

# More Torment For Teresa - Book 1



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

## Victor Bruno

# **MORE TORMENT FOR TERESA**

**BOOK 1**  
**2<sup>nd</sup> Edition**  
**Victor Bruno**

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

## CHAPTER ONE

Having wheedled around Colonel Garcia Valmira, and finally persuaded him to sell her Teresa Mendoza, Janina Casals decided to stay on at 'Los Limitas' for a few more days. She wanted to make some plans and get some advice (and possibly some equipment) from the Chief Overseer, Judith Somerton. Teresa was going to be the first slave she had ever possessed, but, she reflected, there was no reason why she should not own several, in due course. The idea of having women at her beck and call, at her mercy, was most pleasing to Janina. She was a natural-born sadist ... one who did not inflict punishment to maintain discipline alone, but also purely for her own amusement.

Wait; that is not strictly correct. While at 'Los Limitas', Janina had never punished personally. That was not permitted. One had to send an 'errant' slave to Miss Judith Somerton, who would deal with her accordingly to the nature of the 'offence'. Janina had sent young Teresa often enough to the Overseer, but was itching to get her hands on the girl herself. Well, there were still three months to wait for that.

Janina, lying comfortably in bed, watched Teresa moving about the bedroom, tidying up the mess usually left there. How innocent she still looked, she thought, with that light blonde hair and girlish face. Almost novice-nun like. However, as Janina was well aware, Teresa was no longer innocent in the sexual sense. Garcia had enjoyed her for a week or more and taught the girl a few tricks. After that, a number of guests had been permitted to have their fun. Several of these had been middle-aged or more. Paunchy old, slobbering lechers; the type who liked them young and were disgusting with it. Janina felt herself shiver. Fancy HAVING to deal with such horrible beasts! She herself was completely bi-sexual. She could enjoy a man, provided he was young, handsome and virile; equally she enjoyed the body of a pretty woman. Like that of Teresa. Knowing how much the girl hated lesbian contact only pleased Janina all the more.

Kneeling, bending, Teresa repeatedly displayed herself. As all slaves, she was depilated and this made the display seem more blatant. What must it be like to have to always go naked, wondered Janina? She thought about it ... and shuddered again. It must be terrible, especially if one were of

Teresa's naturally shy and modest disposition. Could one ever get used to it? That was doubtful. It must be awful enough to walk about like that in the privacy of a bedroom, before a woman. But what about before guests, both male and female? Worse, being used as a piece of room decor ... draped on a wall, suspended from a ceiling ... acting as a table support, a footrest ... being used as a centre-piece for flower display - with a vase stuck up your anus.

All for the amusement of Garcia and his guests. Janina shuddered again. The gulf between the life of a Mistress and a slave was indeed vast. It must be kept that way.

However, though Janina shivered at these thoughts, she also experienced an undercurrent of cruel delight at the same time. For it was the likes of she, who kept Teresa in this humiliating state ... and do as she wished with her. There was the pleasure of power; there lay the kernel of it.

Heavenly!

Janina sipped a glass of orange juice; rifled through a magazine. Teresa continued to put the bedroom to rights. Her bottom, Janina noted, was unmarked. That was purely on account of the remarkable Healing Ointment which Miss Somerton used. She would have to have a good supply of those. They were capable of removing all traces of a good hiding within twenty four hours! Whoever had invented that particular medicament deserved a medal. Alexander Fleming had got the Nobel Prize for discovering penicillin ... surely the inventor of the compounds employed on slaves at 'Los Limitas' deserved something similar?

I would, thought Janina, like to be able to show off my new possession. To share her with someone. That would be more fun than having Teresa purely to herself. But whom? She ran through a mental card-index of her friends from school and college ... one which suddenly stopped at the name Ira. Ira Fuestenberg, one of her college friends. A girl with a German father and a Spanish mother. She had been a right bitch, that Ira ... but somehow Janina and she had got on well. Perhaps that is because I am a right bitch, too, reflected Janina. At first, she recalled, she had been rather scared of this tall, angular-looking girl. She had been so authoritative, so autocratic. One had the impression she was looking down on you; denigrating you. But she had had character and something of that character had appealed to Janina. She and Ira had spent many hours together discussing the world and their

future. Ira was a dedicated Fascist; one who thought it was a right to rule others. A most interesting personality. She, for sure, was someone who would be interested in the idea of owning a slave, or slaves. Janina was convinced of that. A discreet letter, hinting at such a possibility, was well worth while. There was nothing to lose' a lot to gain. If Ira was interested, she would quickly make that plain. If not, she would be just as quick to say so. She was a very positive person. The kind that Janina liked.

"Teresa!" Janina's voice had its customary sharpness.

The naked blonde dropped the underclothes she had been meticulously folding and hurried to Janina's bedside, making a servile little bow. At one time, Janina had insisted that the girl fell to her knees, but that was becoming a somewhat time-wasting bore.

"Yes, Mistress ..." the voice was soft and nervous; blue eyes clouded with submissive despair. A slave never knew, at any moment, what a Mistress was going to demanded of her or do with her.

"Fetch me my writing pad and a pen, girl."

Well, that was simple enough. Teresa felt a tiny twinge of relief as she hurried off into the sitting room to find what her Mistress wanted. She no longer thought of Janina as her former friend and companion, but simply as 'her Mistress'. It was a transformation which had been forced upon and one now branded into her brain and being. She returned quickly with the items, her high, rounded breasts bobbing up and down with her quick movements. Another little bow and she handed over the pad and pen. Janina snatched them away without a glance, and, after a moments pause, Teresa returned to her work.

After nibbling the end of her pen for a while, Janina began to write:

*Dear Ira*

*Probably you will be surprised to hear from me after such a long time. However, I am writing so that we can arrange to meet each other again before long.*

*The point is, I have some news which I think will be of the greatest interest to you. And it is something I want to share with you.*

*I am really very excited and am sure you will be as well. Sorry I cannot say more, but it is a matter which I cannot put to paper. It is so SECRET!*

*At the moment, I am staying with my mother's dearest friend. He is Colonel Garcia Valmira, and has a huge estate in one of the most remote parts of the Country. It is possible to do ANYTHING here. And he does!*

*Perhaps I am giving you a clue. I do hope so. In any event, please write so that we can arrange a meeting. Something tells me our lives are going to be closer together before long - and most interesting. Goodbye for now.*

*Yours with affection  
Janina.*

Janina signed with a flourish. Then looked for an envelope. There wasn't one.

"Teresa ... come here!"

The girl came hurrying across, apprehension in her eyes.

"Y-Yes, Mistress?"

Janina's palm smashed across Teresa's face.

"You stupid little bitch! What is the point of bringing me writing paper without envelopes?"

Head ringing, Teresa staggered back. By now she was used to such blows, but that did not make them any easier to take. No point, either, in saying that she had not been asked to bring envelopes.

"I ... ah ... I b-beg ... pardon ... M-Mistress ..."

"Get some!"

Teresa ran from the bedroom, rounded bottom bouncing. Janina smiled faintly. Oh, it was so lovely to be able to treat someone like that! Knowing they dare make no protest; knowing they just had to take it. In moments, Teresa was back, quivering with an eagerness to please, as she extended a packet of envelopes.

"You are a stupid girl," said Janina as she took them. "Are you not?"

"Y-Yes ... Mistress ..." Oh it was so unfair! If she had brought envelopes without being asked, she would have been equally at fault. She constantly found herself in a situation where, with the best intentions, she was made to appear to do wrong.

"And I don't like stupid slaves," said Janina. She regarded her victim stonily. "When I have taken full possession of you, it will be as well if you remember that." Teresa flinched.

The awful realisation that it would not be long before she was Janina's personal property was never far from her thoughts. It was a terrifying conception something even worse than her present intolerable existence. Janina smiled; a slow, sinuous, evil smile.

"You don't look very happy at that prospect ..."

Teresa's throat worked. She forced herself to speak.

"I ... I ... shall be honoured to ... to s-serve ...you in ... in any w-way you wish ... Mistress ..." she managed to say. Those were the sort of words which were required of her, Teresa had learnt that.

"I am glad to hear it," said Janina, still smiling that evil smile, "because if you think Miss Somerton has been hard on you, I can assure you I can be double hard!"

Again Teresa flinched. It was impossible to believe that any woman could be more relentlessly harsh and demanding than Judith Somerton ... or anyone more wantonly cruel in their punishments. The future looked blacker than ever. Teresa stood trembling, transfixed like a rabbit before a snake. Incredible that any person could inspire such terror in her! Let alone someone who had once been a friend. A series of deep sobs shook her.

"Is there anything the matter, girl?" snapped Janina.

Teresa shook her head miserably. "N-No ... no ... Mistress ..."

"What's that noise for then?"

It was an effort for Teresa to pull herself together. What could she say? She was supposed to be pleased to have Janina as a Mistress!

"I ... I just sometimes ... f-feel ... a ... a ... little s-sad ..." Tears sprang into her eyes.

"Sad?" Janina spat out the word incredulously. "You have just told me you are honoured to serve me. Whatever is the matter with you, you stupid creature?"

"I ... I ... I'm s-so sorry, Mistress ... I didn't m-mean ... ooohhh what I DO m-mean is that I AM honoured to serve you ..." And, with that, Teresa burst into a flood of tears.

"I suppose you're still hankering after the old days," said Janina in a callous, sneering tone, "when you were having it away with MY fiancé, Carlos." That, of course, was not accurate. Carlos had merely been one of Janina's casual captives. Still, what did that matter now? For Teresa, however, Carlos had been her first and only true love.

“N-No ... no ... Mistress,” whimpered Teresa pathetically. Although, of course, it was impossible sometimes not to relive, with bitter anguish, those careless days of freedom. Days never to return!

“And while we’re on the subject, girl, have you been fucked lately?” asked Janina. She loved to use those deliberately crude terms, knowing how they wounded one so sensitive as Teresa.

Teresa’s pale cheeks coloured slightly with shame and embarrassment. It was cruel indeed to be recalled from sweet memories of Carlos to the obscene horrors of the present day.

“T-Two ... two ... no ... th-three d-days ago, Mistress,” Teresa answered, shuddering.

“And who fucked you?”

“B-Baron Newman, Mistress ...”

“Ah yes, of course, I remember now, I watched it, didn’t I?”

“Y-Yes ... M-Mistress,” replied Teresa, wiping away some tears. She hated these ‘post mortems’ just as much as Janina loved conducting them.

“Rather flabby, our Baron, is he not? Gross, you might say. And not exactly in the first flush of youth,” Janina smiled. “You had to work hard on him before he was able to get what he wanted. Eh?”

“Yes ... Mistress ...” Teresa’s tears began to flow faster again. Nausea returned at the thought of what she had had to do to the Baron. Oh that paunch! Oh that sweating pig of a man! One nearer sixty than fifty. She had had to rouse him with every sexual artifice of which she was capable. With hands, with mouth, with body. If she had not done so, she would have been mercilessly flogged by Miss Somerton. It was only because of that certain knowledge, Teresa was able to drive herself on and on. The fact that Janina was watching and gloating made it all the worse.

It had taken Teresa some quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to rouse the Baron to a sufficient rigidity to achieve penetration. Not that he minded, the beast. Grunting and groaning, he obviously revelled in her youthful ministrations and, indeed, would not have minded if they had been prolonged further. Teresa had been virtually exhausted by the time she lowered herself on to the stubby organ, which, momentarily hard, projected beneath the swelling paunch. The rest mercifully, was quite brief. It was all over in under a minute. A few rapid jerks of her haunches ... oh that disgusting thing within her! Some quick wriggles, some slower jerks ... and

the Baron was making piggy noises. Then another series of quick jerks ... and she felt that horrible thing inside, expand itself and go limp, it was all over.

The Baron was snorting gently, eyes closed. He was quite content. After all, he may no longer have been great shakes as a sexual athlete, but there were not many men of his years who the seemingly enthusiastic services of a ripely nubile twenty year old!

“Three days ...” Janina was murmuring, bringing Teresa out of her hideous reverie. “Well, knowing how much you like it, you’ll be wanting some more by now. Isn’t that so?”

“Mmff ... mmmfff ... y-yer-sss ... Mistress ...” choked Teresa. Needless to say, nothing could have been further from the truth, but it was the kind of answer which was expected of her.

“I’ll see what I can arrange for this afternoon,” said Janina, complacently. Then she slipped out of bed and removed her pretty baby-doll nightie. “Go and run my bath slave.”

“Yes ... Mistress ...” Teresa turned and hurried to obey ... the thought of what Janina might be planning, was sending an icy shaft of dread through her.

Janina went to a wardrobe which ran the full length of one wall to choose, from a vast selection, what she would wear that morning.

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“Sleep well?”

“Like a top,” replied Janina. Dressed in a pyjama-style suit of pale lemon colour, she had just joined Garcia Valmira on one of the patio’s which overlooked a huge lawn which rolled down to a distant river and the forest. It was a lovely warm morning. Lovely, that is, if you could sit at ease on a patio in the shade. Not so lovely, if you happened to be one of half a dozen naked figures which could be observed some way off. These were slave-girls harnessed and shafted like animals, pulling grass-cutting equipment up and down the vast expanse of green. The Colonel was wont to say that he employed this mode of propulsion of the lawn-mowers since the sound of motor-mowers disturbed him!

Not so lovely either, if you happened to be the slave-girl who on hands and knees, supported on her buttock, backs and shoulders a heavy sheet of plate glass, which acted as a table set alongside Janina's comfortable garden chair. On her first visit to 'Los Limitas', Janina had been both amazed and fascinated by the amount of human 'furniture' employed within the estancia. Now she had become quite used to it. The table, incidentally, carried bottles, and ice-bucket and glasses.

Janina glanced at the table. She was feeling a little dry. She saw the fulsome swell of a naked female bottom, held high and immobile. Woe betide any slave who let a table-top slip! This one, thought Janina, was obviously one of maturity; in her thirties. She could have been at 'Los Limitas' for years. What a fate!

"Care for a drink, my dear?" enquired Garcia, seeing the direction of her glance.

"Mmmmm ... yes ... just lime with ice, thanks."

A snap of Garcia's fingers and, from an alcove where she had been standing within earshot, came a tall, ravishing-looking redhead who wore high-heeled white boots and tiny lacy cap and apron. A slave-maid.

"You heard Miss Janina. I'll have a Pimms," said Garcia brusquely.

"Yes, Master." The voice controlled but utterly servile. God, thought Janina, if this woman wasn't at 'Los Limitas' she could easily have been a contestant in some international beauty competition. What a figure, what a stance! Garcia certainly knew how to pick them.

"What's this slave's name?" asked Janina. She had had the sudden idea she could make use of such a body.

"Oh ... that's Magda," replied Garcia. "One of my more recent acquisitions. She's Rumanian."

"Is she indeed ..."

The redhead was placing the drinks at side-tables. Her aquiline features were taut and her teeth clenched. She had beautiful long thighs and a plump smooth-swelling cunt mound.

"Very proud race, the Rumanians," said Garcia. "Very tempestuous, too." Garcia smiled. "But that presents no problems for Miss Somerton."

Janina smiled back. One could almost feel the tension within the redhead. She was visibly quivering. "Yes, I imagine so," said Janina, sipping her drink.

“Is there anything else, Master?” came a servile enquiry.

Garcia shook his head. A lovely slave retired back to her lowly alcove.

“Any plans for today?” asked Garcia.

“Not particularly,” answered Janina.

“Someone’s arranged a Bridge Tournament for this afternoon.”

“Oh yes ... well ... yes ... I might like to take part in that. It will be cool in the card-room.”

Janina was watching two slaves, pulling their grass-cutters side by side, who were approaching near to the patio. She could see their heaving breasts, hear their rasping breath. Both were shiny with sweat. Dear God, she thought, what an existence! The couple swung round and headed off. Both, Janina noted, carried weals across their buttocks. It would be much hotter before they have finished, she thought, and drank the rest of her lime juice.

“Now, I’ll have something stronger,” she announced. “Gin and tonic. A real big one, with lots of ice.”

Within moments, Magda had come stepping elegantly forward to make and serve the concoction. Soundless, the table support remained steady as a rock. Yes ... obviously a most experienced slave!

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“Do you mind if I pick Judith Somerton’s brains?” asked Janina.

“Not at all,” replied Garcia. “It makes sense; she is a most experienced Overseer.”

“I may want some equipment ...”

“Just have what you want, I’ll just leave it to the two of you.”

“Thanks Garcia. And I can’t tell you how grateful I am to you for selling me Teresa.”

“Oh that’s alright. I know you’ve got this personal thing about her. There are plenty more where she comes from.”

“Yes ... you’re well organised. There’s no doubt about that. Maybe I’ll be making some more purchases from you before long.”

“Once you’re organised, that would be fine by me,” smiled Garcia.

## CHAPTER TWO

“Miss Judith ... would it be convenient for me to come to your apartment for a short while?”

“That’s Miss Casals, is it not?” came the reply.

“Yes, it is. I would like to discuss a few matters.”

“Concerning Teresa?”

“Well ... about her future ...”

“Ahh ... well, by all means come up, Miss Casals.”

“Thank you, Miss Judith ...”

Janina, having had a light lunch with Garcia and some of the other guests, and having consumed the best part of a bottle of Chablis, was feeling nicely relaxed. The Bridge Tournament was not until four o’clock, so she had plenty of time to chat to the Overseer, before making arrangements for Teresa’s afternoon.

She came to the large, double doors ... highly polished, jet black, with heavy brass fittings. They must, she reflected, present a most unpleasant sight to any slave-girl summoned there by Miss Judith. She pressed a bell-push to one side of the door-frame, and, after a few moments, a green light came on over the door. Janina turned a handle and went in. She was in a kind of hall which had three doors; one straight ahead and one on each side. The door on the left was ajar and, immediately, Janina heard Miss Judith’s voice, as calm and as assured as ever ... quite out of keeping with her iron-hard character, as were her looks and mode of dressing.

“This is not the first time, Kirsten, is it?” she was saying.

“N-No, Miss,” came a low answering voice.”

Janina felt a little thrill of pleasure. Obviously someone was on the mat. She pushed the door further open and went in. Miss Judith, garbed in her customary dark blue dress with white collar and cuffs (looking much like a nursing sister) had her back to a fireplace. Her features were calmly benign, but her green-blue eyes had a cold, fishy look as she glanced across to Janina.

“Ah, Miss Casals, do come in. You don’t mind if I deal with this little matter first, do you?”

“Not at all, Miss Judith, not at all.”

Seating herself on the arm of a chair, Janina was, in fact, highly delighted at her opportune arrival. The young woman who knelt before Miss Judith, with hands clasped behind her neck, had obviously been engaged on domestic duties, as she wore an apron, cap and high-heeled shoes. Janina remembered seeing her around ... in fact, she had once sent her to Miss Judith for failing to 'show proper respect'.

This Kirsten was Danish and twenty five years old; tall, blonde with a fulsomely curvaceous figure. Janina regarded the soft-swelling, creamy-white bottom. It would not be that colour much longer, she reckoned!

"It saddens me," said Miss Judith (looking genuinely sad!) "that you girls never seems to mend your ways ... or improve. Though, goodness knows, I try hard enough to make you."

Kirsten's bottom flesh twitched. Yes, thought Janina, it would have many unpleasant memories of her Overseer's efforts in that direction.

"I ... I ... st-stumbled, Miss ..." said Kirsten. "The dish ... f-fell from my hands ..."

