands on her head, her tongue nervously moistening her lips. She tore her anxious eyes from Liz, rolling on the floor in agony, to confront her imperious, arrogant tormentor.

"Get it off, hold it high above your head, arms straight," Farquil barked, her face nearly touching Rose's. She walked slowly round the flushed woman, drinking in her beauty. "Just look at those cute nips," she laughed like a cat with a trapped mouse. Her manicured nails held each nipple, making her victim wince in anticipatory dread. "Don't worry poppet, I'm not going to hurt these ... yet," she smiled, releasing the orbs to pat the flinching bottom before moving on.

Farquil, an exotic woman in her thirties, was as powerful as her brother - and seemingly just as fond of women. She was the sort of imposing yet beautiful woman who by her very presence could so easily make other women feel intimidated and inadequate. Helpless before her as they were, any shivering women in her power felt even more vulnerable; they wished they were anywhere but before her coldly appraising eyes.

After Liz had been dragged gasping to her feet, Farquil had them all stand naked, like Rose, clothing held above their heads whilst she inspected their trembling bodies. Still deliberately ignoring Liz she moved on. Next, the teenage Sally's beautiful, normally mischievous face, which was framed by long brown hair brushing her creamy shoulders, quivered. Her young eyes fawned as Farquil stood imposingly before her. She gasped but held her position as the woman's hand slid over her firm, apple-round breasts, down her flat belly to the plump ripeness of her pubis.

"I might shave you darling," the vixen murmured in a low, husky voice, her fingers tracing a line up the quivering thigh to brush the warm lips of the shivering youngster's vulva. She twirled strands of the dark bush between fingers which then pushed up to slide along the warm sex. Smiling at the youngster's flushed features, she strolled on.

"Cute little arse," she traced her fingers over Rose's bottom, making her shiver in dread.

Slowly the humiliating inspection proceeded. Quator and Sim stood with folded arms whilst Farquil padded down the line of captive beauty.

"There," oozed Farquil, "you had nothing to hide after all, whore, did you?" she smiled contemptuously when she finally stood before Liz. Her eyes nevertheless widened appreciatively at Liz's magnificent body, emphasised by the posture of holding her discarded tee-shirt high above her head.

"Hmm, nice tits," her manicured fingers traced lines over Liz's shapely boobs. Her thumbs circled the buds to two tight berries of shame.

How Liz wished those hands would leave her. She saw Farquil smile as her hips involuntarily thrust imperceptibly when the teasing, delving fingers moved over the dark triangle of her thatch and over the furry ripe softness of her sex.

"Hmm, hot for it eh little slave, not yet though my pretty," the bitch purred. "Legs wide apart - wider - now pinch your butt - tighter - hold it. She's got firm muscles eh Sim? She can take a big one there." The Neut nodded approvingly, his hands joining hers in humiliatingly sliding over the red-faced beauty's clenched behind, assessing the muscle tone. "All kneel again, in the slave posture." She patted the enticing dip of her victim's back, dismissing her.

"Kareena awaits your commands Sir and Mistress," Liz softly repeated the dutiful obedience already demanded of the others. Like them, she then knelt before the three trainers, eyes lowered respectfully to the floor.

"You know you're pets to be trained for your Master, to learn how to fuck and be obedient?" Quator boomed at the line of servility. Their frightened eyes couldn't meet his. Their soft curves rose and fell with anguished breathing, nipples erect with fear.

His hand suddenly cuffed Liz's head. It was so unexpected that she jerked forward, breasts jiggling, struggling to remain on her knees.

"When I ask questions I expect answers, and I get mean mighty fucking quick." Well?"

"Yes Sir," they daredn't anger the beast.

"The well-being of you all will be jeopardised if anyone steps out of line in a fit of heroics or rage," he glared at them. "I hope any such thoughts have been eradicated by now," he smiled. "Correct?"

"Yes Sir," they chorused anxious to avoid his wrath.

"Never forget that you are ours ... totally. You eat, sleep, fuck and shit only when we say," he winked at Liz. "The toilet is locked, you have to request specific permission to use it day or night. Sometimes that approval is given, sometimes you exercise control," he smiled, lightly prodding her belly with his toe. "Now I'll inspect your pigsty, heaven help you if I'm not satisfied," he advised loftily.

Like a sergeant major he went to each neatly made bed, even measuring the sheet alignment with a laser, the kneeling women awaiting with trepidation his pronouncement. Liz's bunk was in the unkempt state she had left it and Quator tutted angrily, pulling it apart. Next he ran his finger over the surface of the dressing table, checking for stray powder; then he strolled round the toilet and shower. The women were immobile marble statues under the stern gazes of Farquil and Sim.

"Kareena's bed is shit, the others are just about on the borderline; but there's powder on the dressing table and strands of hair in the shower."

Liz swallowed nervously, guessing rightly that something would always be found to impress discipline on a new intake.

"I do not know who is responsible, but being a fair master I shall assume equal guilt between all. Two strokes each, four to Kareena for her bed. I suggest you learn from your companions how it must be made. Assume the position," he snapped.

Liz copied the others in dropping to all fours, then pushing up into a bridge position as if playing leapfrog, but thighs spread invitingly wide.

Quator smiled, looking down at the tightly rounded cheeks of the bottoms thrust up towards him. The dark clefts between the globes concealed a few wisps of hair at the apex of their love lips. Their hair hung down shielding their flushed apprehensive faces, legs and arms straight and still. The only movement was the rising and falling of their breasts pointing below them or the anticipatory twitch of a bottom.

Liz nervously licked her lips as the three fiends swished thin wooden canes, hearing a crack and a gasp from each end of the line. She tensed her shoulders and buttocks, eyes shut, resisting the temptation to lower her up-thrust hindquarters away from Sim, who was right behind her.

Crack!

"Haah"

A band of smarting pain erupted across her right cheek. Involuntarily she contracted and lowered her bottom, trying to control the pain. Although effeminate, Sim certainly knew how to inflict it.

“Push it up girl or you'll get another.”

Forcing herself she thrust her throbbing bottom back up for further punishment; no choice existed.

“Garghhh,” she gasped through clenched teeth, as the cane now cracked across her left cheek.

She dearly wished to simply lie on the floor pushing her cool hands against the burning torment of her red bottom but she knew she must remain immobile. Her cheeks throbbed agonisingly and there was more to come. A trickle of sweat dripped on the floor beside her tears as she endured the third and fourth strokes, howling unashamedly. A sane part of her mind marvelled at how she could be meekly enduring such painful and demeaning treatment! She remained in the immobile line of pain, absorbing the flames washing over her flesh, blinking back tears whilst they were each dealt with. Then Quator's voice boomed out.

“Well?”

“Thank you Sir,” Liz gasped breathlessly, copying her colleagues who had accumulated more experience.

“Make sure you lazy sluts get it right for the next inspection,” Farquil sneered bitchily.

“Now bunny-hop please Hotlips, like I showed you,” Quator demanded.

The blonde groaned, wincing as she obeyed the beast. Liz averted her eyes from her flushed friend as, squatting before Quator on the balls of her feet with legs splayed wide, Rose began hopping, breasts bouncing wildly. Just for his perverse pleasure.

“All of you now please ladies,” Farquil purred.

Liz gasped, the movement adding to the torment of burning skin seemingly stretched too tightly over her tormented bottom. Like the others, her breasts bounced painfully, hair flying, as she jumped around before the three laughing demons. Liz was sent sprawling from a kick on the bottom for insufficient vigour, Sim's flashing cane encouraging her back to a squat.

“Look at those tits and arse move,” Quator remarked crudely to a smiling Sim, pointing at the array of wildly jerking flesh, “but look at the tits on that,” he indicated Lindsey's bouncing orbs dancing painfully.

The strain on their calves and bosoms was intolerable. Then Quator clapped, ordering the panting women to squat, hands on their heads. “That should have warmed you up nicely for your breakfast,” he grinned as they fought for breath whilst he eyed the dark exposed slashes between their splayed thighs.

“Come sit here,” Quator's voice softened slightly as he sat, patting his broad thigh.

Still breathless, Liz edged her sore bottom gingerly onto his plank-like thigh, sensing the sheer power which oozed from the brute, making her feel more like a little girl alongside it than a grown woman.

“Hands on your head, girl,” he demanded.

She trembled in anticipation as his huge hand trailed down her neck and over the up-thrust curve of her shivering breasts, her nipples hardening in excitement. Down his dark hand strayed over her flat tummy and into the dark triangle of her pubis.

“Open,” was his simple, deep command.

Liz felt her breath quicken as she parted her thighs to allow his thick finger to delve over the warmth of her now wet sex lips. Against all of her normal instincts as a starship commander, someone used to being in control, she knew that she wanted him. She wanted this brute who treated her so harshly; she wanted him inside her. She was thinking like a true slave now, she realised. Yet it wasn't to be.

She felt a pang of jealousy when he also summoned Rose to sit identically on his other knee. Liz was unsure in her confused, brainwashed mind whether her torment was because Quator was

sharing his feelings or alternatively because Rose was being so intimately touched by another. Her feelings were in turmoil as the dark fingers played with the splayed pink sex lips of the delicious blonde, disappearing inside her, making her wriggle and lick her lips. Her friend's lovely body, covered in a gentle sheen under the cell light, practically undulated and flowed under the experienced touch.

Perhaps sensing the desire, need and maybe jealousy of both girls, Quator simply slapped each pair of blatantly offered thighs and thrust them both from his lap, crooking his finger at Lindsey.

"Crawl to me."

He smiled as the older beauty obeyed, her small breasts jiggling, enjoying the despair in her wide eyes. "Keeping your hands on your head, get my piece out using your mouth, then suck."

Further sparks of both anger and longing churned Liz's belly as her crewwoman nuzzled her elegant head between Quator's massive thighs, eventually teasing his manhood from his loose, baggy trousers and into her bulging mouth. Lindsey's breasts and bottom jiggled enticingly as her mouth began its work.

"Not a bad attempt," he pushed her away, enjoying the shock of rejection in her eyes. "You show willingness, which I hope you others will too when your turn comes; what you must learn now is expertise," he patted the tresses of his still kneeling pupil.

"No little ones, none will be fed now," he smiled into their hot crimson faces, patting their curving bottoms with complete possession.

Liz found herself almost enjoying Lindsey's rejection; she wondered what sort of creature she had become? Then her heart then bounded with excitement when Sim explained that, after eating, she and Rose would be taken for their initial introduction as slaves to Hassan. Then, at his clap, two slave girls bedecked with jewellery and carrying food scurried into the room as the three trainers left.

Instead of the tee-shirts which the newcomers wore these trained slaves wore sophisticated tiny, yellow, wrap-around sarong-type garments. They moulded to the enticing curves of the young women, ending just below their bottoms to reveal a flash of tiny white knickers. The sarongs had two strips running up either side from their bellies to blossom over their breasts ending in a halter-neck with their shoulders and cleavage exposed to view.

The breakfast these slaves brought, whilst not a feast, was at last solid food. However, when they went to take it, they learnt a further lesson in the hierarchy of the establishment.

"We are experienced slaves, you are mere novices," the speaker, an Oriental girl, glared at the newcomers. "One day you may be allowed to prepare and serve food and walk around unsupervised. But for now, kneel and kiss our feet for your food, slags," she spat, "or I summon Quator."

Liz thus took her turn in grudgingly kissing the proffered foot.

"More respect, get your fat arse up high," she lied blatantly, "stick that stupid tongue right out. I want to see it," sneered the girl.

"You ..." began Liz before holding her temper. These were, after all, her fellow slaves.

"What you do or say next will make the difference between having breakfast and you all losing some skin off your arses," hissed the livid girl. "Very slowly, lick all the way up to my arse, or I'll tell Quator you refused to eat." She smiled cruelly, bending forward as Liz's expression of controlled hate turned to resignation. Clenching her fists in anger, Liz thrust up her shapely bottom as her tongue began its licking journey upwards towards the perfumed crotch of the pants. It was so shameful and degrading.

"Eat like the dogs you are," laughed the girls as the kneeling women took the bowls.

They licked from the dishes on the floor without using hands. But then came the untruthful, cutting remarks.

"She's rather old ... look at her arse ... what about the thighs on that ... I didn't know they took them so fat." The smirking girls continued to make derogatory and so untruthful comments about

each of their new sisters until Quator and the others returned. With a deep bow the girls collected the plates and scurried off, the brother and sister playfully slapping their enticingly wiggling bottoms.

Whilst Farquil took charge of the others, Quator led Liz and Rose away, their bellies tight with excitement and apprehension at the prospect of finally meeting Hassan.

"You now meet the person who owns you, who has power of life or death over you," Quator boomed reverently. "I recommend you cast aside any previous thoughts of you being equals."

They had to walk three paces behind his shining muscled torso, hands clasped respectfully on their necks. Sim bringing up the rear of the little convoy was thereby afforded an excellent view of their undulating buttocks partially exposed as the small tee-shirts rose with their movements.

Liz saw there were several cells similar to their own in the corridor containing many of her crew as slaves. The women all wore the 'uniforms' of yellow tee-shirts; the men equally short and revealing blue ones. In attendance were robust-looking male and female trainers all doing their best to turn her colleagues into obedient slaves.

She heard Rose's gasp and saw the blonde's boyfriend, Martin, kneeling naked before a glaring Negress as the woman's cane idly flicked the tense man's manhood. The trainers totally ignored the scene and the two beauties had to do likewise and pad obediently on.

At least, Liz thought, Harry had been spared any more of such treatment. Angrily, she blinked away the tears misting her eyes; she belonged to Hassan now. They descended deeper into the complex, passing various smirking guards and staff. It was obvious to everyone that the two beautiful girls were the lowest of the low.

"Eyes down, no looking up," demanded Sim from behind in his high-pitched voice, prodding their necks with his cane, "no one is interested in you or wants you looking at them." Adopting the subservient posture they still heard the passing sniggers but didn't look up.

"Bath-time girls," Quator declared as they reached a large door.

This was not the type of bath they had ever previously experienced. It was no luxuriating soak in silent contemplation. They were left in the more than capable hands of two huge Negroes whose gleaming torsos rippled with muscle. Both women gasped at the inversions in their nude bodies where their manhood and testes should have jutted. The black man-mountains laughed at their reaction as they deftly whisked the tee-shirts off the two startled beauties.

"We can still appreciate beauty, but whilst we have this job, we are sewn up internally to prevent us expressing it." He laughed, giving Liz's curvy bottom a none-too-gentle slap as he led her by the hand into the warm scented water.

It was a sensuous delight to be washed so thoroughly in scented oils. Black hands travelled slowly and lovingly over every square inch of their softness, into every orifice. The intimate handling made them wriggle and tingle as they surrendered themselves. Their bodies were shining and vibrant when they were finally led from the water, their hands each held in a huge black hand.

Liz found herself moving her loins slightly, responding to the huge fluffy towel drying between her splayed thighs; she was unconsciously pressing herself against it, her thoughts on Hassan. Disgusted with herself, she blocked her mind to maintain some control and decency. However, she felt less ashamed when she saw Rose also enjoying the sensuous drying, her hips jerking slightly too. It was their first taste of gentleness since their capture.

Then, the spell was broken, other senior slave girls appeared, chattering amongst themselves, totally excluding their novice charges as they applied make-up and nail polish and combed their hair until it shone. In common with most female spacers on deep-haul cruises Liz and Rose used perma-make-up, which retained its properties for months; thus only minor additions were necessary. Liz was also grateful to the per-stop treatment the Federation provided to rid them of monthly cycle problems for a year or so ahead.

Although the lavish treatment was embarrassing and strange the result at least made them feel once again like real women. Then to enhance that perspective, Quator and Sim returned to

complete their preparations. They had to remain naked, hands clasped to their necks, whilst neck chains were attached to their collars. Then Liz gasped, flinching as Sim flicked her nipples to erection, clipping a little bell to each bud to produce a delicate, humiliating tinkling noise with her every movement. Although demeaning, she couldn't deny the eroticism of seeing Rose so tantalisingly bedecked. She couldn't wait for Hassan to sweep her into his arms. Their chains held in Quator's massive hands, he lectured them like schoolgirls.

"You look down continually now. When I pull chain once, drop to hands and knees and crawl. On the second pull you kneel upright, backs straight and hands back on your heads. When I order it, you repeat the dedication Mr Pug taught you. Do anything your Master says; address him respectfully as 'Master.' If you fail, it will be the Zarog mines. Remember he owns you; you are his." An initial tug on the chain took the new slaves to meet their Master.

As if dreaming, Liz saw the painted nails of her feet pass over marble, then pad over rich carpets. Suddenly several pairs of legs, black and brown, female and male were in view. Quator stopped.

"Hi Jonks," greeted a girl's voice, "going to Hassan?"

"Yeah couple of novvies. Bet you're glad you're admin staff - could otherwise be you?"

"Shit, yeah, wouldn't wanna be there myself; he's in a mood today. Hey don't forget I need your weekly report tonight, I gotta job to do too."

"No problem, I'm onto it after this."

"You going to the game tonight?" a lad's voice enquired.

"Yeah ... if I get the fucking report done for her ladyship here," Quator laughed.

It was almost as bad for Liz to be ignored rather than picked on. She and Rose were seemingly too insignificant to warrant anyone's attention. She was a powerful woman, and she had been often told she was a desirable one. Rose certainly was. Now they were completely naked, glowing ... yet totally ignored. Perhaps it was all part of a slave's lot, she thought meekly. Just as she was daring herself to look up to face those who chose to ignore her, Quator tugged her off again.

Finally he knocked on an ornate gold door. As electronic bolts withdrew, a first pull on the chain sent her to her hands and knees. Crawling like a leashed animal, she saw there were now even richer carpets and rugs under her hands and feet. She was finally brought to a halt with a second jerk on her neck.

Rose obediently knelt, hands on head, and Liz followed suit, head bowed, back ramrod straight - waiting. Liz was impatient but her training made her resist the urge to greet Hassan, perhaps he was out of the room? If he was appraising them there was no such indication, only silence. Their immobility seemed to run into hours. She knelt in patience, fearful of the consequences of doing otherwise, then jumping when his deep voice boomed from above.

"Thank you Kalim ... for such a poor report. Cutting through the crap, you've spent nearly all your budget with nothing to show. Correct?"

"Yes but ..."

"No buts. If things haven't improved within four weeks you know what happens. Meanwhile, I have taken the liberty of inviting your wife to my establishment as a ... houseguest; she is here now. She was obviously distracting you at home... but if things don't improve, that will no longer be a problem for you. Go. I expect favourable progress within a week." The voice was dismissive, and was treated as such by the hurriedly departing footsteps.

Liz quaked, scarcely able to believe she had been listening as the rugged buccaneer from her memory threatened an underling's wife. The power he exercised was appealing to her, but not under her present lowly circumstances. It dawned that she was helpless in the hands of a tyrant. She and Rose had knelt in abject fear and silence, ignored whilst more important matters than their very lives and futures were attended to. They were merely his slaves.

"What are these, Quator?" the voice finally boomed again.

"Two new girls for you to view sire, if you so wish, before their training."

There was a further rustling of papers, but otherwise, silence. The indignity and shame burnt bitter in Liz's throat. They had been kneeling nude before him for ten minutes in silent offering. Had he not recognised her?

"Hmm, oh very well, introduce and display them please," he finally conceded.

"Your dedication," hissed Quator, "Kareena first then Hotlips."

Liz was galvanised into speech by a jab of a large elbow.

"Oh mighty one, my name is Kareena, I wish to be a loyal, obedient and dedicated slave to you my Master and to be trained to fulfil your every wish - if you will have me." To their amazement, and despite their trepidation, both Liz and Rose were able to repeat the dedication, which they had been taught, word perfect.

Still no booming voice announced to her that she was his special person, that he had selected her. Doubts gnawed as she guessed that every woman who passed this way had been indoctrinated to believe the same. A glance at Rose's flushed face and fluttering lashes confirmed it. Then the chains pulled them to their feet.

"Remain looking down, hands on head, turn around slowly under my hand," Quator hissed.

First Rose was slowly turned completely under the huge hands to enable Hassan to view her from all angles. Then Liz felt the hand on her shoulder slowly rotating her too, her nipple bells tinkling daintily.

"Closer."

A hand on their bottoms pushed them forward so that Liz could see Hassan's legs. She remained motionless, watching from the corner of her eye as he reached out for Rose, and heard her gasp. Then he asked for her to be turned round again, hearing flesh being kneaded, and slapped.

Liz jumped as a brown hand, encrusted with rings, came from nowhere to stroke and hold her breasts. It flicked a nipple in annoyance, again the shameful bell tinkling prettily.

"Aaah," Liz winced.

"Keep still girl," Quator hissed menacingly.

Tears sprang to her eyes but more than the sharp pain, Liz felt humiliated and frustrated. She wanted to sink into Hassan's arms, to be his woman, his lover, his slave; feel him in her. Instead she had to steel herself to passively let the hand roam, ignoring the shameful warmth in her belly. It travelled the flat plain of her stomach to the pubic bush, delving between her soft lips making her involuntarily wriggle. Then she gasped as a rigid finger pushed briefly up into her softness before being withdrawn to rub over her bud. Frantically, uselessly, she slightly lowered her haunches trying to grip it within her.

"Turn."

Quator turned her to enable the hand to stroke and probe her bottom. She gasped, straining onto tiptoe when, as she feared, a firm finger trailed between the cleft to push up into the secret entrance of her puckered ring, making her shudder and gasp; she hated such a touch, which filled her so unnaturally.

She was turned back to face Hassan. Her Master's hand tilted back her chin, the familiar, rugged face creased with cruel lines as his ruthless eyes bored into hers. His immense aura of power nearly overwhelmed her, making her knees tremble. She wondered how she could ever have imagined herself as his equal. Feeling inadequate, her eyes flickered down to her heaving bosom.

"Look at me little one," he ordered.

She had little need to remind herself that this man owned her. Slivers of both fear and desire churned her belly. His fingers slid over her face, pushed gently into her mouth, slowly, suggestively, in and out. He traced over her teeth and pulled out her tongue, his delving fingers nearly making her choke. Then Hassan's communicator beeped for attention.

"Yes, come now, I'm free," he answered the caller before turning back to Quator. "Return them for training," he instructed, their dismissal so obvious in his tone. It was clear that he was impatient to consider other more important matters.

“Hands and knees, look down,” commanded Quator leading them quickly away, dismissed from their Master's presence. Liz was at once frightened and frustrated, her thoughts in turmoil.

