

# **MARSHALING ASSETS**

## **BOOK ONE**

# **HOLDING ON BY ONE HAND**

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## CHAPTER ONE

Holding on by one hand, Nancy twirled daringly around the tall, gleaming pole, her knees near her waist, her sparkly red high heeled feet rising at least 3 feet above the stage. Her long, chestnut colored hair, loose and free, swirled about her. She landed gracefully, her heavy breasts bobbing beautifully. She sank to her knees, rolled to her back, spread her legs and began to rub her barely covered mons. The music had just reached its final crescendo and Nancy's performance drew from the leering crowd of men a cacophony of whistles, cheers and rebel yells.

A cascade of scrunched up dollar bills, with a few 5's tossed in, began to rain down on her. She came to her knees, a broad grin across her face, and waved to the happy crowd. Then she scurried about, gathering up her loot. When she was done, she blew the horny multitude a kiss and hustled off the stage, exhilarated.

This was Nancy's third night. The first night had been horrendous. She had been scared almost out of her skin and threw up twice before she went on stage. She could never seem to get her body in rhythm with the music. She couldn't get over the feeling that she was completely naked, even though she wore a gold lame g-string and matching pasties. She had worn bikinis to the beach before, but that experience was nothing like this. She kept wanting to tug the narrow covering over her pussy wider, afraid that her outer labia were peeking out, but didn't have the nerve to put her hand down there.

Before she went out on stage, she had looked at herself in the full length mirror just outside of the dressing room. The tiny garment hugged her prominent mound, demarking its plump shape for everyone to see. It fit so tightly that, if you looked close, you could even see the line of her labial divide. She had shaved her pubic growth down to a little line on each side of her outer lips, but even then she could still see a stray hair or two. She was too embarrassed to sit down in the dressing room and pluck them out so she went on stage anyhow, hoping that they were too small for anyone to see.

It was a good thing that it was a Tuesday. Hardly anyone was in the joint. There were a couple of guys who were really nice and called out encouragement to her. They were young and good looking. After they left, a really skeezy guy, skinny and old, whose bloodshot and yellowish eyes just leered at her the whole time, sat across from

her nursing a 7 ounce glass of beer. Bob, the owner, or manager or whatever, Nancy didn't really know, said that between sets she should go out and talk to the patrons, be friendly and get them to buy her drinks. She was told to order 7&7's, and the booze portion would be poured from a special bottle that contained apple juice.

So she went out and sat with this guy for about 10 minutes. He kept putting his hand on her leg. She had to remove it 3 or 4 times. Then he asked her if she gave blowjobs and that was all she could take. She grabbed her drink and went back to the dressing room.

Wednesday had been a little better. Giving in to necessity, she had shaven off all her pubic growth. She had worn the other costume she had bought, a red number with sequins all over it. It set off her pale, luminous skin nicely. The bar was a lot busier. There was something about the place being crowded that made it easier to show herself off. She made about \$250 in tips and the young guys from Tuesday had come back and she got to sit and joke with them for about 10 minutes during one of her breaks. They said nothing about any blowjobs.

The girls were nicer too. On Tuesday they had all been just so pissed that they had to work such a dead night that they hardly spoke to her. On Wednesday night the girls were more talkative. They all gave her a little hug and told her their names, but she could hardly remember them and knew that they were probably stage names anyway. That's what she told them, her stage name. It was Courtney. She didn't want anyone she knew knowing that she was dancing for a living. Her college friends wouldn't understand it and her folks would raise holy hell. She hadn't even told her boyfriend, Karl. He would probably break up with her and although she didn't love him, not too much anyway, she did like him and wanted the relationship to continue.

A about 12:30 Nancy had noticed a slim, well dressed guy watching her intently. He was accompanied by a couple of beefy guys, also well dressed, in suit jackets and knit shirts. She watched as the bartender treated the men deferentially. The manager, or owner, or whatever, came over to the guy and they talked for a while. But the guy's eyes kept coming back to Nancy. There were five other dancers going along the long stage, each with their own steel pole, but he had no eyes for them. It was nice to be appreciated and all that, but the guy's stare was getting disconcerting and felt not just a little bit uncomfortable.

When Nancy got her break, she ducked into the dancer's dressing room and stayed there. She thought that the guy would expect her to sit with him and she didn't want to do it. She asked one of the girls who the guy was. She said his name was Tony and that he came by once in a while. He was a good tipper and sometimes bought the girls nice things. Someone had told the girl that the guy was mobbed up, but she thought that that was probably bullshit because the guy was so nice. He was just some rich guy who was a little weird. According to the girl, he was harmless.

That was Wednesday. This was Friday. And the difference was like night and day. Wednesday they had had a good crowd, but on Friday night it was all assholes and elbows. She didn't know how anyone could hear themselves think, it was so loud. After her first set she had wandered through the crowd and had to squeeze past and between so many guys that she felt like she was giving out free lap dances. A couple of the guys pressed their bodies up against her chest as she squeezed past them, which was skeezy, and not just a few ran their hands over her ass or her thighs. She got about halfway to the bar and decided to turn around and go back.

It was during her third set that that guy Tony came in again. His bruisers cleared a way for him through the crowd and the manager, Bob, made sure he got a good seat at the bar. When she had been dancing at the station at his end of the bar for about 5 minutes, the guy, Tony, handed the bartender what looked like a folded up bill and motioned to her to give it to Nancy. When Nancy opened it, she saw that it was a pair of twenties. She blanched and shoved the bills into the waist of her g-string. It was too much money and she had the feeling that the guy would want something special in exchange for it.

When she got her break, Bob came to her in the dressing room; he was always in and out without knocking. The girls paid him no mind, even though they were usually naked or nearly naked when he walked in. They had all, including Nancy, had to audition for him and he always demanded that they show him everything before he hired them.

Anyway, Nancy was sitting at the dressing table, a two foot wide piece of sanded and painted pressed wood board that ran the length of the narrow room, about 25', with a four foot high, dusty and dirty mirror in front of it. There were little, black, flimsy and ratty stools you could sit on and do your makeup, even though the overhead, sometimes flickering, fluorescent lights made everything look pasty.

The table or bench or whatever you wanted to call it, let's call it a counter, was smeared with the droppings of the powders and other applications that the girls used, and the jars and tubes and applicators that hadn't been put away yet, or since maybe weeks and weeks ago. The scuffed and scratched vinyl tiled floor looked like it had never been washed, or if it had, the washing consisted of running a dirty and greasy mop over it a few times here and there. When Nancy had changed from her pink and white Reebok crosstrainers into her high heels, she had made sure that her naked feet had never touched it.

There were three other girls there. One, she called herself Nicole, had her top off and was changing into another outfit. Two of the girls had done a line of cocaine each, having just put the stuff away when Bob walked in, a good thing for them. They got up and left. Nicole just ignored him. She slipped off her bottom, a blue and silver sequined number, and put on a red one. Her pudenda were plump and hairless with a little ring in her left labia. Bob gave it a little look. Her breasts were large and hard and Nancy assumed that she had had a boob job.

"Hurry up, Nicole, you're on in a couple of minutes," Bob said.

"Okay! Okay!" she replied. She leaned over the counter and looked in the mirror, checking out her mascara. Satisfied, she pasted on the little coverings that went over her nipples, picked up her red sequined top and left the room.

That left just Bob and Nancy.

"Tony wants to meet you," he told her.

"I don't know," Nancy replied. "He seems a little creepy."

"They're all creepy," Bob responded, his voice sounding a little annoyed. "They wouldn't be here if they weren't creepy. Tony's a big spender and a big tipper. You're gonna make a good buck here if you last. Hanging out with the jokers and letting them fantasize about fucking you is part of your job. If you can't do it, you're no good to me. I could get 20 girls here by Monday to take your place."

Bob was about 6'2" tall. He was broad shouldered and he probably had been considered quite a hunk in his day. But he had let his belly go all to pot and his face was just a little ravaged from booze and late nights and who know what else he did. His hair was all black but Nancy figured that it was probably dyed. It was thin and brushed way back. He looked to be in his fifties at least, but with all the wear and tear on him he could have been younger. He wore a nicely styled shirt, colorful, with swirls of red, green, blue and

yellow, all in pastel shades. His pants were tight around his thick thighs but loose around his waist. He wore pointed black shoes that he kept well shined. His eyes kept drifting to her almost naked tits. It made Nancy uncomfortable.

She understood what Bob was telling her. What he was saying was true. In fact, part of the thrill of being up there nearly nude and contorting all around the stage was knowing that dozens of guys were out there just wishing they could strip you down and fuck you. It made her hot. It just seemed a lot safer with the bar between her and them. Sitting up close to a guy who was ogling your tits and resting his sweaty hand on your thigh was something else. But Bob was the boss. And he was right about the money. She could probably pay at least half of her tuition just working here a few nights a week. That meant less student loans and less pressure on her when she graduated next year. It would be tough to lose the job now.

“Okay,” she told Bob. “But if he tries any funny stuff, I’m walking away.”

“Listen,” Bob said, exasperated, “if a guy puts his hand on your thigh or across your back, that’s one thing. It’s expected and it don’t cost you nothing. If he grabs your tit or tries to put his hand down your pussy or on your ass, that’s something else. Go with the flow, baby. You’re in the sex entertainment business. So go out there and entertain.”