"Precisely, Kirsten. You stumbled. But you should not stumble. You should walk upright, straight and true. As you have been taught. Correct?"

"Yes Miss ..."

Miss Judith like to play these cat and mouse games, heightening the tension. Her victims always knew there would be punishment in the end. But what?

"Kirsten broke a tureen on hr way from the kitchen," said Miss Judith, by way of explanation ... Janina clicked her tongue.

"What was it you broke the previous time, Kirsten?"

"A ... a ... f-fruit bowl, Miss."

"And what was your punishment for that, girl?"

"I ... I was s-strapped, Miss."

"How many?"

"A d-dozen ... I think ..."

"You think?"

"Y-Yes, Miss ... I can't remember exactly n-now." Kirsten's soft bottom flesh twitching again. She would have had various punishments since then, so it would not be easy to remember, Miss Judith overlooked the matter.

"Well, this time, Kirsten, you are going to be caned." An even more pronounced twitch of the buttocks. "I'm giving you a dozen."

A little sobbing-gasp came from the Danish girl. She had hoped to escape with half a dozen for what, after all, was quite a minor 'offence'. There was no question of insolence, lack of zeal, rebellion or disobedience, which of course, were far more serious matters. These were the 'offences' most commonly committed by new-comers, and eighteen or twenty four strokes were regularly handed out for them.

"P-Please ... M-Miss ..." began Kirsten.

"Silence girl, or I'll give you six extra." For the first time, Miss Judith's voice went up an octave. "Would you care to come into my Punishment Room, Miss Casals?" she asked.

"If I may ..." Janina tried to keep the eagerness from her voice.

"Up," ordered Miss Judith ... and Kirsten got to her feet. She must have been almost five feet ten inches tall. A lovely woman with breasts as fulsome as her buttocks. Janina brought up the rear of the trio which crossed the room to another black door at the far end. She watched the swing and bounce of those excellent hindquarters. What must it be like, she wondered, to KNOW that you were on your way to be caned on your bare flesh? No possible escape. Bound helpless. Then thrashed. Unimaginably awful, thought Janina, with an inner shudder. At the same time, she experienced that familiar frisson of sadistic joy. She was one of the 'masters'; this young woman was a 'slave'. She could expect nothing less if she misbehaved.

The room that they now entered was surprisingly plain. Janina had been expecting a number of contrivances for securement. A whipping post, perhaps. A flogging block. Chains and cuffs. But there was nothing like that. It was not Miss Judith's way.

The floor was bare board, some twelve feet square. There were no windows and the walls were white-washed. In the centre of the room stood a stout wooden table; the legs six inches square, the top four inches thick. Against the far wall was a wooden cupboard, some five feet high and six feet wide. It had both drawers and doors. There were a number of rooms dotted about 'Los Limitas' exactly like this. Miss Judith Somerton had never found the need for anything more elaborate.

Janina closed the door.

"Over the table, Kirsten," came Miss Judith's simple command.

With no more than a moment's hesitation, the tall blonde moved to the centre of one side of the table and bent across it. The posture seemed to increase the fulsome swell on her bottom. Miss Judith, meanwhile, had opened a drawer and taken out some thick, but quite soft-looking cord. Coming back to the table, she fastened Kirsten's wrists together, then pulled the cord under the table and tied it tightly to the girl's ankles. Since the width of the table was no more than a couple of feet, Kirsten was held in a curving toe-touching position, belly flattened to the table-top. Janina noted the widening of the cleft of the bottom and a tautening of the flesh. Perfect to receive a cane, thought Janina happily.

However, Miss Judith did not seem completely satisfied. She returned to the cupboard and opened one door. Out came a smooth piece of timber, about two feet long and six inches square. This she forced under Kirsten's flanks, thus thrusting the girl's hindquarters higher, and tautening the flesh even more. Janina caught the sound of a little sobbing-moan. Scarcely surprising! The dread must now be mounting to panic levels. Yet there was no escape. And all this for simply dropping a tureen. Yes, discipline was indeed harsh in 'Los Limitas'. It would be the same in her household, she resolved.

Now Miss Judith was back at the cupboard again and another door was opened. Janina caught sight of rows of straps and canes of varying sizes and lengths. Out came an ordinary willow rod with a hooked handle; quite a meaty-looking one, though; pale and smooth. The swish that Miss Judith gave it through the air must have brought Kirsten's nerves to screaming pitch. She uttered a louder sobbing-moan.

"I trust this will help you to be more careful in future, my girl," said Miss Judith evenly, as she took up a position to one side of her victim, and measured the bottom with the rod. It quivered whippily. There was a pause; then it was raised. Janina held her breath.

Sssswwee ... cccrraaaccckkkk!

The supple cane bit virtually across the very centre of Kirsten's tight curving buttock cheeks. A twin-tracked weal flamed instantly. A series of breathless gasps jetted from Kirsten as her head jerked up and down. Such was the tautness of the curve in which she was held, Kirsten's bottom had virtually no means of movement. If it had, it would certainly have taken them!

A long pause; with Kirsten sobbing; her buttock quick-clenching almost constantly with anticipatory dread. Five seconds, ten seconds. Miss Judith very often liked to draw out her punishments, considering they were more efficacious that way.

Sssswweee ... cccrraacckkk!

The second stroke fell about an inch above the first and Kirsten's breathless gasps were even more high-pitched. Janina was amazed that the girl did not scream. The pain must be agonising. A second twin-tracked weal joined the first.

Another nerve-stretching wait.

Clench ... twitch ... clench ... twitch ... oh how eloquently, if mutely, that helpless bottom portrayed its dread!

Then ...

Sssswweee ... cccrraacckkk!

The third stroke lashed down an inch below where the first had fallen centrally. Miss Judith did not appear to put a great deal of effort into her strokes, but she was well-muscled and her experience (acquired over many years) ensured that the cane was travelling at maximum speed at impact. So that it hurt to its full capacity.

"A-Ah ... a-aaaahhh ... A-AAAAHHH!"

Kirsten's breathless gasps of pain were getting evermore intense. Not surprisingly! Her blonde head jerked up and down like a yo-yo. It was the only part of her capable of any degree of movement.

Now Miss Judith moved to the other side of her victim's hindquarters. So far, it had been the right flank which had had to endure the zipping agony of the cane's biting tip. Now it would be the left. The punishment was but a quarter over. There were nine strokes left still to come. Kirsten knew it well!

Sssswwee ... cccrraacckkk!

Perhaps it was that knowledge that there was still so far to go that brought the first cry of pain from the girl, as the fourth weal blazed up an inch above the topmost one.

"Yyyyaaiiiee ... eeeeggghhh ... a-aaaagggh!"

Music to Janina's ears. Oh how she loved to hear them yell!

The fifth stroke fell an inch below the lowest weal already there, on the lower curve of Kirsten's quaking bottom. The sixth fell an inch above the

topmost one already there. These strokes, laid on in quick succession, caught the girl by surprise and had her screaming uninhibitedly.

Janina much admired Miss Judith's tactics. She must remember that little trick. The unexpected ...

Halfway.

"Mmmmmfff ... mmmfff ... u-uughh ..." sobbed Kirsten. "M-Mercy ... merceeee ..."

Miss Judith was quite unruffled. Unhurried, methodical, her features still benign. She could have been a solicitous nurse with a patient. Six long, encircling weals lay over the curvaceous buttocks, each one leaping the cleft between. The twin-tracks had filled in a pinkish colour; the last two or three inches of each weal was turning a purplish colour.

With interest, Janina watched Miss Judith change her stance. Perhaps, without saying so, she is giving me some hints, she thought. Some instruction.

The Overseer now stood directly behind the taut-rounded bottom ... and Janina at once realised that her intention to lay on the last six stokes diagonally. Thus each stroke, at six individual points, would overlay the weals which ran parallel. And at those points, the pain would be even more excruciating.

So it proved. At ten-point intervals, the cane whistled down. First diagonally across the right cheek ... then the second across the left cheek.

Back to the right cheek ...

Back to the left cheek ...

Back to the right cheek ...

Back to the left cheek ...

Throughout, Kirsten shrieked and screeched for mercy. Despite her experiences she had lost all control. The pain was too intense. No one could stand it! No one ...

She was sobbing heart-rendingly, tears and saliva running to the floor beneath her, when it was at last over. Oh the throbbing agony of those burning weals! Oh the cruel injustice of it! Such awful torment for so little!

Seemingly unmoved, not a hair out of place, Miss Judith quietly returned the cane to its place. Janina found her own heart pounding. That had been some thrashing. The sort she would like to give Teresa one day. Not TOO many strokes. But SEVERE. Mmmm, yes, very severe. Those

slashing diagonals must have been atrocious to endure. She noticed Miss Judith putting a bottle of smelling salts under Kirsten's nostrils, before she untied the cords. That was something to remember too. You didn't want a girl fainting on you. You wanted her to feel what a good thrashing she'd had!

It was evident that the tall blonde was doing so. On her knees, bent double, she continued to sob hopelessly. She obviously was unable to stand for the moment. Janina had always liked the threat, 'I'll cane you till you can't stand!' Well, that was what had happened to Kirsten.

Miss Judith seemed in no hurry. She replaced the cord, the smelling salts and the wooden block. Such simple equipment to assist in such torment! Then she came across to Janina.

"Sorry about that," she said blandly. "But these matters have to be attended to."

"Oh that's quite alright, Miss Judith," replied Janina. "I DO understand. Soon I shall be acting in a similar fashion, no doubt."

"I imagine so," nodded the staid figure. "I heard that you had purchased Teresa."

"And I may purchase others," said Janina quickly.

"Indeed?" The eyebrows raised slightly. Kirsten's sobs were continuing, but were now less loud.

"Yes ... that's what I wanted to see you about. Get some advice. And some equipment. I have cleared it with the Colonel."

"Good." Another inclination of the head. "Well, Miss Casals, I shall give all the help and advice I can. Maintaining discipline may appear simple, but there are certain fundamental rules which should be observed."

"I am sure ..."

"Stop that snivelling, Kirsten and get up," ordered Miss Judith suddenly.

With a groan, the girl stood up, wincing and gasping as she did so. Her cheeks were red-raw and wet. She clutched the table for support.

"Think you'll be more careful in future, girl?"

"U-Uuurrrfff ... uurrfff ... y-urrrff ... y-yer ... ess ... y-yes ... M-Miss ..." sobbed the wretched girl.

"Go back to your work. No healing ointment until after six this evening."

Kirsten tottered stiffly to the door, yet did not forget to make some semblance of obedience to Janina and the Overseer. The door closed, the sobs faded.

“You are indeed an expert, Miss Judith. I was most impressed.”

“Thank you, Miss Casals. I must say, I have had considerable experience.” She smiled a thin, almost wan smile. This strange nun-like quality was in such incredible contrast to the viciousness of her actions.

“Shall we go into my study, where we can talk things over?”

“By all means, Miss Judith.”

The two strangely different-looking women left the bare room which, so recently, had been filled with shrieking sounds of pain.

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A half hour or so later, Janina was making her way back to her own apartment, mulling over the advice which had been given her. She agreed with a lot Miss Judith had said, but not everything. For one thing, the Overseer had repeatedly said it was important to be ‘fair’ with a slave. That is to say, if she was obedient and respectful, behaved herself and worked well, there was no need for punishments. These should only be given for genuine faults and no matter what excuses a slave made, no matter how much she pleaded, could not be escaped. In other words, whilst good behaviour was not rewarded, bad behaviour brought certain, and painful, retribution.

For her part, Janina was not too sure about this side of Miss Judith’s work-ethic. She personally rather liked the idea of punishing Teresa for no good reason at all. Simply for amusement. Why not? And since Teresa was soon going to belong to her completely, Janina did not see why she shouldn’t do just as she pleased!

Miss Judith has promised to supply her with a range of corrective instruments, but, because there were of a fairly basic nature (paddles, straps and canes) she had also given Janina the name of a German supplier of such equipment. ‘He has everything you could possibly want’. she had said, ‘including restraining devices, gags, head-cages and so on. Also, punishment blocks, pillories and so on. He will send you a catalogue if you write to him and mention my name.’

I'll certainly do that, thought Janina. Miss Judith's simple methods were all very well, but her taste was for something rather more elaborate. It would be fun to put Teresa under restraint and bondage from time to time ... and the idea of her spending hours in a pillory also had its appeal.

Arriving back in her apartment, Janina at once rang for Teresa. The girl came hurrying into the drawing room and fell to her knees. As ever, she was filled with apprehensive dread at her Mistress's return. One never knew what might happen. It was terrible to be so completely at the mercy of another human being ... subject to their slightest whim or wish.

"Fetch me a long Scotch and soda, with ice," ordered Janina abruptly. She sprawled in an armchair and received her drink in under thirty seconds flat. Teresa hovered, then knelt.

"D-Does, my Mistress ..." she began.

"Shut up," snapped Janina. Teresa shut up. "I expect you're feeling randy?" continued Janina. "After three days abstinence, I mean." She smiled wickedly.

Teresa swallowed. Was she expected to tell the truth or lie? She decided the former was safer.

"N-No ... Mistress," she whispered.

"There's no need to be shy about it with me," said Janina. "You know you like a nice hard length up you. You got one often enough from Carlos."

Always that wounding reminder of her lover! It would have been futile, and dangerous, to say how different that had been. Difficult as it was, Teresa thought it best to make an admission.

"Yes, Mistress ..." she said.

"Quite so," said Janina in a harsh voice. "But now that you are a slave, the decision as to whom you get a length from, is no longer yours. It is mine. You realise that?"

"Y-Yes ... Miss ... Mistress ..." The hideous prospects that that statement opened up were limitless.

"Good," nodded Janina. "So ... whether you're feeling randy or not, your cunt is going to be put to good use this afternoon."

Teresa flinched and uttered a little gasp. Such crudity ... and such obscene implications! A memory of the revolting Baron returned. Was she to be sent back to him? The very thought was nauseous.

"Stand up girl."

Teresa stood and watched her tormentor go across the room, and open a drawer in a cabinet. She took out a broad, black leather strap. This she brought back and fastened tightly around Teresa's waist, bucking it at one side. At the back and front of the strap were plastic panels about the size of a postcard.

"They say it pays to advertise," said Janina, producing cards which she had previously prepared. These, with an evil grin, she showed to Teresa, before putting a card in each panel. They read:-

### **I WANT TO BE FUCKED**

Teresa's apple-rounded breasts heaved under the stress of the enormity which was being done to her. Tears misted her eyes. How could anyone be so vile, so cruel?

"You, slave," said Janina, "are going to hawk your wares around the estancia from four o'clock to seven o'clock ... while I am relaxing playing Bridge ..."

"Mmmmmfff ... mmmfff ..." sobbed Teresa.

"... during those hours," continued Janina, "I shall expect you to be fucked AT LEAST six times. About once every half hour. Shouldn't be too difficult ... if you behave invitingly enough ..."

"Mmmmmfff ... mmmfff ..."

"... however, slave, if you DO NOT get yourself fucked at least six times before seven o'clock, you will have me to account to when you return. I shall deem it that you have not been trying sufficiently hard and get Miss Judith to take some skin off your backside!"

"O-Oh ... M-Mistress ... oohh ... ooohh ... h-have p-pity ... sp-spare me ... th-this ..." sobbed Teresa.

Janina, well aware of Teresa's excessive natural modesty, knew exactly what kind of appalling ordeal she was putting the girl through. The idea delighted her! She smacked Teresa's cheek hard.

"Don't you DARE talk back to me when I'm giving you orders!" she rasped. Teresa bit her lips, but went on sobbing. How am I going to make myself do this, she asked herself? Then she thought of the possible alternatives ... and knew how.

A sheet of paper was being dangled before her eyes.

“You will get each gentleman who fucks you to put his name, or a ‘nom de plume’, in this first column. In the second column, you will get him to assess your performance ... awarding you marks from 0 out of 10, to 10 out of 10. In the third column, the gentleman may write in any comments he wishes. All this will be taken into account when you return to my apartment. Is that quite clear?” Janina folded the paper and put it, with a pencil, behind the card in the front panel.

“Mmmmmff ... uuurr ... y-yes ... sss ... u-uurr ... M-Mistress ...” sobbed Teresa.

“Right,” said Janina. “Go and put on a nice, saucy pair of high-heeled red shoes and be on your way.” Another wicked smile. “And don’t forget to wiggle that bottom of yours, good and plenty. They’ll like that!”

Sobbing heart-rendingly, Teresa ran from the room, her face covered with her hands.

Janina finished her Scotch and glanced at her wrist-watch. It would soon be time for the Bridge Tournament.

## CHAPTER THREE

Pink-cheeked with abysmal shame and quivering inwardly and outwardly with horror, Teresa walked the carpeted corridors of 'Los Limitas'. She was stark naked, and back and front she bore signs which invited ravishment from ANYONE! Despite so many horrors, she had had to endure, this one now seemed to her the worst of all.

For it went against every instinct of her young, girlish being.

It struck at the very heart of her inborn and inbred modesty.

It ripped cruelly into her natural shyness.

As Janina had intended. That young woman was a she-devil!

As Teresa moved fearfully along, she was torn between two things. First, the hideousness of meeting her first male ... and inviting him to possess her. Second the equal hideousness of not meeting enough of such males ... and suffering the agonies decreed by Janina.

The idea of rape repelled her.

Yet she had to seek it.

It was the most devilish dilemma imaginable!

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During the first few minutes, Teresa heard and saw no one. It was, of course, the time of the siesta. But that would soon be coming to an end. Nervously, she turned every corner.

She wanted ...

Yet she did not want ...

Perhaps, she thought, if I go down to the garden and parade some of the patios, I might find more guests there. Sick at heart, she began to descend one of the numerous wide staircases in the estancia. It was as she was doing so, she had her first stroke of 'luck'. Two youngish men were descending; both were talking loudly and laughing a lot. Obviously they were drunk ... following an extended lunch-time session. Teresa's first instinct was to turn and flee. Drunken young men ... oh how ghastly! Immediately, however, the absurdity of doing any such thing struck her. Were these men not just the type she wanted? Not middle-aged and not old and, flown with drink, not

too capable? She HAD to face them. She had - dare she even think it - to HOPE.

“Hello, hello ... what have we got here?” enquired a fair-haired flush-faced upper-class brute with piggy eyes.

“A nice bit of young crumpet, I would say,” replied his darker companion, clutching at the banister rail. “I ... s-say ... Piers ... this bird bears a message ...” He knelt looking closer. Teresa forced a smile to her features as the fair-haired one squeezed her right breast and leered.

“What’s it say, old man?”

A loud guffaw. “Would you believe it, old chum! Ho ... ho ... ho ... it says ... oh my God ... it says ... I WANT TO BE FUCKED!”

The other man knelt. “You’re right, Gavin ... that’s what it says ...” Both stood up. Teresa’s cheeks were crimson, but she forced herself to go on smiling ... and actually made a suggestive movement with a thigh and her hips.

“Is it true?” asked Piers.

Teresa nodded. “Y-Yes ... Sir ...” she whispered, trying not to break down and burst into tears.

“You don’t look very happy about it, girlie,” he said, then hiccupped.

“Oh ... but ... but ... I am ... S-Sir ...” gasped out Teresa. She clenched her fists, digging nails into her palms. “I ... I DO want to be fucked, Sir,” she made herself say.