Hassan glanced up at the sensuous swaying of the two lush bottoms and their swinging breasts, his loins tightening. He had deliberately contrived a forceful meeting to deal with one of his inept staff to impress the women who equally impressed him. However, his position in his empire allowed him to show no quarter. He smiled as the two enchanting, seductive backsides wriggled from view, assisted by Quator's broad hand across the undulating globes. He recalled the firm flesh, the velvet honeyed heat of their sexes clasping his enquiring fingers. They both wanted him, and he them, but he knew that anticipation and training were the best ingredients for a faithful slave. He could wait.

Back in her cell, her knees sore from crawling, Quator removed Liz's neck chain. Her crew - the other slaves, Liz mentally corrected herself - lay obediently face down on their bunks as he had ordered. He gripped her tightly, pulling her over his knee, her breasts crushed against his hard, powerful thighs.

“I told you to obey the Master ... yet you pulled away when he graced you with his touch and like a slut you tried to keep his finger in you. That reflected badly on me and I therefore punish you.” Without further ado she felt his broad hand crash down across her bottom. Once, twice, three times, making her squirm like a newly landed fish, leaving her crying and shamed at his correct assessment, her buttocks smarting. “Up, girl, and no more stupidity,” he growled angrily into her weeping face. “You do not dictate your actions; your lowly body belongs to your Master.” As Liz climbed stiffly and painfully from his lap, hands pressed to her burning bottom, she saw Rose, ashen faced, still on her hands and knees to one side. Sim lightly tapped her bottom possessively.

“Let that be a lesson to you too girl, you understand?”

“Yes Sir,” she whispered.

CHAPTER 10

"They made me see that-that instead of Harry I prefer girls, but don't worry, I would never do anything like-like that with you unless you wanted it. They made us do ... do those things back on Magellan," Liz whispered to Rose. She needed to express her confused thoughts curious as to any revelations her friend might also have as they lay on their bunks that evening.

"No, it's I who am sorry," Rose smiled. "They explained things to me. I know now that - that deep down I was maybe provocative, and I think I-I feel the same way. I think maybe-maybe I love you." She looked embarrassed. "But I'm sorry for anything I may have done," she added softly, stifling a tear. I'll now be a better person and would never do anything to hurt you ... Liz," Rose adopted the informality of equal slave girls, her green eyes widening imploringly. The tips of her shapely breasts pushed through the tee-shirt to press deliciously against Liz's arm.

Impulsively, Liz stroked her lithesome lieutenant's shoulder, bringing her lips down onto Rose's. The blonde lovely felt so soft and sweet, their tongues briefly intertwining. She stifled the bubble of enthusiasm that she felt at the news, not knowing how much of it had been planted in her mind. She needed to concentrate. She broke away, confused and guilty.

Hassan, idly monitoring from his quarters, smiled as the exchange continued and the other slaves joined in. They were breaking in just fine.

"Liz, no, it must be exactly like this or they'll punish you," Rose cautioned, urgently clasping Liz's arm as she made her bed the following day.

Rose was outlining a few of the basic rules she had encountered so far. The beds had to be prepared for inspection in the mornings. Taking their lead from her, the other slaves were soon busily bending and stretching over their bunks to obtain the perfection demanded. With no creases the sheet had to be turned down, squarely, exactly half a metre from the pillow. She showed them how the toothbrushes, toothpaste tubes and the various bottles of make-up had to be spotless and in exactly specified positions on a similarly spotless dressing table. The room had to be kept immaculate with only old-fashioned dustpans, brushes and dusters - together with plentiful elbow grease. Similarly their scant clothing, two tee-shirts each, had to be hand-washed to ensure one was always immaculate.

The unlocking of their door gave the immediate opportunity for the new slaves to put their knowledge into effect. Immediately they threw themselves to their knees, thighs parted, hands clasped to their necks.

However, instead of the hated Quator or Farquil, Liz shivered in disgust at the whispering entrance of an abomination in an invalid-hovercart. The man's face and visible flesh was cruelly burnt, possibly from an explosion, red and grotesque. His thin limbs twisted into the hovering seat in which he reclined, thumbing the controls on its arms with raw, claw-like hands. Liz could feel the air from its tiny jets on her trembling skin. She couldn't prevent her surprise at the contrast between his distorted body and the fine gown covering it nor the look of intelligence in his cruel black eyes.

"You remember this?" he pointed to the hateful clicker around his neck, his voice deep and soft - seeming so out of place coming from such a travesty of a man. It was terribly familiar. "My name is Kruge; it is good to meet my trainees in person."

Liz suddenly realised that the voice was that from her dreams and nightmares in the cocoon. A scarred red hand brushed through her silken hair making her shudder. It took all of her self-control not to pull away from his cold touch. She felt sick and despondent, knowing that, rather than Hassan, it was this creature with whom she had shared so many of her intimate secrets.

“You see me worse for wear after a little brush with a Federation ship many years ago,” he spoke in resonant tones nearly making her forget the reality of the speaker. “I sometimes wear replacement limbs, borrow them from the body vaults, or use bionic implants. However, that entails much pain. I could indeed buy a replacement body and make myself whole again, but why should I? I find my normal appearance does have its uses at times such as this,” he smiled at his victim’s shocked expressions. “I simply enjoy exploring the minds of others from my chair. Body replacement is in any case rather expensive. My inquiring brain is quite sufficient for me to gain entrance into even the most stubborn minds. Many of you wanted to meet me, fell in love with me, believing me to be your Master, Hassan?”

Liz saw several faces as flushed as her own as Kruge spoke the truth. There were absolutely no other stimuli in those hateful cocoons. This abomination whom she had mentally associated with Hassan had been her sole link to reality.

“It’s good to see you all in the flesh, as it were, alabaster limbs designed to hold and clasp,” he gurgled. “You stand before me,” he demanded of the kneeling women.

They lined up before the monster, trembling with apprehension. The almost childlike innocence of the pink roundness of their bottoms peeking from below their tee-shirts contrasted with the vile monstrosity in the chair. They felt defiled and cheated; they had mentally given this creep everything.

“Right beside me, two either side. Now, strip, don’t be shy,” the cultured voice instructed. “Lift off those pretty coverings and hold them high above your heads,” he said smoothly, his gnarled fingers tapping Liz’s tee-shirt.

He was now surrounded by lush, nude women, their faces crimson with loathing, bodies flinching back as he explored and took full liberty with them. Gnarled hands weighed breasts, tickling the red cones of their nipples, peeling back the flower of sex lips whilst his victims were ordered to stand on splayed legs before him. Liz gaped in revulsion as she he made her lower her haunches on his thin red talons.

“All very nice, you may resume your places. I hope I too measure up to your expectations,” he dripped sarcasm. “However, that is irrelevant to me; you know that I am your superior with whom many of you have shared and conferred all of your life and secrets. Drop and give me ten press-ups, my little closet lesbian,” he suddenly demanded of Liz.

Flushing with shame and revulsion before her grotesque mentor, she lowered with resignation to the floor, her breasts bouncing free, and lay full length. Up and down she pumped her arms till her muscles quivered with strain. She hated that she had to do this for the bastard.

“Eek,” his cold hands stroked her bottom, making her collapse onto her face in shock.

“Nice soft skin. Sit on my lap, girl, we’ll get to know each other until your trainer arrives,” he demanded hoarsely.

“Please,” she whimpered, before obeying as he reached for the clicker. Liz felt sick as, still panting from her exertions, she eased her bare bum onto his lap and shuddered as his arms enfolded her, pressing her against him. It was like a nightmare of sharing a bed with a corpse.

“You,” he pointed to the others, “shower, wash each other thoroughly; nice and slowly eh.”

Watching their hands sliding over their pink bodies, his wheezing lust mounted, claws raked down the curved dip of Liz’s spine to finger the enticing swelling of her backside. She shuddered as they crept down her belly to stroke the strands of her pubic bush.

“Get it out and play,” he instructed, his voice now tight.

Fighting down nausea Liz closed her mind from the actions of her hands, which fluttered over the warm bulge at his crotch. Using fingertips, as if dealing with something putrid, she extracted the slimy purple-veined pole of his lust. An embedded hydraulic tube made it grow obscenely under his whispered voice commands. Her hands slid up and down its warped length.

“Use the soap between each other’s legs, continue until you all come,” he demanded from the wriggling women in the shower.

Kruge's breathing became faster and his sliver of flesh ever firmer as he avidly watched the other women gasp and writhe, hips jerking. Liz guessed their climaxes were faked for the benefit of ending their ordeals but it nevertheless brought the required gratification to their tormentor. As he jerked and pathetically spat under Liz's reluctant manipulations bitter tears clouded her eyes. She recalled the last time she had done this. Impishly she had extracted Harry as they sat beside each other at Explorer's control console. The contrast made her sob.

She had never been so grateful at the arrival of their trainers, allowing her to leave the disgusting beast.

"Right, listen up," bellowed Quator after their next cell inspection as the girls trembled in a line of servile beauty before him. They considered themselves lucky to have received only one cut of the cane from Sim for minor rule infringements. But now Liz guessed the impending announcement would bring anything but luck. "You're in quite good shape but we're going to make you lazy Fed sluts sweat into even better condition and teach you some arts of slavery. Aren't we kind. Well?"

"Yes Sir," the women replied meekly to the giant who scowled at them.

Their routine developed over the next few days as they found themselves marching to their first class in deportment, enduring the amused looks of passers-by as their tee-shirts rode up revealingly, arms and legs swinging stiffly in unison. Two pretty Negresses wearing tight white leotards stretched over their muscular frames greeted them; one was large, the other small.

"Hi, I'm Bambi and this is Thumper," the taller woman addressed her tense pupils. "What do we have here?" she asked, eyes glittering like coals over the line of women standing to attention before her. "First, we'll lose the tee-shirts; one at a time hand them to the guard by the wall; bow, low, real low, to him and return."

Liz felt a renewed flush of shame as she padded across the large room, sensing the shyness of the young guard as she obediently stripped, handed him her still-warm garment, and bowed slightly, setting her lush breasts bouncing.

"I see we have some way to go you cows," spat Bambi, "and we always get one who reckons herself; it's you huh?" She spat at Liz.

"When I say bow I don't mean a little nod. You've now insulted that man, your superior," she nodded at the young guard, who kept his eyes averted. "Anyone not a slave is your Master or Mistress and you show respect. You reckon you're a hard case? We'll see how you fight; I'll take you down, you fucking whore," Bambi spat.

"Look, please, I just ..."

"Shut it, too late now," Bambi interrupted, "and we aim for the breasts and belly only to avoid spoiling your looks."

Minutes later, Liz found her wrists encased in padded boxing style gloves as once used on old Earth, facing a ferocious Bambi similarly adorned. Her mind still confused, the last thing Liz wanted to do was fight, but she guessed that this was part of a regular introduction used by the Negress to exert her authority. Although she was fit and could handle herself she had never formally boxed before and she somehow sensed from her stance that the Negress was probably an expert. Nevertheless, she tried to recall what she could of the ancient art.

Warily the two women circled each other. One was large and black, in a designer white leotard. The other was smaller, beautiful like a fashion model wearing just a tiny yellow tee-shirt, her breasts and bottom clearly jiggling beneath it as she ducked and feinted. Certainly they were not evenly matched but Liz knew she had no choice but to take part in the charade just as she had to in the prison camp on Magellan.

Whack!

"Hagghh," Liz folded under an unexpected jab to her belly, but staggered back and parried another.

"Too slow, too soft," the Negress smirked into her pained face, winking to the circled crew watching their commander take punishment.

Some of her old cunning and rage coursed into Liz's veins. She dropped her fists as if in surrender, carefully watching the other girl's eyes. When she saw her opponents guard drop slightly she made as if to stumble, whilst bringing up her fist in a vicious arc which nearly lifted her dark tormentor.

"Ooooof," Bambi gasped trying to back away.

Thump! Liz caught her opponent another blow, this time onto her thinly covered breasts, feeling them mash under her hand, hearing the gasp of pain. Scenting victory she aimed another blow.

Suddenly, Liz's world exploded in pain as a black knee crashed up between her thighs, making her sink to her knees, her attack forgotten.

"I didn't say just fists, stupid Kareena," panted the victorious black girl, sinking another fist into the white belly before pummelling her victim's vulnerable breasts painfully from side to side.

"Is she the winner? Has she had enough? Is your status clear?" Thumper addressed the other girls as Bambi stood above Liz writhing on the floor, one foot planted on the writhing beauty's aching belly.

"Yes Miss," Rose whispered, her ashen face lined with concern and pity.

"Good, now we've cleared up that matter of discipline we'll continue your training," Bambi glared at her charges as Liz was helped back into line. "A woman's body should be a graceful flowing instrument of which she can be proud. You are just shambling wrecks. Strip, let's see you properly and check your muscle tone; then we begin." She laughed at the shame of the beautiful women as they undressed for her.

Under the bellowing orders of their dusky teachers they all had to march up and down. Like catwalk models Liz and the others trod within a narrow path each balancing a heavy book on her head whilst ensuring she remained upright, hips swinging seductively. Over and over again they had to repeat the exercise until Liz's neck ached. Their instructors were quick to enforce the exacting standards with leather thongs.

Whack!

"Get it right you lazy cows, stop moving those heads, swing those hips, slide those feet, don't bounce. Act like the tarts and whores that you now are. You will be graceful - when I've finished," Bambi smirked.

Slap!

A burning swathe of pain cracked across the cheeks of Liz's bottom to leave another red mark across her undulating white flesh.

"Aahh, sorry miss," she hissed the required response to a punishment through clenched teeth, longing to claw the amused look from her tormentor's eyes but miraculously keeping the book balanced on her head.

Later they had to squat on the balls of their feet, arms outstretched, balancing books on their upturned hands whilst Bambi and Thumper relaxed with a drink, oblivious to the muscle-aching torment of their charges. They knew the thongs would address any lowering of their hands or swaying.

"Keep them up sluts, no moving. You must be able to remain still for hours on end if necessary at the feet of your master or mistress."

They were seemingly invisible. People would visit their teachers, totally ignoring the novices as if simply furniture. Indeed slaves were forbidden to acknowledge visitors. The girls might be treading the path, swaying their hips as seductively as they could, or crouching, hands on head, legs splayed for balance; it didn't matter, they counted for nothing.

However, Liz found it more difficult keeping her composure during occasional visits from the handsome young guard who had brought them treats in the nursery. He would give them lingering looks, openly appraising their exposed bodies, drinking in their dark velvet secrets between thighs they longed to close. Blinking the sweat of fatigue from their eyes they stole furtive glances at him. Most women would be attracted to him, and in the normal world that might be mutual. However, here they were only attractive pets being trained. He could look at and explore their bodies at will, someone from whom they could have no physical secrets.

It was apparent that Bambi had something going with him and she possibly saw the slaves as an oblique threat, often deliberately humiliating them. She had been talking to the guard in giggles and whispers like a lover, but now, her face a mask of fury, she strode across to Liz and Rose, the nearest to her, parading endlessly up and down.

“Wiggle those fucking arses!” She slapped their bottoms making them yelp, glaring as they shamefully undulated their hips even more to satisfy her. It was obviously insufficient.

“Ugghh,” Liz gasped in shock and humiliation as the Negress embedded a finger inside her for encouragement. Painfully stretched, instinctively she jumped forward, reaching down to the offending hand spread like a fan over her clenching bottom.

“How dare you,” Bambi snapped, stiffening the finger within Liz’s sphincter, making her screech. “Hands back on your head this minute - I’ve obviously to treat you like children till you get this right.”

Liz choked back bitter tears of shame at the sniggers from the guard. Looking straight ahead she was too ashamed to glance at him whilst the smirking bitch had her fingers stuck into her swaying body as if she were a puppet.

Later, Thumper had taken half of the class to another room. Liz and the others were again squatting trying not to lower their tired arms; however, their eyes were lowered. They dare not be seen looking up at the wet sounds of lips on flesh and heavy breathing where Bambi sat on the guard’s lap.

“Hmmm, that’s so good,” the Negress sighed, “I just wish the Fed sluts weren’t here. Ooh, yeah baby, mmmm,” she moaned.

Then the sound of her straightening her clothes and sitting up made Liz instinctively stiffen in dread.

“What part of fuck off don’t you understand, girls?” she snarled. “Walk just as you are on your haunches across the room and face the far wall. I’ll be watching though. If anyone falls - I’ll know. If anyone farts - I’ll know. Move it,” she snapped. As if they were a gaggle of ducks Liz awkwardly led the way across the room in a painful crouch, her muscles screaming for release.

“I’m watching girls, ooh” Bambi’s voice drifted, interspersed with urgent breathing and the sounds of flesh on flesh.

Liz ground her teeth in frustration as the girl so blatantly enjoyed herself whilst her victims would have given their right arms at that moment just to unbend their screaming muscles. Yet she knew they daren’t take a chance with the ever-watching viewer monitors. The bitch took a great delight in exercising her limitless power over them - but that was her right to treat slaves, Liz supposed.

Next were physical workouts in the gym under the orders of Quator and Bambi, sometimes with the guards or huge Negro assistants watching them. The pair of sadists, bellowing orders, had them marching in tiny leotards with heavy rucksacks on ramrod straight backs, breasts and buttocks jiggling.

“About turn, attention, quick march.” Like soldiers rather than frightened women, they had to learn the shouted orders to avoid leather across their flesh.

Later, Liz and Rose were in line with the others toe-touching, conscious of Quator directly behind them, drinking in their womanly charms on display as they strove to give the perfection demanded.

“Keep those legs straight, no bending. Get them wider.”

She could afford no modesty whatsoever. When she bent, long legs stiff and straight, the hard hands of their trainers tapped the enticing curve of her flanks, lingering between the cleft, sliding between to feel the sweat trickling within.

“No pain no gain,” was their favourite shouted advice. “You’ll soon have supple and fit slave bodies.”

The weights they had to lift became progressively heavier every session, and the number of lifts per quota also increased. Liz was blinking through pools of stinging, salty sweat, staring ahead at the glaring faces of Quator and Bambi.

“Arms straight, don't let the fucking weights drop.”

Teeth bared with their effort, breath hissing, Liz practically snarled as she somehow lifted the weight. It seemed impossible for her slender body to do so. That she managed was a testament to the ever-present stimulus of pain. Her arms quivered with strain whilst almost-forgotten hate boiled deep within at the grinning black face, blurred through her tears of sweat, just waiting for her to fail. It made her succeed - which she supposed was what the beasts wanted anyway.

Now Quator stood right behind her. Liz felt his hard loins pressing into the softness of her bottom whilst she held the weights aloft on trembling arms. She licked her lips in fear, remaining immobile whilst he cupped her breasts, nipples hard buttons against his hands until the next exercise started.

Their bodies soon tired and he became exasperated when they had difficulty doing a set of fifty press-ups.

“Up, touch your toes and hold,” he snarled. “You can and will do it before you finish this session - even if you miss your next meal. I'm giving you something to encourage your fat lazy arses before we resume.”

Swack!

“Ooohh, aaarghhh. One Sir, thank you Sir,” Liz managed the required response as the whippy cane bit into the tender cheeks of her bottom. She controlled the urge to stand upright and press her burning flesh. Instead she kept herself vulnerably exposed for the next stroke, absorbing the pain. Hearing Bambi meting out similar treatment to Lindsey at the other end of the line, she was thankful that her previously fiery crewwoman was now keeping herself in check under the demeaning treatment. They were grown women being caned like hardened criminals. She steeled herself for the next stroke from Quator.

Swack!

“Haaarghhh. Two Sir, thank you Sir.”

Thus they each received four strokes. Although just a small cane, their instructor had strong arms and as the thin rod bit into their taut shining flesh, hot tears of pain trickled down tense faces. All remained bent over, bottoms throbbing until the punishment was complete. Quator and Bambi were in no hurry and seemingly knew the value of anticipation.

Then the exercises resumed. This time, panting and gasping, they all managed to complete them satisfactorily. With her arms, back and belly remaining straight, just Liz's chin and the tips of her breasts touched the floor on each down stroke. She pushed up on muscles quivering and burning with effort. Liz knew that pain and fear can make a tired woman's body perform miracles; hot breath rasping, burning her lungs, she pushed her aching body to the limit and beyond.

That they thereby missed their evening meal was of absolutely no concern to their instructors - except they knew the slaves would put in additional effort in future to avoid a repetition.

The following day came the quaintly named 'love lessons' where they were given instruction in what was required of them before they were first 'taken' by Hassan. Standing in her tee-shirt

before Farquil and Bambi, Liz cast apprehensive glances at two huge Negroes also present in the room. Their Arabic mentor, flicking her thin cane, lectured her charges.

“You are to be taught the arts of love that will most please your new masters or mistresses. I will direct you using the two gentlemen here. One of our friends is a eunuch and he will use a rubber phallus. The other is, I can assure you,” she smiled reflectively, “more than intact. With him you will practice oral techniques. You will be trained to use all three orifices, and in love techniques between women. All strip naked.”

Liz stilled her panic. She longed to run away and hide but knew it was impossible. She would have to endure and further push the bounds of her endurance and explore her feelings simply for the amusement of these fiends. She felt totally overawed now standing naked before the shining Negro who wore only a tiny pouch. His flared arrogance sneered into her flushed face; he was a type of man she would never have willingly chosen. Farquil, though, made her take the active role whilst he stood immobile.

Trembling, she pressed herself against him, breasts squashed to his rock-hard torso as she undulated like a large pink serpent. Despite her feelings, her nipples were now hard berries of unwanted arousal. She had to stand on tiptoe kissing him. Her tongue shyly explored his mouth and white teeth, entwining with his. Farquil peered intently, checking and directing.

“Slide and dart it in. I know you're a lesbian but more enthusiasm girl, tease, rub your lips over his, get your tongue right in, curl with his, explore him.” The instructions were precise, clinical and humiliating. Rather than performing a loving, spontaneous act she was a puppet. Her womanly feelings, as his large tongue knowingly explored her hot mouth, were suppressed by the knowledge of her public display and also by the Negro's seeming indifference to her. Further down the line, Rose was writhing against the other Negro, the Negress instructor directing, tapping her curvy shrinking bottom. The sight of her crew having to so perform again made forgotten feelings of hate stir sluggishly within her.

Concentrating again, Liz kissed down the black throat with soft nibbling movements of her lips like a fluttering butterfly. She gasped as Farquil's cane slashed across her bottom leaving a line of fire.

“Use your hands girl, don't just let them dangle. You are now a tart and any partner must be to you a sexual god that you want to fuck the arse off,” the hateful woman cajoled mercilessly. Liz stroked the massive chest, kissing nipples which became hard knobs between her lips. “Softly chew, suck them, don't you know how to please a man?”