Bob turned and left. A couple of girls came in just after. “Okay! Okay! Okay!” Nancy thought. “If I have to do it, I’ll do it.”

She got up from her stool, gave the other girls a little nod, and walked back out into the bar. You could still hear the music back in the dressing room as a steady, noisy background, but out here it was deafening. Nancy slipped past a couple of drunks and headed to where Tony was sitting. When he saw her, he said something to his bodyguard who got up and gave Nancy his seat, moving one over to a stool that had, thanks to Bob, been left empty.

Tony made a motion to the bartender and then at Nancy. The bartender nodded. All the bartenders were girls. They were mostly nice looking, just not nice enough to be on the stage. They wore bright red halter tops and tight little matching short shorts. This one, her name was Louise, was just a little too plump for her uniform. She looked just a little old too and a little worn to be wearing something like that. None of the guys seemed to care though. She had a flirtatious demeanor and leaned way over the bar when the men made

their orders, making sure they got a good look at her ample pulchritude. She made pretty good tips that way.

But she didn't flash her jugs at Tony. She knew better than that. She placed Nancy's 7&7 on the bar in front of her on a Coors coaster. Tony had a small glass of water and an empty shot glass in front of him. She nodded towards the shot glass and gave Tony an inquisitive look. He gave her a nod. She pulled a bottle of orange flavored Stolty from the ice bin and poured out a shot for him. She didn't bother to ring it up. Tony just left a hundred dollar bill on the bar when he left. Bob always told the girls that they should just throw it in the tip jar.

Tony was sitting about five or six feet away from the end of the bar. Nancy's perch was to his right. The bar stools were close together so that her naked thigh pressed up against Tony's. He was wearing pressed, crisp jeans, a wide lapelled, silken shirt with thin red, green and purple stripes that went around it just below his sternum. The background was a pastel blue. Over the shirt was a finely tailored, dark blue sports jacket. Tony was clean shaven. And he was handsome, Nancy had to admit. He was slight of build, but obviously in very fine shape. There was a warmth to his thigh that Nancy could feel through the fabric that gave her a little, unwanted thrill.

Tony was to her left. To her right was one of his beefy bodyguards. Even sitting, he towered over her. His shoulders were broad, a dark green knitted shirt stretched across them. He was in short sleeves. There was an intricate tattoo half covered by his sleeve on his left arm. He had a handlebar moustache, dirty blond like his shag cut hair. He too was wearing jeans, just a little less nicer than Tony's and his thigh muscle bulged inside them. He was wearing what looked like snakeskin boots.

After the drinks had been delivered, Nancy took a big sip of hers. She was surprised to find that Louise had put real whiskey in it. She had made it strong too. Nancy felt a little rush as she swallowed. She guessed that Tony was too much of a big shot in the joint to have him catch them selling him phony drinks.

Tony looked at her. She looked back at him. His eyes were cold although the thin wrinkles at the corners bespoke glee. He had light olive skin. His lips were thin and he had a small, graceful jaw. He was wearing what smelled to Nancy like a very expensive cologne. It actually smelled kind of nice.

He leaned over and spoke into her ear. She was just able to make out his voice over the sound of the music. He had placed his hand on her arm. His grip was firm and tight, but not oppressive. Assertive maybe, but not skeezy like Nancy had expected.

“You’re a beautiful, young woman,” he spoke loudly to her.

Nancy leaned towards his ear. “Thank you,” she said.

“You move gracefully,” he shouted. “Very erotic, but very sophisticated. Did you take ballet in school?”

“What?” Nancy asked. This was going to be a very difficult conversation. Tony’s hand had moved from her arm to over her back between her shoulder blades. It was hot and it made Nancy shiver nervously.

“I asked whether you took ballet when you were younger!” Tony repeated.

Nancy heard that. She knew that he was just hitting on her, but it was pleasing to hear that she was graceful. She had taken some tap dance classes when she was in grammar school. Did that count? She decided that it didn’t. On the other hand, what difference did it make whether she did or didn’t. She decided to tell him what she thought he wanted to hear. Besides, it was fun to goof on him.

“Yes!” she shouted. “For 3 years in high school!”

“You can tell!” he said.

“Thanks!” she replied.

He paused to take hold of his shot glass. He proffered it to Nancy. Nancy felt obligated to pick up her drink. They clinked glasses. He shot his back and she took a gulp of hers. It went down hard. She wasn’t used to drinking whiskey. She had only turned 21 two months ago and had not yet made a habit of the bar scene.

Tony’s hand moved lower on her back.

“Will you dance for me later?” he shouted.

There were special rooms in the back where girls could give guys private dances. It usually involved a lot of body rubbing. Nancy suspected that some of the girls did a lot more than that back there. She had declined every request so far, giving as an excuse her need to go on next, or to change her costume or a flat out, “I don’t do that.” She knew that Bob sooner or later was going to insist that she start doing them and a void opened up in her stomach in fear that this could be the night. She knew that if Tony asked Bob to get her to dance for him, she would be unable to refuse.



“Uh, I’m back on in a couple minutes!” she shouted back at him.  
“Maybe later!”

Tony nodded. “What’s your name?” he asked her.

“Courtney!” she replied.

“Pretty name!” he shouted back.

“All these guys are corny,” Nancy thought. “They all ask the same things.” Although the ballet thing was at least a little original.

The hand slipped down to just above Nancy’s ass. She had had enough.

“Thanks for the drink!” she yelled.

Tony nodded. “Finish it up!” he yelled back.

Nancy didn’t want to, but she didn’t want to be impolite to him. Bob would find out and she would get in trouble. She picked up the glass and drained it. She could feel the alcohol going to her brain immediately. It made her woozy. Louise had sure made the drink strong.

She put the glass down on the bar and smiled. She mouthed, “Thank you,” again and slipped off of the stool. She had to turn herself towards Tony and her breasts brushed up against his arm. He smiled.

Nancy rushed back to the dressing room as fast as she could. She was glad that that was over, but she was real worried about the lap dance thing. “Maybe I should quit,” she thought. “I’m not really cut out for this kind of thing. It’s only a notch or two above being a whore after all.”

She decided that she would finish the night and then she would decide. She waited a few minutes before going back outside. Her break was just about over. The 7&7 had gone right to her head. “Okay, here goes,” she thought.

She went out and got in line for the stage. There were two girls in front of her, a big breasted Hispanic girl and an alluring Asian one. The stage went from one end of the bar to the other. It was about 100’ long and had five dancing stations. You did three songs on each and then moved on. Tony was on the far end, near the finish. Nancy felt better that she didn’t have to have him ogling her at least right away.

Soon she was up on the stage again. The crowd was raucous and excited and she started to get into the spirit of the thing. “Why am I always so scared before I go on?” she thought to herself as she shook

her breasts, cupping her hands under them and presenting them to her admirers.

About forty minutes later, she was down by where Tony sat again. There was another girl sitting next to him now. Nancy thought her name was Tina. She was seductive looking, with big bedroom eyes and a pleasant shape. Her hair was kind of teased up, wild like and she was wearing a bright yellow, skimpy top. She was smiling and laughing as Tony was saying something in her ear.

It was funny, but now that she saw him with another girl, she felt a little angry. Maybe even jealous. What had Tina got that she didn't have, she demanded of the world. The girl was obviously a tart. And she had a guttermouth. Nancy had heard her in the dressing room talking about "fucking this," and "fucking that".

She tried not to look down at them, but she kept watch on them out of the corner of her eye. Tina caught her at it and gave her a kind of snide smile. When Tony saw it, he looked up at Nancy and then called over the bartender. Sure enough, a couple of seconds later, Louise was handing her another pair of twenties. This time Nancy gave him a big, unforced smile and tucked them away.

At her break, she looked over and saw that the chair next to him was empty. She forced her way through the crowd. I mean, he had given her 40 bucks. Didn't he deserve a little of her attention? He hadn't seemed that bad up close before. She just hoped that another girl didn't hop in the seat before she got there.

It was empty. Tony was watching the girl on the stage. She was a hot little number, cute and sexy and she was giving Tony some of her best moves. Nancy stood there by the chair for a moment, not knowing what to do. She didn't want to disturb him. Maybe this wasn't a good idea after all. "Oh, fuck it," she thought. She reached out and timidly touched him on the arm. He turned and looked at her. He gave her a nice, welcoming smile and motioned towards the chair. Nancy felt a little thrill inside. She squeezed into the seat, again rubbing her breasts against his arm, and sat down.

His hand went automatically onto her back. She didn't mind. Louise brought her another 7&7. This one was strong too. She almost wondered whether there was any Seven Up in it at all. Tony kept on saying things that she could barely hear and she just smiled and laughed nervously. She had finished the drink before she knew it and a replacement appeared as if by magic. The hand kept rubbing her back. It was starting to feel kind of nice. When it switched to her

thigh, Nancy gave a little jump, but she didn't do anything, even when it kept rubbing it and moved almost all the way to the top.

Her break was long over. She didn't know whether Bob would be pissed or not. She had been practically ordered to keep Tony happy. There were plenty of girls. There had to be extra because some of them were always going to the back to do their dirty dancing. She was really getting woozy from the booze.