More guffaws. More laughter.

“Would you believe it?”

“What a saucy little minx!”

“Don’t get many ASKING for it round here.”

“No you don’t. But they have to give it all the same ...”

“P-Please ... Sirs ... would one of you gentlemen like ...”

“How old are you, girlie?” A hand was now fondling the roundness of her bottom.

“T-Twenty, Sir.”

“Mmm ... a nice age. Not a virgin, of course.”

“N-No ... Sir, I’m afraid not ...”

“They’re as rare as snow in the Sahara, at ‘Los Limitas’,” laughed Piers.

“What about it, old boy?” enquired Gavin. “Shall we oblige the young lady?” Teresa recoiled momentarily as a finger ran up between her sex lips.

Then she thrust forward, proffering herself.

"I'll give you a good time, Sir," she croaked. Just like a common prostitute, she thought. Except there would be no payment.

"Reckon you will," said Piers drunkenly. He picked Teresa up, threw her over his shoulder and staggered up the stairs.

"Hi-ho ... hi-ho ... it's off to work we go!" he carolled loudly. Gavin followed behind, leering at Teresa's bobbing head.

"The question is," he said, trying to speak without slurring. "Who ... but who ... is going to have ... have it away first ..."

"Doubt if you're capable, old man."

"Ohh ... oh ... we'll see about that. I'm right in the mood. We'll have to cut the cards to see who has first slice ..."

Teresa, filled with loathing, hung there, having to listen to it all. She might as well have been an animal ... or even a blow-up rubber woman. That was all the concern they had for her. She was an object. A sexual object. And they were going to use her. Use her to slake their filthy lusts!

A door opened. Into a bedroom. Teresa was slung onto a bed; she saw a chandelier above. She gritted her teeth. This, at least, would be two out of the six. A good start. She felt sick; tried to get a grip of her emotions. The Baron had been worse, she told herself.

They were looking for a pack of cards. Laughing. Stumbling. Drunken oafs. Hatred seared through Teresa. For them but, even more, for Janina. It was she who had contrived this.

"Ace high ..." said one of them.

"Right ..."

"Bad luck, old man. Only an eight ..."

Then a good laugh. "It's your bad luck ... only a bloody three!"

"Well then ... you can warm it up for me."

"You bet!"

A figure loomed over Teresa. It wore only a shirt. The whites of the eyes were pink with lust and drink.

"Said I wasn't capable ... look at that!"

Teresa looked. An erect penis. Large, but not -over-large.

"I ... I'm glad, Sir," she heard herself saying. Then she parted her thighs and drew them up. Piers thumped down on her, and, after a little fumbling,

pushed into her. Grunting, he began to rut to and fro. Gavin, grinning, was looking down.

“What’s she like?”

“Ahh ... huh ... nice ... and ... huh ... tight ...”

“Good. But she doesn’t look very happy. Smile girlie ... you did ASK to be fucked!”

Teresa smiled. A travesty of a smile. Piers went on rutting. And snorting. A drunken beast slaking itself. It took about three minutes before he rolled off ... and fell to the floor.

Gavin came onto the bed. He had divested himself of all his clothes. He was lean and very hairy. Not exactly attractive.

“I’m a bit lazy, girlie ... you’ll have to suck me first.”

Teresa’s gorge rose ... but there was no escape. She knelt on the bed and took a limp organ in her hand and pushed it into her mouth. Revolting! She forced herself to suck. To suck and suck. Eyes closed, nostrils flaring. Gradually, but only gradually, she felt the thickening and stiffening of the organ.

“There’s a good girl,” came a lecherous voice from above. “Now you’ve got me going.”

Full erection was achieved, and Teresa found herself hauled off, then turned around. Gavin entered her from the rear.

“You asked to ... be ... fucked ...” he grunted, “and you’re damn well ... going to be ...”

Gavin was as good as his word. Partly held in check by the amount of alcohol he had consumed, he thrust with rhythmic vigour for the best part of ten minutes before release came ... bringing Teresa to a most unwanted orgasm just before the end.

“Oh yes ... she’s really enjoying it,” said Piers. “What a hot little number. We’ll have to have her sent round again. When we’re not quite so pissed.”

“Speak for yourself ...” replied Gavin, panting and exhausted on the bed. “I gave you a real good fucking, didn’t I girlie?”

“Y-Yes ... oh yes ... Sir ... a really g-good one ...” agreed the wretched Teresa.

“Made you come, didn’t I?”

“Y-Yer ... ess ... es ... Sir,” answered Teresa, flushing scarlet.

“I do believe she’s a wee bit shy,” laughed Piers. “Incredible, isn’t it, in a place like this?”

“You can say that again. OK, little one, you can clear out now.”

“P-Please ... please, Sir ... would you fill in this ... this f-form?” Teresa was fumbling with her belt. Out came a sheet of paper and a pencil.

“Form?”

“Yes Sir ... I have to ... have to get you to s-sign ... and m-mark ... me ...” Oh the agony of having to admit it! The hideous shame of it.

“Mark you?”

“For ... for ... m-my p-performance ... S-Sir ... please ... Sir ... it ... it ... it’s im-important ... to me ...”

“Who wants to know?” enquired Gavin.

“M-My ... my Mistress, Sir ...”

The two men smiled at each other. “Ah ... I see now,” said Piers. “She put you up to this.”

Teresa nodded shamefacedly. “Please ... Sir ... please ... give me g-good ... marks ...”

“You weren’t all that good,” said Piers. “A bit dry ... and not all that co-operative. I’ll put that down.” He seized the paper and wrote. “4 out of 10. Because you were nice and tight.”

“Th-thank you ... Sir ...” Dear God, what was she THANKING him for?

Gavin took the paper.

“I thought you were a nice fuck, little one. Sucked well, too. I’ll give you 8 out of 10.”

“Oh thank you, Sir ... thank you so much ... I ... I’m glad I p-pleased you.”

“I’ve put down ... ‘a nice suck and a nicer fuck. Should go far’,” said Gavin.

Teresa took back the paper with relief. “Is ... is there ... anything else, Sir?” she asked nervously.

“No,” replied Piers. “Just get your arse out of here. We need some rest. Don’t we old chum?”

“We sure do ...”

As Teresa crept from the room, the two oafs slumped down on the bed. Within a minute or two they were snoring. The creature they had so crudely enjoyed, was once more padding the corridors of ‘Los Limitas’.

Two out of six, she said to herself ... and a half hour had scarcely passed. That was good. Four more. Just four more. Dear Lord, give me strength, she prayed. And, please, make them not be absolutely revolting!

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Quaking, Teresa emerged from the house into the grounds. Her high heels clicked on a stone patio. There were some figures to her left, stretched out on loungers; she had no option but to walk towards them. Approaching, she realised they were women ... four of them half dozing. She walked on, hoping no-one would notice.

Then there came a sudden, cruel female laugh.

“Hey, girls, just look at this ...”

And look they did as Teresa went past. Look and laugh viciously.

“Good luck, girl ...”

“Hope you get what you want ...”

“If I had a prick, I’d stick it up you!”

Feeling as if her whole body was flushing, Teresa hurried on. How could women be so cruel to a member of their own sex? Surely they must know how intolerable it was for her to do what she was doing?

Yes, she thought bitterly, of course they know. What is more, they revel in their knowledge. If they were not sadists, they would not be at ‘Los Limitas’.

Teresa arrived at another patio upon which an elderly man dozed under an umbrella. Should she wake him? No, that was pointless. In any event, he looked quite disgusting. On the third patio there was no-one. So Teresa decided to go back into the house. She must not let too much time slip by. Four more still to go. Her hate, and terror of Janina, knew no bounds.

Back along the silent, empty corridors. What could she do? What could she do if there were no ‘customers’? Teresa’s heart gave a jolt as a door opened just before her. A smartly dressed woman in her early forties emerged. Teresa sank quickly to her knees, as a slave must, when coming upon a guest.

“What are you slinking about here for, girl?” came a sharp demand.

“I ... I ... well, Ma’am ... my Mistress ... sent m-me ...” stammered Teresa, finding it impossible to explain.

“Sent you? What for?”

“To ... to l-look for men, Ma’am ...”

“Indeed!” The woman bent a little and read the message on Teresa’s belt. She gave a short laugh. “Your Mistress has a sense of humour, I see.” She studied the kneeling figure for a few moments. “Well, you have what’s required.” The woman re-opened the door. “Get in there ...”

Teresa got to her feet and went into the room. Perhaps the woman had decided to give her to her husband, she thought. Immediately, she was disillusioned ... as the woman began to unclothe herself.

“I may not be able to fuck you, slave, but you can do a service for me.” Teresa’s heart plummeted. She knew what was coming. That was disgusting enough. But on top of that was the time wasted.

Less than a minute later, Teresa’s blonde head was between a pair of thighs ... and she was faced with the usual nauseous task. It was one which Janina had introduced her to. How long ago that seemed now!

But there was more than that. Once unclothed, the woman had produced a plastic vibrator, instructing Teresa to push in into herself and turn it on. The girl had no option but to obey.

“As I have already said,” smiled the woman, “I cannot fuck you, but I want you to enjoy yourself.”

So ‘enjoy herself’ Teresa had to, whether she wanted to or not. As she tongued and tongued with all the zeal she could muster, the vibrator buzzed away inside her. Ultimately, she was disgusted with herself for being brought to a second orgasm that afternoon.

The woman finally went overboard, kicking and squeaking happily. Then lay back sighing contentedly for quite some time. The vibrator continued to buzz away inside Teresa, and she strove to ignore its insidious effects. Worst of all was the passing of time. Janina, she was sure, would not class this as being fucked.

“P-Please ... Ma’am ... m-may I g-go now?” pleaded Teresa at length.

“When I’m ready,” replied the woman languidly. “Maybe I shall want you to do that again.”

Teresa cursed her fate ... but kept her mouth pressed to the wet-warm sex-lips.

She was finally released some ten minutes later and then managed to induce the woman to scribble on her piece of paper. She received four out

of ten for her 'innocence'. 'This girl needs more training in this aspect of sexuality', was added in the comment column.

Feeling bleak despair, Teresa departed. She still had to find four more men. And already over an hour had passed.

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Along empty corridors. Past silent doors. Perhaps she should knock on some? But no, that was too dangerous, surely? She might easily be punished for intruding.

Then Teresa's heart gave a sudden jump. A male figure was approaching. It was something to come across ANYBODY! She forced a smile on her face and walked sensuously. The man, she saw, was elderly, tall, grey-haired and academic-looking. He seemed deep in thought, and would have passed her by as if she were not there, if Teresa had not touched his sleeve.

"S-Sir ... can I do anything ... f-for you?" she quavered.

"Eh, what's that?" Cold, blue-grey eyes fastened upon her. "Who are you? One of the slaves, I suppose."

"Yes, Sir ..." Teresa stood back a little, so that the man might see the message on her waist-belt. It seemed, though, he was too short-sighted to notice. Or maybe, he was indifferent. Panic as well as sick loathing was beginning to grip Teresa. Here she was offering her body to an elderly man (one who would normally have shied away from) and he seemed indifferent to her! The humiliation of the situation made her feel weak.

"What is it you want, girl?"

"To ... to please you ... Sir ... in any way ..."

"Is that so." Now the cold eyes studied her more closely. "Well ... you're young. Nice petite figure. Mmmm ... yes, you might be an addition to my collection."

"Oh thank you, Sir!" Incredible, thought Teresa, that she should feel almost joyful relief at being accepted by such a man!

"Follow me ..."

Teresa followed. Number three, she said to herself. Halfway. Around the next corner and then into his room. It was very similar to all those in 'Los Limitas' ... luxurious, filled with ornate, Edwardian-style furniture.

“Go kneel down over there,” was the first order Teresa received.

The man indicated a plain white rug set before a full-length wall-mirror. Teresa knelt. “On all fours, bottom high,” came the second order. “Open your thighs and look into the mirror,” came the third order.

Flushing, Teresa did as she was told. It was like a knife in her, having to display herself so immodestly to a complete stranger. She would never get used to it, she knew that. To her horror, she saw the man seat himself, and light a cigarette, which he placed in a long holder. Time was passing, nothing was happening.

“You are very young,” he said at last. “I like that. Nice rounded bottom. Pretty baby-girl cunt. Yes ... I like that, too.”

“Th-Thank you, Sir,” choked Teresa, continuing to look into the mirror. Utter degradation! She summoned her resolve. “I ... I want ... want to be ... fucked, Sir,” she said.

Grey brows went up. “Indeed?” A pull on the cigarette holder. “Well, what you want, young lady, is neither here nor there.”

Panic broke out anew within Teresa. She felt sweat tingling her. If he wasn’t going to take her, why was she there? Oh God, let her get out then ... and get on ... to someone who would take her.

“P-Please Sir ... I-let me go ... th-then ...”

“You like being fucked then, do you, young lady?”

“Y-Yes ... yes ... Sir ... very much, Sir.” Oh God, he must be in his sixties.

“I wish you would fuck me Sir ...” Teresa wiggled her bottom suggestively. As Janina had advised.

“I dare say you do,” said the man, rising from his chair, “but your wishes don’t come into it.” Teresa watched as he went to a cabinet and, shortly afterwards came back with a camera and a flash. He began to take pictures.

Soon, Teresa was having to adopt other poses. Grossly indecent poses. Flash ... flash ... flash ...

Pictures from all angles; some in close-up.

It went on and on. Time was slipping away. Yet Teresa dare not protest. Perhaps, after all this, he will be roused enough to take me, she thought hopefully.

“I think that will do,” he said at last. “Yes, young lady, you’ll make a nice addition to my private collection.”

“I ... I’m g-glad, Sir ...”

“You see ... I’m not capable of proper fucking any more. I just masturbate. With pictures of young ladies like yourself in front of me. I find it very satisfying.”

Teresa’s heart sank. Over half an hour had been wasted! “P-Please ... please ... Sir ... l-let me try and help you ...” Teresa held out imploring hands. How was it possible she was pleading to be taken by this aging beast?

“No ... no, it’s no use, young lady. I’ve tried before. I can get it up by masturbation ... but once I try and get it in, it collapses on me. I used to be annoyed at first. But no longer. Masturbation alone is sufficient.” A sob of despair burst from Teresa. “Sorry to disappoint you, my pretty.” The lean, grey-haired man paused. “But then, perhaps I need not disappoint you entirely. YOU can masturbate me, my dear. Yes ... yes ... I quite like that for a change.”

Fury and despair mingled in Teresa. What was the use of that? Again, she was sure, it would not count with Janina. Yet she HAD to do it. She had to waste yet more time to please this monster. Oh the vile hideousness of it all!

She saw that the man was now seated. For the first time his eyes were a little bright. He had unzipped ... and a surprisingly large, but limp, pale pink phallus was on display.

“Treat it gently, girl ... and be patient. All will be well in due course.”

Sick at heart ... and sick in her stomach ... Teresa took hold of the horrible thing. Oh how disgusting it felt! But she HAD to do it. And do it as well as possible. She began to squeeze and massage. This, she suddenly thought, was worse than being ravaged by those two young drunks. At least, they had behaved ‘naturally’!

It was ten minutes before there was sufficient solidity. Then two or three more minutes of furious work before emission was achieved. A feeble result; but, at least, a result. The man sighed happily.

“Good girl,” he said, “you did that quite well. You can run along now.”

But Teresa did not run along until she had persuaded him to sign her piece of paper. That took some doing. Finally he wrote; ‘8 out of 10. Gave

me a good wank’.

Then, dread shafting through her at the passing of time, Teresa was out in the corridor again.

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Sick horror. Mounting dread. Time is slipping away. Unforgiving time. Unforgiving Janina. Teresa, shuddering inwardly, decided to patrol the patios again.

To hear again the female titters and laughter. The ribald comments.

“How are you doing, girl?”

“What a lovely way to spend the afternoon!”

“Hey Major ... wake up and take a look at this.” A dozing figure stirs, blinks. “Show the Major what you’ve got, you young trollop.”

Crimson with shame, whimpering, Teresa shows him. Shows the red-cheeked, boozy-faced lecher her all. Bleary eyes closed again.

“Can’t be bothered just now ...”

Loud laughter. “Can’t ever be bothered these days, I guess!”

Teresa gets her bottom smacked and is told to move on. She teeters off on high heels, sobbing, where can she go? What can she do? It is a never-ending nightmare, with Janina waiting at the end.

Another reclining, sleepy figure. This one middle-aged and balding. Teresa stops, touches an arm.

“Sir ... S-Sir ... would you l-like ... to ... fuck me?” Teresa moves sinuously; thrust her lower belly forward. The effort she has to make to do so is horrific.

“Sure would, girl ...”

Teresa’s hopes leap.

“... but some other time. Already had a damn good grind this afternoon.” Eyes close again.

Scorned, rejected, biting her lips, tears streaming now. Teresa moves on again.

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Back in the estancia, Teresa had a sudden idea. She would visit the Baron. Vile as he was, it was unlikely he would be able to resist her charms. She knew well the way to his suite. Tremulously, she knocked ... and waited. Dear God, let him be in ... let him want me ... she prayed.

The door opened. A swarthy-featured, Mexican-looking young man stood there.

“Yes?” he enquired.

“Is ... is the Baron in, p-please?”

“Yes.”

“May ... I ... m-may I see him ... p-please ... Sir?”

“No ...”

“P-Please ... it ... it’s important.”

“The Baron is in conference, I am his aide.”

Teresa buried her face in her hands. “Uhh ... can’t I n-never w-win?” she moaned.

Smirking, the aide read the message on Teresa’s belt.

“So ... you wanted the Baron to fuck you, did you?”

“Yes, Sir,” nodded Teresa wretchedly. It was difficult for the aide to understand why such a nubile young creature as this should want to please such a gross pig as the Baron. But there, one never knew. Still, she was a slave. Perhaps she had been sent there. He made a decision.

“Come in, girl. I’ll fuck you instead,” he said.

Teresa’s joy was unconfined. She fell to her knees and clasped at the legs before her.

“Oh thank you ... ooohhh ... th-thank you, Sir!” she cried out.

The aide was a little more than puzzled. It was strange that a young woman like this should be so delighted to give herself to a complete stranger. Perhaps she is a nympho, he thought. Though, of course, nothing could have been further from the truth.

A couple of minutes later, on hands and knees in an ante-room, Teresa was being taken by a most virile brute of a man. He was so hairy and so powerful it felt almost as if an ape were mounting her.

Thumpppp ... thumpppp ... thumpppp ...

Belly pounding to buttocks.

Thumpppp ... thumpppp ... thumpppp ...

Teresa squirmed and jerked. Oh the size of the man! Oh the strength of him!

“Nice, eh girl? A good cock, eh? Like it, don’t you?”

“Y-Yer ... ess ... yes ... aahhhh ... yes ... Sir!” The awful thing was that Teresa suddenly realised she was not making it up this time. She DID like it! Sheer animality had gripped her ... driving her lust up and up.

“Ohhh ... aaaaahhh ... it’s lovely!”

This was not like the revolting Baron. Not like those drunken oafs. This was a real man. A man like Carlos. Yes ... this was how Carlos had roused her. The thought of her lover brought Teresa to a peak.

Squealing, she wriggled ecstatically beneath her possessor, which only added to his pleasure. He went on fucking relentlessly.

“You ... you’ll spend ... again ... my pretty ... before I’ve done with you ...”