“Yes, I ... s-sorry Miss,” she whispered, having to grovel yet longing to strangle the bitch. Naturally she was experienced in most of the things now required of her – but only very occasionally and in privacy with a man of her choice. Thus she cringed pressing her shivering softness against the Negro, feeling a massive stirring in the pouch against her fluttering stomach. Occasional light flicks of the Arab girl's switch ensured she fully complied with her every direction.

“You must pretend to be a fucking tart, girl. Now take off his pouch, hurry don't fumble.”

“Please Haah,” she gasped hurriedly obeying after a harder cut from the cane.

“Big eh?” the Negro bragged.

She gulped in terror. He was certainly huge. Sinking to her knees she was ordered to kiss down his firm stomach to the first wiry tangle of hair. Then kneeling she obeyed instructions, clasp his rock-hard buttocks with one hand and cupping his tight genitals with the other.

“Use your tongue on him, stick it right out, lick him.” Under Farquil's command she ran her tongue lightly along the twelve inch ebony pole. “Now suck, take him in.” She felt sick as she took as much as she could of his throbbing hardness into her mouth, her cheeks bulging with her task.

Her lips kissed from the swollen head of the beast's erection to its twitching root, the tip touching the back of her throat. Thankfully, she knew he was under strict instructions not to give way to his emotions and so the lesson concentrated on foreplay.

It was as bad for Liz to see Rose kneeling before the brute when it was her turn. It made her realise just how small and vulnerable they were against the man-mountain. The contrast was significant between Rose's white flesh, the occasional red stripe across it, compared to the Negro's rich ebony. A shaft of jealousy pierced her as the black hand possessively patted the enticing curves of her friend's bottom. She and Lindsey received light cuts for daring to look away.

"Pay attention. Learn over again until I am satisfied."

Perhaps worse was the session with the eunuch. Although not penetrated by flesh, the large black rubber phallus strapped to him became very familiar to her, stretching so unnaturally.

Again, for Liz, came the shame of doing such things before an audience and under constant direction. Lying on her back, legs spread wide she had to respond and undulate in rhythm with the thrusting rubber. Oh it was so humiliating, she wanted to crawl off somewhere rather than perform so publicly.

"Hold his neck, stroke, hold his buttocks, fingers right in, twist them. Move with him, girl, you're not going to sleep. Smile, let him see you enjoy it. Your sole purpose is to satisfy his every sexual whim."

Now Liz was on top. Snakelike, her supple body undulated over and onto him, rocking, dangling the pink buds of her nipples into his mouth. Then she was astride, gently moving her haunches till the soft lips of her womanhood just gripped the tip of the rubber. Lowering herself, she eased it in completely, filling her, before rocking up and down. Heavens ... she realised just how big he was; somehow her natural womanly instincts were taking over. Maybe some of indoctrination in the cocoon was still with her. She felt filled and stretched so wonderfully, her eyes closed, mouth gaping, she shuddered to a genuine climax, hair plastered to her shining face.

Lindsey's face was hidden in a curtain of hair as she knelt with her nose to the floor, bottom upthrust invitingly whilst the eunuch entered her. Liz and the others watched the huge fingers, exploring, delving; then came the hard intrusion of rubber into her sphincter. She gasped pitifully but still had to work with him. His chest was clamped to her back, black hands kneading her swinging breasts. With his large lips slobbering on her neck his long fingers harvested the throbbing bud in the flowerbed of her moist loins.

Each slave had to continue with the shameful routine until they finished with a shuddering climax, tendons straining, toes curled, then stand on rubbery legs watching the others perform.

Liz's heart went out to young Sally, at the look of loathing on her heart-shaped face as she moved sensuously on the black giant. Her small white limbs entwined with his as she kissed him deeply. Liz compared it with the look of pure love she'd seen the girl give her boyfriend, wrapped within his arms at the spaceport before their fateful voyage.

Then Liz had her own problems, bitter shame piercing her heart as she had to use a vibrator on herself whilst Farquil inspected her performance for the required signals of pleasure, either real or faked. This was something she might have previously done very occasionally in the secrecy of her bedroom when her feelings had been particularly aroused and without expression, but never for public consumption as now.

"Huh, huh, huh," she panted, in mock arousal, eyes averted from those watching, moving the humming plastic between modestly closed thighs, just wanting to get this sordid act out of the way. But Farquil was an expert.

"You call that a fucking orgasm, girl?" She grabbed a lock of Liz's hair, jerking back her red face. "Firstly you don't close your legs, like a shy little girl masturbating for the first time – you open them wide. Do it."

Liz groaned as she shamefully spread her legs to reveal to all the busy plastic pressed against the lips of her sex.

"Secondly, I want to see some sweat when you're supposed to be coming ... and there sure isn't any here, sister," the hateful woman ran her fingers over Liz's chiselled face and back, then the fluttering flesh of her inner thighs. "I'm realistic enough to know that sometimes you won't

climax but when you fake it you'd better fake it fucking better than this," she spat into Liz's distraught face. "You gotta look like you're getting more pleasure than you ever had before – and that makes sweat. But I know how to make you sweat a bit – then we'll see how you do it again.

"Please, mercy ..." Liz was gasping ten minutes later.

A guard had marched her outside and pushed her unceremoniously into a coffin-shaped metal box in the blazing sun. From the outside Liz could see the shimmering waves of heat rising from the box but when shut in the stifling pitch blackness of its interior she could feel it roasting through her body. Every breath was a torture as her lungs rasped in hot air. It was an ordeal to avoid any of her bare limbs touching the scalding sides of her tiny prison. The straw on which she lay was soon soaked in sweat as she lay as passively as she could, watching the pink tips of her breasts rising and falling as slowly as possible and avoiding the heat of the closed lid of her awful prison.

Time had lost all meaning for Liz when she was finally pulled out and allowed a glorious cup of tepid water, sucking in the cooler air. Probably though, she reasoned it was less than an hour. And sure enough her body was already shining in sweat when she again had to perform with the vibrator before her audience and this time she made quite sure that she made herself come before them all – no matter how shameful that was for her. She gasped and shuddered towards orgasm as, belly flipping, she was enveloped in her own warm tide oblivious to both Farquil's smirk of satisfaction and the bitch's hand patting her heaving belly.

"That first one wasn't bad, Kareena; now I want a second one off you – get on with it," she snapped.

CHAPTER 11

Later Pug interrupted the grinding humiliation of the lesson. His grotesque stature was enhanced by a new bevy of luscious girls who walked awkwardly along behind him on their haunches. Their painful, squatting posture ensured that he towered above them, their heads only reaching his shoulders. The discomfort of their awkward gait was etched on each pretty face, their eyes widening in shock at the sight of Liz and the others servicing the Negroes.

Some girls Liz recognised from her crew. However, she only had eyes for the man also squatting with them. Her heart seemed to stop before racing furiously. She couldn't believe the reality of Harry, trying to smile through the pain of his posture. His eyes met hers and he winked reassuringly, his favourite gesture confirming the reality of his presence before a tug on his leash drew him and the others away again on their tour behind the dwarf. How Liz wished that she wasn't lying on a desk legs high and wide with the tip of the hateful vibrator still peeking from the oyster of her sex lips.

"Of course you had an 'interest' in that man," Farquil smiled, eyes dancing cruelly as she patted Liz's trembling thighs. "Mr Pug wrote the computer simulation of your captain's execution to free you Feddy spacers from any lingering loyalties during your initial training," she laughed. "Your ex captain, he OK, I fucked him myself last night, he enjoyed it I could tell," she smirked into Liz's twitching face. "But enough of this crap, back to your lessons girls," she clapped her hands as if such a complete hoax and revelation was of no more consequence than a coffee break.

Despite the shame of her predicament, especially before Harry, happiness and love blossomed in Liz's heart. There was also a bottomless core of hate for her tormentors. Their cruel little schemes had backfired. Harry's fate together with seeing the hideous reality of their cocoon master, Krueger, had drawn back a veil for her. It had returned to her that core of reality which throughout her ordeals she had somehow managed to keep to herself. Now it expanded and blossomed within her. The nonsense and deceit dropped away, reality regaining a foothold in her bursting mind. Although she must be cautious and subservient for her crew's sake, something of the old Liz was back.

Somehow she knew she must find out where they were being held and convince her colleagues of their position to undo their brainwashing. Mentally she sketched brief plans of action whilst obediently cavorting before the Arab girl. She had no real ideas for escape at the moment; the dangers were too great and the odds too long. However, they needed aims and hopes for the future to help rid them of the spell cast over them.

CHAPTER 12

The twice-weekly punishment parade came as an unpleasant surprise to Liz, temporarily muddling her clearing senses and setting aside her various fanciful schemes for escapee. Worse, she was forced to take an active part in it. All of the slaves were assembled in the main hall, their strained faces a shining sea of anxiety. The silent tension became almost tangible when Farquil, Quator and the other trainers entered like hated teachers at a school speech day. Liz and the others bowed deeply to their mentors as was demanded by the guards lining the wall. Quator seated himself on a high dais whilst the other trainers sat on the stage below him looking down on the nervous faces of the assembled throng. Liz stood silently to attention whilst Bambi called an endless list of names comprising many of Explorer's crew. Inevitably, 'Kareena' was on the list and her belly tightened in fear.

She followed the example of the others. Walking unsteadily on rubber legs to a cordoned off area at the front, she pulled off her tee-shirt. Together with the others on the list she knelt erect, wearing only blushes, clasping her hands to her neck in the required manner. When Rose followed, Liz abstractly noted the positive effects of the training as the blonde's perfect bottom flowed enticingly with her graceful movements. Waiting in anguish, the discomfort of the hard wooden floor against their knees added to their fear and apprehension whilst the gut-wrenching formality continued.

Liquid terror trickled deeper in her bowels as the first five names were called alphabetically for punishment, knowing her turn to experience it would come soon enough. Each offender was tied face forwards against one of the marble pillars on the stage which supported the high ornate ceiling, arms and legs wrapped around embracing it. To avoid them biting themselves in pain a cloth gag was thrust into their mouths. A Negro with a coiled black whip stood in readiness behind each sweating victim but the proceedings were sadistically drawn out.

Liz was startled when a dozen slaves not being punished trooped onto one side of the stage. Obviously nude beneath tiny white dresses, like sensual angels, they bowed to Miss Farquil.

"You have been selected for the honour of adding a cultural note to the proceedings," Miss Farquil addressed the nervous crew-girls. "You will sing, constantly, from prompts, and if I judge your efforts lacking you too will join the punishments of your colleagues." She snapped her fingers imperiously for them to begin.

Soon the high-pitched notes of the choir blended incongruously with the screams of those being punished. After an occasional glare from Miss Farquil their strained voices blended together in something like harmony.

Liz saw Lindsey's face tense, putting her all into the sweet melody as five of her friends were whipped. The beautiful older woman's eyes blinked rapidly, trying to ignore their screeches. She stood on tip-toe giving more impact to her voice, the cheeks of her bottom swimming enticingly into view. One of the guards patted them condescendingly but, besides jerking with shock, she merely endured the marauding hand, desperately concentrating on her singing.

"Kareena..."

A spinning, roaring exploded in Liz's ears. How quickly she had adapted to her slave name; how she now wished it belonged to another. Belly tight, she was escorted in a daze to the stage to kneel submissively before Miss Farquil.

"Legs wider apart girl, make it wink at me. A has-been Federation Commander has got nothing worth hiding," she smiled sweetly, eyebrows quizzically raised at the momentarily flash of anger in Liz's eyes.

Shame and bitterness gripped Liz as she parted her thighs. The sadist wore the type of elegant clothes she once used to wear, and sipped chilled wine from a frosted goblet whilst smirking down

on her victim. This woman now controlled her, her pain and pleasure as well as her existence. She looked up intimidated as the amused almond eyes flicked contemptuously over her.

"Poor little Kareena, only just controlling your temper and too stupid to learn according to your trainers; you must now pay the price for being a thick cow," she spat sarcastically into Liz's burning face. Her lush flesh shivered as the bitch's syrup-sweet voice listed her numerous errors so meticulously recorded by the trainers. She tried not to imagine the physical lashing which would soon replace the verbal one. The Negro standing behind Miss Farquil sneeringly trailed the many flails of a whip through his fingers.

Although four other victims knelt on the stage being chastised by trainers, Liz only heard Miss Farquil, the most frightening voice in the world.

"Anything to say girl?" she sneered.

"No Miss, I respect your judgement." Liz whispered following the example set by the others.

The proceedings were still cruelly drawn out. She prayed that she wouldn't wet herself in fear as Miss Farquil dispassionately determined how much she should suffer, how much flesh should be removed from her trembling victim.

"As you are a newcomer, Kareena, there is a possibility of clemency from the harshness of your deserved punishment," Miss Farquil spoke loftily from above making Liz's heart quicken in hope. "As a consequence you shall only receive six strokes," the bitch smiled, finally removing that hope as Liz tried to clutch it. The cruelly smiling woman held all the aces.

"Thank you Miss," the Arab woman's foot painfully jabbing her breast reminded her of the expected response.

Her legs seemingly belonging to another, the Negro led her to the whipping pillar. If only she was dreaming, or the world would swallow her; this couldn't be happening, she thought. If anything, though, she felt vibrant and alert, even more sensitive and receptive than usual. Coldness against the warmth of her stomach and breasts made her wince as her softness crushed tight against the unrelenting marble, legs and arms pulled around it forcing her splayed limbs to grip it tightly.

When a rag filled her mouth she bit down awaiting the first stroke. Then her eyes focused to a face amongst those awaiting punishment. Harry's eyes, helplessly fixed on her, bulged from his shining face. As well as anticipation of his own ordeal, Liz knew that much of his anguish was for her. She tried a reassuring smile around the gag but regretted it when he closed his eyes, head lowering. Then she saw Rose and the loving pity in her friend's beautiful green eyes - confusing and muddling her feelings.

She had to concentrate. What would the first stroke be like? The whip had numerous vicious thongs. Could she prepare herself? Would she disgrace herself? Her shoulders flexed in anticipation. Alongside her Rose was pulled against the pillar as if in the obscene embrace of a lover, legs wide, bottom curving tautly. The blonde's tears dripped onto her gag.

Crack!

Without further preamble fiery pain ripped into Liz's back; she screamed into the gag, eyes tight shut, the torture was unbelievable. Only slowly did it recede relaxing her muscles as the first heat of sheer agony lifted a little. Sweat beaded all over her body making her shiver. She couldn't take any more, but another swathe of fire nevertheless leapt across the top of her buttocks, some thongs overlapping the first stroke. She jerked futilely against unyielding rope, unfortunately allowing the lash to curl onto the front of her thighs. Shuddering in excruciating pain, she pulled herself closer to the pillar for some protection.

As she screamed into her gag she heard in the background the sweet voices of her crew singing their hearts out just as she was screaming hers. Hatred vied with pain for supremacy of her body. How could these monsters do this to them? Quator stared down impassively at the pain and misery being inflicted whilst Miss Farquil winked at her before turning to the next victim squirming at her feet. And where was Hassan? He in whose name this was being done, who she had once thought a saviour, wasn't even present!

Her body was tense as a bowstring as she tried to absorb and control the awful dance of fire across her tender softness. She panted as if following the instructions given to women in delivery rooms between contractions, feeling the sweat between toes which curled in anticipation of the next lash. A trickle ran down the curve of her back and between the cheeks of her clenched bottom. Then another burst of pain scourging the top of her thighs had her rising on her toes, stretching, trying to absorb the unremitting fire, growling through the gag.

Yet somewhere amongst the pain Liz found and identified a tiny bubble of pleasure. Was she a secret masochist she pondered? Or perhaps the pain satisfied the guilt at her feelings for Rose and Hassan? Whatever, she was determined not to beg and scream, guessing that Hassan would be observing from somewhere.

Her shoulder and back muscles went into spasm and cramp with tension. The next lash across her shoulders and upper back made the pain go on forever, controlling her, shaking her like a cat with a rat. This was a nightmare of black leather sling through soft flesh, and it was going on forever. All the while sweet singing voices echoed in terrible contrast to the gasps and the crack of leather against flesh.

Sagging, blinking sweat from her eyes, she tensed against the pillar anticipating fresh agony, just that movement sending fresh shards of pain cutting into her torn flesh. Then gentle hands removed the bindings. Was it over? She felt faint. Amazingly she felt gratitude that Miss Farquil had reduced the initial number of strokes, sparing her more pain.

Despite herself, Liz felt for Rose as she was led to the pillar and fastened securely to it in the awful embrace, feet lifting from the floor. The terrible sound of the whip cracking softly across her friend's flesh, and her muffled gasps were terrible to behold, especially with her feelings for the delicious blonde. Yet the strokes of the whip did not appear to be savage, certainly not enough to warrant the blonde's muffled screams and writhing.

Soon, she and Rose were carried away, wet-eyed, in the huge arms of the Negro assistants. In their cell her colleagues were already face down on their bunks, assistants applying oil to their red flesh; amazingly their skin wasn't broken. She guessed that they were too valuable commodities to be badly hurt. Then she remembered the unexpected offer of a delicious warm drink before the punishment parade. With the veils of deceit slowly lifting from her Liz guessed correctly that it had been a stimulant to make them more sensitive to the pain without the whip needing to inflict any damage on them. It was all more symbolic than real.

Then she was lowered tenderly face down on her bunk. Next came the gasping, blessed relief as cool, scented oil was gently rubbed into her burning flesh. She cried, feeling some of the pain lift, hearing the deep voice of the Nubian.

"There white missy," he spoke softly, "this gel heal you overnight, make you better some. Just don't be a bad girl like this again. You gotta learn fast and not be disobedient otherwise you be up there often having some skin taken off your pretty backside I reckon. Is that a bit better now?" He towered over her cringing body.

"Oh y-yes thank you... Sir." She sobbed, surprisingly, grateful to this man who had first caused her such intense pain but who now chose to ease it a little.

"There missy," he chuckled, lightly muffing her hair and stroking her neck.

"Please, may I speak to Sir, Hassan," implored Liz, immediately regretting it as the Negro growled at her.

Slap!

"Haaaarghhh," she screamed as his hand made fresh pain explode on her sore bottom.

"You do not speak slave, least of all your master's name," he snarled. "It unlikely you ever meet him except if he choose to fuck you. Us assistants are your Father, Mother and teacher," his voice softened, "but also your worst nightmare if you misbehave missy. You'll be trained to be a true slave then maybe do just fine I reckon," he possessively patted her smarting cheeks, causing her to squirm and wince before leaving.

CHAPTER 13

Liz and the others waited in trepidation as Miss Farquill explained for the first time the muscle strengthening exercises they must now undertake. Racks containing both thick and thin black dildos stood upright whilst others jutted horizontally from the wall. The pain from their whipping the previous day had receded to just leave their skin somewhat tender, but Liz would do anything to avoid a repetition.

With a smirk Farquill had the Negroes put them into yokes, hands secured helplessly outstretched. She then explained the rules of the new game.

“It’s a race for pairs of you at a time with the unlucky loser receiving 3 strokes of a slipper. All you have to do is squat, pick up an upright dildo using your internal muscles, carry it within you to the next rack and let it go. Oh but there’s more,” she smiled cruelly, “before releasing the dildo you have some fun. You suck on one of the horizontal dildos until it triggers the release of what will soon be a familiar fluid to most of you - which you swallow. Then you drop your load, run back and pick up the next one. The large ones are for your sex holes, the smaller for your little botties, you alternate,” she patted Liz’s bottom.

Even worse, the several watching guards had informal wagers on which girl who would win without dropping any dildos or spilling the fluid; it made Liz flush crimson. She stood beside Rose, her competitor, cringing and trying to ignore the sea of leering faces as she squatted alongside her friends, lowering her haunches over the protruding head of a rubber dildo, easing its coldness within her shrinking sex.

It seemed so strange. The previous night she had made a show for the watching cameras of having a cuddle with Rose in her bunk. However, the whispers she had planted in the surprised blonde’s ear had been more about shaking off her brainwashing. She had tried to make a start unravelling the indoctrination of this place, reminding Rose of their time on the starship Explorer. As she gently took Rose back to reality she had, for the benefit of any watchers, held and nuzzled the delightful, soft blonde hair, feeling the lush body straining and pressing against her own, their trembling thighs scissored. It had seemed so natural to also whisper other words, words of love, and could she ever deny the truth of them she wondered? Now, however, just hours later, she and Rose were pitted against one another, competitors.

Gripping and tensing desperately she walked in a humiliating crouch, bow-legged but ahead of Rose to the rack below where the horizontal dildo jutted. Closing her ears to Bambi cheering her on she sucked avidly on the jutting phallus. It felt so real and so absolutely disgusting to do this, especially in public; her cheeks hollowed obscenely round it. She was finally rewarded with a spurting jet washing her mouth, nearly making her choke as she swallowed, before again squatting over the next rack and thankfully releasing the sticky black rubber below. Liz knew how much pleasure and amusement she was giving the audience but simply had to concentrate on the task at hand.

She tensed her internal muscles around the next dildo, feeling it push tightly up into her anus. She hated any touch there, but knew that her feelings had scant effect here. Curling her toes, her bottom cheeks squeezed up desperately whilst she sucked again on the horizontal dildo. However, it spurted its contents into her mouth with such force that she spluttered and choked, the dildo slipping from her straining sphincter muscle. Thus Rose had won.

“Well done my blonde friend,” Miss Farquill had an arm around Rose’s shaking body. “You won. You now spank your ex-commander and if I don’t consider it hard enough you both get, double, from me.”

Momentary hatred boiled within her for Rose as she bent over before her. Similarly, the other losers from that round bent over before their crew-girl partners.

“Sorry Liz,” she heard the blonde whisper.

“Owwww,” Liz hissed bitterly through clenched teeth as the slipper cracked painfully across her tightly curved bottom whilst her hands gripped her ankles.

“Yeeeeee,” tears sprang to her eyes as her friend scorched her bottom with the remaining strokes. Irrationally she wondered why she had to hit so hard, yet knowing that in reality she had no choice.

Liz realised when she joined that day's ‘love lessons’ that they would be different. Teenage Sally was kissing Lindsey; both were naked and their eyes closed, perhaps to ease their feelings, and they were being watched closely by trainers Miss Farquil, Bambi, Thumper and the other slaves.

“Now embrace, keep the kiss going, press yourselves together girls,” Miss Farquil directed as the two lush bodies writhed together. Finally she told them to stop.

“You're late,” Miss Farquil snapped impatiently to Liz, ignoring the guard who had marched her in.