Ultimately, she decided that it was time she should dance again. Maybe it would help clear her head. She finished off her third drink down to the ice, after all, Tony had bought it and it would have been impolite to waste it, nodded a goodbye to Tony, who gave her a little frown, and slipped off the stool. When her breasts rubbed up against Tony's arm again, she slowed herself down just a little bit to give him and herself a thrill.

She really got into the music this trip around the stage. She was all warm inside and the music just really got to her. The guys in the audience sensed her excitement and kept throwing money at her. She played with her breasts just a little bit more and rubbed her pussy through her g-string with a just a little bit more emphasis on the slit between her lower lips, even tickling the little spot on the top.

By the time she got down to where Tony was, he was gone. She was disappointed. She had been looking forward to sitting down next to him again. There was no little pride in her that he had picked her out of all the girls to pay special attention to. Well, he was gone and that was that. She felt a little deflated though.

When she got off the stage, she went to the dressing room to take a rest. Her head was still spinning as she sat on one of the little stools, staring into the mirror. "Wow!" she thought. She had really gotten down and dirty out there. It had turned her on. She didn't want to feel her pussy in front of the other girls, but she knew that it had gotten wet.

Her travel bag was on the floor next to her. She leaned over and after tooling in the combination, opened it. She stripped the forest of currency from the waist band of her g-string and counted it up. \$150. With what she had made already, that was over \$400. She put the money inside the little purse she had packed for that purpose. It was jammed full with bills and she had trouble closing it. She dropped it back into her bag, relocked it, spinning the numbers on the cylinder so no one would know them, and got ready to go back to work.

As she was walking out of the dressing room, Bob stopped her. She thought that he was going to yell at her for getting drunk. But she was wrong.

“Tony wants a dance,” he told her over the noise. Her throat constricted and she felt her body shiver. She looked past Bob and there was Tony standing there between his two bodyguards. The second one was as big as the first, although he was black haired and looked even more brutal. His skin was just dark enough so it was hard to tell whether he was Italian or Hispanic.

This was the moment of truth. Nancy hesitated. “What am I going to do?” she asked herself. She had already made over \$400 and it was only a little after 12:30. There was still another hour and a half to go. And she bet that Tony would give her a big tip. The price for the dance was \$20.00, half to the house, but anything over that was hers. If she said no, Bob would probably fire her on the spot. She couldn’t afford to give up this easy money. Where would she get a job that paid a \$100 an hour? All cash.

But how far would Tony want her to go? That was the question.

“What’s the matter?” Bob asked, impatiently.

“N-nothing,” Nancy replied.

“Then get going,” Bob told her.

Nancy swallowed hard and nodded. “In for a penny, in for a pound,” she thought as she walked towards Tony. Whatever happened next, she could live through it. If it was too bad, she would take the money she had earned tonight and leave and never come back again. It would just be a bad memory, that’s all. Or maybe not so bad, she thought as she recalled his hand on her thigh.

She walked over to him and smiled. “Thank god I had the booze to drink,” she thought. She would never be able to do this otherwise.

Tony extended his hand as she neared him and she took it. It was hot and strong. She led him towards the back rooms the way she had seen the other girls do it. There was a bouncer at the entranceway. He had to ask Nancy her name. She would get charged at the end of the night. He looked down at a little chart he had on a small podium by the door and called out in a flat voice, “Booth 9, ten minutes.”

Nancy led Tony past the curtain that covered the door. She had never been back here before and had to look to see where Booth 9 was. It was to her left, all the way at the end. She led Tony there.

The music was not quite as loud in here, but was still too loud for normal conversation. She pushed open the curtain that covered the

entrance to the booth. The booth was about 5' by 10', running perpendicular to the hallway. A nice, padded, armless chair sat against the wall. There was a dim light and a soft rug. Nancy led Tony to the chair and he sat down in it expectantly.

"Well, here goes," Nancy said to herself.

She started sashaying her hips to the beat of the music and crept closer and closer to him. His eyes were spread wide expectantly. She began by leaning over him, letting her breasts swing free from her chest and running her hands down his. Then she nuzzled him, to the sides of his head, letting her breasts rub up against his chin. His hand found her right calf and started to rub it. She twirled away for a second and then returned. This time she pressed against him, rubbing her breasts against his chest and then lowered herself slowly, letting her breasts flow down him, over his taut belly, over the tops of his thighs and then over his knees.

She looked up at his face. He was smiling lasciviously. It gave Nancy a little thrill. He placed his hands on her shoulders and started rubbing; she rose from her knees and turned to her side. She leaned her hip over his lap and laid her right rear cheek on it. She rubbed it up and down slowly. She could feel his hard-on and, despite her earlier nervousness, it excited her.

She went on for the full ten minutes. She rubbed him all over his body. "I'm drunk," she said to herself. She knew that she never could have done this if she was sober. She was sure that she probably wouldn't have even gone back into a booth with him. But it felt so right now. He smelled good and he was good looking, well put together, sophisticated, charming, everything. It made it all so easy.

He kept placing his hands on her, on her thighs, her hips, her arms, her calves. Once he ran his hands over her ass, but she spun away again and he dropped them.

The little timing light in the room went from green to red. Ten minutes were up. Nancy stood, pleased with herself. Tony looked really horny. She could see his cock, rock hard, through his pants. Still sitting, he called her over to him. She stepped forward and leaned over so she could hear what he was going to say. She put her ear up to his mouth.

## CHAPTER TWO

At first she didn't understand what he said. It sounded like, "You'll do fine." Was that what he said? What did he mean? Or did he say, "You did fine?" She was just about to ask him to repeat himself when she sensed the curtain to the booth opening behind her. She didn't have time to turn and see because big, meaty hands slid down her arms and grabbed her wrists, forcing them together. A second later something was slipped over them, locking them firmly in place.

"Wha..." was all she got out as she tried to turn, when a hand grabbed her hair at the back of her head and something thick and leather and round was jammed up against her mouth. The mighty hand pressed it in and it popped past her lips. "Ouuuuuulph!" she protested. Terrified, not understanding what was happening, she was trying to force the ball out of her mouth with her tongue when she was spun around. It was the dark skinned bodyguard. The sandy haired one was standing behind him. "What the fuck is happening?" Nancy's mind screamed. "What are they doing?"

The black haired man had a hold of the hair at the back of her head, gripping it tightly, holding her head still, while the sandy haired had a small roll of duct tape in his hands. He was putting it back in his pocket. He had already torn off three 8" long pieces that were partially taped to his forearm. He presented one to Nancy's lips. She tried to turn her head, but it was held too firmly. While the dark haired man pressed her jaw closed, the sandy haired man pressed the tape over her mouth, sealing it shut. It went practically ear to ear. He patted it down and smoothed it out to make sure it adhered. Then he put on two more, one overlapping above and one below just to make sure. He did it so quickly that Nancy barely had time to react. It was like time was in slow motion, everything else but his hands, which moved swiftly and expertly to their task.

It was then that the thought entered her mind. "You'll do fine." That's what Tony had said. "You'll do fine." She was being kidnapped! Right here in the bar! How could this be happening?

"Nooooooooooooo!" she tried to scream. A muffled sound emerged from her mouth, virtually indiscernible over the music.

Tony had stood up behind her. The men turned her around to face him. "Please don't do this! Please! Please! Please!" she wanted to

beg him. He smiled at her imploring eyes. He patted her on the side of her face and then placed his mouth near her ear again. "I'll see you again in a little while," he told her, practically shouting over the music. He leaned back and smiled and took hold of a pastied nipple. He pinched it until the pastie came off. He grabbed her breast and squeezed it firmly. His hand was hot and sent a jolt of panic through her. She whined a protest. He leaned over again and shouted in her ear, "Very nice!"

Putting the pastie in his pocket, he slipped from the little room past his guards. They were looming over her like a pair of giants. "They'll never get me out of here!" she vowed. "I'll struggle and scream and fight them with all my strength. Everyone will see! Someone will help me!"

Then, to her surprise, the sandy haired bodyguard pressed a little lever on the wall that she hadn't seen. The wall swung open. Before she could react, the men took hold of her arms and dragged her through the gap. They were in a dimly lit hallway. The wall was swung shut again. The men started dragging her down the hall. Nancy screamed and twisted and turned and kicked at the men the best she could. But they were too strong and determined and, apparently, experienced at what they did. They went along past two doors and stopped at a third. The sandy haired guy took out a key and placed it in the deadbolt lock while Nancy squirmed and twisted and tried to pull away from the men's grasps. She was just about to give him a vicious kick in the side of his knee when he turned it and the door swung open. She stopped to see where they were taking her and they pulled her in.

It was a little room, not much bigger than the dirty dancing booth. It ran parallel to the hallway. There was a built in bench along the back wall topped with a thin, light green, plastic covered pad. There was a single electric bulb on the 10' high ceiling, giving the room a soft light. The cheaply paneled walls were painted a pasty shade of yellow. "Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!" Nancy repeated desperately. "This can't be happening! This can't be happening!" She would be totally isolated from everybody in the bar here. She could barely hear the music, just the drumming of the base beat faintly through the walls. It would be worse inside the room once they had closed the door.

But what scared her the most were the two steel chains that she saw. One was on the floor. It ran through a small ring there and had

steel bracelets on each end. On the wall was another chain. This was connected to a ring in the wall high up. It ran through another ring about 5' off the floor. It had a leather collar attached to its end.