“Yes ... aahhhh ... YES ... SSSS!” Teresa wanted it. WANTED it! Teresa was lost. Driven to long forgotten sexual heights. Soon, as the aide continued to pound and pound into her, she mounted to her second orgasm.

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Teresa was weak-kneed. Weary, she tottered along a corridor again. Clutched in her hand was the piece of paper. ‘10 out of 10’, it read. And, under comments it stated: ‘Very enthusiastic’.

As she had left the apartment, the aide had patted her bottom.

“Come again any time, girlie ...”

“Yes ... Sir ... oh thank you, Sir ...”

She left the dark, hirsute brute grinning broadly at her.

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But time was now short. Perhaps no more than twenty minutes left. Down some steps and out into the grounds again. She could still feel the man’s member inside her. God, what he had done to her! She could not deny the strength of her desires ... but now she hated herself for being so weak.

Suddenly, Teresa recalled that there was a swimming pool nearby. She made her way quickly to it. Since evening was approaching, there was only a handful of people scattered in loungers beside the pool. Heart in mouth, Teresa made her way around the pool. She MUST succeed!

Click ... clack ... click ... clack ...

A man's eyes followed her ... but he made no move. Perhaps second time round, thought Teresa. Two middle-aged women eyed her scornfully.

"Whatever next!" remarked one.

Then she came upon a young couple lying close side by side. No hope there, she told herself.

"Hey ... you ... stop!" It was the young woman's voice; crisp and authoritative, Teresa stopped and made a little obeisance. A blue bikini, pretty features, sneering eyes. No more than a year or so older than herself. "Ivan, look at this, will you ..."

A young man rolled over and sat up. His eyes roved over Teresa.

"Not bad," he said, "so what?"

"Can't you see what's written on her?" Teresa felt colour mounting in her cheeks. Hate burned within her. What an ocean of difference there was between her and this arrogant young woman!

"Well I'm damned!" The young man laughed. "Keen on it, are you?"

How did one answer that? "Y-Yes ... S-Sir ..." quavered Teresa.

"She must be," sneered his companion ... realising, of course, that a cruel predicament had been forced upon this slave. "Care to take her up on her offer, Ivan?"

The man looked at her with some surprise. "You don't mean that, do you, Dolores?" His fiancée not only had money, but a jealous streak in her as well.

"As a matter of fact, I do," replied the dark, mean-eyed Dolores. "She's only a slave, Ivan." Those eyes fixed harshly upon Teresa. "It would mean no more to me than if you had a wank!"

Teresa flinched as if struck. Her hatred intensified, and it took a desperate effort to keep it in check. She MUST control her feelings!

"Well ... I don't know. She's not bad, I suppose." Ivan looked at the shapely young creature so submissive before him. Yes ... she would make a nice change from Dolores. "Do you REALLY mean it?"

“Of course,” smiled Dolores, “I’ve often wondered what you look like while you’re fucking!”

Teresa just had to stand there and take it all. The sneers, the innuendoes, the disdainful and pitiless looks. She must not show one ounce of resentment or rebellion. She was a slave. There for the amusement of others.

“Alright then, if you’re sure you mean it ...”

“Oh I do!” A wide, vicious smile. Oh how she was loving the situation! For, being young herself, she could just imagine how Teresa felt.

“Where then?”

“Here ... right here ... on those tiles ...”

“OK.” Ivan sloped off his trunks. The situation was unusual to say the least. Men did not usually enjoy other women in front of a fiancée!

“Down you go, girl.” He wondered what her name was, but did not bother to ask.

Teresa lay down on the cool tiles and turned her head towards the blue water of the pool.

“Look this way,” came an order. Teresa turned her head back, to see the eyes of Dolores gloating upon her. No more than a wank. That was what she had said. Teresa hated her from the depths of her being. Ivan, meanwhile was nibbling at her breasts and becoming quickly roused. Teresa’s thighs were wide spread and raised. She wanted to get it over as quickly as possible.

The hard bone of male flesh slid easily into her. She was very wet and warm following her previous encounter.

“Mmmm ... that’s nice,” sighed Ivan. His hands clasped Teresa’s rounded buttocks. “You’re a hot little number, I must say.”

Dolores eyes flashed. “Don’t say it ... just fuck her!” she snapped.

Ivan began to lunge to and fro. He was not as strong and masterful, nor as big as the aide. Teresa submitted and accepted. Rather than co-operated. Her ravisher did not seem to mind. He rutted away inexpertly, grunting happily. In fact, he was surprised and delighted by the girl’s tight hot liquidity ... and made a mental note to seek her out some other time, when Dolores wasn’t around. It was just a shade inhibiting to do this under the eyes of one’s girlfriend.

“What’s she like?”

“Not bad ...” Ivan thought it best not to be too enthusiastic.

“Not at all that keen, though ...”

Teresa thought it best to make more response. She began to move her haunches in rhythmic association. All the time she had to look at those dark eyes sneering down at her. Hate was a black ball in her breast. This woman had wanted to know what her lover looked like while he was fucking. Now she knew.

The movement of Teresa’s haunches roused Ivan further. He began to thrust harder and faster. Yes ... this was a really juicy little fuck. And now he was making her wriggle. Wriggle all over those tiles. It was good ... oooh ... yes ... very good!

“This is becoming a long wank,” came Dolores’ voice. A warning.

But Ivan scarcely heard. He was already rutting faster and faster to a climax. He didn’t care anymore that Dolores was watching. He wouldn’t have given a damn if a score of people had been watching.

He was simply totally absorbed in the squelching delights of a succulent young cunt.

Oh how good it was!

So good!

TOO good!

Suddenly, Ivan was spurting wildly and uncontrollably, gasping and groaning as he did so. Beneath him, Teresa simulated some kind of orgasm which, in fact, she nowhere near achieved. At least, that was something.

Ivan rolled off. He looked rather smug.

“So that’s what it looks like,” remarked Dolores. “Not very edifying, I must say.”

“You wanted to see it,” grinned Ivan feebly.

“True,” said Dolores. “But I don’t ever want to see it again.” She gave Ivan one of her more domineering looks. One of those which made him think that, despite her money, he might not go through with the marriage after all.

“Sure ... sure ...” he nodded, getting up and replacing his trunks.

Dolores stood up too. “And as for you, you disgusting little harlot,” she said, “it is time you cooled off!”

Using her bare feet, she pushed and kicked Teresa along the tiles and over the edge into the pool.

Splosh!

Teresa gasping and spewing. Treated as beneath contempt.

If Janina had been watching, she would have considered it the perfect end to the imaginative afternoon which she had created.

## CHAPTER FOUR

“What a disgusting sight! Go and get cleaned up this instant!”

From Janina’s tone, one would have thought it was Teresa’s fault that she looked more like a half-drowned rat than a pretty young woman. Her straggled blonde hair clung to wet cheeks; she was dripping water onto the carpet. She was shivering, too. Partly with cold, mainly with dread.

“Y-Yes ... Miss ...”

“Give me your report first.”

With trembling fingers, Teresa took a damp piece of paper out of her belt. As she did so, with a freezing sensation inside her, she realised, for the first time, that, after the shock of being kicked by Dolores into the pool, she had quite forgotten to get Ivan to ‘mark her’. She would have to explain that.

“I ... I ...” she began.

“Get out girl,” snapped Janina, “you smell.”

Sobbing, Teresa stumbled from the room. Rarely had she felt so miserably wretched in her life. Her degrading ordeal had been vile enough; but now there were the consequences to be faced. Looking at that pathetic, retreating figure, Janina smiled with cruel relish. What an afternoon for one of such modest inclinations, she thought. Having to offer your cunt to all and sundry ... and beg them to make use of it! Oh my Teresa, what a revenge I am having! Sinking back into the depths of a comfortable armchair, Janina unfolded the piece of paper. Though the writing had run in places, it was at once clear that Teresa had not completed her allotted task. Janina smiled again. So much the better. Looking at those five entries in more detail, Janina smiled more broadly ... for it would appear that the girl had only actually been fucked three times. Admittedly, she had had to go down to a woman while a vibrator was stuck up her; and admittedly she had had to toss of some disgusting old beast; but those incidents did not count as a fuck in Janina’s book. Lack of effort; lack of zeal, she mused. It could largely be put down to that absurd shyness of Teresa’s. Well that was not good enough. The girl was going to have to learn that, when she was ordered to hawk her wares, she hawked them well and truly. Yes ... she’d recommend to Judith Somerton that Teresa be given the hiding of her young

life for this behaviour. And doubtless the Overseer would agree. It is just a pity that I can't give her that hiding myself, reflected Janina, stirring a little restlessly. She was just in the mood, having had a rather unsuccessful afternoon at the Bridge table. Down in two small Slams, doubled. Probably because her mind had strayed too frequently, wondering what was happening to Teresa. Still, soon enough, she'd hold that whip-hand personally. Oh joyous day!

Dry again, hair brushed, face made up, Teresa returned.

She advanced, features quivering and knelt meekly before her arch-tormentress. Her firm, apple-round breasts came up as she clasped her hands behind her neck.

"What is the meaning of this performance, Teresa?" demanded Janina. There was an edge to her voice and her dark eyes were diamond hard.

"M-Miss ... I ... I ... f-forgot to p-put in ... the l-last one ..." said Teresa weakly.

"A likely story," drawled Janina.

"The ... young l-lady ... she kicked me into ... into the p-pool ..."

"What young lady?"

"Th-The y-young l-lady of the man who ... who ... en-enjoyed me ..."

"Fucked you, you mean?"

"Y-Yes, M-Miss."

"Then say so, girl!"

"The young m-man who ... fucked me," croaked Teresa.

"I don't believe it," said Janina with finality.

"I ... it's true, Miss!" cried Janina urgently. "I ... s-swear it!"

"We'll see about that." snapped Janina. She was having a lovely time. "In any event," she went on, having taken a sip from the wine goblet set alongside her, "whether what you say is true or not, you still have not carried out my orders ..."

"I ... tried ... Miss ... really ..."

"Silence, slave" Also, one of the young gentlemen you offered your cunt to, did not seem entirely happy. 'Not all that co-operative', he states. I don't like the sound of that. On the other hand, this other gentleman - I can't read his name - gave you 10 out of 10. 'Very enthusiastic', he says. I suppose you FANCIED him, you little bitch. That's why you got your arse properly to work ..."

“N-No ... no ... Miss ...”

Unhurriedly, Janina leant forward and smashed her right palm across Teresa’s quivering mouth.

“Don’t lie to me, girl!” she rasped.

“I ... mmmff ... ahhh ... b-beg p-pardon ... mmmff ... M-Mis ...” Teresa forced herself to say. Oh the effort! Oh the excruciation of it! And all, she well knew, purely for Janina’s pleasure.

“I should think so,” said Janina, as if justice was on her side. “Now listen to me, my slave, and listen good. In future, whenever I send you out to be fucked, I don’t give a damn whether you fancy one particular cock or another - or fancy them not at all - you give off your ABSOLUTE best, whether its owner be seventeen or seventy! Do I make myself quite clear?”

“Mmmf ... u-ugh ... yer-ess ... M-Miss. But ... b-but ... I r-really ... t-tried ...”

Another vicious slap across the mouth.

“Shut up! I prefer to believe written facts; not what YOU say. 8 out of 10 is just passable. 4 out of 10 is definitely not. I want 10 out of 10’s. 100%. Got it?”

“Y-Yes ... mmmf ... yes ... mmmfff ... Miss,” sobbed Teresa. Oh what was to happen to her now? Oh how could she be blamed? It was utterly unjust ... utterly inhuman!

“Now we come to another matter. You must have been well aware that you were wasting your time with a lady ...” said Janina.

“Yes ... y-yes ... Miss ... but ...”

“So that does not count,” continued Janina as if Teresa had not interrupted.

“Oooooohhh ... p-please ...”

“Nor does the next gentleman. ‘Gave me a good wank!’” guffawed Janina. “What’s the good of that? You couldn’t have tried your best. Couldn’t have made yourself sufficiently enticing. It’s just not good enough. Any man would rather have a fuck than a wank ...”

“H-He ... couldn’t ... M-Miss ...”

Again Teresa’s wailing interruption was ignored. “Finally, you fabricate a fuck by the pool-side. Doubtless throwing yourself in, to strengthen your story ...”

“It’s true ... it’s true, Miss!” cried Teresa in desperation. “He ... he fucked m-me ... in ... in f-front of h-his girlfriend ...”

“How very entertaining for her,” sneered Janina. “And showing a fine lack of jealousy in a loving young lady, who was she?”

Teresa searched her brain. The name Dolores swam into it.

“M-Miss D-Dolores,” she said.

“Indeed!” Janina’s eyebrows shot up. “I know the young lady. She’s not the type to let Ivan have his head. We’ll find out about this.” Janina lifted the receiver of a house-phone at her side.

“It ... it’s t-true ...” whimpered Teresa. Then was quailed into silence by Janina’s flashing-hard eyes.

A click. A muffled voice. “Is that Dolores? Oh good. It’s Janina here.” A pause. A voice. “Fine, thank you. And you? Good ... good. Listen, my dear, I need to clear a little matter. My slave, who I have before me, insists that your Ivan fucked her in front of you. On the pool-side. Naturally, I did not believe you would permit such a thing. But I just thought I’d confirm.” Janina took the receiver from her ear and held it towards Teresa.

“The girl’s lying, of course, came Dolores’ calm, indulgent voice. She guessed well what Janina was playing at, and out of simple spite, was happy to make Teresa suffer, since Ivan had seemed to rather enjoy himself.

“There was some slave ... a blonde ... wiggling her arse around the pool. But, as far as I know, no-one had a piece of it. Certainly not my Ivan.”

Janina returned the receiver to her ear. “Just as I rightly assumed, Dolores,” she nodded. “Sorry to have troubled you, bye for now.”

Click!

The receiver went down. Teresa’s head drooped; tears flowed faster. She knew it was quite useless to say that the young woman was not telling the truth. Indeed, that would have been an offence. She was defeated. Quite defeated. Once again ...

“So,” said Janina acidly, “to the numerous faults you have committed this afternoon, slave, we can now add one of lying to me.”

“P-Please ... oooohhh ... p-please ... M-Miss ...” Arms and hands were stretched out imploringly. Teresa knew that Janina knew she was telling the truth. Could she be spared nothing?

Janina stood up and strolled across to her bureau.

“I am afraid, Teresa, that Miss Somerton will not be best pleased by the Report I am now about to make to her. And I shall be happy to leave the remedy for your misdeeds, in her capable hands.”

Slumping forward, Teresa burst into an almost hysterical flood of tears.

After all she had done ...

After all the horror ... and the shame ...

After all she had suffered ...

This!

Oh the unbelievable, unbearable cruelty of it!

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Once more Teresa knelt, but this time it was at the feet of Judith Somerton. She was shaking as if with fever. The blue-clad, white-collared Overseer was reading from a sheet of paper. The Report that Janina had made.

As ever, the South African's features were impassive. One could never have guessed what was going through her mind. In fact, she was thinking that Miss Casals certainly had it in for this Teresa Mendoza. Amazing what jealous pique could do to a young woman. Just because she thought she had once been slighted, now that the opportunity presented itself, there was obviously going to be no end to her ex-rival's sufferings. It was no concern of Judith's, of course. It was simply the way of the world. In any event, in a few months this girl would soon be the sole property of Miss Casals, and no longer any concern of hers. Meanwhile, however, Teresa was still one of Colonel Valmira's slaves, and thus, Judith's responsibility where matters of discipline were concerned.

She read Janina's missive for the second time ... and it was even more obvious what the young lady was up to. For no real reason (except personal satisfaction), she was trying to contrive as cruel a punishment as possible for Teresa. Partly because she herself would now be leaving on the following day. This Report had been produced as a kind of 'Farewell Present' for Teresa.

Yes ... knowing Teresa, she was certain the girl would have done her utmost to carry out Janina's orders. The task she had been set, though it might appear easy, had been a difficult one. It depended so much on the

vagaries of others. However, the girl had acted, it would not have been humanely possible to ENSURE success. At last she spoke.

“Among other things,” she said. “Miss Casals accuses you of lying. Tell me about that.”

Teresa’s throat worked. “You ... you will know ... M-Miss ... what I had been ordered to do ...”

“Yes.” The voice flat and emotionless.

“I m-made my w-way to the pool ...” Haltingly, flushing, Teresa went on to describe what had happened. At the end, Judith simply nodded. Then she turned and left the room. Teresa remained kneeling, trembling inwardly and outwardly. Her nerves were as taut as stretched elastic. What hideous agonies lay ahead? All so undeserved!

A few minutes later, Judith Somerton was back. She had elicited the actual truth from a giggling Dolores ... but made no comment. What she did know now, though, was that Miss Casals was the one who was lying. And also exaggerating. Not that Judith held it against her. It was simply typical of a woman of her age, class and inclinations - when she had the upper hand.

The little lecture which she, Judith Somerton, had given on being ‘fair’ with slaves, did not seem to have got home!

“This is no light matter, Teresa.” said Judith. “On the other hand, it is not as serious as I first thought.” Teresa’s breasts heaved, with relief? Tears ran over her quivering features. What had Janina said? What had she recommended? There was a long silence.

“Miss Casals, your Mistress,” resumed Judith, at length, “has suggested I give you the most severe thrashing you have ever had.”

An in-sucking gasp from Teresa. A violent shuddering.

“However,” went on Judith, a shade smugly. “I am the arbiter of punishments for slaves at ‘Los Limitas’.” She looked benignly down at her trembling victim.

“In my view, your faults are not as serious as has been assumed. However, since you DID fail to carry out your Mistress’s orders - difficult as they might have been - I intend Teresa, to give you a really sound strapping. That, on this occasion, I think, will suffice.”

This time a heaving breath was expelled from Teresa. A strapping. Not exactly to be welcomed. But it could have been far worse! Teresa

experienced a quick, brief surge of exultation that Janina's recommendations had been overruled. At the same time, she felt a sense of thankfulness, almost mounting to 'mother love' towards Miss Somerton. The calm, unruffled Miss Somerton. The supreme arbiter. She had seen fit to show mercy on a weak and helpless slave. One who had tried and had failed through no fault of her own. Oh she was just! And good! She, compared to Janina, was an angel in disguise!

"Stand up, girl and follow me," commanded the 'angel'.

Tottering, Teresa got to her feet and followed Judith towards the dreaded door of the Punishment Room. As she did so, Teresa's mind flew back to the time she had originally seen Janina at 'Los Limitas' when, shocked and amazed, she had addressed her by her Christian name. For that offence, too, she had been strapped. The memory of it was still bitter.

Through the black door. Into the dreaded room. So bare, so plain. A room, which, countless times, had rung to agonised screams of pain and the most pitiable shrieks for mercy. Now, for the moment, the walls were silent. Unechoing. Teresa's heart was hammering. Her flesh was cringing. It was indeed a terrible thing to be a slave. An even more terrible thing to be a slave who had offended.

"As I have already said Teresa," intoned Miss Somerton, "this is no light matter. And the decision as to your punishment, on this occasion, is MINE." In the pause which followed. Teresa bowed her head and bit her lower lip. "I am going to give you twenty four stokes of the strap. The triple-thonged strap."