“Sorry Miss, Mr Quator made me scrub the ...”

Crack!

Liz's face stung from a teeth-rattling slap. Her fists clenched, blinking back tears of injustice, she longed to claw her smirking tormentor's eyes out.

“I'm not interested in fucking excuses, strumpet, just results. Hand your top to a guard and line up with the others. Today,” she continued when Liz had joined the line of pink flesh, swishing her cane for emphasis, “your lessons will include the art of loving another woman. You'll watch and co-operate fully.”

Liz felt sick dread rising when Miss Farquil stopped before her. Her statuesque mentor, staring hotly at her, slowly removed her own clothes. Liz felt uneasy, unable to ignore the woman's beautiful body now unnaturally exposed.

“I know you are a lesbian, Kareena; so let's see how you kiss, my pretty,” the woman breathed opening her mouth over Liz's. The woman's tongue probed open her mouth, invaded and conquered as her hands cupped her quivering breasts; it felt too unnatural. She felt totally dominated as she surrendered herself. “Hmm such pretty lips,” the woman finally broke free, “now let's see your other lips. In the centre of the room, flat on your back, hands on head,” she snapped with complete authority.

Liz gingerly obeyed as the Arab woman knelt astride her, feeling the firm bottom resting on her crotch.

“What's pink and twists?”

“I-I don't know miss,” she mumbled, confused.. “Haaah.” The bitch harshly tweaked each of Liz's nipples leaving them burning with pain. She automatically pressed her hands to her throbbing breasts.

“Now we have a lesson in everyday obedience and trust; trusting your new Master or Mistress implicitly, obeying them blindly. Hands back on your head Kareena,” she ordered mockingly, “let Auntie Farquil see those little buds again.

Eyes wide, silently pleading to her tormentor not to hurt her, she left her throbbing nipples vulnerably exposed again. Farquil's fingers made several exploratory feinting movements towards the lush fruit and then once again tightly gripped them. Liz's eyes screwed shut expecting a burning pain - which didn't come.

“Trust and obey little Kareena, my pet,” Farquil cautioned as Liz's hands twitched. Again her lips descended passionately on Liz's, their tongues entwining, panting as if they were lovers. “Mmm you kiss fairly well I suppose,” she breathed. “But I again have your breasts in my hands, a

woman's most precious fruit, are they not? They are mine to do with as I wish. Do you know what I wish little Kareena?"

"No Miss," it was a shameful whimper.

"This," Farquil screamed in delight giving each bud another savage twist.

"Haaaaaaah, pleaseMiss."

Again her hands involuntarily flew to her pulverised flesh, covering the large brown hands which still held her sensitive flesh. It felt as if her precious nipples had been burnt such was the Arab woman's tight grip

"Back in place my pretty-pretty, you must learn." Breasts rising and falling with anguish, Liz obeyed, her wide eyes riveted on her tormentor's hands. "I can be so nice, so very nice," the mocking bitch whispered huskily, her fingers now the giver of intense pleasure as they lightly circled Liz's nipples, inflaming them to rubber cones in her palms. Still Liz stared almost in fascination at those hands, which controlled her pain and pleasure. "Or I can be not so nice."

"Nooaaarghhh," she gasped, flinging her head from side to side in pain, eyes screwed shut but somehow keeping her hands interlaced on her head.

"Do want me to do it again Kareena?"

"It-it's your pleasure Miss," Liz whispered the correct response, tensing her body against another burning twist of pain.

"Good girl, good girl," she spoke as if to a dog. Leaning forward, her tongue delved to tickle and suck the bruised nubs of flesh. "Now your pleasure," Liz wriggled uncomfortably as Miss Farquil lay on top of her, kissing her full on the lips, her knee separating and pushing between Liz's thighs. It felt so unnatural to be doing such things and especially shameful before her crew. "Hold me girl, you love me, yes?" There were few people Liz had loved less but she knew better than to disobey.

Clasping the woman's broad back, she opened her mouth, returning the kisses with seeming passion. Then the strong brown fingers fanned over and into the warm wetness of her womanhood and Liz surrendered unwillingly to the intense feelings sweeping over her. They were feelings which only a woman's skill could engender in another. Their bodies clasped and entwined, juddering. As her hands followed Miss Farquil's hissed directions she found herself looking in apology at Rose's sensual face, wishing it was her as she climaxed juddering and writhing in the Arab's tight embrace.

When Rose tried to look away to spare Liz's shame, Miss Farquil leapt to her feet, her muscular body bouncing, scorching her cane across the tip of the ensign's jutting breasts, making her squeal and nearly tear her hands from her head.

"When I demonstrate I expect you tarts to look and learn. If anyone looks away or is not enthusiastic their pretty backsides are going to throb some. Do you cows understand?"

"Yes Miss," their meek response deadened the woman's sobs of pain.

"Now Lindsey can try with Thumper," Farquil ordered.

The small Negress stood hands on hips as the older woman hesitatingly walked across to her with the flowing graceful movements already learned. Her fluttering hands touched the small instructor's shoulders and, tilting her head, she softly kissed the girl's waiting lips. Liz cringed as Lindsey's face was jolted by a sharp slap, making her hair fly wildly and leaving a red patch on her startled face.

"You are not kissing a relative goodbye you stupid bitch," snapped Thumper angrily. "I am the person you want to fuck. Show me how much you do so - just with your mouth and tongue to start with. I believe you had a husband in your previous life. Pretend I am him, ask me to fuck the arse off you now girl; then you others."

"Please, please, fuck me Miss," she whispered, a gamut of emotions crossing her pretty, strained face as she whispered the obscene plea. Liz could imagine the woman's thoughts. She was publicly naked, reminded of a normal life with her husband, a rich husband who would

probably buy her anything she wanted – except an escape from what she was now forced to do. Copying the example eventually set, Liz next held the small Negress close, her lips closing over the girl's mouth and her darting tongue seeking out the other. She urgently pressed her bare breasts against the girl.

“Please fuck me Miss.” She ground her loins against the girl's, daring to have no shame until she was finally eased away.

“That will do. You see, that's how a real les does it,” smirked Thumper.

Involuntary shivers shot up and down Liz's back under Rose's feather-like caresses and down to her bottom as she sucked her friend's hard nipples. Then she stroked down the exquisite smooth curve of her back from the segments of her spine to slide into the cleft below, gasping as the blonde's mouth closed hotly on her breasts, gently pulling, suckling and nibbling.

She realised with a shock that that neither of them seemed to be acting. Now they held each other's bottoms, sliding a finger between the spread thighs. They knew from each other's glazed look, the pouting lips, throbbing clitoral buds and heavy breathing, the effect of those touches.

In the next logical and directed step, Liz stood legs astride, throwing her head back, gently rubbing the blonde head as Rose knelt before her. Her friend's tongue darted over and in her love lips and engorged clitoris. Hot slivers of lust erupted into her belly under the active mouth. When ordered to reverse their roles she gasped, panting and unfulfilled. She held the smooth cheeks of Rose's bottom, her mouth pressed against the blonde pubic bush, tongue probing within the honey-moist sex lips, seeking out the hard bud. The blonde's belly fluttered against her head, the hands clawing at her hair but she too was denied a climax.

“Don't hog it all, you and you together now,” their trainer demanded pointing to Liz and Lindsey.

Lindsey lay spread-eagled face down on the floor, the tips of Liz's breasts brushing delicately down her back. As directed, Liz's tongue tickled and nibbled from under her hairline, down her neck and each enticing nodule of her spine to the cleft of her bottom. Then she had to lie on the soft body, her breasts pressed against her spine, pubis grinding into her bottom. When they swapped, Liz's back tingled under Lindsey's darting tongue. Shivering with pleasure, they were told to top-and-tail to bring the lesson to a conclusion in the '69' position.

Although their shame was soon submerged in pleasure Miss Farquill clinically and humiliatingly examined every movement until she pronounced her satisfaction. Liz's hair was plastered to her flushed face, squeezed between Lindsey's bucking thighs. Head bobbing, her tongue stabbed out, rubbing and flicking the girl's hard bud of desire. At the same time she felt her ensign's lips and teeth working on her own engorged flesh, her hips now clamping her head and jerking wildly in shameful pleasure. Her toes curling, neck sinews tight, Liz felt the warm bubble building within her belly and slowly bursting out in a toe-clenching, moaning climax of lust.

Forlornly she looked for Rose, wanting to share the moment. However, the blonde was beneath young Sally's writhing body, their limbs clamped together as their bodies jerked in passion. Somehow she quelled an instinctive upsurge of jealousy at the sight. What was she becoming?

Later in the session, Liz and Rose flushed crimson when Harry entered the room of shame with Rose's boyfriend, Michael; they were to receive some training from Sim. Harry's muscles corded in tension as, at the threshold of the room, he witnessed the gasping, shining bodies.

He had vowed to protect his crew to keep them safe after their ordeals on Magellan. Yet had he kept that resolution? After being shamefully treated by those pirates they were in the hands of other monsters. He tried to ignore the delicious sights but he ground his teeth in impotent fury as across the large training room Farquill's hands roamed at will over Liz's lush curves. She stood

naked, arms above her head whilst the Arab woman rubbed oils into her shoulders and breasts. Now the woman's hands moved down her belly and thighs, sliding lovingly over the soft flesh Harry wanted so much himself.

He cringed as Bambi, catching his eye, strode across to Liz. Deftly twisting her arm behind her back in a 'half-nelson,' she forced his lover to bend tightly forward like a dangerous criminal and propelled the helpless brunette across to him. He knew that Liz could look after herself but Bambi was a powerful girl. And Liz had obviously, like himself, been temporarily broken; they all knew the futility of resistance.

"Bet you'd like to help her?" the Negress mocked, jerking Liz upright, making her orbs bounce. Her teeth were clenched tight with pain, making Harry's muscles bunch impotently. "Instead, you'll disrobe," she grinned, a powerful black arm now curled familiarly around the waist of the girl he loved – just as he used to do, indeed now longed to do.

Standing to attention, Harry flinched as Bambi arrogantly stood before him with legs planted wide, the mounds of her large breasts beneath the leather jerkin brushing his bare chest like tennis balls. Her hand traced down his taut belly to hold his manhood, feeling it grow under her touch. Next to her Liz stood obediently, her hands behind her whilst the dark fingers simultaneously delved between her spread thighs.

"You seem uncomfortable standing naked before a clothed woman?" Bambi scorned. "You don't have much to offer," the lie was obvious. "Or perhaps you worried about little Kareena here?" She laughed, in total control as her hands slid over the lush white flesh, making Liz's haunches begin to shudder under the deft fingers. "Never mind, she will be fucked by an expert - me. You'll enjoy that, won't you darling?" the woman purred like a cat.

"Yes Miss," Liz gave the only possible response, unable to look at Harry.

"There you are then big boy," Bambi's eyes danced with exultation as she casually flicked Harry's jutting erection. "You can continue your training with Mr Sim without any distraction."

"He's got a nice firm butt hasn't he," Sim gave his buttocks a humiliating slap before sliding his limp fingers around Harry's now straining erection. "Bet you were familiar with this," he taunted, drinking in the anguish on Liz's face.

"Come my pretty," Bambi dismissed them from her attention; she led Liz back to her class with a humiliating and painful pincer-like grip on her nose. Tears of frustration and shame sprang to the beautiful eyes.

To Harry's despair, Sim gave him and Michael a humiliating training session in the same room as the female slaves. The young effeminate lad's limp hands tapped his tight chest in admonishment.

"You really must do better," the high-pitched voice demanded, "it should remain stiff, concentrate!" The last command was emphasised by him flicking one of Harry's nipples.

Trying to deal with his rage and sickness, Harry resumed the masturbation of his now flexible penis, wanting to avoid the damp, hot hands of his mentor on his body again. He was acutely aware of Liz and the other women casting occasional glances in his direction.

"Keep it there, at that level, constantly stiff, but no ejaculation - or you get punished. Eventually you'll be able to reach this state without touching yourself, just thinking. It's what the female customers expect of a male slave like yourself - a permanent erection on demand."

Compliance with Sim's demands was easier now for Harry but the expenditure in rage and frustration to achieve it took a terrible toll. He could both clearly see and hear his woman at the complete and tender mercy of others - and was powerless to prevent it. The hands of the Negress slid over and into Liz's body as she stood spread-eagled against a wall, her sighs all too obvious. Squirming back against her the trainer pressed herself against the delightful bottom; bouncing and juddering, the tip of the strap-on phallus nestled between the flexing cheeks.

It seemed to Harry that neither Liz nor Rose needed much encouragement to press themselves together. It was later in the session and now, eyes closed, their lips opened in a long kiss as in a

tight embrace they clasped their sticky bodies together, breasts and bellies meeting, hands cupping each other's pert bottoms as they entwined in a slow, erotic dance of passion.

The sight of all the lush bodies writhing so sensuously remained in Harry's thoughts, ensuring his own desire remained hard enough to keep Sim satisfied after Miss Farquil's hand playfully slapping each bottom had sent the girls scurrying from the room. Yet thoughts continually tormented him as to just how much of Liz's performance, especially with Rose, was to order and how much her own desire?

CHAPTER 14

For Liz and Rose came the ultimate, the peak of their training, their reason for existence now. Despite partially shaking off their indoctrination they felt a glowing excitement mixing with their fear. They were the first of the crew to be led before Hassan. As had happened before their first visit, assistants bathed them in scented oils. Naked as babes Quator again led them on the familiar crawling route by neck chains attached to their collars. Finally, in the inner sanctum they stood with their eyes to the floor, hands on head, waiting. The enticing smell of food assailed their flared nostrils making their empty bellies rumble.

“Kareena and Hotlips for your sampling sire,” Quator offered respectfully.

“Toss a coin for me Quator, heads Kareena first, tails, Hotlips,” he finally chose to acknowledge them.

They had never been chosen in that manner before. Bitterness was bile in their throats as they heard the coin tinkle.

“Heads sire.”

“The dark-haired first then; send her under the sheets by my feet. She can begin while I finish this story.”

Rose remained standing hands on bowed head by the wall whilst Liz crawled to the foot of the huge, sumptuous bed. She had the bitter pill to swallow that the man she both hated and craved, and had to pleasure, was totally ignoring her whilst he read the book propped on his chest! Quator lifted the edge of the black sheet.

She established the direction of her quarry whilst he read, never even glancing up. Pulling herself upwards she felt Quator casually slap the curve of her hindquarters as if she were an animal as she wriggled into the satin darkness. Gingerly so as to avoid disturbing her Master, she slid on her belly before lightly touching Hassan's feet. She inched forward and, as she had been thoroughly trained, began kissing his manicured toes. Slithering upwards she found his muscled legs, pressing her softness against them. She ensured that her breasts dragged over his thighs, then scissored her legs around his as she wound around him like a pink, sensuous snake. He was erect, and her breath caught in her throat at his sheer size. There was no other acknowledgement of her presence. She hoped bitterly that he enjoyed reading in bed - just as she used to in a previous existence.

Softly Liz licked over his entire genital and anal region, stroking and sucking avidly as she had been taught, as she must. Then she pressed the fur of her womanhood against his legs, straddling, writhing her way higher. His hard muscles rippled, his tight nipples straining buds under her flicking tongue.

Now she gyrated her pouting sex lips like an erotic dancer over the hard rigidity of his manhood, feeling it throb against her. He was so big, her breath caught in her throat. The sheet was sliding away under her bucking body whilst he continued reading. Inching her hips down she slid his tip, tantalising, a tiny way past her wet sex lips, undulating her loins slightly, gripping just the tip with her internal muscles, squeezing. Kissing his throat, her head emerged from the top of the sheet. He still read his book. Abstractly she saw him casually select a succulent sweetmeat from a box by his bed, her stomach reminding her how long she had been on her meagre diet.

Bitter despair and fear ate at her. Had she failed to interest him? What more could any woman do? Although she couldn't deny his animal attraction she had made herself into a wanton woman, quite out of character. Would she be consigned to the salt mines as a failure? Her hands were on his chest, rubbing, caressing; she sunk down astride him, impaling him deep within her. Gasping with pleasure, fully stretched, she appreciated indeed just how huge he was.

Her wide eyes implored him, willed him as she gripped his throbbing length within her. Then at last he looked up, impassive, eyes flicking to her heaving cherry-tipped breasts. Nervously

licking her lips like a virgin, keeping eye contact, wanting advance warning of any impending dissatisfaction she undulated her loins sensuously, further sliding the tight warm sheath of her sex over him.

Gradually, teasing her, he put down the book. The attraction of the liquid heat of her velvet-soft sex grew. She covered him like a tight glove soaked in hot oil, gripping, squeezing whilst her large eyes oozed desire; whether it was real or faked he didn't care. Although he had countless women under such circumstances, this one was something special he thought. He resisted the urge to reach up for her swinging breasts. He didn't want to make her feel too special. Nevertheless, he took some pity at the pleading of her eyes. All of his slaves knew what fate his rejection would bring upon them.

"I suppose you want me to fuck the arse off you?" he asked quite normally.

"Y-yes, p-please Master," her voice was low, soft and grateful.

"Ask me then," his tone held a trace of annoyance and Liz recalled her instructions, knowing that she should have asked to be pleased.

"P-please Master, please fuck the, the a-arse off me," she breathed in his ear, kissing his face.

"Louder girl."

"Please fuck the arse off me Master," she begged loudly, desperately.

"Hold this in your mouth for me, don't eat it," he ordered, placing a delicious sweet between her lips.

She was hungry, slaves always were kept that way and the temptation to bite and swallow must have been overwhelming - but she simply gripped it, salivating. Taking the smooth globes of her bottom in a tight grip he thrust deep into her, ramming up and down, pumping in unison with her.

He felt her contract and shudder, body rippling. Ignoring her wildly bouncing breasts he pointed to her mouth.

"Give."

Obediently but so reluctantly her mouth met his and relinquished the delicious sweet. He saw the longing in her eyes as he swallowed it whole, then his tongue delved into her sweet pink mouth, probing, flicking and exploring. It moved to lick her erect nipples, whilst his long fingers stroked her womanly bud and into the tight heat of the puckered entrance beyond. He could feel her responding, gripping with both orifices as he played the magic buttons of her body like a skilled flautist.

"Ooooh please, please, pleeease," she groaned, her hunger and hate for him forgotten; they were replaced by a wild desperation and pleading in her eyes. She knew she mustn't take her pleasure before him as she writhed on him.

He decided to string her out, holding back, making her pump, whilst striving to hold herself in check. Her hair clung wetly to her chiselled face as her teeth nibbled his throat, her fingers delving into his sphincter, igniting the final spark.

Deliciously he felt her shining body quivering against him for a full minute, tight as a bowstring. Then he relented, rearing up and pumping his loins and lust urgently into hers. Her lush body jerked like a demented puppet, breasts bouncing wildly as she was washed away on a warm tide of passion, haunches jerking furiously.

"Yeeeeees, yes Master," she repeated respectfully, gasping in pleasure, neck thrown back, sinews taut eyes and squeezed shut as he spurted deep into her. "Ooooh Master," she cried softly, slumping against the satin, sticky with pleasure, stroking his chest. Panting on top of him, her long hair was plastered to her head and his neck. His broad hands absently stroked lightly down the enticing valley of her back to the swelling of her hindquarters. Her bottom continued to undulate; slaves were taught never to stop until ordered.

She hated herself. Although she had mentally pledged to fake it there was just no denying his experience or her body's pleasure. She felt physically and mentally drained, but what should she do next?

After a few minutes Hassan decided to rise.

“Off,” he gave her flexing bottom a none too gentle slap, pushing her to one side, a discarded doll.

Then, leading her by the hand to a large indoor pool, they both climbed in and luxuriated in the scented water.

Hassan climbed out and Quator led Liz from the water to stand like Rose, hands on bowed head by the wall, finished with her purpose served.

Rose had witnessed the brute with Liz, heard the sounds of flesh on flesh and the pleasure given and received. She may have wondered, with maybe a little jealousy why Liz had seemed to enjoy it so much? Then her Master's powerful hands were on her bottom pulling her stumbling against him. She could at last raise her head and ease her aching neck. Hassan had an indolent smile on his handsome features, his manhood, incredibly now erect again, pressed against her stomach. A hand traced slowly down her spine, making her shiver. Easing between the cleft of her bottom it probed both orifices. As she had been trained she squirmed against him, straddling her legs round his, sliding sensuously up and down, her hands gripping his shoulders.

One huge hand moulded to her breasts, his tongue flicking her nipples erect, kissing the buds and up to her fluttering throat.

“Well Hotlips?” he queried, smirking, eyebrows raised.

“Please fuck me h-hard Master, fuck me now,” Rose, large green eyes imploring, giving the required plea.

Using his considerable strength he gripped each cheek of her backside, lifting her onto him, impaling her with his flagpole of ravishment.

“Ooooh, mmmmmmm,” the gasp was torn from her as she sunk onto his throbbing piston, her head thrown back, neck sinews taut.

Hassan must have been in heaven. Rose might well have hated him, hated what she was having to do for him; but that didn't show in her lustful enthusiasm.

Liz heard and slyly looked at the coupling pair. She knew without boasting that she and Rose were probably two of the most beautiful girls in the harem - and he was having them both together. He bounced the lush blonde on his lust, the firm bottom clenching with her pleasure as she gripped him deep within her. One of his long brown fingers quickly found her awakening bud, flicking and rubbing expertly as his manhood filled her. Her legs hooked around his, aiding her jerking haunches.

“Haaah, mmm.” Eagerly Rose returned his kisses, probing and exploring; whilst one hand circled his muscular chest, the other was holding and delving between his powerful buttocks. She tore her mouth from his to suck and delicately chew his nipples, creating electric circles of pleasure within him. Her eyes were pools of desire, her honey-pot pure liquid silk as she undulated on him, gripping and stroking. After he pumped into her, she gasped, going rigid with her impending explosion of lust. Her nails became talons as she rode her own stallion of pleasure across the finishing line.

After bathing, Hassan had both of his new slave girls dance to the soft music he activated from his bed to caress the entire room. He was treated to the delicious sight of both beautiful bodies erotically entwined, kissing, each other, hands sliding over supple curves glimmering in the now dimmed light. Both Rose and Liz were seemingly in heaven. Under his direction they kissed deeply, bringing each other to a second shuddering climax with fingers and rubbing knees. He drank deeply from a goblet of chilled wine, toasting them, but offering them none.