Nancy kicked and screamed and struggled as the men dragged her to the bench. They quickly had her sitting down on it though. The black haired man held her relatively still, pressing his body against her, while the sandy haired man, despite her fiercest struggle, she kicked him twice, as hard as she could, snapped the steel bracelets around her ankles, first one and then the other. He hadn't even noticed it. When that was done, the black haired man took hold of her hair again, holding her neck still, while the sandy haired man attached the collar around it and locked it closed as Nancy, in disbelief, stared at him through her panic stricken eyes. When he was done, he stepped back.

Both men stood there looking at her appreciatively. Nancy was huffing and puffing from her struggle. Tears were flowing down her face. She pulled at her feet. There was only a foot or so of play between them. They were going nowhere. The chain that led to her collar let her move her head maybe a foot or so from the wall and no more. Standing up was out of the question. Her hands were firmly bound behind her, joined palm to palm, and pulled back on her shoulders harshly. The wire, or whatever they had used back there to bind her, dug sharply into her wrists.

"Please! Please! Please!" she screamed desperately at the men through her gagged mouth. "Please don't do this! Please!" All that emerged were garbled sounds, "Eeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeee!" The mangled sounds of her voice made her panic all the worse as if somehow the men had done something already to permanently disable her.

The men ignored her. They looked at each other. The sandy haired one asked the other, "Odds or evens?" The black haired man said odds.

They both threw down their fingers. Each put out two. "Shit!" said the black haired man. The sandy haired one smiled. He looked at Nancy. "See you later," he said happily. He left the room. Nancy heard the bolt to the door locked from the outside.

The black haired guy just stared at her for a while. Nancy was sobbing heavily, wishing desperately for a place to go and hide from his view, wishing desperately to stop since she knew it made her



appear weak and vulnerable. She was hyper-conscious of her near nakedness. It made her feel so much more helpless.

“You’ll do fine,” Tony had said, if that was his real name. He had been testing her out all night. Sampling her with his eyes, feeling her skin with his hands. She had practically thrown herself at him. How stupid she felt. And then dancing for him, not knowing that the last seconds of her freedom were ticking away.

She turned her face away from the black haired man. She didn’t want to look at him. She closed her eyes and tried to get a hold of herself. This couldn’t be really happening, could it? Was it some kind of a cruel joke? Was it a dream? A nightmare? “Please don’t let this be real! Please don’t let this be real!” she prayed.

A thought popped into her mind. Maybe she could bargain with the men. Maybe they just wanted to fuck her. That would be okay. She could get through that. If only they would let her go when they were done.

But the false wall, the little room, the chains already mounted and prepared for her. They all bespoke something more than a casual, impulsive abduction. Something terrible was going on here! Something terrible was going to happen to her!

She wailed and pulled at her chains again. They rattled, but did not give. A wave of intense misery passed through her. The black haired man was still standing there, perusing her. She looked him plaintively. “Please! Please! Please, let me go! Please!” she tried to get her eyes to say. She knew it was useless, but she could think of nothing else she could do and she had to do something. His expression exuded ironic amusement as his eyes wandered over her flesh. It made her shiver. She drew her thighs closely together to hide her pussy from him. Her body felt chilled, like someone had poured cold water over her. She was shaking. Her stomach was roiling.

Suddenly, the man made a move towards her. “What’s he going to do?” she thought frantically. She tried to move away from him, but she was held too firmly. She placed her back against the wall, leaning painfully on her bound arms. He reached out his hand. She whined and tried to turn away with no luck. His hand went to her left breast. She felt a little tug. He had pulled off her other pastie. He laughed and put it in his pocket.

“A souvenir,” he told her, smiling arrogantly as he stepped back away from her.

Nancy had never felt so helpless and exposed. Her mind was racing a million miles a minute. The man was so calm and nonplussed and she was so terribly, completely bound. It distressed her that he could see her bare breasts, that she could do nothing to cover them, that, if he wanted, he could take them and squeeze them or mash them or suckle them, whatever he wanted, and she would be powerless to stop him.

She moved to the front half of the bench, trying to avoid squashing her arms, and she was forced to lean forward. Her heavy breasts were hanging free, just dangling there for his amusement. And the rest of her. All she had on was her tiny g-string, red and sparkly, and her matching high heels. She might as well be wearing nothing at all. And if the man wanted to take her g-string off, he could do that too and she would have to let him.

The man stepped away from her and plopped himself down on a folding chair by the door, facing her. He took an electronic device from his pocket. He turned it on, held it in both hands and began to fervently move his thumbs all over it.

He was playing a game. Nancy could hear little bells and squeaks and explosions. Every once in a while he would look back up at her and smile. Then he would go back to his game. How could he be so calm and disinterested when she was all consumed with virulent, dismaying emotions?

She tried desperately to think. No one knew where she was. None of the other girls knew who she was. But her stuff was still in the dressing room! Someone would see it and see that she hadn't taken it. Someone would get suspicious and call the police. They had to! They had to! And then there was her cell phone. Couldn't they track it or something? When she went missing, and she would be missing as of tomorrow afternoon when she was supposed to meet her boyfriend for a late lunch, her roommates would never miss her, they would think she was at Karl's, they would search for her and her cell phone would tell them where she was, or where she had been. Wouldn't it?

But by then, where would she be? Where were they going to take her? It was a large city, almost as large as New York or Chicago. They could lose her in it pretty easy. Were they going to take her to a whorehouse? Make her fuck endless men? Or were they going to deliver her to some torturer who would make her scream and beg for her life until she began to scream and plead for him to end it?

The time dragged on. She tried to calm down. She kept thinking and praying for a way to escape, pulling at her hands, moving her feet, straining at the thing around her neck. About 45 seconds of frantic activity, all it took for the men to subdue her, was now followed by a surreal tranquility. The atmosphere had gone from virulently threatening to virtually mundane as the two of them sat there like passengers in a bus station waiting for the express to Podunkville. Except he was all dressed and she was practically naked, like in one of those dreams that everybody has at one time or another, and he was calmly sitting there and she was a desperately unhappy, panicked prisoner. There was just something so unreal about it.

The man kept playing his stupid game. She was just doing her best not to cry. There was no sound in the room but the squeaks and bells and crashes in his game set against the faint, dull sounds of the base line to the music in the bar. The seconds passed slowly: ... 3...4...5...6...7... like little toy soldiers falling down slowly one at a time. And the nightmare still didn't dissipate. She was still here. He was still there. Nothing had changed. She was still chained up and helpless waiting to be taken god knows where.

She waited for something to happen. Her internal clock kept ticking, ...11...12...13...14...15.... She imagined a little clock on the wall, its second hand tick tocking, tick tocking. How much time had it been? When was that other man coming back? Wasn't there some way she could get out of this? There had to be! There had to be! There just had to be!

She was feeling sick and cold. Her throat was dry. Every once in a while, a wave of ice cold misery would flow through her and she would start to cry again. Her heart would start beating at a hundred miles an hour. She would think terrible thoughts of what they were going to do to her. She invented a hundred different scenarios of how someone was going to save her, how she was going to get away. But they would all come crashing down as nearly or wholly impossible and despair would again permeate every corner of her mind.

"How much time has passed?" she thought frantically. It seemed long, but who could tell? She figured that they would wait until closing time to move her. There would be too many witnesses outside, the men coming and going.

The man kept playing his game and she just went on, waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting for whatever terrible thing that was going to happen next.

How much time did she have to try and figure a way out of this, she asked herself. How much time had passed? Fifteen minutes? A half hour? More? No. No more than that. Okay. Okay. A half hour. Was it a half hour already? The thought of it made her blood run cold. That made it 1 o'clock. There was a whole other hour until the bar closed. Then it took the girls about another half hour to 40 minutes to get dressed and get out, maybe more since it was such a busy night. Then the bar had to be cleaned, the booze restocked, the floor swept and washed. Another hour for that? Three o'clock? No, they would wait just a little bit longer to make sure no one came back or was hanging around. 3:30? That sounded more like it. She had till 3:30. 2 ½ hours.

"Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought. "I'm going to have to sit here like this for hours, just waiting for something to happen!" A half hour ago she had been free. It seemed like another lifetime. She felt like it was another person. Something had happened that changed everything, everything in her life! All that she had thought, wished for, planned, hoped for, were all gone! Just like that! It had only taken an instant. One second she had been free, smiling, happy, pleased at herself for her success in pleasing that nice seeming man, making him want her, making his cock rigid and hard. The next she was a prisoner, powerless, dismal, frightened and helpless, totally at the mercy of his strong, powerful, ruthless allies. The earth had shifted its axis. She was surprised that the whole world had not sensed it. And now that time was a whole half hour in the past and getting further away every second!

She moaned to herself. She pulled at the chains again, at her ankles, at her neck, tried to pull her wrists apart. The chains at her feet made a little rattling noise. The black haired man looked up. His eyes scanned her to make sure she hadn't done anything to free herself and then he went back to his game.

"I'll never get away! I'll never get way!" Nancy thought fretfully. How many women had they brought through here before? Five? Ten? A hundred? Certainly enough to make sure that her bonds were implacable. "It's useless! Useless! What are they going to do to me? What are they going to do?"