A long, low moan escaped Teresa. That heavy strap was indeed a burning cruelty. She had felt it before. But never twenty four strokes. Twelve, yes. Maybe eighteen. But not twenty four. How would she be able to endure it? The prick of a needle into her arm, with Miss Somerton's almost comforting arm about her shoulders, told Teresa how she would be able to endure it! She had just received a 'booster' injection which would immensely increase her strength and stamina. A very customary practice in 'Los Limitas'. And, after her terrible ordeal of that afternoon and what had followed subsequently, few girls had ever needed it more.

"Over the bench, Teresa."

The so familiar, so dreaded command.

One which HAD to be obeyed, though it took every ounce of one's will to make oneself do it.

The hard bare boards under one's belly. The curve of one's body; the thrust of one's bottom. Then the thick, soft cord fastening one's wrists to one's ankles together. Rendering one helpless.

Helpless!

Oh the panic-terror of that!

Now there was no escape. The inevitable was now upon one.

Helpless!

There was the faint sound of Miss Somerton's unhurried movements. The strap must be taken from its place among an armoury of corrective instruments. Brown leather, well-oiled to keep it supple, gleaming softly. Overall, two feet in length, with a wooden handle. Three inches wide, splitting in its last six inches to three one-inch wide thongs. Thongs which curl and bite with special agony. And the strap is nearly half an inch thick. An atrociously painful implement.

Bringing agony, both broad and deep.

Across both buttock cheeks and then around the flank.

Pain like a searing flame.

Breath-taking pain. Unbelievable pain.

Yet pain which intensified as stroke followed stroke.

Teresa had experienced it all before; now she was to experience it all again.

But worse ...

Miss Judith Somerton positioned herself, noting the convulsive, but very understandable, clenching and twitching of her victim's curving nates. This girl had become considerably hardened since her initiatory days ... but the kind of strapping she was going to get would be memorable indeed. But for the Healing Treatment, she would receive later that night, she would have found it uncomfortable to sit down for a fortnight!

"You have displeased your Mistress, Teresa ... and now you must pay for it ..."

A sobbing, hopeless moan.

Why could she not die, then and there, that instant, before it all began? Oh how often she had prayed for the benison of oblivion! How long would

it be possible for her to retain faith in a distant and so unrewarding a God?  
One to whom she had always prayed to daily and nightly?

Why did he not rescue her?

Even through death?

TTTHHHWWWWAAACCKKKK!

The first flame of agonising pain erupted across Teresa's bottom as the strap descended ... impelled with the full force of Miss Somerton's practiced right arm. The soft nates were momentarily compressed and splayed. The strap came away and a band of pink-red torment remained behind.

Teresa was gasping breathlessly ... head thrown back ... mouth wide ... eyes staring. Unbelievable! An awful howl rattled from her throat. Unbelievable! Yet, it was but beginning ...

Dispassionately, Miss Somerton swung the strap high again. Then brought it down, just a fraction lower than where the first had fallen.

TTTHHHWWWWAAACCKKKK!

The sound of leather on flesh was loud in that small room. Equally so was another series of gasping cries from Teresa. Uncontrollably she squirmed, held helpless in her bonds.

Miss Somerton licked her pale lips and prepared to lay on again. She planned to place the third stroke precisely where the first had fallen. Then the fourth precisely where the second had fallen. That would truly stimulate this youngster's quaking bottom!

Ah yes!

Teresa may have felt, already, that the end of the world had come. But, by the time she had finished with her, she would certainly wish it had!

TTTTHHHWWWWAAACCCCKKKK!

"A-A-A-Ahhhhh ... AAAAAGGGGHHHH!"

And again ...

TTTTHHHWWWWAAACCKKKK!"

"AAAAGHHH ... OOOORRRR ... AAAAGGGHHH ... NO ... OOOOO!"

Miss Somerton certainly knew how to punish with maximum effect. And proceeded to do so.

There were still twenty strokes to be delivered.

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Smelling salts were required shortly after the halfway point was reached ... despite the 'booster' injection. At least, Miss Somerton deemed them necessary. Not so much because Teresa might faint, but because Miss Somerton wished her to appreciate to the full each stroke delivered. The girl's mind and nerves must remain fully sensitive.

As the salts bit into nostrils and throat, the room filled with awful retching and choking sounds. Miss Somerton surveyed the bottom before her. It's colouring at that moment, she thought, could well be compared with one of those spectacular Turner sunsets she had once admired in the National Gallery. Or had it been the Tate? Pink and red ... mauve edging ... swathes of purple ... yellow and black traces looming up. A masterpiece ... for her eyes only.

Efficiently, professionally, Miss Somerton resumed the strapping ... just fractionally intrigued to realise that those sounds Teresa was making were pleas for mercy.

Soon, she thought, there would be more purple than red. But meanwhile, contented herself by laying the next four strokes across the tops of Teresa's pristine white thighs. These seemed to evoke even louder shrieks.

That is, until she returned her attention to the blazing furnace she had created upon the girl's bottom itself.

Relentlessly, remorselessly, the strokes fell.

One after another.

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCCKKKK!

As inevitable as doom.

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCCKKKK!

Swathe over swathe.

Agony upon agony.

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCCKKKK!

Agony upon unbearable agony.

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCCKKKK!

Now nearly all purple and black edged ...

TTTHHHWWWAAACCCCKKKK!

Each time those curling thongs. Three of them. Three of them biting ...

“A-A-A-AGGGGHHHHHH ... N-N-N-AAAAGHHH ... N-N-NOOOO ... OOOOO!”

TTTHHHHWWWAAACCCCKKKK!

One more to go. And it descended as hard as the first had done. Yet was, in view of the condition of the flesh, three or four times as excruciating.

TTTTHHHHWWWAAAACCCCKKKK!

It was over.

Yet Teresa did not know it. Her whole being had become composed of sheer unadulterated pain. Now it made no difference whether the strapping continued or not. She had reached the limit of pain. It could become no worse ...

If it did, her mind would snap.

It must!

Calmly, Miss Somerton replaced the murderous strap she had wielded. Yes, that had indeed been a couple of minutes Teresa would remember for many a day! She hoped Miss Casals would be satisfied ... even though that young lady had doubtless expected something far worse to be administered.

Some people had no idea when to put a limit on things!

She regarded Teresa's incredibly colourful bottom again. Mmmm ... that must be EXCEEDINGLY painful. She would leave the girl for an hour to reflect upon it. That could do no harm.

Only good in fact!

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“A strapping, Miss Somerton? Good Lord ... is that all?” Janina Casals sounded most indignant, as Judith Somerton had expected she might, before she had picked up the house-phone to report. She coughed gently.

“Urr ... Miss Casals ... you don't seem to realise that the kind of strapping I can give is a most unpleasant experience.”

“I ... I dare say, Miss Somerton,” said Janina, not at all mollified. “But I should have thought, in view of her offences - including lying to me, remember - you would have not only strapped Teresa, but given her an exceedingly good caning as well. And by ‘exceedingly good’, I mean at least twenty four strokes. Yes ... that's the least I would have expected. Twenty four strokes on a bottom already well tenderised by leather.”

Judith coughed again. "That's as maybe, Miss Casals," she demurred, "but you really must let me be the arbiter in these matters. After all, though she is acting as your personal slave here, she is still in my charge."

"Mmmmm ... yes, I do realise that, Miss Somerton," Janina paused. "I am sorry for getting rather het up about this, but here I was imagining her getting a cane across her bottom ... plenty and good and hard ... when all she was feeling was leather. After all, she did lie to me, Miss Somerton."

Judith smiled. "I don't think that is correct, Miss Casals," she said mildly. "I checked. Remember what I advised about being 'fair' with a slave? Believe me, Miss Casals, if Teresa had lied to you, I would certainly have caned as well as strapped her. And in the fashion you suggested."

Janina felt the wind had rather been taken out of her sails. This Miss Somerton was nobody's fool!

"I see," she said. "Ah well, you know best, Miss Somerton. As long as you made Teresa realise the error of her ways, I am satisfied."

"Thank you, Miss Casals." She paused. "Perhaps you would like to take a look ..."

"What?" Janina could not hide her delight. "Yes ... well ... yes. Why not? I'll come to your apartment right away, Miss Somerton."

Janina put down the phone and jumped to her feet, clasping hands together like a child who has just received a special present.

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"My God ... I see what you mean, Miss Somerton." Janina's tone was almost awed as she gazed upon the red-purple havoc that flared over Teresa's hindquarters. The wretched girl was still secured tautly over the bench, moaning with every breath.

"I used my heaviest strap, Miss Casals ... and gave her twenty four strokes ..."

"Yes ... yes ... I never realised ..." She tried to imagine what awful torments Teresa must be enduring, but failed. Then, with a malicious little grin, she advanced, holding out her hands until they were within an inch or two of the girl's bottom.

"When one can generate heat like this, there's really no need for electricity, is there?" Then, with a harsh, callous laugh, she turned and left

the room. Judith Somerton watched her go with sardonic amusement.  
She did not exactly envy young Teresa Mendoza!

## CHAPTER FIVE

Within forty eight hours, much to Teresa's relief, Janina Casals had left 'Los Limitas'. She had one final vindictive act to perform, sending the girl with a note to Judith Somerton even while a bevy of slave girls was heaving and humping a vast mass of her personal luggage down the main stairway and into a waiting limousine.

The note, which Janina showed to Teresa, read as follows:

*'Teresa, naturally, was assigned to do my packing. When she presented herself and declared it was completed, I made a quick tour of inspection. I was shocked to discover, hanging in the back of a wardrobe, one of my evening gowns ... an exclusive and most expensive Paris creation which I would have been desolated to have left behind.*

*I consider this piece of gross negligence on the part of this slave and for which, I am sure you will agree, she should be punished. I would like her soundly caned, Miss Somerton, and hope you can arrange that little matter for me.*

*Thank you for all you have done while I have been staying with the Colonel.*

*Janina Casals'*

"I shall be thinking of you getting that caning, girl, while I am on my way to Rio," Janina had said. "It will brighten my journey." She had paused. "And the next time we meet, you will be my very own personal slave, Teresa. Just think about that in the weeks to come!"

Janina's features had broken into an impishly evil smile. Teresa's had puckered and tears ran down her cheeks. Could anyone have a more wretched fate to look forward to, she wondered?

Later, as she made her way to Miss Somerton's quarters, Teresa was fully convinced she had indeed overlooked that evening gown. How stupid of her! She could not be aware that Janina had herself placed the gown there after all the packing had been completed. A neat little trick which appealed to her warped sense of humour.

As it happened, Judith Somerton was already dealing with two other slaves when Teresa was summoned by the green light to enter the Study. She stood nervously listening to the dreaded sounds coming from the half-open door of the Punishment Room. The sound of leather on flesh; the breathless gasps and cries of pain. All so horribly familiar. Should she enter?

The sound of leather ceased. "Who is it?"

Teresa started. "Teresa, Miss," she said.

"Oh? What have you been up to this time? Come in here, girl!"

Even more nervously, the young blonde went in. A plump, well-reddened bottom met her immediate gaze. She noticed that Miss Somerton was using a single-thonged strap, but it was one which was both broad and thick. It had two sets of three circular holes, one inch apart near its end, the object of these being to facilitate the speed of the strap through the air. Teresa recalled her last agonising ordeal in that room. This girl was getting off relatively lightly. She sank to her knees and extended the note. It was snatched away.

"I'll deal with this in a moment," said Miss Somerton, brusquely. The she turned back to her victim. "How many is that, Barbara?"

"Eight ... M-Miss," came the answer. The briefest of smiles flickered over Judith's mouth.

"Ahh, so we have been counting, have we?"

"Y-Yes ... Miss ..."

"How many to come then?"

"F-Four more, Miss ..."

"My, my ... we are good at arithmetic, Barbara." It was the usual, cruel cat-and-mouse game. The drawing out of the tension and the torment. "So you will count the last four aloud, girl."

Girl! As Teresa knew, Barbara - tall and well developed - was in her early thirties. That made no difference. A slave could be called anything ... girl, slut, harlot, strumpet ... anything the owner fancied.

The strap flailed and thwacked.

"A-A-Aggghh ... ooorr ... n-nine ... ine ... Miss ... aaahhhh ..."

The strap fell just where the fulsome buttocks joined the tops of the equally full thighs. Then Miss Somerton moved across to the other side and brought the strap down in precisely the same area.

“Y-YYAAAAGHHH!” came a howl. And again. “Y-Y-YAAAGGGGHH!”

“Yes ... it hurts there, doesn’t it, Barbara ... especially the second time?”

“T-Ten ... eenn ... oooooohhh ... oooooh ...” Barbara was gasping.

Miss Somerton moved back ... and down came the strap again. Once more in that so-tender arse.

Barbara uttered a breathless, despairing series of shrieks. How could such pain be, they asked. Just in time she remembered to count.

“Not to mention the third,” smiled Miss Somerton grimly. “Or the fourth!” The final stroke overlaid numbers nine, ten, eleven ... and the sounds which Barbara made were even more agonised. Hardly surprising. The three-inch wide band of fire which encircled the very lowest part of her buttock cheeks could scarcely have been a brighter hue of red. Soon it would begin to turn purple.

“T-Twelve ... M-Missss ... mmmff ... mmmff ... t-twelve ... M-Miss ...” moaned Barbara. Doubtless repeating herself to ensure she did not receive another!

Unconcernedly, Judith Somerton released the sobbing woman who at once fell to her knees and placed her hands on top of her head. It was the posture demanded of all those who had just been punished. All those who still had some coherent thought left in them, that is.

Miss Somerton was back at the cupboard. In went the strap, out came a cane. Long, slim, whippy. Teresa felt goose-pimples of dread.

“The cane for you, now Paulette,” said the Overseer, tapping the top of the wooden table. “Just half a dozen this time, young lady. But if anyone thinks you’re not showing sufficient respect again, you’ll get a dozen. Right?”

“Y-Yes, Miss ...” This ‘young lady’ was indeed young. She looked scarcely more than sixteen, with apple-round breasts and a figure not yet fully mature. Her skin was exceedingly milky-white in colour. “And the cane for you, too, Teresa,” said Miss Somerton, turning. “I am accepting Miss Casals’ recommendation and giving you a dozen for your negligence. You can have them at the same time as Paulette. Over you get, both of you.”

This was not an infrequent ploy of Judith Somerton’s when she had several girls to punish at the same time. The sight and sound of a

companion being dealt with, did not enhance one's peace of mind when one knew it was coming to you also, in a few moments.

From the opposite sides of the bench, the two girls draped themselves over and had hands and wrists tied securely. Rounded wooden blocks pushed under each set of flanks, ensured a tightening of the flesh of curving young nates. Teresa heard Paulette sobbing already. The poor girl, so young, had very little experience. She herself had expected nothing less than twelve, after Janina's recommendation. She clenched her teeth and let the hate in her heart for that vixen-girl swell until she thought it must burst.

Paulette got the first cut.

Sssseee ... eeppptttt!

The girl's cry was high, piercing and piteous. Teresa felt her own buttocks trying to contract, as Miss Somerton moved round the bench. But, so taut were they, they could not. Only minutely, anyway. Miss Somerton measured the curving bottom. She liked them as tight-drawn as this. With effortless ease, yet with vicious power, she laid on two strokes in quick succession. A double shriek erupted from Teresa ... almost as high, piercing and piteous as those of Paulette.

And, as she absorbed the fiery, parallel pain, Teresa recalled Janina's words: 'I shall think of you getting that caning, girl ... it will brighten my journey!'

Oh the hate! The hate! Immeasurable!

Another awful shriek from Paulette and Teresa tensed herself as Miss Somerton, as inevitable as doom, moved round the bench.

Two more cruel cuts. Encircling red-hot wires of torment. Searing deep. Agony ... agony! And yet ... and yet ... there were still eight more to come. Could punishment for such a minor fault have been more unjust? At 'Los Limitas' that mattered not!

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Janina did indeed briefly contemplate what she had consigned Teresa to, as she sped on her way comfortably towards Buenos Aires. 'A sound caning' was what she had asked for, and doubtless that was what the girl would get. Perhaps eighteen strokes. Yes, that would be 'sound' enough! She felt that familiar FRISSON as she tried to imagine what that must be

like. It was not truly possible. Perhaps one would have to experience just a few hard cuts oneself to get a better idea of the awful torment of it. Janina, however, was not prepared to do that. She shivered. Just looking and listening gave one a pretty good understanding of the suffering entailed.

Perhaps she is getting it at this very moment, thought Janina excitedly. Bent curving over that bench. Secured helpless. Crying out. Begging. Knowing that it was she, Janina, who had requested her punishment. Janina smiled. How much worse that knowledge must make it. Before long, though, there would be no question of requesting. It was she who would be making the decisions ... and laying strap, rod, or worse, across Teresa's backside!

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Having booked in at the Hilton, Janina's first move was to telephone her friend Ira Fuestenberg.

"You got my letter, Ira?"

"I did, my dear, Janina. You seem rather excited."

"Oh ... I am. Such news!"

There came a throaty laugh from Ira. "Indeed?"

"Yes. When can we meet for lunch? Tomorrow?"

"Why not. It will be good to see you again, my dear."

"And you. Pick me up at the Hilton at about one, eh?"

"Fine. Goodbye for now."

"Goodbye, Ira."

Both young women put a receiver down and smiled contentedly. Ira's in for a surprise, thought Janina. Janina imagines she's going to surprise me, said Ira to herself; but she's in for an even bigger surprise!

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Jules Restaurant was opulent, but discreet. Only the most wealthy and influential used it. Members of families like the Casals and Fuestenbergs.

Ira, dressed all in black, wore a startling red hat. Janina was impressed by her looks and style. One could not have called her beautiful. Striking was more the word. Her features looked even more angular and hard than

they had done a year or two ago. Those slightly slanting eyes were as dark as ever, flecked with green; her mouth was the same uncompromising thin, wide red line. If she smiled, which was rare, the teeth revealed were small and rather cat-like. Though she had always been arrogant and autocratic in manner, there was now about her, thought Janina, an even greater authority. Janina had been just a little in fear of Ira when they had been friends in their teens. Ira had led; Janina had followed, often hesitantly. But, when I tell her my news, Janina thought happily. I shall feel much more on equal terms with her. One up, even! Ira will recognise my new maturity and respect me more.

Lunch was ordered, and the wine. By Ira.

"I know this place," she said. "Best to do as I say." Janina acquiesced feeling, not for the first time, a little put down. Such was the strength of this young woman's personality, she seemed to have no consideration for others. Yet is only a year older than myself, reflected Janina. Just twenty two.

"Well, what's this news, Janina?" asked Ira, immediately their first course had been set down.

Janina hesitated. She had planned to wait for the end of the meal - when fortified by wine - before telling Ira. Perhaps, after all, her friend wouldn't approve. One never quite knew.

"Well ... it ... it's a little difficult to explain ..."

"Come, come, Janina ... we didn't have any secrets in the old days."

"True." I didn't anyway, she thought. She smiled a shade nervously. "The point is Ira, I ... I ... have acquired ... well ... acquired a rather special sort of servant." Janina paused. "I suppose you might call her a slave, really." Janina felt her blood tingling and a flush coming to her cheeks.

Ira, seemingly concerned, nibbled at a piece of Asparagus. Had she heard, wondered Janina?

"Have you nothing to say?"

Ira's dark eyes impinged upon Janina. There was kind of pitying derision in them ... as if they were gazing upon an unusual but rather enchanting innocence.

"Only one?" replied Ira, thin, arched eyebrows rising.