“I suppose you two will do,” he finally condescended; he never praised slaves. “You may share a sweetmeat to replace the energy you've so enthusiastically used,” he laughed, playfully slapping

their undulating rumps. It amused and stimulated him, as hands still on heads the two beautiful women had to incline their heads, lips pressed together. Their breasts brushed as they shared and savoured the large sweet between them. "I no longer need you, I'm sure Mr Quator or Miss Farquil will find you duties," He patted each curvaceous bottom paternally and dismissed them from his presence, returning to his book.

Yet thoughts of these two women somehow returned to disturb him, unsettle him, especially Liz. Even to him it seemed unfair that someone as beautiful and self-sufficient as her should end up merely as nothing but a mindless slave. Various chains of thought began to trickle through his mind.

CHAPTER 15

"Cell search," shouted two young guards later that day. Their walls had been adjusted to transparency and Liz tried to ignore the concerned faces of the male slaves, including Harry, in the cell opposite. As always their helpless frustration at witnessing the guards and trainers freely enter the females' cell was obvious.

Liz ground her teeth in helpless rage as she knelt clasping her hands obediently to her head; the two lads continually ogled them. They only casually glanced around, a pretence of searching the room.

"Strip search - remove your clothes girls," they leered.

Rose's hand on her arm made Liz stifle her instinctive outburst. Somehow it seemed worse having to humiliate themselves and grovel before the guards. Apprehensively she stripped whilst the strained faces in the cell opposite faded when the guards turned their room wall back again into a mirror.

"Hurry - or we will do it for you," they guffawed as the woman reluctantly tugged off their tee-shirts. "I know you're more used to your trainers doing this - but someone has to occasionally check them. Will this help?" he smiled, producing a cane, enjoying the widening of their eyes in dread as they hurried to obey his order.

Liz and the others all stood naked, shivering lightly under the crude scrutiny, hands laced behind their necks. The two guards made another brief show of checking the cell; then they turned to the blushing women. Liz bit her lip as the hands patted her hair, then crudely lifted her breasts and delved between her thighs before moving over Rose and Lindsey either side of her.

"You have nice mouths, you can use them. Kneel here," one guard snapped to Liz, pointing to his feet. "You, kneel beside her ready for my pal after he's kept watch," he said softly to Rose, cupping her chin. "You others lean against the wall, we may want you another day," he smiled.

The second guard went outside, flicking off the cell's monitoring view screen. Meanwhile the first guard had unzipped his trousers, pointing within. Swallowing her hatred and disgust, Liz extracted the hardness growing between her fingers. She knew that she had no choice but then an idea occurred to her. Steadying herself, her hand brushed over the bulge of her tormentor's back pocket. She briefly caught Rose's eye.

She imagined that he wouldn't believe his luck at her sudden enthusiasm. Her mouth closed over his erection, sucking eagerly, her hands gripped his buttocks.

"Wait," she whispered, looking up with wide eyes, "I want all of you."

Initially tense as her cool fingers deftly lowered his trousers and pants, the guard's caution soon ebbed, his eyes closing when her hot mouth redoubled its efforts on the whole length of his throbbing member and balls. Within a few seconds she was gently stroking his buttocks, sliding between them to seek out the heat of his anus, firing his lust still further.

Neither he, nor his companion outside, saw Liz deftly extract the guard's wallet and pass it to Rose. Neither did they see Rose slide the guard's ID card from the wallet. Using her skills from Explorer's personnel files, she touched the right pressure pads on it for its silicon chips to display the lad's present work location. Within ten seconds, Rose had replaced the ID in the puddle of clothing at the guard's straining, quivering feet. They at last had knowledge of their whereabouts.

Oblivious to what had happened the guard took Liz's silky hair in each hand, gripping tightly. She knew her duty would soon be over.

Later, after locking the cell door the guards re-activated the monitoring systems from a switch outside before patting each other on the back, laughingly strolling away.

"We're on a planet called Romulus. The card wouldn't reveal the exact location but it's an underground commercial research and drug rehab facility apparently," Rose whispered excitedly to Liz under the pretence of another stolen sexual exchange in her bunk.

It rang a vague bell for her. Romulus was a poor, remote planet consisting largely of deserts and colonised predominately by Arabic, African and Mediterranean peoples from Earth a century ago. The Romulans were not particularly friendly towards the Federation but not outwardly hostile. Sparsely populated, she suspected that it was a good choice for a slave trading empire. The Government would probably turn a blind eye if the slave trade kept sufficiently to itself and the local people would hardly care what happened in a research facility containing drug offenders. That knowledge was the first stage of their fight-back and both Liz and Rose felt the bubble of joy at the prospect that they were at last able to do something.

CHAPTER 16

Liz's hands trembled as she dressed in the flowing robe, designed to titillate not cover. She, Rose, and Sally had been carefully and painfully instructed over the last few days to perform a dance for her Master, Hassan. The pain and humiliation of those training sessions with Miss Farquil and Sim burnt deep into her soul.

Rather than flowing robes, their uniform used for training in the dance routine consisted of long, thin black thongs which pulled tightly and uncomfortably up into the cleft of their bottoms to neatly divide their love lips. It then curled around their waists, crossed diagonally between their breasts and fastened in halter-fashion behind their necks. The thin black lines concealed nothing of their beautiful undulating bodies, just emphasised them. However, although the thongs were minute the girls found that they concealed a painful secret - a thin wire running their length. The choreographers could press a remote control button on their wristbands causing a painful electric shock to jolt through the thong of any of them who might be remiss or lazy.

"For fuck's sake you must and will do better, you lazy cows."

"Haaah," Liz often gasped as a line of pain encircled and bit into her most tender femininity. Miss Farquil and Sim had demanded exacting standards and respect.

She just hoped that all of their backbreaking toil and sweat would be appreciated – but she doubted it.

As they swept onto the large floor of Hassan's private quarters every curve of Liz's lush body was clearly visible, thrusting through the thin virtually transparent material alternately flowing around or adhering to her. Scampering out on feet painfully trained to seem lighter than air, she nearly stumbled when her pre-ordained route took her before Hassan. She had been screwing up her willpower and resolve as she was forced to flaunt herself so shamefully before her Master. He was the man she once adored, but who she now knew simply counted her as just one among many slaves - to be sold when trained. However, she hadn't counted on the reclining figure by Hassan's side, grinning just as broadly as he; it was her arch enemy - the reporter Velma Strood.

Only the knowledge of Miss Farquil watching from the wings and the threatened punishment if anyone faltered and shamed Farquil before Hassan kept her going on 'auto-pilot.'

Humiliation burnt deeply into her soul as Velma, her arch enemy, winked at her, raising her goblet of wine in salute. It took every ounce of her resolve to splay her legs wide before the two seated figures as she had been trained. Gently undulating and bouncing on bent knees the three girls slowly drew their robes away. Seductively Liz slid the discarded thong, now coiled like a rope over her parted sex lips, which pouted provocatively at the watchers. Hard against her vulva, deep into the cleft of her bottom the flimsy silk slid forward and back until discarded in unison to leave them all nude.

As Liz continued the obligatory routine, thrusting her breasts straight at the grinning couple, her hatred, especially for Velma, simmered. She and Velma had disliked each other at first sight several years ago when Liz had scorned an interview with the reporter and poured her drink over her. Velma, more years Liz's senior than she would ever admit to, had always been jealous of the Federation's 'pin-up' Commander, and her articles were often bitchy towards her.

After Liz's capture and incarceration in the Magellan prison camp, Velma's revenge had been sweet. She had heaped scorn and humiliation on the captive beauty, making her the subject of a propaganda film then abusing her bound body with a dildo. Liz had sworn revenge on the hated woman but the tables were still turned terribly against her. Now she had been reduced to the demeaning role of a performing slave girl before the horrid woman.

"Hello Liz, oh sorry, Kareena - good to see you again," Velma purred with venom as the dance obliged Liz and the others to arch their backs and press the tips of their breasts against the upturned palms of their relaxing, grinning audience.

"You want her?" offered Hassan to Liz's horror.

"Well, she's really just an old tart now isn't she," Velma spat the lie mockingly into her crimson face, "I think I prefer the pretty young one." She reached out to cup the curves of Sally's undulating body. As was required of her, the dark-haired youngster immediately returned the pressure, pushing herself against the older woman's hand with simulated desire.

"You're probably wondering what I'm doing here, Hartley," Velma giggled abstractly whilst idly flicking Sally's nipples, making the youngster gasp in pain. "Well, it wasn't co-incidence that Hassan found you in Jabba's little haven. I knew from one of my sources that he was often able to lure ships into his web, give false readings on instruments etc. So I was still close to both Magellan and Jabba's planet when you made your escape. When your ship apparently disappeared from the screens, my instinct told me where you might have gone. I mentioned to my old friend Hassan that it might be worth seeing if anything interesting had fallen into Jabba's net; and it had."

"Are you sure you don't want Kareena?" offered Hassan again.

Liz didn't know if she could prevent herself leaping at the mocking face as Velma put her head on one side, reaching out to her bouncing breasts, which she was obliged to proffer even harder against her tormentor.

"Put it here *girl*," and she used the term with utter derision. "Help me decide," Velma ordered, extending her hand palm upwards.

Liz bit her lip in fury as she squatted over the hand, gyrating her hips obscenely then slowly lowering her haunches till she sat on the moist palm - just as she had been taught. Her breasts rising and falling in anguish, she felt a finger extend up into her. Immediately she gripped it, again as she had been instructed, undulating up and down with a seductive intent which camouflaged her disgust and hate at having to do this for her old enemy.

"Now the others, I'll weigh them up," laughed Velma, snapping her fingers for Sally similarly to squat.

Hassan laughed as both women maintained their posture, undulating on Velma's hands. Then she replaced Rose with Sally.

"No, I'll have something fresh I think my dear Hassan," Velma smiled icily into Liz's bleak face, "I've had that Kareena once - she was nothing special you know," she laughed. "You girl," she pushed her finger up hard, making the youngster gasp, "sit on my lap; I feel like a girl tonight - not a hag."

Liz ground her teeth in the even deeper fury of rejection by someone she despised, as Sally was obliged to straddle the offered lap. The monstrous woman enfolded the youngster's shivering nudity whilst Liz and Rose continued to jiggle and proffer their swaying bodies before the eager gaze of their tormentors, enduring the groping hands. Finally, Hassan grabbed Rose, "I'll have you Hotlips, I think," he said, so obviously playing Velma's game of humiliating Liz.

Liz knew he would guess that his rejection of her would add to her shame before Velma, and thus increase Velma's amusement. Might he also guess her further feelings at the sight of him mauling the gorgeous blonde?

"Lose yourself girl, an early night for you," he instructed Liz, dismissing her as he pulled Rose down onto him. As she obediently scampered past them, she saw Rose's breath quickening and felt a pang of jealousy as Hassan's powerful body thrust into her blonde friend. She also felt sick, hearing Sally's gasp as Velma strapped on her dildo and slid onto the lithe trembling young body.

CHAPTER 17

After being serviced by Hassan and no longer considered slaves under training, the girls were allowed from their cells unsupervised for errands wearing enticing silken knickers and the tiny, yellow sarongs. It clung to Liz's bottom only just covering her globes when standing, each cheek outlined, and revealing her minuscule thong when bending. The dress had two tiny strips running up either side over their hips to blossom tightly over her breasts, ending in a halter-neck with her shoulders and cleavage exposed.

Liz was on an errand. Lindsey and Sally were being punished for a deemed sexual coldness towards Hassan when he had summoned them just after they had completed an arduous evening's scrubbing and polishing. Liz's task was to check the progress of their punishment. Stepping into the cold store where their torment was taking place, she was overcome with sympathy for the shivering women. The room had a thin coating of frost and her companions were nude. Their wrists were twisted up behind their backs and fastened to their neck collars, forcing them into a back-aching stoop. Eyebolts in the floor held their spread legs on either side of an icy chain running about four feet above and parallel to the floor. To avoid the chain touching the spread apex of their bodies they had to stand, shivering, on tiptoe. Inevitably though their straining, quivering, legs and toes would relax and the icy links would sink against the warm velvet lips of their most sensitive flesh. Cruelly a loop of freezing chain had also been draped over each pair of shivering shoulders to just touch their breasts above nipples hard with cold.

She was under strict instruction not to talk to those being punished, merely to check on them. It would cause resentment to ignore them but she had no realistic choice. Probably it was designed to prevent allegiances building up too much between slaves.

Frost tinged the hair and eyebrows of the women, seeming to prematurely age them. Their eyes widened with hope and then despair when Liz's gesture indicated she was not there to release them. However, the kitchens were close by and she managed to obtain a cup of hot coffee. And after all, she wasn't actually talking to them, she reasoned to herself. And hopefully the camera monitors would not be manned everywhere all of the time?

With an arm around the gooseflesh on their shivering shoulders, she held the cup to their blue lips and chattering teeth, sharing it, warming the chill bodies of her grateful crew. Liz shuddered, cold after just two minutes in the room whilst the prisoners were to be confined there for two hours. Then, with a look of apology in her wide eyes, Liz had to leave them.

On closing the cold store she heard a faint whirring and stumbled straight into Kruge's hover-chair.

"You gave the girls a drink; very magnanimous but silly, probably guessing that the view-monitors would be frosted or unmanned - hence you took a chance. But my precious I have my own personal monitors as part of my electronic aids," he pointed to a miniature screen on his chair replaying her actions in the cold store. "If Hassan saw that, you could be flogged for disobeying him," Kruge's voice was as sharp as breaking crystals. He smiled cruelly into her wide, shocked eyes, lingering on her, undressing her. "Sit on my lap." Although she was sickened, there was only one realistic choice. His arms encircled her waist, resting against her thigh as they glided back into the icy room, where he deftly removed his own tiny camera, which he had previously planted there.

"Take it off," he stared at her clothing as the door closed behind them.

Liz shivered in cold and dread as she slid off the sarong and knickers. It felt as if she were undressing on an iceberg. The last thing she wanted to do was do so in the sub-zero temperature and least of all before the abomination before her. She guessed he revelled in his hideous appearance and the consequent effect on his victims. Revulsion in addition to the biting cold forced her to clasp her shaking arms protectively around her as he eyed her slowly. The room was silent apart from the chattering of teeth.

"I no longer feel the cold so you may remove my trousers my dear," his voice was hoarse.

It took all of her control to obey without being sick as she revealed the withered flesh, implanted with tubes of gurgling liquid. It was just as horrid as the time in her cell but now she knew that no one would arrive to prevent him having his awful way with her.

"Please," she begged his mercy with wide eyes, hands clasped imploringly before her.

"Little fool. You'll sit astride, facing me; take it right into you. Don't waste time, make me a man and I might not report you for helping your friends. You would all be in trouble then, wouldn't you?"

Shuddering she straddled his thin lap, flinching as he peeled back her mauve, fur-fringed delights flowering before him.

"Haahh," she squirmed feeling sick as an ice-cold mechanised finger penetrated her. It felt like being stabbed by a cold dagger. Now he stroked over the creamy flesh of her shoulders squeezing her breasts painfully, his apology for a penis twitching and rising. Gasping she pressed against him wanting this to be over quickly, her nipples erect with cold and fear rubbing his tunic. Nearly retching, she somehow manipulated the twitching tube of flesh and tubing against her fluttering belly.

"Oooh, pleeease." Wincing, she eased a few inches into her like a cold slug. It was awful, so degrading and unnatural, but she gripped it desperately, wishing yet fearing it would slip out. This was nothing less than a mechanical rape and she nearly retched. Only Liz's sense of purpose and her feelings of responsibility towards her crew prevented her giving up, fainting or running from the room. Taking a deep shuddering breath, she lowered her haunches to a squat as Kruge's hands slid down the curve of her back to hold the cheeks of her clenching bottom. His mouth captured and sucked the tip of each magnificent breast jiggling before him whilst a cold spidery finger slid between the cleft and into the puckered entrance like an icicle.

"Ughh," the cry was torn from her.

"Grip it girl, don't be coy," he gasped.

Sickened, she squeezed the offending finger, likewise the pulsing protrusion uncurling in her womanhood, her loins jerking both with cold and in a parody of sex. It was disgustingly twitching within her vagina, slowly growing with the hydraulic assistance of his chair, which controlled his bodily functions.

"I'm ready now," he breathed harshly.

Disgusted by his slobbering lips on her bosom, she bounced, panting, ever more urgently against him, feeling his hands tightly gripping her bottom.

"A little kiss for an old man," he sighed, pressing the slit of his mouth against hers. Somehow such an act of intimacy with one so hideous was even worse. She recalled stories from prostitutes that whilst they had sex with clients, they reserved their kisses for those they loved.

Foul breath enveloped her nostrils as she fought her rising sickness to kiss him, feeling with her tongue the quivering pins holding in the broken stumps; it was like kissing a wasps nest. She shuddered in revulsion as something spat and twitched within her and his fingers gouged the smooth skin on her bottom.

How, she pondered, could she have ever mentally worshipped this man, his disguised voice? But she knew it was the brainwashing and isolation of her cocoon.

"Go slut, leave," he pushed her off, seemingly as much disgusted with himself as with her. "Just be thankful that I don't report you."

Hopping around on the icy floor, Liz tugged on her knickers and sarong, flinging open the door and scampering off to be sick.

The slaves' meals were taken in monastic silence. Anyone looking up or even eating noisily, let alone daring to exchange whispered words, could expect to have the meagre repast removed and to be on the next punishment parade. Such was their training that the necklaces of pain were now used with less frequency

Thus, Liz could see Harry and Michael on the opposite side of the long bright room grinding their teeth in obvious silent and controlled frustration as the hideous Pug sat down between her and Rose.

"Hi ladies, is everything to your satisfaction?"

"Yes Sir," they jointly made the only sensible response, their flesh crawling in disgust as the dwarf draped his hands across the gleaming expanse of their long thighs.

"Good, we must look after you beauties," he gave a cracked-tooth grin as he patted further up their limbs, brushing the trembling flesh below the vee of their white panties. "Wider." They both reluctantly parted their thighs to allow his fingers to stroke the velvet flesh at the apex. "You must learn this proper slave posture when a man attends you. Yes?"

"Yes Sir," they whispered, feeling nauseous as the thin hairy fingers stroked over the ripe bulge of their thongs.

"It's nice to be friendly. Good girls get rewarded, I've got a snack bar," he patted a discoloured flap in his trousers. "But you only get it if you're nice. If not you'll get your bottoms smacked."

As his hands played over their silken inner thighs a finger crooked hard against each of their sex lips pouting under the thin veil of their knickers. He winked at Harry sitting stony-faced opposite, his hands taking complete possession of their flesh. Harry's neck bulged as he ate his unappetising morsels while so obviously trying to ignore the liberties being taken with his woman.

"I think they be good, they be very good," he laughed again, slapping the two pairs of thighs, daring Harry or Michael to react, before giving the women a piece of his snack-bar.

"You two have to come with me now, your master wants you both again. I know you'll service him well," he grinned, pulling them to their feet, again winking at the men.

Hassan thrust into the wanton beauty lying on her side gripping his thighs between hers. He was in heaven; the liquid heat of her sex gripped him tightly as she enthusiastically jerked her loins. She and the blonde Hotlips, who now lay obediently face down spread-eagled on the carpet awaiting his attention, were two of the best slaves he had. He idly gazed at the blonde down guarding the soft lips at the apex of Hotlips' thighs, which he had commanded she keep wide open. It would be almost a shame, he thought, when they were eventually sold - but business was business.

He had chosen to keep their hands twisted and bound behind them, thus Liz's lush breasts were thrust out before him. He squeezed the magnificent bouncing orbs whilst holding a cheek of her bottom, his finger straying to the tight heat between the cheeks. She was obviously aroused and frustrated at her inability to use her hands, but he decided to keep her on the boil a while longer. He slid a finger into Rose's quivering, wet heat, feeling her twitch whilst his attention strayed to the view screen showing the continuing training of their companions.

Lindsey and Sally held each other lightly, kissing as they lay curled foetal-like on their beds. Farquill's hands stroked over their straining bellies and flexing bottoms, encouraging, patting.

"Come girls, you will do it," the elegant woman insisted sternly.

Lindsey's face was red with shame as she finally broke wind, closely followed by Sally, the eyes of the older woman closing with shame.

"Good, now both again, louder," their tormentor demanded persistently as the women's shoulders sagged in humiliating despair. Idly, Hassan tried to guess their feelings, being forced to

publicly break wind on demand. Nevertheless, all the girls were trained to do it; some cultures demanded such during or as a prelude to lovemaking.

Again his thoughts strayed to Liz. He felt almost sorry for the beauty, at how her fortunes had nose-dived to reduce her to slavery. He enjoyed having her here, but he sometimes pondered her possible fate when she was eventually sold – as must inevitably eventually happen when things panned out.

CHAPTER 18

The following day, Liz scurried on another errand, for once keen to undertake it. She was to assist Velma Strood with a newspaper article the reporter was composing. Her feet couldn't carry her quickly enough and the obligatory bowing to anyone she passed simply made her impatience grow. At last she reached the door. Restraining the urge to burst in, she knocked softly, politely. No answer, although she heard movement within.

Her hands balled with frustration she knocked again.

She had woken that morning thinking of Velma, and as the long day had worn on to be with that woman had become the most important thing in the world to her. A tiny part of her brain urged her to remember - something about Quator and Miss Farquil entering her cell the previous night with a frightening head cage. Had it created brainwashing type images in her mind? There were also whispered words of warning from Rose who told her not to trust her senses- but what did the blonde know. Maybe Rose was jealous that Velma wanted her? Of course there was nothing to be cautious about all but a tiny locked down portion of her brain argued.

Liz visualised the woman she loved, that kind intelligent reporter just metres away. Restraining the urge to just walk in, she knocked again, louder.

"Enter." The voice, to Liz, was at once both authoritative, yet sensuous. She eagerly opened the door, but immediately succumbed to a frustrated jealousy.

Velma spoke into a small personal computer, the resultant words projected onto the wall. However, that was irrelevant to Liz. More importantly, Harry knelt naked between Velma's spread thighs. His startled face within a head cage still flushed had obviously just emerged from under her rumpled skirts. She hated him at that moment, longing to be in his place.

"Nice to see you again Liz, Harry has just finished now and can wait in the corner," she purred. "Restraint by the wall," she breathed, smiling as her verbal command resulted in the gag in Harry's head cage inserting itself. Simultaneously tiny thongs drew tight to haul his wrists behind his back to a collar, much like those in Jabba's horrid cave Liz recalled with a shudder. A lead attached to the collar contracted to drag him stumbling against a far wall. "Stand by my side Liz and help me with the words, it's a boring article on propulsion systems - you're boring and stupid enough to perhaps help."