She listened to the thump of the base line to the music in the bar. It was so strange to be so near all those people, the customers, the dancers, the bartenders, and yet be bound up as a helpless prisoner. Freedom was only a few feet away. Just on the other side of these walls. There were people there, laughing, drinking, dancing, having fun without a care in the world. It was so strange to think of them, all oblivious to what was happening to her, like what was happening to her in here and what they were doing out there were on two separate worlds or, maybe more appropriately, in two separate dimensions.

All she needed to do was to speak to someone, anyone out there, just one person, and she was sure they would call the police to come and save her. But she didn't have the ability to communicate with anyone. They would go on partying, laughing, drinking and ogling the girls totally ignorant of what was happening to her, that right under their noses a terrible crime was being committed.

And the worst of all was that this was probably her best and only chance to communicate with anyone to help her. Wherever they were going to take her, they would make sure that she was isolated, deprived of all access to the world. If there was no hope of regaining her freedom now, what chance would she have when they took her to their safe haven? None. That was the answer to the question. None. And since the chances of her escaping here and now from these men was also none, that meant that there was, and never would be, any chance of escaping at all, ever.

She was trying not to cry, but she couldn't help it. It was the only thing she could do. Terrible things kept flashing through her brain. And she kept castigating herself for what she had done. If she had never agreed to do the dirty dance for Tony. If she had never finished the drinks he had bought her. If she hadn't gone back to him that second time. If she had quit earlier tonight when she had gotten the impulse. If she had never taken the job in the first place, listened to her inner voice, listened to the voice of her mother in her head.

"Shame! Shame! Shame on you!" That's what the voice had said as she had taken off her clothes to show her body to Bob. He had liked it. She could tell. And she remembered now. He had taken some pictures of her in a teeny tiny costume that he loaned her. She was so desperate for the job she had let him. Desperate for the money. Desperate to degrade herself.

She bet that Bob had sent the pictures to Tony. Bob was in on it, of course. She couldn't be sitting here in this little room, there

couldn't be that little door in booth number 9 otherwise. And the bouncer, the one who had sent her there with Tony. He had to know too! Who else knew? How many people could they afford to let know that they were using the place to kidnap women?

Somebody would talk. Somebody had to talk. The police had informers, didn't they? Somehow those people ferreted out information on crimes. It was hard to keep a secret. Somebody would tell the police sooner or later. But would it be sooner or later? How long had they been doing this? Would it be weeks, months, years before they found out? What would have happened to her by then?

"Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought again. She shifted herself on the cushion. She was sweating so heavily that her naked rear cheeks were sticking to it. She was so uncomfortable. If only she could lean back all the way. But her arms were locked behind her and when she leaned back too far they pressed against her painfully.

She couldn't dispel her dismay at her near nakedness. She was reminded of it every time the man lifted his eyes from his stupid game to look at her. He was clothed and she was not. He was free and she was not. She was helpless, frightened, unhappy, nauseous, trembling, panicked, and he was not.

She had a mental vision of her grotesquely taped face, what it must look like. She couldn't move her lips. It felt like someone had cemented her mouth shut or that her mouth had disappeared. She tried to stretch her lips open, but they would not move. She had the impulse to shake her head madly to try and dislodge it, but she knew that that wouldn't work. She wanted her hands desperately so that she could tear it off. It was horrible to be so helpless! Horrible! Horrible!

And she was thirsty. Her fear had dried up all her saliva, not to mention that terrible leather ball in her mouth. What a terrible thing to do to someone! Her mouth barely closed around it. It was an evil, insulting presence. It was unignorable. "Oh, please! Please! Please!" she thought again. She bit down as hard as she could on the leather ball. It was too stiff and hard. She hardly made a dent in it. It was like they were in her mouth. They had command of it. They could do what they wanted to it. They could put their cocks in it. They would put their cocks in it. And how many more hundreds of men?

She started sobbing. She tried to bend over, but the chain on her collar stopped her. She could hardly move at all! Suddenly she felt a terrible, desperate madness sweep over her. She yanked and pulled at the chains on her feet. She pulled and pulled and pulled on the chain

that held her neck in place, until her air was cut off and she almost fainted. She screamed into her gag, loud, louder, louder, as loud as she could. She closed her eyes and growled, bit down hard on the ball in her mouth, yanked desperately on the binding around her wrists.

Then, all of the energy went out of her. She looked at the black haired man. He was looking at her somewhat quizzically. It was as if he were saying to her, "Don't you know that that's all just a waste of time?"

She started sobbing again and he went back to his game.

Some time later, time spent in miserable contemplation of her fate, closing her eyes and trying to wish all this away, watching the callous black haired man play his stupid, fucking game, experiencing his dark eyes from time to time traverse her mostly naked, displayed body, desperately praying for some way to escape these men's clutches, moving her body desultorily to test and retest the limits of her bonds, she heard a key go into the lock to the door. A second later, it swung open. She expected to see the sandy haired man come to spell his partner, or maybe Bob, come to gloat, or Tony, come to claim his prize. But it wasn't. Who she saw surprised and dismayed her.

It was Louise. She looked around the door at Nancy. There was a nonchalance in her eyes that drove a stake through Nancy's heart. More than that. Contempt. Contempt for the stupid girl who got herself caught. Then there was a little smile. A smile that said, "Hey, pretty girl, see what all your pretty got you? I'm not as pretty as you. I'll never be as pretty as you. But I'm free and you're not. While you're servicing a thousand pricks, I'll be lounging in my apartment, fucking my boyfriend, tooting up some coke, drinking whiskey, laughing at you every time I think of you, which will be almost never because you're just a little piece of shit and I'm not."

All this took place in a second. That's all the time her look lasted, all the time it took to flash her that little smile. It made Nancy feel somehow guilty that the other girl should see her like this, all bound and gagged and naked, like somehow she had done something wrong. She whined and tried to pull her hands free again. It was useless.

Louise turned to the black haired guy. Nancy saw her swing in her travel bag. It had her clothes and wallet and car keys and everything else in it. It was the connection to her life.

"What are you doing with my stuff, you bitch!" Nancy thought. She saw that the bag had been cut open. It had a combination lock.

She had taken her money! “You cunt! You bitch! I’ll kill you! I’ll get you! I promise! I will! I will!”

“Here’s her stuff,” Louise said. She had a snarly, tough, whiskey roughened voice. She tossed the bag onto the floor. She looked slutty in her red halter top and short shorts. She was wearing sparkly, red platform shoes. “She may look like a whore,” Nancy thought miserably, “but I’m going to be one! They’re going to make me one! Oh, god! It’s so horrible!”

The black haired man just looked at the ruptured bag.

“How’s she making out?” Louise asked.

The man shrugged his shoulders. “About normal,” he said. “What difference does it make?” His accent was definitely Hispanic, Nancy decided.

Louise shrugged back. “No difference,” she replied. “I was just wondering. Here, I brought you a cup of coffee.”

She had a Styrofoam cup in her other hand. The black haired man took it from her. “Tell Greg to get back here. I’ve got to piss like a race horse,” he said.

“Okay,” Louise answered. She gave Nancy another look. Nancy thought that she detected just a smidgeon of guilt in her eyes, maybe just an iota of sympathy. She closed the door and locked it.

“Oh, please help me! Please! Please! Please!” Nancy thought madly. “Call the police! Please! Please! Please! Don’t let them do this! You can’t get away with it! Someday they’ll catch you! You’ll go to prison! You’ve got to do something! Please! Please! Please!” Nancy begged.

But she knew that she would do nothing. There had been others, before her, before tonight. She hadn’t done anything for them. She wouldn’t do anything for her. What did they pay her? What was she getting out of it? How could she let them do this to another woman? What if it was her? How would she feel? What if it happened to her sister, her mother, her friend? Didn’t she know it was wrong? How horribly, horribly wrong it was? Didn’t she care? How could she do this! How! How! How!”

The black haired man took a long sip of his coffee and gave a little satisfied sigh. Nancy looked at him. “You bastard! You motherfucker!” she thought. “You cocksucker! You scumbag! I hope you die! I hope you choke on your fucking coffee and die! I hope someone comes in and blows your fucking brains out! Ohhhhhhhhhh! This is so unfair! It’s so unfair! It’s so unfair! How



can this be happening to me! What are they going to do to me? What are they going to do?"

She started crying again. Not sobbing. That took too much energy. Just crying. Silently, softly. She leaned back on her arms. "Ohhhhhhhh, this is so awful!" she thought. "How can I really be sitting here like this, all bound and naked, gagged and chained? How can this really be happening? Maybe they made a mistake. Maybe they'll change their mind. I won't tell anybody! I won't! I won't! They'll have to believe me! They'll have to! They'll change their minds and tell me they're sorry and ask me to promise to never, ever tell anyone. And I won't! I promise! I promise! I promise! I won't! I won't! I won't!"

She remained still for a while. She tried not to think about anything. It was impossible. She thought about Karl, her boyfriend. She would never see him again. Nor her parents. Or her friends. Or anybody who cared about her. She would be surrounded by cruel, remorseless people. They would fuck her and beat her and do nasty things to her. It was so horrible that it made her whole body feel sick. She shook her head violently. "Stop thinking! Stop thinking! Stop thinking!"