Janina was non-plussed. She felt herself colouring more deeply. She had expected shock; disbelief maybe; but not this cool indifference.

“W-What do you mean ... only one?” she quavered, “isn’t that enough? Does it not startle you? Excite you, even?”

Ira shrugged. “I should have said one slave was certainly not enough. And I am neither particularly startled or excited.”

“You really mean that, don’t you?” said Janina flatly. Was there no way of impressing this extraordinary woman?

“Oh yes ... I mean it, my dear.” Ira flashed one of her brief, cat-like smiles. “You see, I already have six slaves. Four female, two male. And soon I hope to have several more.”

Janina sat dumbfounded while her plate was removed. A tense, impatient silence reigned, whilst pheasant was served.

“You’re not pulling my leg, are you Ira?” said Janina when the waiter had disappeared.

“Of course not, why should I, my dear? Immediately you wrote me that you were staying with Garcia, I guessed something like this had happened. I realise you must be excited; because it’s your first. Congratulations, anyway.”

“Thanks,” smiled Janina. Her head was in a bit of a whirl. Good Lord, Ira had just said she had SIX slaves ... and two of them men. Amazing!

“It’s someone rather special,” she went on.

“Oh?”

“Teresa Mendoza. You remember her?”

“That prissy little blonde. Yes I do remember. Got involved with your Carlos, didn’t she?”

“That’s right,” Janina’s hands clenched. “That’s why ... now ... it’s so good to have her as a slave.”

“I can imagine.” Ira emptied her glass and a waiter hurried to refill it. Wherever she was, Ira commanded instant attention. “What are your plans, then?”

“Well ... I’ve got to get organised. Find what Garcia calls a ‘secure house’. That was one of his conditions when selling her to me. He doesn’t take risks.”

“Quite right,” nodded Ira. “Though we are the Rulers, with State and Police on our side, it pays to be discreet. That is how so many of the old Nazis and Fascists have been able to live out their lives here.” Ira paused. “Why don’t you come and stay with me?” she asked. “To begin with,

anyway.” She put out a slim hand, the nails blood red, and touched Janina on her arm. “We used to get along very well.”

A quivering thrill went right through Janina. Instantly she was back in those hot-blooded days when Ira had taught her the delights of lesbianism.

“Yes ... we did, didn’t we?” She smiled, feeling a little dizzy. Everything was happening so fast. It was all so exciting. Above all, Ira was taking over again. But what did that matter? In a way, that made everything even more exciting. “I think it would be a very good idea,” faltered Janina. “You could teach me ... a lot.”

“Doubtless,” nodded Ira, in a matter-of-fact way.

“It’s ... it’s terribly kind of you, Ira. Here I was, expecting to bowl you over with my news, and now, it is you who has done just that. It’s quite incredible.”

“That’s settled the,” said Ira. “You can move out of the Hilton this afternoon and drive back with me.”

No question of ‘will you’ or ‘would you like’? These were more like orders reflected Janina, but without animosity. Ira was obviously very used to giving orders.

“Is it far?”

“About eighty miles. Takes no time. Like a liqueur? I’m having Drambuie ... and coffee.”

“Drambuie and coffee for me, too, please Ira,” answered Janina, almost meekly.

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They drove inland for some fifty miles, with Ira at the wheel. She drove fast and with confidence. Like a rally driver, thought Janina. Little was said. The wine and liqueur had made Janina somewhat drowsy. She was content to loll back and let the world go by. I am on my way to a new life, she thought. The life of a slave-owner.

“There it is ...”

Janina awoke from a doze. She saw something shimmering in the distance; red-orange in a setting sun. It was a lake.

“Where?”

“There. See that flat, black area in the middle. That’s Hironnelles.”

“Nicely isolated, anyway,” said Janina.

“Yes,” nodded Ira complacently. “The only way in or out is by boat. And I control the two there are ... since I own all the land around for a least twenty miles.”

“My, some estate!”

“Father’s is ten times bigger.”

“I suppose my father’s is too.” Janina had rarely considered such matters. To her, money was as easily available as fresh air. An outsider would have summed her up in the cliché, ‘ a spoiled little rich girl’.

Within five minutes, they came to the lake-side. It was smooth and placid-looking.

“Don’t be deceived,” said Ira, guessing Janina’s thoughts. “It’s full of poisonous snakes and crocs. Just an additional precaution!”

Janina shuddered. That there was no way off the distant island was already obvious. A long, low stone building and a jetty came into view.

“This is a kind of guard-house,” explained Ira. “In it the only two boats are kept. One for me and any guests; the other for supplies. Rodriguez, a most faithful servant is in charge of it.”

The two young women left the car and made their way to an iron door. Set in it was a wheel, like the combination on a safe. Ira turned it to and fro, and soon the heavy door swung noiselessly open.

“Welcome to Hironelles,” said Ira, ushering Janina through, before her.

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What Ira had described as a boat, was in fact, a small luxury motor-yacht. It moved silently and swiftly towards the darkening shape of the island, under the guidance of Rodriguez ... a broad, scar-faced Mexican, who said little, but acted swiftly and efficiently. It was he who piled the luggage aboard before they set off. And it was he who took it off again when the islands jetty was reached.

“Just leave it stacked in the shed, Rodriguez,” said Ira, “I’ll have it fetched later.” She spoke in Spanish, and the Mexican simply nodded and obeyed. Then she put an arm around Janina.

“Let’s go and get freshened up. Then I’ll explain more about this set-up. By the way, Janina, I must tell you I anticipated you would accept my offer,

and have a suite already prepared for you. Hope you don't mind ..."

"Mind?" Janina clapped her hands together excitedly. "Why, Ira, you know I am delighted!"

## CHAPTER SIX

The house-phone in Janina's suite buzzed softly.

"Yes?"

"Like to come along to my suite now, Janina?"

"Fine. It's at the end of this corridor, isn't it? Same floor?"

"That's right. See you ..."

Janina replaced the receiver and tried to stem the growing excitement welling within her. I must try to keep calm, she told herself, and not get over-impressed by Ira's household. But she knew it wasn't going to be easy. So far, she had only seen her own luxurious suite. No servants or slaves. All she had done was showered and changed into a lightweight lemon-yellow trouser suit. Then she had tried to relax. A very large whiskey poured from a decanter in a drinks-cabinet had helped in that direction. It won't be long before I have Teresa to do that, she reflected. Maybe, meanwhile, Ira will allocate me a slave. Just as Miss Somerton allocated slaves for guests. That would be nice.

Slowly, Janina walked the length of a thickly-carpeted corridor towards a pair of double doors, cream white with gilt filigree. How silent it was. Eerie almost. Yet everything reeked of wealth and attention to comfort. Ira's comfort. She was Mistress of this household. A Mistress at twenty two. Remarkable!

Should she knock on the door? No ... that would be absurd. They were old friends. What was the matter with her? It was annoying this mental hold Ira seemed to have on her. Janina opened one of the doors and found herself in an ante-chamber.

"Come through, Janina ... I'm in the drawing room," called Ira's voice. It sounded unusually cheerful.

Janina pushed open another door and found herself in an Edwardian-style drawing room, but one on a smaller scale. Magnificence in miniature. Again the feeling of riches oozed everywhere. Some might have called the ostentation vulgar. Perhaps it was. Janina's attention, however, was immediately rivetted by Ira, who was standing before a wide fireplace, smoking a small, pale brown cheroot through a long cigarette holder. Her black hair was piled high and held at the top by a tight little choker of

diamonds. Her shoulders and arms were bare and she was garbed in a simple, one-piece outfit of thin red leather had five-inch high heels. There was a gold bangle about her right wrist and from this hung a smooth white rod, slim, yet still tapering to its tip ... into which three little diamonds had been inset at half-inch intervals. Janina guessed the rod to be made of whalebone. And in this, she was correct. She recalled that Miss Somerton has possessed a few.

“Everything alright, my dear?” Ira smiled one of her smiles.”

“Yes ... yes, thanks, Ira ...”

“Sorry I didn’t have anyone to look after you ... but I thought it might be more amusing if you inspected my slaves first. Then you can choose one, if you like.”

“Thanks.” Janina’s nerves tingled. “That would be useful until Teresa arrived.”

“Quite. Now ... do sit down.” Janina did so. She simply could not take her eyes off the tall, svelte figure of Ira. She was the epitome of a Mistress. Of power. Janina felt just a little jealous at such easily assumed grandeur. She herself, at only five feet four, would have had difficulty in projecting it. Still, height wasn’t everything. It was having the actual power which truly mattered.

“As I told you,” continued Ira, walking to and fro before the fireplace, “I have six slaves. Four are female - all English. Two are male - both Argentinians. I’ll explain about that later. I also have four servants. A housekeeper and her assistant; a cook and her assistant. All women. They happen to be Puerto Ricans. Thick but good at their jobs. They also know which side their bread is buttered. Rodriguez has two nephews who help him with general duties around the lake. That’s it. Small, but efficient.”

“I’m impressed,” said Janina ... and meant it.

“Nothing on the scale of Garcia. But I think I prefer it this way. You can hardly come across a room at ‘Los Limitas’ without tripping over some female furniture object. All very well in its way, of course ...”

Janina giggled. “It’s rather amusing, though.”

“Oh yes, but not quite my way of life.”

“I suppose the slaves have to help the servants?”

“Oh yes. They do all the menial chores. But servants aren’t allowed to punish slaves. Just a few slaps, maybe, that’s all. But they report them to

me, if necessary.”

Janina nodded. “Seems a good organisation,” she said.

“Well then,” smiled Ira, “we might as well have them up here. One at a time, I think.”

Janina was bubbling inside as she watched Ira pick up what looked like a set of video-controls from off the marble mantelpiece.

“This is my control panel,” explained Ira. “It communicates to a band about each slaves neck. When I press a slave’s number, it gives her or him, a short, sharp electric shock. Then I speak into this small microphone here ... and my order is relayed through an amplifier also in the slave’s neck-band.”

“Very scientific,” nodded Janina. All this was rather a far cry from Miss Somerton’s basic methods.

“But simple,” said Ira. “Wherever they are, or whatever they are doing, I can have them come running in a moment.”

“Nice!” Janina was rubbing her hands together. The aura of power which Ira irradiated was intoxicating. And now she was going to be able to bask in it!

Ira pressed a button on her control panel. There was a faint buzzing sound. “Report to my suite,” she snapped into the microphone. A smile was flashed at Janina. “She won’t be long,” said Ira. “Listen.” There was obviously a receiver in the control panel, for, as Ira moved a little lever, harsh panting sounds could be heard. “This is a two-way system,” she explained, “and you can hear this slave is hurrying.”

Perhaps a minute ticked away, then there was a sound at the outer door.

“A summoned slave does not have to knock,” said Ira. The next moment, into the drawing room stumbled a naked figure, buxom flesh bouncing, fair hair straggling. Eyes distraught, the woman hurried across the room, fell to her knees before Ira, pressed her nose into the carpet and then raised her hindquarters as high as humanly possible. Janina listened to the rasping breath, saw a sheen of sweat on flesh.

“This is Celia,” announced Ira. “My first slave, Janina. She is now a mature thirty six years old, and as you may note, has to watch her weight. In that connection, I see she gets plenty of exercise.” Janina regarded the ample bottom before her. It certainly was spreading a bit, she was aware ...

and would have looked better under a good foundation garment. No chance of that!

“This posture is obligatory on coming into my presence. Nose and palms to the floor, bottom thrust to its maximum uplift, and, believe me Janina, I know when that required effort is being made.” She tapped the woman’s ample soft flesh, getting it quivering with her whalebone switch. “As in this case, note also, Janina, the thighs spaced twelve inches apart, so that all is well displayed.” Ira smiled briefly. “Hirondelles is no place for shyness.” She tapped the woman’s bottom again. “Like all my female slaves, this one is English. I prefer it that way. English women have been used to lording it over others for centuries; it is good to be able to take them down a peg or two. It is also good to break down their natural pride and innate reserve.

This slave, I may tell you, Janina, was once the wife of a British Consul in Rio. Thought no end of herself, I understand. Loved putting on airs and graces ... and putting the natives down. Didn’t you bitch?”

Ira’s switch rose high and zipped down across the upraised bottom, instantly raising a thin weal across two gibbous-moons of juddering white flesh. The imprint of the diamond-studded tip could clearly be seen. The head jerked up, there was a gasp.

“Y-Yes, Mistress,” came a strangled answer. The head went down again, the hindquarters remained thrust up to the maximum. Janina was impressed. Ira’s discipline was of the strictest - and she implemented it.

“What task were you engaged on, slave?”

“Scrubbing the sculleries, Mistress.” The answer was both instant and respectful. Not a hint of resentment. Yet, reflected Janina, what must this thirty six year old woman, once of high standing, truly feel at being treated in this fashion by a twenty two year old?

“Very suitable for a fat slut as you,” said Ira. “Don’t you agree?” Once more the switch whistled and bit. Once more a thin weal was raised, as the woman gasped, head coming up and back. Yet still her hindquarters remained fully presented. She is indeed well trained, thought Janina, and showing a remarkable degree of controlled resilience.

“Y-Yes, Mistress,” had come the reply.

“Up!” snapped Ira. It was one of Ira’s pleasures to display her slaves to guests, as if they were seasoned circus performers.

Instantly, the woman knelt erect, clasping her hands at the back of her neck. She stared straight ahead, eyes clouded and despairing. Though she must have been aware of Janina's presence, her gaze did not even flicker towards her.

"As this woman has rather large udders," Ira was saying, as she toyed with a dark brown nipple with the tip of her switch," she is permitted to wear an under-halter. Scarcely visible, is it? It's made of thin plastic."

It was true that, unless one looked closely, the breasts appeared to have no support.

"Very effective," nodded Janina ... for obviously, breasts of such proportions could not have been so high nor thrust as they did.

"As you can understand," Ira continued. "Her Excellency did not take too kindly to her new status here. She was, one might say, rebellious at first. However, such behaviour was dealt with."

Janina saw a nerve twitching in the woman's cheek; and a look of increased anguish in those despairing eyes, what memories Ira's words must have aroused, she thought!

"However," Ira was saying. "Celia has now fully accepted her position as one of my slaves. FULLY. Is that not so, slave?"

"It is, Mistress." How remarkably controlled that cultured English voice was. Yet what a constant effort it must cost to keep it so!!

"This, Celia, is Miss Janina. She is going to be resident here. You will show her the same respect and obedience as you do to me. Is that clear?"

"It ... it is, Mistress ..."

"You may go and kiss Janina's feet."

Celia went on hands and knees, crawled forward and covered Janina's high-heeled sandals with a profusion of slavering kisses. Janina felt the surge of power-lust within her as she looked down on this sumptuous English woman. Once so proud, now so utterly humbled! Quite delightful ...

"That will do."

Celia crawled back and resumed her upright kneeling posture. There was no sign of what her inner feelings must be. Just simple acceptance of her abasement ... of her slavery.

Ira pressed another button on her control panel.

"To my drawing room, Hilary," she ordered.

Within under a minute, another woman came hurrying into the room and adopted the obligatory posture before Ira. Brown-haired, lean-featured, she was taller than Celia, but certainly not as plump. About twenty five or so, Janina guessed, noting the rather big-boned frame, the long thighs. Like Celia, she was depilated.

“This,” said Ira, “is Hilary. Just twenty five. A big girl, is she not? Big and strong. Built herself up on porridge and hockey games, I reckon, since she was the daughter of a Scottish Vicar. Right girl?”

A well-formed, firm bottom felt the switch.

“Ahh ... haa!” Hilary’s gasp was rather louder than Celia’s had been, and her bottom jerked momentarily down. Instantly it was thrust up fully again.

“Yes ... M-Mistress ...”

“Very well brought up was our Hilary,” went on Ira, with a sneer in her voice. “Full of good works. Sensible length skirts and legs demurely crossed at Vicarage tea parties. Times have changed, as you can see.”

Janina giggled. She certainly could see ... reflecting on the abysmal shame such a well brought up young woman must feel at having to show her once closely guarded female secrets so immodestly.

“You don’t mind showing your cunt now, do you Hilary?”

Once more the switch did its biting work, Ssssweee ... ssswwiicckk!

“A-Ahhh ... n-no ... no ... M-Mistress ...” Hilary’s bottom performed its downward jerk and then came back up.

“Kneel up!”

Hilary knelt erect. The lips of a full, wide mouth were quivering a little. Though her features were a little over-large, she had a certain natural placid beauty about her. Long, soft brown hair; wide set dark blue-green eyes. It was not difficult to imagine her, neatly dressed in blouse, jumper and skirt, politely hosting her father’s parishioners. How life had changed! Now she was a naked slave, at the mercy of a vicious young degenerate. How could such a quiet, reserved and cultured mind adapt to so hideously unbelievable change? How? Yet it seemed it had.

Janina noted that Hilary’s breasts were about half the bulk of Celia’s, and thus merited no support. Her thighs were superb, long and beautifully made. In view of her other proportions, they did not seem over-large.

“Note the leather waist belt, wrist and ankle cuffs,” said Ira. “All my slaves wear them. It enables me to secure them quickly and easily into a variety of positions. Stand up, both of you.”

The two women side by side, rose to their feet without a moment's delay. It seemed that one obeyed Ira's orders on the instant. Or else! Janina liked that.

“Celia ... bend over and place your left hand on your right ankle. Hilary bend over the back of that armchair,” came the next order. Again it was obeyed immediately.

Now, using D-rings which opened and closed as pressure was applied, Ira fastened Celia's left wrist cuff to her right ankle cuff. Moving to the armchair, Ira clipped Hilary's wrists to D-rings set in the front castors.

“There,” said Ira complacently. “Now, if I so decreed, Celia would spend the next twelve or twenty four hours ... or whatever number ... like that. Not very comfortable, nor very dignified, to have to get around like that, eh? But she'd do it. Oh yes, believe me, she'd do it. As for Hilary, as you can observe, she is nicely positioned for a good hiding, should I wish to give her one. And, believe me again, she's had plenty in this very room. Is that not so, Hilary?”

“Yes, Mistress,” came the instant reply.

“Good hidings you have deserved ... yes?”

“Yes, M-Mistress ...”

“For being a shade too shy; a mite too modest. Reluctant, maybe. Disobedient even! Still, by and large, we've got over that now, have we not?”

“Oh yes ... yes ... Mistress ...” There was an urgency in the voice ... an earnestness to ensure the reply was believed.

“Because we do not like having our stubborn Scottish hides striped, do we?”

“No ... no ... Mistress ...” Oh how genuine was that answer!

Perfunctorily, Ira released both women ... who were ordered to kneel as before ... doubtless thankful, reflected Janina, that Ira had not carried out either of her threats.

Another button on the control panel was pressed.

“My drawing room, at the double, Miss High and Mighty,” rapped Ira. Then she smiled at Janina. “My youngest slave ... name of Miranda,” said

Ira. "Just twenty, and an ex-deb. I think you might enjoy her, Janina. Rather a lot." Janina felt her pulses quickening. This promised to be most interesting.

Silence. Two pairs of naked breasts rose and fell, Submissive eyes stared straight ahead. Iron discipline. And, thought Janina, surely instantly punished if it were broken even in the most minor degree. In no other way could such a high degree be maintained.

A third naked figure entered. And what a figure it was! For a moment, Janina was reminded of Teresa, except this girl was dark. There was the same lissom lightness coupled with sexy curvaceousness. Superb, well rounded breasts and an equally well rounded and oh so provocative bottom! Down went this vision of delight, prostrating herself as Celia and Hilary had earlier done.