The insult didn't register on Liz as she felt her excitement rise at just being near to Velma. She had no concept of how the mind-altering helmet in her cell had temporarily warped her senses towards the woman she hated. She felt just like a kid on a first date with a crush, only ten times more so. Her need for sex and fulfilment with Velma was a physical necessity now; the warm sticky heat between her legs testified to that.

"Please, Velma, Miss, can we forget our past difficulties, I see I've been so wrong about you, I just want us to ... I want to," the words to her arch enemy weren't easy; Velma's lovely perfume distracted her. Unconsciously she pressed one of her hands between her legs, trying to stem her desire for Velma's body. Her other hand touched Velma's shoulder; it felt soft over the blouse.

"Control yourself Liz," she patted the curve of her the beauty's bottom, "I want your help on the article not a quick grope with you," Velma drew away. "Now, these new pulse-light drives they talk about ..."

Liz's emotions were in turmoil as she strove to think intelligently, to help the object of her desire, whilst simply wanting to rip both of their clothes off and make love to the woman who once so tormented her. After half an hour of boring jargon, Velma seemed satisfied, holding Liz's hands in thanks. Immediately Liz grasped them, desperately pushing the bony fingers under her tiny dress and against the damp front of her knickers where her desire was rampant.

"Please," Liz's eyes spoke volumes, imploring the woman.

"Are you propositioning me young lady?" Velma asked innocently, a smile dancing mischievously on her thin lips. "Are you saying that Commander Elizabeth Hartley, the federation's chief slut, wants to fuck me?"

"Please, I want you so much; do anything you want with me. I'll do anything for you, I need you," Liz gasped, cupping her own heaving breasts and bending slightly to desperately and enticingly thrust her cleavage at Velma, a sensuous smile on her beautiful face.

"Well, you've helped me with your article ... you may fetch a dildo from my bag," the brittle bitch pronounced at length. In a flash, Liz was back by Velma's side, her hot hands stroking the length of long black rubber. "Well, first of all why don't you slip out of your clothes and show me that dance again," Velma suggested, smiling at the obvious frustration in Liz's eyes as she was still denied her sexual craving.

Across the room, Harry groaned to himself. He knew what these autosuggestion helmets were like. They'd used one on him to make him act as if he was being executed for the computer simulation. Now he could see Liz reacting to a similar treatment. The implanted suggestions would last around 24 hours before she fully recalled the suggestions ... and her shame.

In the centre of the room Liz twirled naked under the obnoxious gaze of Velma. The woman was old and crinkly; in disgust he could still taste her body in his mouth, one of her pubic hairs on his lips. In utter contrast was the beautiful sleek perfection of Liz. Under Velma's direction she balanced delicately on one leg, the other outstretched upwards like a ballet dancer.

"You've got a supple body girl," her mentor announced, joining the panting, gleaming girl after she had successfully spun several times within her strong encircling arms.

"Th-thanks Velma ... Miss. Please, it's yours, take me," panted Liz unashamedly.

"Good muscle tone," Velma ignored her, running her hands over the smooth shoulders. Then her encircling arms tightened pulling the soft nudity against her. "Nice boobs Liz, oops, Kareena," Velma mauled the beautiful orbs which Harry knew so well, the nipples now like hard red buttons against Velma's starchy blouse.

Liz panted, a lovely sheen of sweat on her smooth curving back. Then Velma placed a hand on each of the lovely girl's firm cheeks and pulled her against her, easing her knee forward to push between the soft velvet thighs. Liz immediately undulated, splaying her legs, grinding her hips against her 'lover.' Harry groaned again in helpless frustration at the exhibition Liz was making. His erection jutted; he also wanted to hold her himself, take her.

"Undress me," Velma suddenly crushed her thin lips down onto Liz's full lips taking her in her arms.

Harry's impotence and excitement rose as the girl he loved impatiently removed Velma's clothes, and when she too was naked, strapped the large jutting rubber in place. Liz stroked it lovingly before reaching out to clasp the crone in her arms, opening her mouth over her enemy's, pulling their bodies together, urgently straddling the rubber projection and jerking her haunches.

Velma broke away slightly and, taking one of Liz's hands she pressed it against her wet core.

"You can wait. Use your hands; make me come first girl. Be quick," she panted into Liz's ear.

Harry heard Liz's sigh of frustration then the soft hands, impatiently pressed, rubbing and flicking whilst the woman cruelly ignored her. He did detect a slight tremor in the vixen's hands as she self-ignited an old fashioned cigarette. Then she casually blew out plumes of blue smoke whilst Liz's hands worked feverishly between her now jerking legs.

Velma's hands closed like talons over her lover's smooth shoulders as she climaxed. Then she pointed to the jutting black rod between their heaving bodies.

"Climb on board; I'll take you to heaven."

Watching Liz writhe against her made Harry shamefully climax. The older woman squeezed her smooth breasts, pressing hard against the erect nipples. Her other hand clasped the smooth globes of Liz's backside, now jerking furiously in passion. Her thin fingers crept between the

cheeks, gripping, delving, probing Liz as her victim strained onto tiptoes, urgently pounding and undulating against the rod impaling her.

“Huh, huh, haaaaahhh,” Liz gasped in time to her final orgasmic thrusts. She nearly had both legs off the ground now, urgently pincering and grinding Velma against a wall.

“Well young lady, I don't know what to say,” Velma smirked, now fully dressed whilst Liz, still nude, held her tightly, pressing against her, kissing her neck. “I've been serviced by both your boyfriend and yourself in the space of an hour. Neither of you anything special,” she sneered. “I'll keep copies of the recordings they make here as a keepsake should we ever meet again. It will also be handy should you ever forget your talents for depravity, Miss Federation Pin-Up. But as you'll soon be sold I doubt that will happen.”

Perhaps her orgasm had cleared Liz's mind; something of what Velma was saying was sinking in. Anxiety gnawed at her and she broke away, eyes downcast. She saw Harry, bound in the corner and her face began to defuse with confusion and the dawning of awful shame. They had bent her mind to their will again tricked her, degraded her - but she was determined that she would escape and have her revenge somehow.

Mentally still recovering from her awful self-abasement before Velma, Liz now felt freshly ashamed and humiliated. The skin-tight coveralls clinging to every contour of her body bore a huge letter 'C' denoting that she was merely a convict on a work-party.

She and several other girls had been taken by covered hover-sled at the crack of dawn to the settlement about an hour's journey from the slave facility. She recalled from things she had read about outworlds that lending out the slaves for such community work helped to make the planet's Government turn a blind eye to their 'illegal' slaving activities.

However, the background reasons for her predicament were not a priority high on her mind at that moment; the harsh reality of it was. The task in the chain gang was backbreaking and she had been scrubbing graffiti from the walls of a shopping mall for two hours. It was worse wearing the heavy headcage and penal gag, similar to the one she had been given in the detention camp on Magellan. Awkward and demeaning, it made her look like a cross between an old-style Roman gladiator and a dangerous Victorian convict. It was worse that the two old guards in charge of them enjoyed the control they exercised over their beautiful young charges.

Passers-by laughed as the girls, whom they would presume were dangerous convicts, were hauled up for some misdemeanour - or merely insufficient effort. They wouldn't know - or care probably - that they were captured slaves.

When Lindsey's short temper boiled over at the constant jeering criticism of her labours the clickers sent her shuddering to her knees clutching her electrified neck collar.

““Graaaghhhh,” she gasped eyes flashing. But her punishment was not yet over.

“Stand out at the front, touch your toes please my dear,” the guard's voice dripped sarcasm.

Liz longed to help her, divert some of the attention away from the glaring girl, but it was impossible. The crowd ogled Lindsey's lush body, which was accentuated rather than covered as the skin-tight covering hugged her every supple contour. The cane lightly tapped the roundness of her tautly curved bottom, pinching up in anticipation of pain.

Whack!

“Yaah,” she squealed, hands momentarily leaving her ankles before again gripping them.

Three such strokes cut across her vulnerable curves before, to the applause of the watchers, she was ordered back to her duties, her trembling hands dabbing her wet eyes. She resumed her task, tears of pain and shame adorning her tense face.

Liz felt helpless, having to look away. Suddenly a face in the gloating crowd caught her attention. It was a Federation Officer, Jake, who had been cashiered for stealing a few years back.

He smiled at the toiling figures. Then a flicker of recognition in his shifting pig-like eyes indicated that he too had spotted her. She could imagine someone like him drifting into such a place as this with the rest of the discarded flotsam of the universe. Flushing at the creep witnessing her shame, she knew his delight at seeing her like this must be considerable.

“So we meet again Commander Hartley - or should I say Kareena?” Jake's smug voice could hardly disguise his obvious pleasure as his former superior officer stood smartly to attention before him wearing her revealing slave costume back at the training centre at the end of the day. Modestly she tugged the hem of her skimpy dress down a little, wanting the ground to swallow her.

“We are going to have some fun,” he loosened his jacket. “I couldn't believe it was really you when I saw you on your hands and knees! Still, I'd always thought of you as a scrubber deep down,” he laughed, his voice echoing in the empty room. “The authorities here were a little reluctant at first to confirm for me your real identity, but money talks, even mine. They could see from my impeccable track record since being booted out of the Federation that I had no loyalties there - far from it. It was partly your doing that I was thrown out, Kareena,” he spat the word with lip curling contempt. “So a ride back here in the cab of your hover-sled, a business deal with your owners, and here we are. Unfortunately, I cannot take full advantage because you belong to Hassan apparently. However, I'll have a little preview whilst Quator prepares a few items; then you can see my new profession,” he smiled setting up a special camera. “I'll take your clothes off myself Commander, and save you the trouble, or shall I have a dwarf strip you? I recall how much you like them.”

She ground her teeth in controlled fury as his warm, sticky, loathsome hands crawled over her, removing the sarong while she stood obediently compliant. It took further self-control as he slid her clinging panties down the smoothness of her thighs, patting her bottom. Bitter tears stung her eyes when he wolf-whistled, sniffing the tiny warm garment as he eyed her lewdly.

“Hmm, I've removed the commander's panties. The Fed pin-up shots did you no justice, commander,” he breathed. Fearful of what he might do next, she was unusually grateful for the arrival of Quator carrying some lifelike dolls.

Liz assumed yet another degrading position under Jake's direction. He now apparently made a lucrative living as an obscene Virtual-Reality doll maker, which she had heard were popular in the pornography market.

Naked, she had to impale herself on the disgusting torso of a reptilian from the planet Watloo. It was vile, degrading, and she gained little comfort that it was only a lifelike model, programmed for obscene acts. It was just as slimy and disgusting as the real thing. Nevertheless, she had to cavort on it with abandon for the benefit of the Virtual Reality camera. Like an old-fashioned hospital scanner it took images from every angle, also capturing sounds, smell, her very essence. Following an agreement between Jake and Mr Hassan this would be used to make numerous, life-sized automated dolls of herself with various 'partners,' such as the reptilian. They would then go on sale around the seedier parts of the galaxy to the financial benefit of both Jake and Hassan.

An earlier such coupling had been with a doll of Sabrina. Her exact image, dredged from Liz's memories in the cocoon, had been moulded to one of the dolls in Jake's collection. She had to cavort humiliatingly and convincingly with the doll modelled on her old friend, cringing at the thought of Sabrina ever coming across the resultant model of the two of them engaged in every obscene act imaginable. And all of this was under Jake's expert and drooling direction as he activated the doll.

Seeking solace from her suffering Liz focused on Harry undergoing training across the room. He was strapped naked into a chair, wrists bound behind him with Lindsey undulating sexily before him wearing only a tight, silky vest, below which her bottom pouted provocatively.

"Part of a female slave's training is to make the male ejaculate without full sex," Liz heard Miss Farquil explain. "However, the male must resist. Whoever loses will be punished."

Lindsey now straddled Harry's lap, gyrating her loins inches above his upright member. Flicking back her hair, she slowly pulled off her vest to reveal her beauty. Not for the first time Liz admired her figure, no fat at all. Her heart went out to them, the strain evident on both faces. Harry's was a tight mask of concentration whilst Lindsey lowered her lushness over his bound knees, trailing the buds of her small breasts across his thighs. Lightly, her red-painted fingertips danced up and down his jutting erection, barely touching. Liz heard him groan as she undulated her pouting sex lips along his thighs.

"Ouch!" A stinging teeth-rattling slap across her face interrupted Liz's voyeurism.

"Eyes off Commander, you're posing for me remember," Jake shouted, wrenching her attention back to her cavorting.

Liz was hot with shame as she danced, naked, so lewdly before the hateful reminder of her former existence and his vid camera. She was now alone with Jake whilst Quator supervised the completion of the prototype dolls resulting from Jake's first 'shoot.' How he gloated at his former commander as she undulated, thrusting her breasts in the dance she had previously performed for Velma.

"Make yourself come with this," he tossed her his old Federation badge. "Whenever I hold it, or smell it, I'll think of Commander fucking Hartley," he smirked.

Dearly wishing to gouge his eyes out but knowing the consequences for her crew, Liz lay on the floor. Following his explicit direction she lifted her long thighs, parting them to make the purple flower of her sex blossom. Biting her lips in humiliation she slid the badge against her vulva, rubbing hard against the bud of her clitoris, anxious to complete the hateful task, hot tears of shame against her cheek.

"Who cares about rules," he winked a tiny cold eye after she had given her best rendition of a fake climax, thankful for her slave training, "No one will believe a slave with a grudge. On your knees, you're getting it doggy fashion commander," he snarled extracting his length. "I wanna feel that little honey-pot of yours. I wanna be in it, fuck you silly. If it's not the best you've ever done I'll tell them you've been disobedient. They don't like that in a slave and I'll enjoy watching you being thrashed."

"Arghh, huh, huh, huh," Liz grunted as he thrust his obnoxious lust into her. Obediently, almost instinctively now, she pumped her hips with his, feeling his sweaty belly against her curving bottom as he came. She longed to tear his obscenely mauling hands from her bouncing breasts.

"You know what, Hartley, I'm gonna tell them you stepped outta line anyway," he spat venomously as he dressed.

However, just as her chin dropped in hopeless dread the door burst open to admit Miss Farquil and several guards.

"You'll be leaving now - and forget the dolls and the deal," she announced sweetly to Jake as the guards held his struggling figure. "We'll pay you something for your time - after deductions for misusing Mr Hassan's property." She pointed to Liz still obediently kneeling and ignored as an irrelevance.

When, after pulling Liz to her feet, they were alone, Miss Farquil ran her hands down the curve of her back, soothingly her like a monstrous mother, then patting the shuddering bottom. Her feelings overflowing, Liz clasped her tormentor tightly, sobbing against her.

“There, there little darling, no more tears eh?” she wiped the eyes of the trembling girl pressed against her. “It's never good to confront your past. We try to erase some of those memories before your training. Now you can look to your future. You'll be a star when those dolls hit the market, meanwhile I'll comfort you properly in my room.” Leading her by the hand she chuckled deeply at the fresh tears this produced.

“Oh Miss, Miss....” Liz writhed in Farquil's arms as the knowing hands played wonderful tunes between her legs. Liz's clamped her thighs around the woman's not wanting to let them go – yet ashamed of herself. It was such a release of tension after her ordeals of the day that she could almost forget the finger also stuck into her bottom impaling her so unnaturally. The hands also rubbed her inflamed clitoris as the lips kissed her so that she returned the feelings with passion, her juddering climax driving away her fears somewhat.

Half an hour later, clasped in Miss Farquil's strong arms whilst she slept, Liz sobbed inwardly, feeling unclean, thoughts racing through her head. She so wanted Harry or Rose and also wondered where the virtual reality dolls would up and what disgusting pleasure they would give people. She knew she simply had to escape this hell and the bleak future it promised her.

CHAPTER 19

“Your husband has paid the necessary fee. Call it a down-payment on a ransom, for this viewing to satisfy himself you are still alive and kicking,” Quator announced to Lindsey’s shocked face the following day.

Scrubbing the floor nearby Liz saw the shimmering form of John, Lindsey’s millionaire husband, within the field of the reality-projector. Such projectors were like booths which allowed people to ‘meet’ even though they were millions of miles apart.

“He must miss you a lot,” Quator continued, laughing unpleasantly. “He had the resources to put out feelers about your whereabouts - which we chose to pick up. It’s purely a private arrangement between him and us but it could result in you being sold back to him eventually - we shall see. Meantime, you may stand on the line, half a metre from the booth. I’ll decide later whether you may touch him,” he laughed again, patting her swaying bottom with complete possession as the shocked woman complied.

Liz guessed from her tense face that she wanted simultaneously to run to her husband whilst at the same time hating him seeing her like this. The skimpy slave costume and the giant’s hands on her merely emphasised her shameful predicament and his complete possession over her. With her husband’s connections and money she guessed that he must have paid well to eventually find contacts on one of the several planets rumoured to use prisoners and slaves. And judging by her husband’s anguished face, this was an ordeal for him too.

Horrendously expensive to use for private use, a view projector allowed him, whilst remaining at home, to project himself into the small bubble of the destination receiver. Shuddering, Liz thought of the countless blind miners on Zarog who had toiled to produce the machine’s fuel. To all intents and purposes, the users actually met, although the projected image had been atomised, sent through space and reconstituted at the receiving end. If Lindsey was graciously allowed into the bubble’s tiny field they could also touch. However, it wasn’t a transportation system. That still wasn’t possible - essentially John remained at home, Lindsey remained here – light years away; but for precious moments they could talk and to all intents and purposes touch. When the connection was broken or failed, only his atoms would return home, leaving Lindsey behind.

Her husband grasped impotently as Lindsey stood obediently out of reach, tears tracking her pretty face, her breasts heaving under her scant covering.

“If either of you break the rules I’ll break the connection and your darling wife will be dealt with severely afterwards, so no touching unless I say. You have twenty seconds each to speak, one at time, Lindsey first. Go.”

“D-darling I don’t know what-what to say. Just please, please get me out of here.” Her time ended in sobs.

“Your husband’s turn.”

“Sweetheart, are you OK? Have they hurt ... look, please don’t worry, you look good, I’ll sort something out.”

“Enough, time’s up,” Quator declared. “If you want to continue, Lindsey must remove her clothes, give the old man a reminder eh, and John must pay another 1000 credits. It’s up to you?”

“Please,” Lindsey nodded eventually as John grimly gave his compliance too.

“Good, you’ll transfer the extra money immediately the connection is broken - don’t even guess what will happen to your wife if you change your mind, all of the money in the universe will not ease her suffering,” Quator smiled, his arm curling around Lindsey’s supple waist. “I’ll remind you that the projector’s beam has been re-routed many thousand times to this destination, you’ll never locate it. You’re probably remembering the time, John, when you had a man beaten up for looking at your wife as the wind blew her skirt up eh? Oh yes, she had to completely bare her soul - and everything else to us here,” he smirked into John’s shocked and then outraged face. “But now

things are different, we can do just what we like with her and you just watch and think.” Quator lifted the sarong to reveal Lindsey’s smooth thighs, stroking them lewdly. “Over to you Lindsey,” he smiled, suggestively patting her bottom again.

Trembling, she removed the sarong to reveal her skimpy white pants.

“Hands.” She immediately replaced her hands back on her head, breasts bouncing at her husband's face. “Move slowly toward the field.”

“Like what you see John? We'll get her to take the last bit off then you can have thirty seconds in the bubble together before I break the connection. If you want that,” he addressed her, “get ‘em off now, and dive in there. If not, I pull the plug.”

Her face betraying her mixed and shameful emotions, Lindsey peeled off her final covering and stepped into the bubble. Liz saw John’s weeping face as he drew his wife against him on tiptoe. They locked together in an embrace but she winced as he clasped her bottom.

“Your wife is having such fun here I expect she can barely tear herself away from her duties to be with you,” Quator smiled cruelly, winking at him. Liz knew that he wouldn't begin to guess half of the indignities his wife had to endure here.

“Last five seconds; say goodbye, love birds,” Quator mocked, dragging Liz's attention back to the present.

“Look sweetheart, they're asking a lot for your release but I'll see Gerry -he'll help, “John’s hands clasped his wife’s trembling nudity against him, seeking to remember it for all time. Yet his eyes stared purposefully at Liz.

Liz was following Quator’s orders and still obediently scrubbing the floor in her head cage and gag. She stiffened slightly at the mention of Gerry. She had moved forward across the floor and knew that John could see her. No doubt the fiends thought it would add to his pressure to show the husband the type of things the slaves had to do in captivity. A Negro on whose lap Rose sat was in another corner shamelessly fondling the blonde. Young Sally hung upside down suspended from her widely spaced feet, not daring to move. She was naked, her wrists bound behind her, wide eyes fixed on the old-fashioned wet razor as Miss Farquil lovingly shaved the lush profusion of her pubic mound.

Liz concentrated again on the bubble where the husband and wife embraced. Was John giving her a message? He had connections with the Federation - and she knew that Gerry was a retired high ranking Fed officer, a friend of hers. She wondered whether he was watching the motions of her hand as she scrubbed? Or maybe he carried a scanner to view the scene later for computer analysis? It was only a long-shot, probably useless, but her arm’s scrubbing movements continually spelt out R.O.M.U.L.U.S. in sign language...

“Time’s up.” Cruelly, Quator dragged Lindsey from the bubble, holding her tightly against him as he killed the connection. John’s image faded into oblivion, his consciousness returning to his safe fireside, leaving his tearful wife in the beast's arms.

Liz was entwined in Harry's arms. Motivated by Lindsey’s 'meeting' with her husband, they had snatched a stolen moment of pleasure in a cupboard during a period when their duties coincided. She needed to gauge her feelings to the man who she had always thought was her whole life.

However, their timing was not so good. Maybe, she thought, she should have listened to her inner senses rather than desire ... but she also needed the strength and reassurance of Harry against her. Lying under the blanket, her thighs clamped around his, Liz hadn't expected the door to be wrenched open to reveal Miss Farquil's angry quivering face.

“How dare you ...” she snapped, her cane lashing down across the sheen on their nudity. They rolled to and fro, still linked, in an effort to avoid the lashes. “I sometimes allow slaves to couple,”

she panted, resting her arm,” but only with my permission. However, what you have begun, I might let you finish. Enter her again boy,” she spoke with a sneer to Harry, “just a little way, we don't want the whore getting aroused too quickly, do we?”

Looking fearfully up at their tormentor, whose hand hovered around the pain-clicker on their collars, they moved together. Apologetically Harry thrust his loins forward slightly, the glistening head of his penis resting against the furry heat of her mound. Edging forward slightly, he slipped just inside the juicy succulence of Liz's sex lips, so obviously longing to thrust back deep inside. She saw that it took all of his willpower not to do so; instead he had to remain quivering on the outskirts of that pleasure.