And that's when her cell phone rang. It was inside her bag. It played a little melody she liked. It was Karl. That was the ring tone she had assigned to him. "Please, Karl! Please! Please come and save me! Please!" she thought frantically.

The black haired man moved her travel bag closer to him. He fished around in it through the cut that Louise had made. He came up with the phone. It was still ringing. He looked at it and then back to her. "Who's this guy, Karl?" he asked her. "Your boyfriend?"

Nancy nodded sadly at him. Maybe he would answer it. Maybe he would tell Karl to come and get her. Maybe something would happen. The man smiled. "Well, you can say goodbye to him," he said. He pressed a button and turned the phone off and then tossed it back into the travel bag. Nancy released a woeful moan, closed her eyes and began to cry all over again.

More time went by. All Nancy could think of was the black haired man's words, "You can say goodbye to him." It confirmed her worst fears. It made everything so real and so permanent. She could say goodbye to Karl, goodbye to everyone. Everyone. Everyone. The words just kept running through her head. "Goodbye to everyone." Karl had been so close and yet so far away. It was terrible to think

that a foot or so away from her was the key to freedom, her cell phone. It might as well have been on Mars.

She felt lonely and forlorn and powerless and sad. There was nothing she could do to help herself. There was nothing to do at all except to sit there and stare at the walls, at the man, at the ceiling, at the door, at the floor, at her helpless, chained feet, or at nothing, and think fearful, miserable thoughts.

The black haired man had finished his coffee. He put the cup down on the floor. He looked at her. He was only about 6' away from her. He could almost reach out and touch her. The room was so small. It was claustrophobic. It was just big enough for its function, to keep helpless, kidnapped, naked women prisoner. She heard the key in the lock. The door opened. She expected to see the sandy haired guy, Greg. It wasn't. It was Bob.

"Where the fuck is Greg?" the black haired man demanded.

"He'll be here in a little while," Bob answered him. "The guy came to get her car. He's pointing it out to him."

"Well, I've got to piss so bad my eyeballs are floating!"

"Go ahead. But come right back. I'm going to give the girl her shot. I'll keep an eye on her until you get back, or Greg, whoever gets here first."

"That's better," the black haired man said. He got up from his chair. Bob had to turn sideways to let him out.

"Here's the key," Bob said. "Lock the door, but don't take all night getting back. I've got a bar to run."

"Okay! Okay!" the black haired man replied.

"And give me the key to her ankle cuffs," Bob added. The black haired man reached into his pants pocket and handed Bob a little silver key.

The door shut and Nancy heard it being locked.

The men had a thorough method. If she wanted to escape, first she would have to get free of her chains. Then she would have to overcome her babysitter. Then, since the door was locked from the outside, she would have to figure out some way to get the door open. Anyone could see that it would be impossible.

Bob was carrying a small black bag and what looked like a bedpan. He put the bag down on the floor. He looked at her. A fresh cascade of misery flowed through her. Here was the man most responsible for her plight. He had probably decided to kidnap her the moment he had laid eyes on her. She remembered all the questions he

had for her. Somehow he prompted out of her the fact that nobody knew what she was doing. That nobody knew she would be dancing here. The pictures he said were for his records. Why she had fallen for that, she would never know. It was a good lesson. Never want anything too much.

Bob watched her cry for a little while. She wanted desperately to beg him to let her go. Was he the boss? Was he the one who had the ultimate power over her? If she could, she would tell him that she would do anything to get away. She would suck his dick, let him fuck her. Let him fuck her a hundred times. Give him all her money. Work here for free. Get him other girls. Yeah, that was it! She knew plenty of girls. She could get them to come here to work. He could kidnap them. They would become slaves, but she would be free. Like Louise. "Oh, please! Please! Please!"

Bob spoke to her. "I'm going to undo your ankles now. I'm going to let you pee. You better do it and you better not give me any trouble. If you do, I'm going to hurt you very bad. Do you understand?"

At the man's words, Nancy's heart grew heavy and dropped like a stone into her gut. He would hurt her. Very bad. She would have to do whatever they said or they would hurt her. Very bad. Very bad. Very bad. Very bad. The phrase kept reverberating in her head. She believed him. She would do whatever he said. "Please don't hurt me! Please! Please! Please!" she thought frantically.

The hefty man crouched down in front of her. He let out a heavy sigh like it was some big effort. She felt him unlock one of the bracelets to her ankles. She tried to pull the other one free, but the empty manacle from the other side got stuck against the ring the chain ran through. She was going nowhere.

He got up and put the small, kidney shaped pan down on the bench next to her. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a red handled knife. He pressed a button and it popped open.

Nancy stared at it. Its tip was so sharp looking. It was about 5" long. The edge of the blade was honed so fine it looked like it could cut steel. The dim light in the room glinted off of it. They would hurt her very bad, she thought. Very bad. Very bad. Here was the proof. What was he going to do with it? She hadn't done anything wrong! She hadn't been disobedient! Why was he going to hurt her? She began a deep, anguished whine. She began to shake. She wanted to beg him, "Don't do it! Don't do it! Don't do it!"

“Arch your back,” he told her sternly. “Push up with your foot.”

“Arch my back. Push up with my foot. Okay! Okay! I can do that! I can do that!”

She did as she was told. He came closer to her with the knife. She was so terrified she felt like screaming. Then she felt him tug at the belt to her g-string. He cut through it. It loosened around her waist. She felt a wave of relief. “That was what it was! He wanted to cut off my g-string! That was all!” She felt like laughing. He reached towards her belly and pulled out the strand that went over her pudenda. He cut through that too. The knife passed so close to her skin that she thought for a moment that he had cut her.

He pulled the g-string free of her body. She sat back down. And then she realized that she was completely naked. The misery returned. She had nothing left but her shoes. And her rings! She had forgotten her rings! And her earrings! She still had them! For some reason it felt so important that she still have something from her former life. So what if she was naked? She had been practically naked before. She still had something! There was still some part of her left!

Bob rolled the g-string up and shoved it into her travel bag. He clicked the knife closed. That made Nancy feel better, although she knew that he didn’t need a knife to hurt her very bad if he wanted to. He could do anything he wanted to her.

He picked up the bed pan. “Like I said, you better pee while you have the chance. If you don’t and you piss all over this room, I’ll break all your fingers one by one. Understand?”

A vision of him cracking each one of her fingers in two, her screaming and pleading for mercy shot through her mind. And he would do it! She knew he would do it! “Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!” she thought. She nodded her head frantically.

“Now lift yourself up again so I can get this under your pussy,” he told her.

She pushed up with her foot and arched her back, lifting her sex off of the bench. She felt the cool, hard pan slide under her. She closed her eyes. A minute ago she needed to pee really bad. What did the black haired man say? Like a racehorse. Yeah, like a racehorse! Now she felt nothing. She looked up. Bob was staring at her. Staring at her hairless pussy. How could anyone pee like this she thought desperately. “It’s not fair! It’s not fair!”

She pressed down hard. There was something there but it was like it was frozen inside her. She pushed and pushed again, making herself groan.

“Come on! Come on! I haven’t got all day!” Bob barked at her.

It only made it worse. “Please pee! Please pee! Please pee!” she begged. She pushed and pushed. Her eyes were closed. “Okay! Okay!” she thought. “He’s not here. I’m not here. I’m at home. At my apartment. It’s Saturday morning. I’ve just gotten up. In a minute I’ll put on the coffee and turn on the radio. All I have to do is pee first. Just like every morning. Every morning. Every morning.” She felt a little tingle. She relaxed some more. She imagined waterfalls, oceans crashing onto beaches, the wide Mississippi, a glass of refreshing spring water. It was getting closer, closer, closer.

“I’m going to give you to three to pee and then I’m going to make you scream,” Bob said angrily.

“Don’t listen! Don’t listen!” she thought. “You’re so close! So close!”

She heard the word, “One.” Suddenly, there were a few drops. “Two.” Then a few more. Then a little stream. “Three.” And then it just came.

It went on and on. It was like the best feeling in the world. She had had a lot to drink and it was all coming out of her. When it kept coming she began to become afraid that it wouldn’t stop and that it would overflow the bedpan. What would Bob do then?

The flow began to dwindle. She felt emptied. It reduced to a little trickle. And then it stopped. She gave a little sigh of relief.

Bob moved the pan away carefully. He put it down on the chair. He turned back to her. She was about to lower herself once again when he told her to stay still. He crouched down, giving off the sigh again, and fished her g-string back out of her bag. He used it to wipe her. Then he put it back.

“Okay, get down,” he told her.

Nancy lowered herself. The peeing had been a welcome break from the monotony and terror of her confinement. Bob crouched down and reconnected her ankle to the chain. Now she was back as she was. Helplessly confined.

Then she remembered the black bag and what Bob had said about a shot. He had come back to give the girl her shot.

A fierce queasiness ran through her. She didn’t want a shot. What were they going to give her? They were going to knock her out, that’s

what. She would fall asleep and lose all chance, what slim chance there was, of escaping. She would never know where they brought her or who they gave her to until it was too late. "Please don't do it! Please don't do it! I'll be good! I'll do everything that you say! Please don't give me a shot! Please!"

That's what she would have said if she could. All she could really do was issue a plaintive whine.