"This is Miranda," said Ira. "Once a well-known title seeker ... not to mention a well-known cock teaser too ... around the English Shires. For her, as with the others, as you can see Janina, things have changed." Ira clicked her fingers. "Oh dear me, if only some of her former friends could see her now!"

The tension within the prostrate girl was evident. Was she quivering with it.

"How would you like that, Miss High and Mighty?"

Ssswwweeee ... ssswwiicckkk!

A squeal ... a quick squirm of that delicious bottom. "Uh ... ahh ... I ... w-wouldn't ... M-Mistress."

"No ... I bet you wouldn't," laughed Ira. It was a harsh, unamused kind of laugh. "Tell us, Miranda, is it true you were more likely to open your legs for a Lord than the common man?"

"Y-Yes ... yes, Mistress ... I suppose it is ..."

Ssswwweeee ... ssswwiicckkk!

"Suppose, you trollop! You KNOW!"

Again that squeal; again that squirm. "Y-Yes ... ahhh ... yes, Mistress ... it's true ..."

"And, in that connection, things have now definitely changed, have they not?"

There was a moments pause. "Yes ... Mistress," came a whimpering whisper. One filled with anguish.

Ira's teeth were bared momentarily in cruel glee, as she glanced at Janina. "Nowadays," she said, "Miranda here is reserved for Gus the Gorilla. A lovely tryst. Once a week ..."

"A gorilla?" There was shock in Janina's voice.

"Well," said Ira coolly, "he's not a real gorilla, of course, but he's the nearest thing to looking like one you'll ever see in human form! I am sure you will agree with me. But more of that later."

Janina heard a series of dry sobs come from the girl; she was quivering even more. It seemed that even the thought of this 'Gus the Gorilla' was almost unbearable to her.

"Up!"

Miranda knelt erect. Her cheeks were wet with tears. Oh those beautiful high, round breasts!

"What are you snivelling about, girl?"

"I ... I'm sorry, Mistress," answered Miranda hopelessly.

"Can't wait until next weekend comes around, I suppose." Again there was that sneer in Ira's voice.

"Th-That ... th-at's r-right, Mistress," sobbed Miranda. It was the correct reply; one which saved her from punishment.

Janina wanted to ask more about this weekly rendezvous of Miranda's, but it did not seem an appropriate time. In any event, Ira was going to tell her more later.

For the fourth time, a button on the control panel was pressed.

"I want you in my drawing room, Sandra."

Once more, whilst waiting, Janina surveyed the line of kneeling figures. They made an interesting contrast. Celia with her upper-class features and buxom body; Hilary, big, but excellently proportioned; Miranda, with pretty Deb features and a ravishingly young body. The latter, Janina noted, was making desperate efforts to check her sobs.

Another naked figure came hurrying through the door and made her abject obeisance. Another in her mid-twenties, Janina saw. This one with straw-blond hair and an excellent figure. Athletic well-made and well-muscled without being over-blown. Perhaps she would run to fat in later years, but, at that moment, she could scarcely be faulted.

"Sandra, twenty-four, and my newest recruit," announced Ira. "She's only been here three months or so. Not quite as hardened as the others yet."

Correct, Sandra?”

Ssswwweee ... ssswwiicckkkk!

The young woman really had no need to answer as she jerked almost erect and uttered a squealing cry. Her well-made bottom squirmed left-right, left-right, before being pushed back up high to its correct position.

“Y-Yes ... M-Mistress ...”

“Sandra used to a schoolmistress,” went on Ira, “an educational expert. well, it is she who is being educated now. Or perhaps I should say re-educated. Also a games mistress. But the games she plays today are of a different nature.”

Sandra seemed to expect a cut at that point for her nates clenched and unclenched a couple of times. However, Ira continued.

“This educator had certain views. She was an ardent member of a British society called S.T.O.P.P. I don’t quite know what the initials stand for, but this society is devoted to the abolition of corporal punishment.” A harsh laugh from Ira; “Would you ever believe a group of people could be so stupid? I must tell you, though, that our Sandra has now changed her views on the subject. She has become aware of the benefits of corporal punishment, and the educative merits of the rod!”

Sssswweee ... ssswwiicckkkk!

“Right Sandra?”

“Yes ... a-ahhh ... y-y-er ... esss ... M-Mistress ...” Once again, though the bottom squirmed convulsively, it was restored to its former position with remarkable alacrity.

“Up?”

Sandra, ex-school-teacher, ex-member of S.T.O.P.P. knelt erect to make the fourth in that submissive line-up. She had attractive features, with a wide, soft-pink mouth and light blue-eyes. Eyes which were misty with unshed tears. Her breasts, which were excellent half-melons with large pink aureoles and nipples, had the benefit of halter support. That mouth could do things for me, thought Janina ... and quite possibly, it would do so before very long!

“Well, what do you think of them, my dear?” enquired Ira. She might as well be asking Janina what she thought of her new curtains for all the unconcern in her voice.

“There is certainly some merit in all of them,” replied Janina judiciously. “And it does seem to me, they are exceedingly well disciplined.”

“Thank you, Janina. Yes, I think I can take credit for that.” She turned and faced the kneeling figures. “Miss Casals here, from this moment on, is to receive the same degree of respect and obedience as myself. If she does not get it, she has my full permission to punish you as she thinks fit.”

Janina felt a sense of near-exultation at those words, but kept her features as hard and impassive as possible, as she watched four pairs of eyes filled with nervous dread, turn upon her.

“Which one would you like as a personal slave? Until Teresa arrives,” asked Ira.

Janina considered. Miranda was sexily exciting ... but there were other things to be considered. She suddenly found the idea of having a thirty-six year old woman, an English ex-socialite, at her beck and call, most intriguing.

“I’ll have Celia,” she said.

“Fine,” smiled Ira. “You can always change her, of course.”

Bubbling inside, Janina went and stood before the amply-made woman.

“Do you think you will please me?” she asked.

“Y-Yes ... Mistress ... I ...”

Celia’s words were cut off short as Janina slapped that aristocratic looking face left and right. Hard. “Miss Ira is your Mistress. You address me as Miss, slave!”

The blows were absorbed with scarcely more than a blink.

“Y-Yes, Miss ... I beg pardon, Miss ... humbly ... yes Miss ... I shall do my ... my utmost to p-please you ... in every way, Miss ...”

It was quite a speech for a slave. But then, Celia had once been used to making speeches. “I’m glad to hear it, slave, because from what I’ve seen of your backside, it looks just made for tanning.” She smiled down a vicious little smile.

“Yes, Miss ... I understand, Miss ... if I f-fail to please you ... I deserve ... to ... to ... be p-punished ...”

Once again, Janina’s pain slapped. “Shut up!” she snapped. “You talk too much.”

Celia fell silent, throat working but features immobile. What control she had developed!

Looking on, Ira was pleased with Janina's little performance. This young lady was different from the teenager she had known. She had matured and hardened. Perhaps her stay with Garcia had had a lot to do with it.

"I could do with a drink," said Ira, flopping down in a deep armchair. "How about you?"

"A good idea ... Scotch with ice would be nice."

"Slut Hilary ... fetch us two large Scotches, with ice," ordered Ira.

Up rose Hilary, broad, tall and long-limbed, hurrying over to a drinks trolley. It was no longer tea, sympathy and long skirts ... but hard liquor, iron discipline and stark nudity!

Hilary knelt to each in turn as she presented the drinks on a tray. Then she went back to her former position.

"Welcome to Hironnelles," said Ira, raising her glass.

"Thank you, Ira. I am delighted to be here."

That was, to say the least, an understatement. Looking at each other, both young women drank deeply. They knew there was so much to be mutually enjoyed in the days that lay ahead.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Twice more Hilary was summoned to serve more drinks. Janina found herself feeling rather light-headed. Intense well-being and a sense of power throbbed through her. She was now an equal of Ira's and there, right before her, knelt four female slaves. who were hers to command.

Hers to do what she liked with!

Oh lovely ... lovely! Lovely to have a flesh and blood, breathing, thinking human being in one's power. At one's mercy. That was more intoxicating than any alcohol. Yes ... oh yes.

A thought swam into Janina's mind. Ira had mentioned six slaves. Four female, two males, where were the males, then? She giggled inward. It was incredible to think that any man could be made a slave. Like these women had been. In all her experiences, men had been the power factors. The dominator. That was why she did not care for them over-much. She did not like being dominated. Nor possessed. Though the sexual act was enjoyable in its own way, the fact that the man took a lead part had always rather annoyed Janina. But male slaves might be something different.

"Where are the rest of your slaves then?" she asked of Ira suddenly. "You mentioned two males."

"I did indeed. But I thought you'd like to see the girls first. I'll have them up right away. Both together.

Two buttons on the control panel were pressed simultaneously.

"Manuel ... and Jose ... to my drawing room at once!"

Janina felt her heart pounding rather fast as she waited. Incredible to think she was about to see two male slaves in SUBMISSION. Would they be naked? What age would they be? Would they even be handsome? In any event, she was sure she would be given the same control over them as Ira had given her over these four female slaves.

"These two are both Argentinians," Ira was saying. "Extreme left guerrillas who were under sentence of death. Having influence, I got them out of gaol and had them sent here. Both of them know that even if they try to make a break from Hirondelles, they'll both go back to gaol and be executed. Not just shot ... but very slowly and painfully done to death. Tough as it is, they prefer to stay here." Ira smiled one of her cat-like

smiles. "Frankly, I find it rather amusing to have some examples of the male species under my thumb. Perhaps you will, too."

"Perhaps I will," agreed Janina. She was, in fact, quite getting to like the prospect even though, hitherto, she had only had female slaves to deal with.

There was a sound at the door, a padding of feet ... then two near-nude male figures came hurtling through the door. They rushed to fall at Ira's feet, adopting the same humiliating posture as the women had done.

The upthrust rumps were in contrast to those of the women. There was none of that lush plumpness. They were firmer, leaner and muscled.

"Kiss my boots, you pigs," ordered Ira, at the same time giving each in turn a vicious cut with her switch. Neither made a sound, but began at once to slaver over Ira's red, high-heeled boots, taking one each. The ardour with which they did it made Janina giggle. How absurd they looked! Fancy a man having to do that. It must have been even more humiliating for them than women - a more naturally submissive sex.

"It makes a change from girls, doesn't it?" said Ira, smiling wickedly across at her.

"Certainly does," laughed Janina, watching the slaving continuing unabated, "I still can't really believe it." How marvellous to have such control of creatures stronger than oneself, she thought ... then realised she had equal authority, granted to her by Ira.

"These brutes will do anything I command," said Ira. "At least, they will attempt to. Correct?"

The switch bit successively across the buttocks again.

"Yes, Highness," said Manuel and Jose together. Then they returned mouths to boots.

Janina laughed again. "What a delightful title! I think I ought to have one too."

"Why not?" agreed Ira. She thought for a moment. "How about, 'Your Ladyship!'" she said.

"Lovely!"

Two more whistling cuts. "Up pigs ... and meet a new young Mistress for you to serve and please."

Manuel and Jose knelt erect, staring straight ahead, and Janina was able to study them more closely. The head of each was shaven to the scalp and they had also had all body hair removed. Each wore a very tight, black

leather restrainer which ran down from the waist belt, terminating in a small pouch of harder leather which gripped the scrotum.

“Stand!”

They stood, hands clasped on the back of the neck ... broad, big-chested, slim-hipped, muscular young men, looking rather like well-trained athletes. Janina found it remarkably exciting to know that for all the size and strength, they were, in fact, helpless.

Ira tapped the tip of her switch on Manuel’s restrainer.

“These are very necessary to keep control,” she said. “They permit natural functions, but nothing else. If you follow me.”

“I follow you,” grinned Janina, that, she thought, must be the cruellest curb of all for a virile young man in mid-twenties.

“Unless I feel like making use of them personally,” went on Ira, “they are only permitted relief once a week.”

“I see,” replied Janina, feeling an increased excitement at knowing that Ira, though powerfully lesbian, sometimes used them sexually. So I could too, she thought. Much as she enjoyed girls, she also liked the feel of a prick from time to time. It would be all the better when it was on HER terms.

“I either make them masturbate or give them one of these to fuck.” Ira indicated the four female slaves. Except Miranda. For the time being, she’s reserved for Gus. Also I reckon she’s the one they fancy most. Right pigs?”

“Yes, Highness,” they chorused. They were, thought Janina, almost like automatons.

From a chain about her neck, Ira took a small golden key. “The key of their little Kingdoms,” she smiled. “Well, not all that little, actually.”

Janina saw what she meant when, small padlocks having being opened, the restrainers were removed. Both Manuel and Jose were well-hung and there seemed very little to choose between them as far as size went.

Taking a proprietorial grip on Jose’s organ, Ira pulled him forward. He gave a little gasp. “They’re a bit sensitive about being handled in this area,” remarked Ira. “As all men are.” He was right before Janina, a look of nervous apprehension in his eyes. “Feel those balls,” invited Ira, “they’re a couple of beauties.”

Janina hesitated only momentarily; it was fascinating to do as one wished with a man. She fondled the balls and then gave them a little

squeeze. Jose gasped again.

“Mmmm ...” she said. “Quite a size. How does he perform?”

“Not bad,” said Ira, “though I think Manuel may have a little more stamina. In any event, both of them have had to develop a lot of stamina since they’ve been here. Lack of it has unpleasant consequences for them.” She removed her hand. “He’s swelling already. Here, take a feel.”

By no means unwillingly, Janina did so. The organ was warm and live in her hand. It was exciting. She could feel it increasing in size and hardening all the time. She squeezed it, and also fondled the balls again. Jose gasped once more. He was obviously very tense.

“You play with yourself,” she heard Ira ordering Manuel. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him begin to do so at once. As with the women, obedience had to be instant.

In no time at all, both men were fully in erection. The fact that both had been shaven, somehow seemed to make the organs look larger and more prominent. Janina estimated them at between eight and nine inches. Quite formidable!

Most satisfying under the right circumstances.

“I reckon Jose may be fractionally larger,” said Ira. “Though there’s hardly any telling. And, as I say, it’s stamina which counts.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” nodded Janina. She was wondering what it must be like for two young men to stand there like that. Like animals under inspection. So powerful, yet powerless. Their sexuality absolutely controlled. How wounding for make ego! Male pride!

“I’ll show you how I use them,” said Ira. “Come along ...”

Janina followed Ira from the drawing room, went through a small ante-chamber and then entered her bedroom. If anything, it was more ornately luxurious than the drawing room ... dominated by a huge, circular bed, centrally placed above which hung a circular mirror. The bed had a black cover upon which were dotted red cushions and bolsters. Ira went to the far wall and pulled on a silver, inset handle. A section of the wall came down. It looked like a four-foot long leather-topped massage table, to which were attached a number of pinioning straps. Ira pulled another handle and a replica came down a couple of feet away.

“I fasten them down on here, and then have my fun,” smiled Ira.

Janina found the idea exceedingly attractive. “That’s real control,” she said happily. “What I’ve always wanted.”

“You’re like me,” nodded Ira. “You hate submitting to men, but you don’t mind making use of them.”

“So right, smiled Janina.

“There’s more to it yet,” said Ira, taking helmet-like objects from the wall recesses. “They have to wear these. They deprive them of sight and sound. If you want to silence them too, there’s a gag attachment.”

“Marvellous,” laughed Janina. She was feeling more light-headed than ever. “I bet you thought all this up.”

“I did, my dear,” replied Ira. “You’re looking a bit pink-cheeked, Janina. Are you feeling what I think you are?”

“I expect so,” grinned Janina.

“You mean, you’d like to try these contraptions out right now?”

Janina nodded, giggling.

“Well, you shall, my dear ... you shall.” She pressed on the control panel. “In here,” she snapped.

Manuel and Jose came in, pricks still stiff, swinging from side to side.

“On your backs,” ordered Ira, before they had time to prostrate themselves.

Each man fell back on a leather top, his knees bending and falling over the end. Janina watched as Ira did the securement. Wrists were fastened somewhere back in the recess. The neck and waistbands were attached to two spring clips. Finally, limbs were parted a little and buckled in straps just below the knee.

Ira put on Jose’s helmet first. It covered his eyes and two leather muffs fitted tight over his ears. “Shall we have silence ... or would you like to be licked first?” enquired Ira.

“I don’t mind. I’ll do as you do ...”

“Then they can lick us first,” said Ira, putting on Manuel’s helmet.

Ira stepped back. Two nude male figures lay helpless ... temporarily blind and deaf. Two rampant penises thrust up ... quivering. Playthings, said Janina to herself with an inner surge of power and lust. Then she saw Ira stripping and quickly followed her example.

“The nice thing about this, Janina,” said Ira, “is that they can’t see and hear us enjoying ourselves. They can only feel. And fight to hang on.”

“Yes ... yes ... I like it,” said Janina excitedly. “Apart from anything else, it’s the control I like.”

“That’s the very essence of it, darling,” smiled Ira. Then she folded Janina in her arms and their naked bodies crushed together.

“Oooooohh, this is heaven ...”

“We’ll have our own particular fun a little later.”

“Yes ... Ira ... oh yes ... I adore you so ...”

“I love you, too.”

“You’re so clever. So organised. So powerful. I could never have set all this up.”

“Nothing to it really,” said Ira modestly. But inwardly she agreed with her young friend that she WAS something rather exceptional. Mound rubbed to mound, breast crushed to breast.

“Ooooh ... I feel so randy,” sighed Janina.

“Well, let’s do something about it.”

The two young women unclasped and advanced to the end of the ‘play benches’, as Ira was wont to call them. Ira gripped one of the pricks and spoke into her control panel.

“There’s a sound thrashing waiting the one who shoots off too soon,” she warned. Then she winked at Janina. “Which one do you want?”

Janina surveyed the two swarthy bodies ... smooth and muscled.

“I don’t mind,” she said. “I can’t tell which is which, anyway.”

“This is Jose,” said Ira, wagging the erection she held. “I’ll have him then, OK?”

“Fine ...” Janina took a grip on Manuel’s organ and felt it jerk in her hand. It felt good. Very good. She heard him gasp then clench his teeth. An ordeal of will-power lay ahead. She watched Ira positioning herself on Jose ... facing towards his feet. She squatted down on to his face and took hold of his prick as if it were an aircraft’s joy-stick. There was no need to give Jose any instructions. At once his tongue began to lave and probe into the warm, slit fig-fruit which had descended upon him. In darkness, in silence his whole world had become cunt. A cunt to please to the maximum. Though it was difficult to breathe on account of the crushing female buttocks, Jose worked with fervent zeal. He had to!

Taking a leaf out of Ira’s book, Janina had soon positioned herself in similar fashion. She gave a little squeal as Manuel’s tongue thrust up and in.

She hadn't had a man do this for quite a while, and after a girl's tongue, to which she had become used, she found a man's tongue much larger. And more stimulating.

"Ooooh ... God ... that feels good," she found herself saying involuntarily, after less than a minute.

"I'm glad," said Ira, who was jerking her bottom to and fro so that Jose's nose slid between her cleft. "These boys have learnt what's required."

"Mmmm ... yes ... ooohh ... yes ... you can say that again," panted Janina. It was quite marvellous to be able to make use of a man in this way. Like Ira, she gripped the prick before her and kept squeezing it. It jerked and jerked.