She licked her lips, resisting the urge to take him fully, knowing they weren't. His hands twitched and she guessed that he wanted to hold her close, crush her against him. That was forbidden; he no longer enjoyed those choices and decisions, which were now ordained by their Masters and Mistresses. She knew that he could no longer even be a proper man without their permission, and deep inside she knew she resented him for that.

“Both of you, hands behind your backs, no touching, just undulate slightly. If I see that worm going into the whore too far, you're both for it.”

It was a sweet torture. Liz rocked to and fro, denied the ultimate consummation, joined only at their loins. Her gasping mouth and wide imploring eyes silently urged Harry to push into her but sensibly he declined. Nevertheless it left her body unfulfilled and she wondered somewhat irrationally if Rose would have found a woman's way of still satisfying her.

“You will continue for five minutes in that manner whilst I decide your fate,” Miss Farquil announced dismissively as she took a call on her communicator, ignoring the couple whose every aspect of their lives she now controlled.

Later, in a cruel embrace of pain, Liz and Harry regretted their indiscretion together. He hung by his wrists, supporting himself only on tiptoe, scrabbling to touch the metal grill set in the floor. Upside down, Liz was bound tightly against him with leather straps. Further straps around the back of her head kept her mouth in place over his penis. The tongue restraint might prevent her biting clean through Harry's penis, but she knew that when the pain ate into her she must inevitably clench her jaws to nip the shrunken morsel of flesh quivering in her mouth. She too would suffer with Harry's pain. His mouth was similarly strapped against her furry mound, the lips of her labia stretched and secured within his jaws.

Liz sensed a guard behind her. Her fists twisted and bound between her shoulder blades were balls of tension, desperately but uselessly straining to cover her bare, unprotected bottom below Harry's face.

Crack!

“Graaaaargghhhhh,” she gasped as the seemingly white hot thongs of the whip lashed across her. Involuntarily she closed her jaws and felt Harry squirming with pain against her. Forcing herself to slacken her jaws was difficult with what felt like bands of fire encircling and eating into her throbbing flesh.

Crack!

Although this time she had been spared the burning intensity of the lash against, Liz jolted in agony as Harry's teeth nipped her sensitive flesh in his own pain. It felt as if a row of pins had been pushed into her sex.

They hung in misery, knowing they had another five such strokes each to endure, cursing the demons who had conceived such a cruel and monstrous torture. Even when the last stroke had sent slivers of pain cracking into their tortured flesh their ordeals were not over.

“Contemplate your folly whilst you talk to the snargs,” announced a guard.

Liz's eyes, screwed shut with pain, jerked open in shock as, with an echo, an iron grate was opened under Harry's feet to reveal a dark pit. Snargs were vicious rat-like creatures and the thought of being lowered naked towards them sent fear coursing through her body.

Her world of light was obliterated as they were lowered into the dank gloom, just as in Jabba's underground den. Ever downward they dropped, their already sore bodies scraping the brick walls of the shaft. Above her Harry gasped, the sound echoing around them as his back brushed the brickwork.

Their downward journey finally stopped to leave them swinging above another grill, under which rustling scurrying sounds were heard. Upside down, ankles aching intolerably from supporting her, Liz could see the tiny red eyes glinting beyond the grill, furry paws eagerly reaching out. Harry raised his feet, grunting from the strain on his wrists. Similarly, Liz tried to draw her head back, but strapped to his groin she had little success.

"Haaah, ugghhh," she squealed as the hanging curtain of her hair was tugged by the creatures attempting to reach her face. She knew that the snargs would eat the skin from her face if they could. Hands bound helplessly to her collar her chin swung vulnerable inches above their domain. "Oooh, please," she gasped around Harry's penis as something hairy scurried up her hair and onto her shoulder.

Desperately she squirmed, shards of fresh agony lancing into her burning flesh and aching limbs. To her relief it wasn't one of the carnivorous snargs; their tormentor had obviously lied to increase their mental suffering. However, there was no way to dislodge the smaller spider-like creature from licking her sweat. More joined it, tiny claws painfully gripping her tight, agonised flesh.

"Pleeeeee, no, get us out." Liz was sick with fear; she hated creepy-crawlies.

Their pleas went unheeded. She shivered in pain and revulsion as the tiny spidery creatures took complete possession of her body. Wriggling painfully, she was utterly helpless to dislodge them even when they delved into her most intimate cavities.

"You sure as hell will not want to try unauthorised sex again," laughed the grinning guard as he finally pulled them out, brushing the tiny furry bodies from them. "Still, a bit of magic gel will have you looking fine again by morning," he laughed cruelly.

CHAPTER 20

Told by Miss Farquil that just she and Rose were going outside of the training centre again - a social visit by car - Liz's heart leapt. Unlike the work gang, they would maybe have a chance to escape or summon help?

Her hands shook as she donned now unfamiliar black satin underwear, black fishnet stockings, and suspenders. These were followed by an equally slinky and clinging short black dress with thin straps revealing much of her shoulders and cleavage. She felt more like a sensuous woman again rather than a slave or a convict. Alongside, Rose looked equally glamorous. However, she felt familiar apprehension when discovered that reminders of their bondage were not to be discarded.

Quator twisted and strapped their wrists up between their shoulders, thrusting out their bosoms in the familiar fashion. A broad face strap secured a rubber phallus to fill and stretch their mouths, gagging them. A blindfold mask rendered them sightless.

"A nice head-to-toe robe to blend you in and we'll go for our little ride girl," purred Miss Farquil as Liz felt cloth being passed and fastened around her before being led outside.

She realised helplessly that her thoughts of escape were somewhat premature. A casual observer would have seen Miss Farquil, similarly black-robed in the apparent fashion of dignitaries of that planet, assisting two other black-robed, stumbling, figures onto the back seat of the air-conditioned hover car, which then pulled away from the fenced compound. No one would see their bound hands or recognise their faces.

They sat upright and still as directed by Miss Farquil. Although utterly helpless, they were at least once again away from that awful slave-training hell. After half an hour, during which they guessed they had covered around a hundred miles, they began to slow down allowing them to hear and smell everyday snatches of sound from the planet outside.

To be amongst real people was bittersweet, reminding her of a normal life now denied her; possibly forever. Unlike the jeering crowd on their last venture out, who supposed them to be convicts, they heard laughing children playing happily. It brought tears of frustration and helplessness to her eyes as they glided through several villages or towns. Liz tantalised herself, longing for the opportunity to alert someone to their plight. There was generally nothing which couldn't be bought on these remote worlds – including help. However, she guessed that no such opportunity would arise; they must accept their fate. As if reading her mind, Miss Farquil spoke.

"Don't even think about seeking help from those you will be meeting," she laughed to herself. "They will have other things on their minds and have no wish to do anything for you Feddy slags. You will be under constant surveillance and if you make any such plea ten of your colleagues, including Harry and Michael, will be sent to the mines. Understand?"

Her silent veiled captives nodded.

"Good. Just think of this as an additional test - and a side-line for us to make a little money," she added. Smiling she settled back into silence, totally ignoring them.

When the car stopped Liz heard the driver talking in low tones, then the sound of a heavy gate being opened and locked behind them after they had moved forward. Her heart beat faster with dread - they had exchanged one form of prison for another.

Indeed, she could have no idea at how accurate her guess was as they proceeded slowly through a dusty compound in a huge grimy prison. Quator left the car to finalise the necessary arrangements with the warders whilst the three figures sat silently in the back. Farquil, her veil pulled back, smoked a long cheroot until her brother returned and the two robed and bound figures were led into the cool of a cellblock.

Liz could not prevent a little shudder of apprehension. The cool building, echoing to shouts and curses, smelt of years of human sweat and misery. Feeling very out of place, her high-heels clacked over a tiled floor until she felt a door being opened and the guiding hands stopped her. Without warning the robe was pulled off and the blindfold and gag removed. She blinked, finding herself before a greasy, fat guard of Latin-American origin in a stained yellow uniform. A phaser-gun wobbled against his bulging gut.

He whistled as his eyes roved over the two seductive figures in clinging dresses, wrists still pinioned, breasts thrusting provocatively. Rubbing a grimy hand over a sweating chin he regarded the exquisite brunette and blonde before him whilst he conversed briefly with the Farquil in a language unknown to Liz.

"Right girls," spat Miss Farquil, "you are now in prison - one of the toughest around and surrounded by murderers, rapists and thieves." She laughed harshly as both women instinctively shrunk back. "Don't worry, you're safe - for the moment, but only if you behave and do as you're told. You are here to put your seduction skills to the test, and earn a little pocket money for us. It shouldn't be too hard for you dressed like the tarts you are."

Liz scanned her grim surroundings, shuddering as she imagined the horrors of humanity they contained.

"The warder here," continued Miss Farquil grabbing her chin; "will take you each to a condemned man with nothing to live for. Your test is to seduce them, and fuck them like the whores you are." She laughed into their eyes wide with shock. "Neither he nor the prisoners speak Fed, or slave tongue, so you must rely on the international language of love. Unknown to the prisoners, if you succeed in fucking them they will be released from prison tonight; and you will have passed the test; something humanitarian to aim for eh? The cells are under view-surveillance so we can see how you make out, and make some nice films for sale. If you fail, the prisoners will be executed and you will be of no further use to us ... and you will remain here in this prison. Understand?" Farquil asked reasonably. Both women shook their heads in disbelief.

Crack!

Her hand, sparkling with rings, cracked across each face, making them stagger back.

"Believe me slags," she spat, "you have no choice. If you've not successfully fucked them by the time the warder and I finish a meal here, we shall be leaving without you. Will you both do as you are told, or shall we leave now?"

Liz knew there was no choice and Rose's eyes told the same story. They couldn't remain here, playthings of the creatures within. They might as well simply seduce one such beast. They hated the bitch smirking before them, waiting.

"We'll do it Miss," they whispered miserably.

"Wise decision my pretty girls," laughed Farquil. "The warder will naturally have to strip-search you before you are taken to the prisoners, so we'll leave you in his hands, as it were," she chuckled. "And, if you shag well we'll see you later," she flaunted over her shoulder.

The warder nodded to Farquil then turned to the two beautiful women standing so provocatively and so helplessly before him in their clinging dresses. After looking them slowly up and down he pushed them both along the corridor, a hand cupping each undulating bottom. Grabbing Rose's bound arms he shoved her into a tiny cupboard set into the stone of the corridor wall, slamming the grilled door to contort her body into the confined space so her face and breasts squashed against the bars. The blonde could only gasp and squeal as he prodded her helpless body.

Growing tired of the sport he spun to face Liz, releasing her wrists and grabbing the strap of her dress, his requirement clear. A tear trickling down her cheek she reached behind to unzip her dress. His appreciation was obvious when he revealed her silky black underwear. Her eyes darting wildly from side to side, expecting a deranged convict to spring upon her, Liz kept her hands crossed modestly over her chest. But he gestured impatiently for her to continue, twanging her bra strap. His masculinity was a hard spear pushing against his trousers when she wriggled out of her

pants to stand shivering with dread in just fishnet stockings and suspenders, a red nipple peeking from between her crossed hands.

Roughly grabbing her, he slammed her against the stone wall spread-eagled against it on stiff out-stretched arms, legs widely spaced. She felt so awfully frightened and vulnerable. In addition to the fat warder there were the countless violent dregs of humanity locked up down the corridor. If they somehow got out and found her helpless and like this ...

"Aarghh," she gasped as moist hands slid down her spine over the dip of her back and between the globes of her bottom. Moving over the down of her pubis his curious fingers probed deeply and simultaneously into each hot tight orifice, making her shudder in revulsion, the rubbery sheath of her anus trying in vain to reject the harsh intruder. The larger opening in front warranted two fingers, contracting around them. Her bottom clenched and jiggled as he obscenely pressed himself tightly against her from behind. He extracted his stiffness to rest between the cool cheeks whilst running his hands around to squeeze and mash her hard-tipped breasts against sticky palms, cruelly pinching to make her squirm more against him. He sighed, giving each cheek a hard slap, indicating that she could dress before strapping her wrists again.

Unlocking Rose's cell, he yanked out her contorted body with a fist in her hair and pushed Liz in her place. Removing Rose's bonds, a playful slap across her hindquarters indicated she too must undress.

The blonde shivered as he roughly spread-eagled her body. He kicked her legs wider apart then pressed against her bottom. With a shock she realised that with the temptation of so much flesh he had extracted himself. She shuddered as his hot flesh slid forward and back against the apex of her splayed thighs, his lips slobbering her neck.

"Please ..." she whimpered, to no avail as he cruelly gripped her breasts, his obscene stub rubbing back and forth over the lips of her sex, gasping hotly in her ear. Sickened she felt his hips jerking; his mouth wet against her neck, his spurting lust; then thankfully it was over before he could penetrate. He allowed her to gratefully dress before binding her hands and releasing Liz from the cupboard.

Liz's belly flip-flopped as the warder led them along a corridor past some pitiful specimens of humanity locked in their cells on either side. She felt practically naked in the tight, skimpy dress before their hot, hungry eyes, wishing she could cover her thrusting cleavage. However, she guessed that they would soon have to divest themselves again of even that minuscule cover. Her fear was tangible as was the overpowering sense of evil almost seeping from the dark, foreboding brickwork. It was as if the anger and frustration of those incarcerated monsters had soaked into the very fabric of the walls sufficient to overpower anyone close. An almost physical sense of loathing, fear, and dread made her shrink back against the warder. She wished again that she was not so sexily attired or her hands bound. Shrieks of delight and catcalls rang out as the grinning warder slapped each of their undulating bodies.

Finally he unlocked a heavy metal door of a row of isolated cells and, after releasing Liz's wrists, pushed her unceremoniously within. The heavy door slammed behind her with a heavy, ominous clunk. She faintly heard the receding footsteps of the warder and Rose.

The cell was small and dirty, one wall dominated by the intimidating execution nozzle. Liz knew that in common with many off-world prisons, from that wicked black hole set in the wall could at any time burst an incandescent burst of laser fire to turn the prisoner to dust within seconds. However, it was the smell of the brute's unwashed body and his fear which first hit Liz as she stumbled to a halt, nostrils flared, before the olive-skinned slob sprawled on a bunk. She choked back her feelings of loathing and revulsion.

The man regarded her briefly with piggy eyes beneath a long black greasy hair before resuming his contemplation of a spider crawling over the bricks in the wall. Briefly she wondered what he had done. Was he a homicidal maniac who would want to kill her? Although she was trained in unarmed combat, she knew she would stand little chance against his bulk in the tiny cell.

Visualising her mangled body being stuffed under his bed, she quickly forced such thoughts from her head. She had to do so if she was to survive.

"Please, I've come to-to, we can - be t-together ..." Liz whispered, trying to smile. She hoped, yet at the same time feared, that her intentions were apparent even though he wouldn't understand her language. Taking an uncertain step towards the bunk, she was determined not to fail and be left in this place. The smile didn't reach her eyes. They remained wide and desperate as her natural womanly instincts revolted, urging her to run out of his sight and smell rather than even touch the obese slob - let alone try to seduce him.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet growling something loud and incomprehensible. It made her flinch back tensing, her hands stretched before her in anticipation of a blow or his huge hams reaching for her slender throat. He shouted something else, dismissively before turning his back to stare up at the patch of blue sky visible through the tiny bars of the cell window. Heart pounding, gulping and knowing there was no choice, she took tentative steps towards him before finally resting a slim white hand on the stained shoulder of his prison uniform. He made no other move as she gently pressed herself against him, the tips of her breasts rubbing against his back. She parted her thighs, grinding them either side of one of his tree-trunk legs. There was no reaction.

Her lips gently brushed his greasy hair, making her shudder but she persevered with the distasteful task, planting soft light kisses, her tongue tickling the folds of dirty flesh on his neck.

With amazing speed for his bulk he grabbed her shoulders to push her staggering back against a wall. She couldn't recall having ever been thus rejected by a man, certainly not one as hideous as him, and definitely not when she was acting as provocatively as now; she was almost begging him with her body. Mixed feelings flooded her befuddled brain. Relief that he hadn't leapt on her was tempered with hurt that such an ugly hulk could reject her. She was also terrified of failure. She guessed that his impending execution had driven all other thoughts from his mind.

Mentally shrugging, Liz accepted that she had no option but proceed to the best of her ability to make the brute leap on her, or face the hideous prospect of remaining here permanently. At least the hulk was still looking at her; some progress she thought. She wondered what Harry would think of her regarding that as 'progress.'

Without crowding him she re-established the smile on her anguished face, demurely inclining her head a little whilst maintaining eye contact. Gently she began undulating her hips provocatively, running her hands over the curves of her seemingly eager swaying body. The beast licked his lips, eyes glinting when she bent, slightly thrusting out her bottom stroking her curves over the skin-tight dress. Taking the cue from this minute reaction she moved her other hand from her breasts to cup both cheeks of her swaying buttocks, inviting him with her eyes to stroke too. He took a hesitant step and then stopped, uncertain.

Slowly Liz approached him, her eyes holding his with wide promise. Then, fighting back the sickness, she took one of his large sticky hands and placed it on her hips, keeping them gently thrusting. Leaning towards him her sweet breath washed over his flabby jowls as she kissed the stubble around his mouth. Repressing a shudder at his foul breath she closed her soft lips over his, the tip of her tongue began probing within.

In an adjacent cell, Rose, naked but for stockings and suspenders, first had to parade up and down at the whim of a teenage Negro covered in tattoos. Then she had gulped in dread as his clothes joined hers on the floor to reveal an enormous black erection. Grinning with pride he stroked it to even greater hardness.

Now she had to writhe and jerk her haunches in rhythm with those of the young buck. His dark-skinned, pinched face was contorted in a mixture of lust and fury as he rutted into the ravishing blonde he had pinned against a flaking cell wall. She was just as eager and compliant to

finish as he, and as her slave training demanded her to be with the insatiable young thug; she too knew she had no choice.

But the blonde saw something of interest on the lad's bedside table which set her mind racing – wondering what Liz would have made of it had she been in this cell?

Several metres away in the adjoining cell Liz felt the huge hands move slowly to her bottom, stroking gently. He licked his lips nervously as she reached behind her to undo and slide her dress to the floor. She hesitatingly placed his hands on her breasts but he only briefly dallied with the thrusting orbs before sliding around to again hold her cheeks covered only by lace panties. He had a hand on each smooth globe as she scissored one of his thighs between hers, sliding up and down.

Beginning to wonder whether he had anything between his legs she decided that she should perhaps check. Closing her eyes to the task she slowly unbuttoned his prison pyjamas, sliding them down his fat smelly paunch until he stood in just a pair of filthy underpants. Her red manicured nails caressed the bulge in his pants feeling it twitch; then she pressed herself against him, his soft lump brushing her belly.

Undulating herself against him in her skimpy coverings seemed to produce no further discernible reaction. Seductively she slid off her bra to let her boobs fall towards him, running her fingers over the creamy orbs until her nipples were two red buttons aimed at his only mildly interested eyes.

Suddenly rage seemed to boil up inside him. With a snarl he grabbed her shoulders thrusting her clinging body away from him before reaching out to cruelly and totally ensnare her breasts so they were no longer visible to him. Squeezing the soft flesh, he seemed to enjoy her squeals, her nipples like two buttons trapped within his hands. In an attempt to relieve the excruciating pain she futilely scrabbled to prize his thick fingers from her throbbing flesh. Now he seemed to revel in his newly found power over her. With several angry nods and grunts he indicated that she must take her hands off his. He pointedly looked at her panties. Eager to comply she bent, pushing shaking fingers into the delicate lace and sliding them off her long legs, followed by her stockings.

Next door Rose too squealed in pain as the Negro's hands tightly gripped her backside, pumping her up and down on him whilst she bounced on her toes, holding his rock-like buttocks, pulling him in deeper. Shaking her matted hair from her face her pulse quickened still further. She had seen a pile of blank paper and a pen on his bedside table. It had set her thoughts churning. She nodded towards the bed, a pleading look in her eyes, whilst his own cruel eyes had now become molten pools of desire.

Meanwhile the beast, probably of Mediterranean origin, made Liz gasp again as he increased the vicious pull on her delicate buds, making her stoop and bend as if he was a puppet-master with a pretty pink, naked doll. He led her around the tiny confines of his cell by her nipples. She was bent over with hands placed obediently behind her back - as he had demanded with further gestures - just as if he was walking a dog. When he had her in the position he wanted he released one bruised morsel of flesh but maintained his hold on the other.

"Harggh," she cried, hands fluttering over his as he slapped the free breast back and forth whilst keeping a pincer grip on the other.

One glare made her replace her hands obediently back behind her as he slapped her, leaving a tattoo of pain on her body. Then his hand slid into the cleft of her bottom, finding the hot inviting bud of her anus. She squirmed as he crudely fingered her rubber-like sphincter. His finger was embedded deep within her, impaling, stretching horribly. But taking her cue from his interest, she began undulating her haunches on the intruding digit. Suddenly he pushed her away, his finger popping out of her as she fell to her knees.

She slumped, pressing her breasts to ease their terrible burning. Her bottom also felt as if it had been turned inside out by the beast's horrid finger. Looking up in despair she, for the first time, saw the holo-picture beside the bed. It was of another guy of Mediterranean origin, slim handsome, smiling for the camera. Realisation of her true predicament and his sexual orientation became apparent, adding to the already extensive core of hate in her for Miss Farquil. Sobbing, she unsteadily regained her feet, knowing that failure was not an option. She could not give up on the glowering homosexual brute before her if she ever wanted to see Rose or Harry again.

Rose had achieved her objective of enticing the Negro thug to the bed and unseen by him removed a sheet of paper and the pen. It had been won at the cost of being flung face down on the bed whilst the brute pumped his loins, animal-like, between her clenching buttocks and deep into her aching sex.

"Huh, huh, huuh."

He grunted like a wild beast, slamming up and down on her sticky back, his fingers curled painfully in her hair, jerking her head. Somehow she managed to scribble onto the paper out of his sight below her bosom and the sheet.

Liz glided gracefully back towards the obese creep, never taking her wide, frightened yet seductive eyes off him as she lay back on his bed. She opened her thighs, the dark intimate secrets pouting at him. Her fingers traced over the mauve hair-fringed delicacy dipping her fingers within the oyster of her sex and the puckered entrance beyond; then curled in invitation to the sweating giant. Turning slightly she lay further down, turning the delicious curve of her hips and bottom towards him, gyrating slightly, her body gleaming softly.