Bob picked up the black bag from the floor. He opened it and placed it on the bench next to her. Nancy looked down. She saw a syringe, a needle and a little glass bottle of something clear. "Oh, don't do it, please!" she whined again.

Carefully and patiently, Bob assembled the needle. There was a little package of alcohol wipes and he opened it. He put the needle down and used a pad to clean a spot just below Nancy's right hip. The alcohol made her skin feel cool. She cringed and whined and pulled at her chains.

There was just enough play that Nancy could give Bob a lot of trouble if she wanted to. She moved her hip away from him, ready to move it back and forth to frustrate him. He looked at her, exasperated. He grimaced and then reared back and gave her a fierce punch on the upper arm, right at the pressure point. Nancy screamed and moaned. She tried to shy away from him, but could only move inches. Then he gave her another solid whack in the thigh. Nancy moaned again and began to sob.

"Do you want me to keep going?" Bob asked her.

Sobbing, she shook her head no.

"Then stay still! I can hurt you a lot more than that! If you want to see, just try me!" he snarled.

Nancy shook her head no again.

She sat there still, tears flowing down her face, while Bob cleaned the needle and dipped into the glass bottle through the little opening in the top. He turned the bottle upside down and pulled in about a hundred c.c.'s of whatever it was. He separated the bottle from the needle and then held the needle straight up while he pushed the plunger delicately with his thumb until a little liquid came spurting out.

He turned to her. "Now hold still. You wouldn't want me to get this wrong," he told her.

A river of fear passed through her. "He's going to do it! He's going to do it! Oh, god, please, no! Please! Please! Please!" she thought frantically.

She felt a prick just below her hip and then the slightly sickening feeling of the needle going in. There was a pause and then the needle slipped out. It was done.

"Now, was that so much trouble?" Bob asked as he put the kit away. "For Christ sakes, all that over a little old shot!"

Nancy responded with a whine of misery.

"You'll start feeling woozy in about ten minutes," he told her. "Then everything will get all foggy. You won't go out completely, just enough to keep you on your good behavior."

When the kit was all put together, Bob pulled out a cigarette and lit it. The small room filled up with smoke right away. Nancy leaned back as far as she could, closed her knees together tightly. "Oh, god, please! Please! Please get me out of this! Please!" she prayed desperately.

"Where is that motherfucker?" Bob asked no one. He stood there smoking for a few minutes. He used the coffee cup for an ashtray. When he was done smoking, he spit on the lit end until it went out and then dropped the butt into the cup.

A minute later, a minute he spent mostly watching her and making her squirm and quail in discomfort, thinking about her hairless pussy and the way he had looked at it, thinking about her bare breasts just hanging there like ripe fruit for his amusement, the key came into the door again. The door opened. It was Greg.

"Well, it's about fucking time!" Bob snarled.

"Sorry. There was a problem with the car. It wouldn't start. We had to open the engine up and the guy monkeyed around with it for a little while. I don't know what he did, but he got it started."

"It's all taken care of?"

"Yeah. You'll never see that baby again. My guess is that it's on its way to Nairobi or someplace like that."

Nancy was starting to feel the effects of the shot. It was like a rush of haziness came over her. The words the men were speaking were coming at her slowly, almost too slowly to keep up with as the new words kept stumbling into them. There was something about her car not starting. That was a problem she'd been having. Karl had told her what was wrong, but she couldn't keep track of it. She had Triple 'A' so she didn't worry about it too much. Part of the reason she started

working here was to get enough money to either fix it or get a new one. She wouldn't have to do either now. They had taken her car and sent it to Nairobi. That's what she heard. Was that what this was all about? Her car? They wanted to send her car to Nairobi and they had to tie her up and get her naked and give her a shot to do it? Well, they had done it. Wasn't it time to let her go?

She tried to ask that question, but her mouth kept mumbling. She couldn't figure it out. And why was she all tied up like this?

She looked at the men. She recognized one. That was Bob. Bob had come to help her. He would set her free. The other man was the bad man. He had locked her up. She remembered that. The men were talking again. One of them held her head up by the chin and looked into each of her eyeballs, lifting her eyelids to get a good look. It was Bob. He was making sure that she was okay. He said something and the other man laughed.

Bob picked up something from the chair. It must be something important, she thought. He was real careful with it. The other man opened the door. Bob stepped out.

"Don't leave, Bob! Don't leave! Please don't leave!" she thought. "Don't leave me with this bad man! Please!"

But the door closed and the lock clicked and all that were left were her and the very bad man.



### CHAPTER THREE

As soon as she saw that she was alone with the very bad man, Nancy began to sob. She kept murmuring something, she couldn't really tell herself what it was. She leaned back on her arms. She tried to pull her feet apart. She tried to stand up. She tried to spit that thing out of her mouth. Nothing worked.

The man kept looking at her. What was he going to do? Why was she here? She closed her eyes and kept perfectly still. There was a reason. She knew there was a reason. And then it came to her. She remembered dancing. She remembered the booth. She remembered that man, Tony's, face as the other men bound her up and gagged her. She was in a little room. Bob wasn't her friend. He was the one who had started the whole thing. And Louise. She had been here. She had laughed at her. And then they gave her a shot. Bob did. Bob did that. And he threatened to break all her fingers. And they had sent her car to Nairobi.

She started sobbing again. Her sobs didn't have much energy. After a while, it was just something to do and she forgot again why she was crying. All she knew was that she couldn't move and couldn't talk. She was naked and locked in a room with a very bad man. She knew that she should be terrified, but all it did was give her a sickly, unhappy feeling.

Greg took out his iPod and put the plugs in his ears. He put it on random play, sat down in the chair, leaned back and closed his eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tony was sitting at the bar. All the girls had packed up and left. The beerboys, the guys who ran the beer and liquor up to the bar all night, cleaned up the messes, washed the glasses, took out the empties, were sweeping and washing the floor. The bar stools, all except the ones that Tony and Bob were sitting on, were up on the bar upside down. Louise was washing up behind the bar. Bob had let all the other bartenders go. The bouncers had been paid off and left. The door was locked, the outside lights were turned off.

Tony was sipping at an ice cold Orange Stoly martini, very dry and straight up and smoking a thin, hand rolled Cuban cigar. Bob was drinking a beer. He was also doing an occasional shot of Jack

Daniels. The bottle was behind the bar, a habit in case the ABC guys came around.

Enrique, everyone called him Ricky, Tony's other bodyguard, was sitting at a table, nursing a Heineken, talking to the bouncer, Al, who ran the lap dancing booths.

"So what do you think she's worth?" Al asked Ricky.

"It all depends," Ricky replied.

"Depends on what?"

"Depends on the girl, the buyer, what you're going to do with her, a lot of things."

"Okay, like what?"

"Well," Ricky explained, "say you're unloadin' her with some guy who runs a knocking shop, you know, one of those \$50 a blowjob joints. A nice looking girl, in her prime, can gross between say \$1,000 and \$1,500 a day, depending on the traffic you get. Let's say she averages out to \$1,500 a day. That's ten blow jobs and 7 in and outs at a hundred fifty a pop."

"Okay," Al replied.

"You get that 7 days a week, that's..." Ricky closed his eyes to try and visualize the numbers in his head, "...about ten-five a week. Times 52 weeks is...about 550 g's a year."

"Wow!" Al exclaimed. "A whore can make that much money?"

"Yeah, but don't forget, that's the gross, the money that's coming in. You gotta consider the money that's going out."

"Okay."

"You need a crib. That's first off. In order to maximize your net, you're going to need at least ten bedrooms. You need a lounge where the johns can pick out the girls they want, an office in the back, a big kitchen to feed the girls, showers, probably at least three. You'll also need some space to keep girls when they're being disciplined or broken in. And you need a place for some staff to stay and hang out because you're going to wanna have staff on duty 24 hours-seven. You got me?"

"Sure."

"Well let's say that place costs you, somewhere in the inner city, maybe 20 grand a month."

"Why so much?"

"Well you gotta be renting it from a guy whose gonna ask no questions, and its gotta be secure, cause our scheme depends on

having girls that don't run out on ya. You gotta keep em under lock and key."

"Okay. Then what?"

"Ya got ten girls, maybe eleven or twelve so that you always have a full ten on duty at all times, takin' into account when they're sick or something. You gotta figure at least one muscle guy for every two girls cause don't forget, you're keeping an eye on them 24/7, two 12 hour shifts. That's six guys, right?"

"Right."

"Now these guys are gonna have to be on the ball, because the whores are always going to be scheming on how they can get out and stuff. They gotta be mean enough so that the girls are scared shit of them and they gotta know how to hurt a girl without marking her up or putting her out of action. Most of all they gotta have discretion. The girls won't work to their best if they gotta walk on pins and needles all the time. They should be somewhat personable for the girls' sake and the customers. So you need good guys. Figure \$200,000 per year, per guy, when you figure in you've got to feed them and all the other perks. Getting to fuck the girls regular will be worth something to them, don't get me wrong, but they still have to have cash and be reliable. And you don't want anybody who's likely to sell you to John Law first time they get in some kind of beef."

"That's true."