"Ooooh ... ahh ... ooohh ... I ... I'm c-coming already ..."

"Come then, darling ... come as often as you like ..."

Mouth wide, gagging in high-pitched gasps, Janina came to a climax. She was followed very quickly by Ira. Both girls slumped briefly, breathing fast. Tongues rested ... but were ready.

"You going to use him now?" asked Janina after a while.

"Might as well," sighed Ira. Then she slid her bottom over Jose's chest and belly ... arched herself up and lowered slowly on to the rampant piece of male flesh awaiting.

"Hhhhooooorrrr ... hhaaarrrr ... that's beautiful," she said, as it went in up to the hilt. She did not mind expressing her appreciation since she could not be heard.

Again, Janina simply copied Ira and, in moments, she too had an excitingly hard bone of maleness up within herself. She dug her nails into the thighs before her and began to raise and lower her haunches.

To ride ...

To ride and ride ...

Just as Ira rode alongside her.

"Oh ... ooohh ... oooohh ... it's lovely ... lovely!" cried out Janina involuntarily.

"Isn't it ... mmmm ... yes ... isn't it!" She pressed a button on her control panel.

"Don't you dare shoot until I say, pig," she rasped breathlessly.

Both girls rode at an ever increasing speed. Both were fast mounting to a second climax.

“Lovely ... o-oohh ... l-lovely ... aaahhh ... yes ...”

“Hhaaahhh ... hhhoorr ... hhhhaahhhh ... oh God ... I ... I’m coming again ...”

“Me ... t-too ...”

“A-A-Ahhh ... ooooo ... ooooo ... I’m coming ... COMING!”

“Yes ... y-yes ... soo ... hhhhaahhhh ... am ... hhhaahhh ... I ... HHHHAAAHHHH!”

Twisting, turning, breasts bouncing, the two girls spent themselves ecstatically, careless of their benefactors. Still those pricks remained rigid. Frankly, Janina was amazed at the amount of self-control being exercised!

“Once more?”

“Yes ... yes!”

They were like two young greyhound bitches straining at the leash. Once more their haunches began to rise and fall; once more they began to pant and gasp their mounting lust.

Ira was operating the control buttons.

“Shoot, you bastards ... shoot!” she cried.

In under thirty seconds both Jose and Manuel had erupted and fully slaked their own intolerable desires. Not to mention those of the young Mistresses they had to serve.

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“Not bad, eh?”

“That’s definitely the way to have a man,” said Janina. She was till naked and slumped in an armchair. This time it was Sandra who had been detailed to serve the drinks. Still the female figures knelt silent and submissive. None dare move a muscle until ordered. Jose and Manuel were still strapped down to the ‘play-benches’. No longer wanted. Used. Forgotten.

“Yes ... isn’t it just.”

“There are ‘play-benches’ in your bedroom, whenever you want to make use of them.”

“Good ... yes ... I might well be doing that.”

“Don’t forget me, darling!”

“Forget you! Never ... never ...”

Janina leapt from her armchair and slid into that which Ira occupied. The girls clasped each other and kissed passionately. This, thought Janina, is the life.

Yes ... definitely, this is the life!

## CHAPTER EIGHT

“Run me a bath, slave.”

“Yes, Miss ... at once ... Miss ...”

Janina was back in her own suite accompanied by Celia who, sensing the innate viciousness of the new young Mistress she had been assigned to serve, was fervently eager not to give any displeasure. A thankless, if not impossible task, with such as Janina!

Still naked and still hot from the big prick she had recently been using, Janina strolled languidly about the drawing room. It was just as large and luxurious as Ira's. She considered another drink but realised she was still a little drunk. Perhaps as much drunk with her new power as anything. How delightful it was to know she had a woman some fifteen years older than herself ... a British diplomat's ex-wife ... as her slave! Janina sipped some ice water instead. Better leave the drinking until the tete-a-tete dinner Ira had arranged in a couple of hours' time.

Celia came in. She knelt almost at once, bowed her head to the floor, then knelt erect again. “Your bath is ready, Miss,” she said humbly.

Janina said nothing. She presumed this was the customary way of a slave addressing her Mistress in Ira's household. Well, it's respectful enough. A nice touch of disciplinary procedure. Celia's aquiline features were quite composed, but the inner dread and despair were revealed in the eyes. There's nothing I can't make this woman do ... or do to her ... Janina thought. There would be no 'come-backs' whatever she did. Her freedom of action was unlimited. It was exhilarating to contemplate. It must have been terrifying for Celia to contemplate - from her point of view.

Janina strolled into the bathroom. The bath itself was oval, made of pink marble. Steam rose gently from it. Janina tested the temperature with one foot. Just about right. Or was it, perhaps, just fractionally too hot? Difficult to decide; but not difficult to act upon.

“Slave, come in here!”

Celia came hurrying in, big breasts swinging, and knelt at once.

“Y-Yes, Miss,” she quavered.

“This bath water's too hot, you stupid cow!”

“I ... I beg pardon, Miss ... I'll put some cold water in ... right away ...”

“You’ll do no such thing, slave. You’ll go and fetch the switch. I’m sure you know where it’s kept.”

“Y-Yes, Miss ...” Celia’s mouth twitched ... but she rose without demure and delay and left the bathroom. Smiling, Janina watched the curvaceous bottom bouncing and quivering. It would be the first bottom she had ever PERSONALLY dealt with. Its ample shape was fitting for such an occasion.

Back came Celia, white whalebone switch in hand. It was just like that one Ira had been using earlier. Janina seized it as Celia knelt, and ran it through her eager fingers. It felt smooth and hard, yet incredibly flexible. She fingered the three little inset diamonds near the tip. My God, she said to herself, they must hurt. Good!

“Are you trying to scald my skin or something, slave?” demanded Janina, flexing the switch in a semi-circular arc, then letting it fly.

“N-No ... no ... Miss ... n-never ... Miss ...” protested Celia. “My ... Mistress l-likes ...”

“I’m not interested in what your Mistress likes,” interrupted Janina. “I’m only interested in what I like. And I like my bath water cooler than that. It is a lesson you are now going to learn. Get your backside up, woman.”

It was unjust ... and Janina knew it. It was unjust ... and Celia knew it. But that was a matter of no importance. This was Hironnelles where different rules applied.

Did Celia protest or plead?

She did not.

Did she even look resentful?

She did not.

Celia was too well trained and experienced a slave than that. She simply swivelled around on the tiled floor, pressed her nose firmly to it, and raised her sumptuous bottom as high as possible. With pulses racing, and a little dry in the throat, Janina surveyed it. A truly splendid bottom. And here to punish.

Taking a firm grip on the switch-handle, she stepped forward. How many should she give her? A dozen? No ... that was really too many for what was not truly an offence at all. A half dozen would do. A kind of pipe-opener. Janina had no doubt at all there would be plenty of opportunity for far more severe treatment in the days ahead.

She aimed for the centre of the curving buttock flesh. Then up went the switch high, down it came with all the force Janina could muster. The slim whalebone buried itself deep into the soft flesh ... just momentarily ... then sprang up and back, leaving a thin, blood-red weal behind, plus the deeper-hued pattern of the extra-biting tip.

The whole of Celia's bottom was set a quiver and a whimpering-gasp was forced from her. But she did not move from her posture at all. A sadistic thrill shot through Janina ...

Ssssswwweee ... ssswwiiccckkkk!

A little lower this time ... curving further round the flank, too. Ahh yes ... that made her squirm a bit! And the whimpering gasp was louder. All the same, Janina was impressed by Celia's will-power. What torments she must have endured in the past to become so hardened!

"How do I like my bath water, slave?"

"C-Cooler ... Mistress ... I mean ... Miss ..."

Janina's teeth bared in a grin. "You get two extra for failing to address me correctly. That makes eight in all."

Aiming lower, Janina laid the next cut across the overhang, just where buttocks joined thighs. Celia's head jerked, her bottom juddered, her whimpering gasp was louder still. Janina aimed for the same place, intending to overlay the weal she had just raised. She only partially succeeded, but it was sufficient to force a genuine cry from Celia and make her big bottom squirm convulsively down.

Janina's eyes were bright. Oh what a lovely eight! Oh the joy of it!

"How do I like my bath water, slave?"

"Cooler ... mmff ... M-Miss ..." came the prompt reply.

"Don't forget it ..."

Ssssswwweee ... ssswwiiccckkkk!

Back in the central part of the fulsome hindquarters. Slicing diagonally across them.

"A-Aggh ... n-no ... no, Miss ... I w-won't forget ..."

Another diagonal stroke, but this time slicing the other way, for Janina had stepped to the other side of her victim.

Ssssswwweee ... ssswwiiccckkkk!

Another downward, jerking squirm, but the bottom thrust up again at once. Janina could see Celia's face, half turned on the tiles. The teeth were

fiercely clenched, the one eye visible staring wildly. It was very evocative of the effort needed to maintain that posture.

The final two strokes which fell in quick succession across those ample buttocks had Celia yelping as she twisted involuntarily left and right. Janina looked down in smug satisfaction. Her pleasures had been intense. She did not attempt to deny it nor was she ashamed of it. She was a Mistress, this naked creature on its knees was a slave.

Eight bright weals had joined the two which had already been there. The pattern was rather haphazard, but no matter, thought Janina. My skill will improve. She recalled Miss Somerton's expertise. That woman seemed to be able to place a stroke within a fraction even on a squirming bottom!

A low, hopeless groan came from the still-kneeling Celia. Doubtless, reflected Janina, she had been unjustly thrashed on many occasions. That would not, however, make it any easier to bear.

"Get up and get out," ordered Janina, tossing the switch to one side.

Celia pushed herself up, made an obeisance towards Janina and hurried from the bathroom. Janina could imagine her clasping her hands to her stinging flesh immediately she was out of sight. Delightful now to be able to punish PERSONALLY. Ah yes, that was far, far better than only being able to recommend a punishment. Or even witnessing one being administered. Oh Teresa, she said to herself, your arrival is impatiently awaited!

Stepping into the bath, and sinking down, Janina found the water exactly to her liking. Contentedly, she ran her hands over her breasts, her flanks, her sex.

Perhaps she had made a mistake about the temperature of the water originally, Janina smiled. Perhaps she had. But what did it matter? It was her prerogative to make mistakes. And, if they concerned slaves, it was of no consequence whatsoever.

In the bedroom, Celia wept silently and bitterly as she endured the pain of the cuts across her flesh. She cursed the day she had been born, and the forces which had led her to this dreadful fate - from which there was no escape ...

Celia knew that. Like most slaves, in the early days, she had tried to take her own life several times. But, like all the others, she had found this

an impossibility. Scientific brain-washing and implanted directives into the brain, prevented such blissful benison being available.

No there was no escape.

Wiping her eyes, Celia listened intently for her young Mistress's next command.

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"How was Celia?"

"Quite proficient, thanks."

Ira and Janina were having dinner in a small, candle-lit dining room, both elegantly gowned ... the former in red, the latter in white. Red seemed to be Ira's favourite colour, thought Janina.

"Have to punish her?"

"Not really, but I did."

Ira gave a short, harsh laugh. "I might have guessed."

"You don't object?"

"Not in the slightest. She's your slave. You can do whatever you like with her."

Janina experienced a glow of pleasure at that confirmation of the power she now wielded. She did not deign to mention that her new slave's bottom now carried ten stripes and that her cheeks were a very high red colour ... as the result of repeated slappings for 'carelessness', whilst she was dressing her Mistress!

Ira snapped her fingers, and out of the shadows came Miranda. She wore a suspender belt supporting black net stockings, absurdly high-heeled black patent shoes and a little white apron which just reached to the top of her depilated mound. A deliciously provocative mound, thought Janina. If she hadn't been certain she and Ira would be sleeping together, she would have summoned the girl to her own bed that night. The fact that she had used a good strong prick that afternoon had by no means taken the edge off her sexual appetite!

"Can't you see, Miss Janina's glass is nearly empty," snapped Ira, giving Miranda's delicious bottom a slap.

"I ... I ... beg pardon, Mistress ..." The youngster hurried round the table bearing an ice-bucket carrying white wine. In fact, Janina's glass was still

half full. Miranda poured carefully. Spilling wine was a punishable offence.

“Wake up your ideas, girl ... or you’ll find yourself over the back of an arm-chair,” said Ira, finishing off her own glass. Miranda moved swiftly to replenish it.

“Yes, Mistress,” she said humbly, inclining her head deferentially.

Miranda would have been quite a party-goer once, inflected Janina. Dinners, Hunt Balls, Night Clubs, the lot. Here was a very different kettle of fish! Most, most galling, for a young girl! That was nice to ruminate upon.

Jose and Manuel were also in attendance, their duties being to serve the food. Restrainers restored and locked on, they now looked utterly ridiculous. Both wore a stiff evening dress shirt front, topped by a black tie ... and a white linen apron, which reached from waist to feet. Though, the women were having a hard time, Janina mused, those two were probably having an even harder time.

Jose came into the candlelight.

“More vegetables, Mistress?”

Ira’s arm strung and her fist buried itself in the young man’s belly.

“No,” she said.

Jose moved to Janina’s side. “Miss?” he said tentatively. Janina’s arm also swung and she, too, punched Jose in the belly.

“No,” she said indifferently.

Across the table, the eyes of the two women smiled into each other’s. This was complete power. Personal, individual power. The most intoxicating kind of all!

“I’ve been thinking,” said Ira. “Why don’t you buy another slave off Garcia. She could come along with Teresa. I don’t like odd numbers.”

It didn’t take Janina long to consider it. “What a good idea,” she replied. “I’ll telephone him tomorrow. I’m sure he’ll agree. Especially when he hears I’ve steeled in such a secure place as this.” Her mind at once began to roam over possibilities. The name Kirsten swam into her mind. That lovely blonde Danish girl she had once watched Miss Somerton caning. Yes ... she’d like to have her. So, why not? She was confident a reasonable price could be fixed.

“That’s fine then,” nodded Ira. She finished her glass. Miranda was at her side in a flash. Obviously, sloppy service was out at Hirondelles!

“By the way,” went on Ira. “I’ve been thinking about acquiring two further slaves.”

Janina felt her nerves tingle. “Oh really?”

“Yes,” said Ira. “I can tell you, my dear, the experience of breaking and training a slave from scratch is quite something.”

“So I should imagine,” nodded Janina. She tried to imagine it. Yes ... that must be something out of this world. She suddenly realised that all the slaves she had so far come in contact with, had already been broken and trained, to one degree or another. Entering virgin territory would indeed be a whole new ball game.

“I’ve got irons in various fires,” went on Ira, “perhaps in a few weeks, there’ll be some new arrivals. Yes ... I reckon this household requires at least ten slaves, if not a dozen.” Snap went white fingers with blood-red nails. “Serve something else,” came the order.

Jose and Manuel were swift to obey.

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Midnight ...

Heaven for some. Hell for others.

Ira and Janina lie locked in each other’s arms. Mounds rubbed gently together. Their first fierce lust for each other has already been slaked by lips and tongue. Now they are content to wallow in a lazy sexual luxury.

Perhaps another climax will come, perhaps not. What does it matter anymore? They are slaked. Content and comfortable. Tomorrow a further day of indulgent delight lies ahead.

All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

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Midnight ...

Hell for some. Heaven for others.

Jose and Manuel lie flat on their backs on bare boards. Chained by wrists and ankles. No restrainers ... but no way of obtaining any relief. This is a nightly ritual. Each feels the unrelieved frustration of virile men. Each

feels the humiliation of having long lost all pride ... having been broken ... now cringing and grovelling at the behest of young women.

Degraded ... defeated. And now without hope.

Once they had felt themselves warriors in a just cause. Now there is no cause and no future for them. Each knows that, on the morrow, he will perform whatever is demanded at the snap of female fingers. Eager to please. Almost begging to please.

ANYTHING to escape more torment!

Midnight ...

Hell for some. Heaven for others.

Celia, like other slave-girls, lies on bare boards in the cell. Her wrists are fastened to the collar about her neck. It could be worse. There have been times when they have been fastened to her ankles.

Another day of misery and pain have passed. Another lies ahead. The future looks even bleaker ... with a new, young, vicious Mistress to please. She will suffer a great deal. Celia knows.

She has been permitted to place Healing Ointment on her weals. Already they sting less. But they are still stinging. Incredible to know that, by the morning, those weals will be gone. Her bottom flesh will be a virgin expanse, ready for more punishment.

Unbelievable ... unbearable ... to contemplate. But these are facts.

Momentarily, Celia's mind veers back to former days. Days of prestige and of ease. In the Embassy. In her own quarters. With servants. Admired and flattered. Celia tears her mind away, bursting into a torrent of tears as she does so.

Oh God ... if there is still a God ... how can you let me suffer like this? Day after day?

Please ... oh ... PLEASE ... release me!

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Midnight ...

Hell for some. Heaven for others.

Miranda, secured similarly to Celia, is trembling. Ever and anon, great heaving sobs come from her and tears flood down her cheeks. Then she breaks out in a sweat; shudders as if gripped by fever.

For tomorrow is the day of her weekly 'assignment' with the 'Gorilla'. With the foulest, most bestial man ever created. Sickness wells up within her. She screams at the very thought of the horrors to come.

But there will be no avoiding them.

That Miranda now knows.

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Midnight ...

Hell for some. Heaven for others.

Hilary half sleeps with her long, white body curled up. Her wrists have been fastened to her ankles. For no particular reason. Just a whim of Ira's.

She dreams. Awful dreams. Of running and running, trying to escape being raped. Running through the dense thickets around the Vicarage. Nearer and near approaches her predator. Hilary screams and wakes ... as hands are about to grab her.

Hilary lies trembling. Back aching, but mind now calming.

I have been raped often enough in reality, she says to herself, why should a dream of rape terrify me? It is absurd. For a while, Hilary prays. But it is not with same conviction of her earlier years.

It is difficult indeed for her to utter those words 'And forgive those who trespass against us'. Yet, theoretically she should. In practice, Hilary does not.

Can anyone blame her?

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Midnight ...

Hell for some. Heaven for others.

Sandra is crying softly. She, too, is secured wrists to ankles. She was foolish enough to make some sort of protest whilst Ira was clipping the D-rings on.

'If I weren't so tired', Ira had said. 'I'd give you a good hiding here and now. What makes you think you have a right to protest at how I secure you? You are only a slave ...'

'Pardon ... M-Mistress ... I beg p-pardon ... Mistress ...'

‘Report to me in the morning. And remind me to lay a cane across your backside, girl.’

‘Yes ... y-yes ... M-Mistress ...’

The cane ... the cane! Oh the agony of it! Would she ever get hardened to it? She tried, she has tried. Oh God, she has tried. But always it is as bad. If not worse than one’s imagination has led one to believe.

And now there is another depraved vixen in the household. Can her existence become even worse? It does not seem possible.

Little wonder that Sandra continues to weep.

Until exhaustion overcomes her.

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Midnight ...

Heaven for some. Hell for others.

“Ohh ... hhhahh ... d-darling ... you’re working me up a-again ...”

“And you let me ... eee ... ooohhh ... that’s divine ...”

“Yes ... oooohhh ... it’s divine!”

Two wet, warm mounds rub ever more urgently together. Mouth crushes to mouth. Hot, naked flesh writhes and palpitates to complete abandon.

Mutual lust becomes a raging torrent.

Overwhelming. Unstoppable.

**THE END**