He moved tentatively towards her writhing bottom, focusing where the painted nails held the cheeks apart to expose her little puckered rosebud. Eyes glazed, he released his stiffening penis from his pants; it looked tiny in his huge hand as he guided it towards the tiny pulsating hole proffered to him.

"Hmm," Liz sighed artistically as his flexing tip nudged her tiny rubber ring of muscle.

She felt the blob of flesh harden further and then one huge finger probed ahead into her anal heat whilst the other hand grasped a smooth thigh. As she turned to kneel and present her bottom curving up towards him she saw his eyes flit to her bouncing breasts. The spell was broken. She guessed that any tiny resemblance to his partner in the picture had thus been dashed. With a gasping sob of frustration he slumped back onto the bed covering his eyes, his manhood withering back into his pants.

Liz slowly turned, her assault in the unnatural manner she had offered had not taken place. The beast's huge frame shook with sobs setting his many chins wobbling. She turned to sit beside him feeling almost sorry for him. She was also again hurt that such an ugly brutal slob had not found her sufficiently attractive despite her best efforts. Sweat beaded her forehead at the thought of failure.

Brushing her hair from the sheen on her anguished face she placed a hand on his thigh. She pressed and squirmed the length of her nudity against him, kissing his hairy nipples, sucking and circling them with her tongue. Again she was a wanton abandoned woman with no shame - she had to be. The hard tips of her breasts dragged down his sagging paunch she slid the whole of her suppleness against him falling to her knees. He gasped slightly as her fluttering hands found the bulge in his pants and cool fingers gently teased down the filthy garment until he too was naked, his limp manhood motionless on his lap.

He seemed to tense, waiting for her to laugh, but instead she bent to tickle her tongue fluttering and stabbing over him. Cupping his hairy balls, she stroked them softly, looking up at him with anxious eyes above the circle of her working mouth. When she gripped his flabby buttocks her fingers strayed near to the hot bud of his anus and his manhood took on an added rigidity, coming alive under her active tongue.

At once both encouraged and disgusted, Liz circled her fingers nearer the heat of that revolting orifice. With flared nostrils her bulging mouth worked avidly up and down his manhood, tongue darting, trying to ignore the disgusting smell and taste. When she felt more stiffness between her pouting lips she removed her mouth and clambered to sit astride him on his lap as he raised himself to sit upright on the bed.

His brown member, glistening from the workings of her avid mouth was now several inches long, but after encircling and stroking it softly with her fingers she realised it was still not sufficiently rigid.

"Haaaaaah." Rose gasped out the orgasm expected of her despite one brute black hand bunched in her hair, painfully arching her head back, the other cruelly squeezing the ripe fruit of her breasts. But at least the note she had written was safe within her balled fist.

Then as she had hoped, having slaked his lust, he immediately rolled off her, pulling her up and lying in her place. He had finished with her, his flaccid blackness shone proudly with her love juices.

Stooping to retrieve her clothes from the floor below his, she slid her note into one of his back pockets, having first glanced at it to ensure its legibility.

'Crew of Explorer captive on Romulus. Reward one mill credits notify Federation. Pierce.'

The universal sign for the credits would surmount any language barrier and provoke interest and translation. Hopefully she thought it might just prove attractive enough for the prisoner to make an approach to the Federation tomorrow after he had been released?

Liz, desperate, swallowing any remaining pride, raised herself slightly. Her breasts squashed to his chest and guided his hand between the cheeks of her bottom. She pushed one of his fingers up into her puckered heat suspended over his thighs. Taking a deep breath, her hand pushed under his flabby buttocks, a finger probing up into his anus too, twisting and turning within him.

His manhood sprung into life to point almost accusingly up her fluttering belly. Sitting astride his lap she was nearly lost in his rolls of fat, her slim whiteness enveloped in brown hairy flesh. His fingers splayed over her flesh, one curling up to disappear into the dark cleft between her quivering cheeks. The look of disgust in her large brown eyes couldn't be disguised as she slowly raised her haunches above the brown spear and sunk back onto his lap, gently impaling herself, both of her orifices now filled and stretched horribly.

Her breath quickened, her goal and the end of her ordeal now in sight. With her free hand she clasped his hot sweating body against hers, gasping in mock excitement as his small penis

reluctantly slipped further into her. She gripped it tightly with her rippling internal muscles like a precious gift, ensuring she didn't let it go until it had done its job. Her finger meanwhile continued to work away between his gross buttocks, likewise feeling his digit stretching and exploring her too. She gave him a squeeze of encouragement with her bottom, closing her eyes, wishing she could also close her nose as she pressed against him.

"Huh, huh, huh," she grunted, breasts jiggling as she bounced on his lap, her legs hooked around his, planting little kisses on his neck. Thoughts of Harry again flashed through her mind and she gave thanks that he would never know about this disgusting episode in her life. However, her immediate feelings were directed towards Rose and what she too must be enduring.

Dragging her mind back, she felt the brute start to shrink. She was in danger of losing him but she refused to contemplate that. With bared teeth and flared nostrils she threw herself at him, biting his ears, crushing her softness against him and thrusting a second digit right up into his bottom. With a giggle he broke wind on her fingers. Liz was sickened but, overcoming the desire to pull her fingers out and slap him she managed to take it as a cue and with an embarrassed squirm she also relaxed her own bowels.

Flurp!

Her sudden anal contraction and the hot spurt on air his fingers resurrected his organ to life again. It swelled within her as she bounced and moaned more frantically on his lap. His finger also stiffened further into her bottom making her scream and gasp in his ear.

"Haaaaaah," he gasped, thighs knotting.

Fighting her nausea she felt his whole body stiffen and him spitting and twitching within her.

He collapsed back on the bed with a stupid grin on his face watching her body gleaming softly under its sheen. Thankfully she eased herself off him, steeling herself to plant a kiss of thanks on his brow before padding across to wash herself as best she could in the small hand-basin.

When she had pulled on her tight clothes she looked at him again for the first time since their coupling and tried to smile through her disgust. Liz saw just a fat smelly slob who must have committed some unspeakable crime and who she had been forced to service. Although there had been no sexual pleasure for her she had at least the pleasure of achieving her goal and even sparing the man's life - whether or not he deserved it. She could only guess what he had made of her. He obviously had no interest in women except their bottoms. He must think she was a rampant whore with an insatiable appetite for sex. She accepted with an inward smile that perhaps that statement was now partly true; she had been trained to make it so. But she certainly relished a secret delight in some of the things she had been made to do recently in slave training. Perhaps being obliged to do them without choice had taken away any responsibility for her actions?

Liz experienced almost a sense of pride when, although trussed up again and being led blindly back to the hover-car with Rose, Miss Farquill lightly patted their swaying bottoms.

"You did well even for sluts such as yourselves; you gave them an extra day of life." She laughed into their confused eyes. "Get wise girls, you didn't think they'd be really spared did you? Everyone benefits though. They get some pleasure, the warden gets a thrill; you get extra training." She also discreetly patted her pocket containing payment by the grateful warden for supplying both the women and also giving him films taken in the slave centre - including those just taken of their antics in the cells. "But the law is the law," she continued, "those two will be totally incinerated by laser while they sleep tired but happy tonight in their cells. Still, you may have converted a homosexual with your enthusiasm," she chuckled at Liz.

Meanwhile Rose slumped at the thought of her note shortly to be turned to ashes. She had tried her best to do the kind of thing Liz would have to escape – and it had all been for nothing.

CHAPTER 21

Smoothing her hair Liz imperceptibly thrust her breasts forward through the skimpy slave costume, angling her hips to pout her bottom more. She was on show, for sale, and she had been warned to do her very best. Painting a smile on her face she tried to make eye contact with the man in the middle of the advancing entourage. A fat, aging lecher who had shown an interest in herself and Rose an hour ago was repellent. However, Liz knew that she had to make herself the most appealing woman in the world for him. Thoughts of escape or rescue were now dormant. Today she would probably be sold to become someone's property. She could only cling to the forlorn and desperate hope of escape from whichever hostile planet her future owners lived.

The trainers had carefully and painfully emphasised that it was the duty of every slave to be bought - and at a high price above the auctioneer's reserve figure. It had been explained that those not bought would find themselves toiling in the mines of Zarog.

It wasn't simply that threat which motivated Liz. She guessed that her beauty and that of many others in her crew would be in high demand. Rather it was that the old bastard, or rather his young wife, had earlier shown considerable interest in several male crewmembers, including Harry and Michael. In the core of her very being Liz knew that she had to try and persuade him to be interested in her too. Life as a house slave would be bleak but she knew that she and Rose might need their men-folk to assist any eventual escape. Beside her, Rose too craved attention.

"I don't know darling, haven't you got enough sluts already?" a tarty young blonde bitch scowled at Liz and Rose, her arm tucked tightly under the old creep's. "These two are hardly anything special; we need strong men."

Liz and Rose masked the anger and revulsion from their smiling, eager faces. The old man's gnarled hands stroked over Liz's silken thighs, lifting the tiny concealment of her 'costume,' patting the bottom, which she practically pressed against him. Taking a deeper breath, bending slightly, she thrust out her bosoms, almost putting them in his hands.

"They seem attractive and willing enough my dear," the old creep countered. "And after all you want to buy a few of the men for the estate. These girls would do for around the house, we could sell off a few of the ones we've already got. Can I see more? Have them undress if you wouldn't mind," he requested the overseer.

"Certainly Sir, I'm sure I've no need to ask you for the normal 10 credit deposit for a strip viewing. Right you two," the Negro's tone brooked no dissent, "costumes off for the gentleman please. Show him your wares."

Biting back their shame but knowing it was necessary, Liz and Rose obediently slipped out of their skimpy coverings to pose provocatively before their prospective buyer and Master.

"Ooh," she shivered in disgust as the old bone-like hands took full liberty with her warm pliant flesh whilst his young wife sat relaxed, gloating. Liz dreamt of clawing her manicured nails down the smirking face of the creep's girlfriend but she accepted that it was a dream; slaves didn't do such things.

An hour later Liz was hot with shame as, alone on the stage, she undulated before the audience of eager glinting eyes, all mentally undressing her. There were hundreds in the darkness of the hall, all looking at her. Her body swayed provocatively in the slave dance Miss Farquil had taught her, teasing and tantalising. Legs splayed wide, hands outstretched, she gyrated her hips from side to side, hands running over her curves.

Then Quator was behind her and brutally ripped the flimsy diaphanous covering from her body. Naked, she had to continue her routine. Shame ate her soul as she cupped her breasts,

holding them, flicking her nipples, making them into the hard pert buttons her display routine demanded. She smoothed her hands down her stomach, sliding a finger over her sex lips, wiggling her hips. Turning, thrusting out her bottom, she stroked the smooth cheeks, pulling them apart as she bent over.

Now sitting on a low table, she blanked her eyes from those in the audience as she lifted and parted her thighs to show every detail of the dark fringed intimacies between them, sliding her fingers seductively into herself. She continued for another half minute before Quator had her stop; she panted against his huge muscled frame. Then came her inventory.

“Look at these fine teeth. Open wider girl,” he snapped, nearly making her choke as his fingers prized her jaws open. “And these breasts - made to be suckled,” he grinned, his tongue licking her nipples to erection. “She's well upholstered in other areas too you can see,” he guffawed, giving her bottom a painful slap, the audience laughing at her scream of pain.

Liz saw Velma in the audience, silently mocking her enemy whose dignity was being stripped away on that stage just as her clothes had already been.

“Now what am I bid for this filly, ladies and gentlemen?” he asked in a booming voice. “We don't normally reveal their history but just between us,” he winked slyly, “this one was once a high ranking Feddy, and we all know how much we like them.” He again slapped her bottom, making tears spring to her eyes at the reminder of her past life - a life now gone - and the guffaws from the amused audience.

“You ladies will see from her muscle tone that she will make a useful labourer around the home,” Quator continued. “And of course a simple operation can render her sexless if there were any jealousy or straying problems with your husbands ...” he nodded to the girlfriend of the creep who had shown interest during the preview. “But what a waste,” he added grinning, effortlessly lifting her, legs splayed to reveal her velvet delights to the wide eyes on the floor below the stage. “That cunt cries out to be satisfied, to be filled by any of you who are man enough,” he smiled crudely, plunging a stiff finger into her liquid softness.

Liz knelt in shame at Quator's feet, back straight, thighs immodestly parted, hands clasped to her head – just as she had been taught - as the bidding proceeded. She half wondered if Velma would bid but guessed correctly that she merely wanted to witness her rival's final shame before her freedom was snatched away. She quaked at the withering look she received from the bitchy looking young wife as the old lecher made the successful bid of a hundred thousand credits. Shamefully herded into a 'Sold' pen, Liz had to watch as her crew was sold one by one. It was shameful and degrading.

The only good thing was that the same man, who also bought a couple of male slaves, also bought Rose. It gave her a greater comfort than she had previously realised. Then their new owner then decided on a whim to drop out of the bidding for Harry, and also declined Rose's boyfriend, Michael. Eyes bulging, Liz mentally screamed for the old man to continue bidding. It was no good - they were bought by a farmer who had them strain their shining muscles on the stage. It was unlikely she would ever see them again. The four managed to glance pitifully once more at each other before being herded out of each other's sight into their respective pens. Instinctively holding Rose's hand, Liz knew the nature of her future life was being formed.

“You cows know the score I think?” the man's wife spat at Liz and Rose. They were still nude but she had them standing in an examination cubicle hands clasped to their necks, legs astride. Their eyes stared bleakly straight ahead as their tormentor prowled before them.

“Mistress?” they queried respectfully grovelling to the young peroxide tart.

Crack!

Crack!

“Haarghh.”

Their gasping cries were simultaneous as the bitch's hand slapped spitefully across their faces, leaving their cheeks red and painfully stinging.

“Don't come it with me slags. Life won't be one little bit pleasant in my house, I'll see to that. You won't be able to bend my husband round your fingers. And when he has finished his pathetic little groping with you - you'll know what hell is. In fact, don't count on a long life-span, girls,” she sneered to their tense faces, “there is only one woman in our household. The previous incumbents for your jobs provided neat fertiliser for our crops when I decided they had outlived their usefulness.”

Liz and Rose gulped back their rage and fear as the vixen's brittle eyes roved over their exposed bodies.

“Arghh,” Liz squirmed uncomfortably as the girl's fingers pinched her nipples, lifting her bosoms painfully high. All the while her eyes stared into Liz's.

“What pathetic tits and arses, you old hags, mine are far better,” she lied shamefully. “That was just a little taste, slut. When I've finished with you later, none will find you attractive in your final weeks of life,” she laughed oblivious to the fleeting look of anger crossing Hassan's broad face as he joined them.

“Take it,” insisted Hassan to Liz when they were momentarily alone, pressing the tiny gun into her curled palm. His move was so totally unexpected that Liz's mouth hung limply with shock.

“It's only a one shot but enough to blow off a head. Use it if things get too desperate with your new Mistress. You are ingenious; I've seen some of your antics on my monitors. Luckily for you I kept them to myself. I've decided to get out of this business, I'll be long gone shortly, but you were too ... too special to simply leave to a helpless fate. Someone like you deserves to at least go out fighting.”

He smiled into Liz's amazed features, person to person rather than Master to slave.

“You snapped out of our programming and managed to work on many of your ex-crew. I admire you. All for nothing though; you're all slaves now and I've made a mint from the sale. I was already thinking of shutting down this caper when Velma said your crew was in Jabba's net. That made me keep it going. I'd heard so much about you – even if I had to feign indifference.”

His hand closed over hers clutching the gun.

“You might be able to escape your Master's house and live as outlaws on their planet. It'll give you some chance at least. Or I might come looking for you. Alternatively the gun might be a welcome release for you? There are many roads or directions in which your life could lead but I think you'll make it - and maybe we'll meet again - I hope so.”

“You ... you are the one who changed the direction, for the worse, for all of my crew. You could stop all this. Free us, let us go?” Liz spat bitterly to the man who had orchestrated all their misery.

“I'd lose all my credibility. I might appreciate a pretty face but there are plenty more like yours,” he stroked gently down the angry line of her jaw, swiftly planting a kiss on her flushed features, “and I have a living to make on the edges of society.”

He glanced down as the gun swung toward him in Liz's hand. “Cheeky! Not good enough though. There's a force field in this vicinity – just in case any slaves tried to arm themselves. The gun won't work on any of these facilities - sorry. If I were you I'd tuck it into one of your 'natural' hiding places before you leave,” he smiled, brushing her lips, patting her bottom familiarly.

Liz wondered why she felt almost empty as the brute, giving her a wicked grin, greeted her returning Master and Mistress, then left without a backward glance.

CHAPTER 22

“Move it slaves, we're going to your new home,” announced their old Master. Liz and Rose were accompanied by the two other male slaves, some assistants, and the pilots. He urged them into a sleek spacer, which would be as fast as any ship around, whilst his girlfriend studiously ignored the two beauties.

“It's a pity we couldn't keep their control collars but put all the slaves in the hold and chain them securely, I'll be along when we're off to examine them again,” the old man instructed two armed helpers. “Clear the departure documentation,” he urged the pilot.

Liz knew she'd have to act now as they arrived in the hold or risk having the gun discovered. It spat once, smashing through one guard to make a decent sized hole in the other one behind him; both slumped against the wall of the hold. Without waiting to release the chained male slaves, Liz and Rose grabbed the guns from the fallen assistants and dashed up to the passenger cabin. The ship's co-pilot, who tried to go for his gun, blocked the room's entrance until Liz shot him. Soon, however, she regretted having to kill him. The ship needed his fingerprints, iris confirmation and code input to activate it. She could only hope the pilot returned soon from obtaining clearance documentation; otherwise someone would become suspicious that the co-pilot hadn't started their engines.

“Keep them covered Rose,” Liz instructed. Her cool gaze, above the gun pointed steadily at their Master and Mistress seated in comfortable seats behind the crew, didn't invite argument. “I'll look round.”

“Look if it's freedom, money?” the girl whispered through dry lips.

“Shut it,” was Rose's considered reply, her eyes narrowing.

The tableau remained silent and still until Liz reappeared. She had spent what she hoped was a productive five minutes on the ship's radio and also in having released the two bemused male slaves from the hold. Then the ship's speakers crackled to life.

“Our control room monitors indicate that you have a hostage situation on board and that your co-pilot is probably dead. Your pilot is with us here so you cannot leave. We have already blocked all external off planet space communication from your ship for help and your ship is now effectively sealed off and covered by defence phasers. Surrender or die,” barked the voice of the space centre's flight controller from the console.

“You'll never get away from the space-port,” their owner at last spoke in a small voice. “They're protective of their slavery business. Let us go now and I'll give you both your freedom and money. You'll die otherwise,” he whined in fear.

“You'll both go first. We'll wait awhile, they might back down,” Liz announced not daring to hope. Whatever, at least they would not face a life of slavery.

“Meanwhile, *Mistress*,” she turned cold eyes to the trembling girl, “dress off in case you've anything hidden; then you'll get us some food.”

Liz delighted at the girl's indignity, stripping to her underwear before her former slaves; and then feeding them. However, killing the co-pilot maybe had certain advantages. She reasoned that, if they had got away, they would have left Harry, Michael and the others behind. They would be scattered throughout the various planets which practised slavery. Now at least everyone was temporarily trapped on Romulus. She put her hope in her hastily improvised back-up plan.

Time dragged, Liz's mind wandered. Did she take a secret delight, she wondered, in the girl being forced to display herself before them? She had a good body but not to match that of Rose. Liz looked at her lieutenant, exchanging glances. The blonde looked so lovely. Instinctively, she took the plunge, reaching out to briefly hold her lieutenant's trembling hand.

“It'll be OK,” she whispered, kissing Rose's trembling cheek.

“I know it will if I’m with you,” the blonde looked at her with her big adoring green eyes, pressing her softness tenderly against her. Suddenly things became clearer for Liz. The veil lifted, she knew for sure her future direction now; firstly though she had to ensure that they did have a future.

They couldn't escape but neither dare the authorities storm them - at least not yet. Sooner or later though she knew they would consider the rich buyer expendable and charge in anyway to allow the others to leave with their slaves. She briefly wondered whether Hassan would have any influence with the spaceport authorities? However, she guessed that he could do little in such a public situation - even in the unlikely event that he would want to. Liz also knew that if they surrendered, the port authorities would execute them as a warning to other hijackers. Realistically she guessed she might only have a few hours to live and resolved that she would die here rather than face any further indignities.

Then, shouts and heavy concussions began reverberating around the hanger, relayed over ship's speakers. Crouching down, Liz and Rose kept their prisoners covered as a battle royal took place outside. When a familiar voice crackled over the air joy blossomed in her heart as she opened the ship's door.

CHAPTER 23

“You did well to hold them until we arrived,” the Federation Colonel congratulated Liz. “It’s lucky you used the on-planet communicator on board this ship here before they blocked all signals. They’d already blocked all out-of-planet signals but they didn’t realise we had already landed elsewhere on Romulus looking for you. John, Lindsey’s husband, had already alerted us to what he had managed to glean of your general predicament and your scrubbing message to him gave us the location here, Romulus. Trouble is, it’s a big planet and political considerations prevented a rescue armada in this region. Then believe it or not, we had a break. A routine orbit patrol pulled in that guy dismissed by the Federation, Jake Rumble. He had some ... pictures of you in his ship, and was ‘persuaded’ to say where on Romulus you were being held. He was a bit pissed with them anyway for reneging on some deal so he needed no great persuasion. Thus we already had observers at this nearby spaceport when we got your message just now from the ship and mobilised the assault force early. And here we are,” he smiled expansively.

“Lucky we took the ship when we did,” Liz smiled enviously at the sleek lines. “I had to hope against hope that you had got the message I tried to give to Lindsey’s husband and that help might be nearby – otherwise I had nothing else to lose,” she smiled quizzically. “This beauty would have been long gone with us in it and I doubt anyone would have seen or caught her.”

“Always aware of a fast lady eh,” the Colonel smiled expansively at Liz and Rose. “So, welcome back to active service with the Federation after your little adventure ...”

He broke off, smiling, realising he had lost her attention. Liz and Rose were entwined in each other’s arms.

“You realise the Federation policy on in-ship relationships, between either sex Commander; I mean Captain,” he coughed discreetly. “Looks like we might have to find you a ship of your own to command next time.”

For the first time in her life Liz hardly cared about those longed-for words. Rose’s tender embrace took her total attention. Maybe tomorrow more of their conditioning would wear off, but for the moment ...

THE END