"So that's a million two in labor and \$240,000 in rent for ten full time earners. Then there's food for the girls. You want them eating good so they stay healthy as long as possible. A cook. That will cost you at least 50 thou cause you need someone with discretion. Cleaning expenses, although if you run a tight house you can have the whores do that too. There's the grease you gotta pay for protection. Now that's steep, figure \$20,000 a month. You'll have to have a bar for the guys who are waiting or getting their nerve up to pick a girl. That means a bartender or two, but they should break even on the booze sales and make most of their money on tips. A lot of them will take part of their salaries out in trade too, so there's a savings there. You gotta buy the whores lingerie and makeup. There's doctor bills and haircuts, and maintenance on the building because your lease is probably net/net."

"Wow. I never figured that running a whorehouse was so complicated."

"And there's something else you need that's very important."

“What’s that?”

“You need a broad who’s gonna run the girls. Knows when they’re dogging it. Knows all the tricks. Can sweetheart the girls when they need it and order up a good whipping for them when they need that too, or do it herself. Figure she’s gonna cost you at least another \$150,000. Maybe more. But you gotta keep her in line too or sooner or later she’s gonna want a share of the profits.”

“So how much is that all told?”

Ricky took hold of a napkin. Al had a pen in his shirt pocket. “Lemme have your pen,” Ricky told him. He started writing numbers down.

“Yeah, well, let’s say all that is 1.2 mil for labor, like I said, \$240,000 for rent. \$240,000 a year for protection. Food, gas and other utilities, about another \$100,000 a year. The cook’s \$50,000. Stuff for the girls another \$50,000. Maintenance, maybe 50 grand. Incidentals another 50. \$150,000 for your madam. So you got...,” here he drew a line under the numbers and did some calculations.. When done, he showed the napkin to Al. He continued, “...about \$2,130,000 a year in expenses, give or take a few hundred thou. Divide that by twelve whores...” he did some more math on the napkin, “...and you get that each whore costs you a little over \$175,000 per year.”

“\$175,000 a year? That’s all? And you’re making how much off of them?”

“Well, ideally, 550 g’s. But you really should discount that about 25% to be conservative. Business might be off some days, girls might be out of action for one reason or another. You’ll have to give away a lot of freebees to the vice squad guys and such. They might close you down once in a while. So let’s say a gross of about \$410,000 per girl and \$175,000 in expenses. That means you should net a cool \$235,000 per girl per year. Give them a life expectancy of about 7 years on average for their prime earning years means that lifetime you should make just about \$1,650,000 per girl. With an average of ten girls working full time, that’s over \$2 million a year. Over 7 years that’s over \$16,000,000. All tax free. You could retire easy. So what’s that worth to you?”

“Shit, that’s worth a lot!”

“But that’s without paying the whores a nickel in salaries. For that you need special girls that either won’t be missed or nobody knows what happened to. Like our girl here.”

“And what if you’re running a higher class place? What can you make then?”

“I don’t know. For each girl? Probably about double.”

“Jeeze, that’s over \$4,000,000 a year!”

“Closer to 5,” Ricky said.

“Wow!” Al exclaimed.

“Yeah, but nobody really makes that. There’s always something going wrong. Somebody gets all cut up by some john and you gotta dump her. Some girls turn bad early and you gotta get rid of them. Some girls just can’t take fucking 7 guys a day seven days a week and giving out all those blowjobs. Then there’s competition. And sometimes you gotta give ‘em little vacations for their mental health. Somebody muscles in and you gotta pay a piece to somebody to protect you. Some girls run away and you lose your investment in them. Some guy comes in and knocks you off and takes over your crib.”

“How do you know all this?”

“Oh, I worked for a guy for a while, about 2 years. Down in Miami. He couldn’t read or write too good so I helped him with his books. That’s how I met Tony. He was a supplier. When some Colombian outfit muscled in, I high tailed it out of there and went looking for him. He hired me right away.”

“So, you never told me, how much is the girl worth?”

“Realistically, on the open market, as is, probably about \$75,000. And that’s because she’s a real looker and grade A.”

“Why so little? I mean, she’ll earn somebody maybe a million and a half bucks over 7 years.”

“Supply and demand, my boy. Supply and demand. There’s a lot of meat on the hoof out there. And there’s no telling which whores are going to be your big money makers and which ones are going to fizzle out. It’s like in sports. The Yankees draft some guy that hit .425 in college, but he never makes it past Double A ball. He can’t hit a slider, or he gets hurt, or maybe he just can’t hack the pressure. And there’s a lot more whores out there just waiting to be picked up than college kids who hit .425.”

The cleaning guys were getting ready to leave. Ricky tossed back the remnants of his beer and dropped the bottle in the trash. Al did the same. Ricky tore up the napkin and tossed that in too. Bob walked the last cleaning guy to the front door and let him out. He

watched while he jumped into a car that was waiting for him and drove away.

Bob came back into the bar. "All clear," he announced.

Tony told Ricky to get the SUV and bring it around the back. Bob sent Al out on lookout, keeping his eye out for wandering cop cars or any street people. Tony, Bob and Louise headed towards the back. A large steel door covered the entrance to the secure hallway. Bob unlocked it and they all came through.

The bag with all the materials they would need had already been stashed in the back room. Bob sent Louise to get it. He went to the room where Nancy was being held and opened the door. Greg sprung to attention when he saw the door opening. He had been keeping an occasional eye on the girl. It was all she needed because she was for the most part all conked out.

"All quiet on the Western Front?" Tony asked.

"As peaceful as a little lamb," Greg replied.

Nancy recorded the men at the door and its opening. It took her a moment to realize what was going on, but when she saw Tony's face, it all came back to her. She whined in misery.

Louise had brought the gym bag that had what was needed now. It wasn't much.

There wasn't enough room in there for everyone. Greg stepped out into the hall while Tony and Bob went in to check the merchandise. Louise was waiting out there. "Say, Louise," Greg said, "how about a blowjob?"

"Go fuck yourself!" she shot back. Greg laughed.

Inside the room, Bob went up to Nancy to get a look at her eyes. She tried to pull her head away, but he got a good grip on it and was able to check out her pupils. They were still a little dilated, but the shot had worn off a bit. It had been about 2 hours.

Bob held her head so that Tony could get a look. "I think I'll give her another 50 c.c.'s. She should be able to take it."

Tony checked out each pupil. "Yeah, that should just about do it. We need about 3 hours, 4 to be safe."

"50 c.c.'s should give you 4 hours easy," Bob replied. "That's the equivalent of about 50 milligrams."

He had brought the case with the needle and the bottle of Demerol. Like before, he prepped the skin and the needle. When Nancy saw that she was getting another shot, she whined and started

to cry. But she didn't resist. She looked up at Tony. She remembered when she thought he was so nice. She started to sob.

Bob closed up the hypodermic case, gave Nancy a little playful rub on her head and got up from his crouch with a grunt. He left the room as Greg came in with the bag. Louise came in to help him.

First he unlocked the steel bracelets from her ankles. Louise was ready with the leather cuffs and he placed one on each ankle. Louise handed him a 6" chain and he connected the bracelets. The chain would be released later. It ensured that she would not be able to move about when they stood her up, but that she could still spread her legs a little bit for stability.

Greg undid the collar around her neck. Nancy was mumbling something, crying and moving her feet around. She didn't have much strength and so it didn't interfere too much. Greg grabbed one arm and Louise the other. They pulled her to her feet. They pulled her a little bit away from the bench and Greg got behind her. Louise moved to her side. Tony was standing no more than a couple of feet away from her, watching, admiring her naked form, a pleased look on his face. Being so close to him reminded Nancy of her lap dance. The thought of her stupidity made another wave of fierce misery flow through her.

Greg held onto her arms above the elbows with his meaty, vice like hands, bracing the girl, while Louise took the new collar out of the bag, made of black leather with some kind of maroon logo on it, and put it around Nancy's neck. It was self locking. All she had to do was slide the male end into the female and push it closed. There was a ratchet mechanism in it that prevented the male end from being pulled out unless you used a key. Louise tightened the collar until it was snug. Just enough so that it didn't slide around her neck. There was a shiny, golden ring in the front and in the back.

Next came the belt. Louise took it out of the bag and placed it around Nancy's slim waist. It was made of heavy, unfinished leather and was about 6" wide. In order to do that, she had to press up against Nancy's front, mashing her bare breasts against her own, loose, heavy, covered ones. Her face came within a few inches of Nancy's. Nancy had been nodding off, but at this she came alive. She screamed and tried to break away. Greg held her tight. She reared back her head and brought it forward fast, striking Louise's forehead with her own. She was a little taller than Louise and her forehead struck the cheesy looking bartender just above her hair line. Luckily

for Louise, she had been drawing back, having gotten the belt around Nancy's waist and she got only a glancing blow. Louise stumbled on her tacky, red, platform shoes.

"You fucking bitch," she screamed. She held the two ends of the belt in her left hand and gave Nancy a resounding slap across the face with her right. It jerked Nancy's head back and she shrieked.

"Take it easy, you stupid cunt!" Tony yelled. "From here on in, everything you do to her I'm going to do to you double! Got that! I don't want her all marked up and I don't want her abused more than necessary! I have a buyer lined up for her and I don't want to have to deliver her with a broken nose!"

"Okay! Okay!" Louise returned. "I just gave her a little tap, that's all."

"Well don't do it again!"

Nancy glared at Louise with rabid hatred. But she could glare all she wanted. Nothing she did or thought was going to affect anything that happened tonight.

Louise, keeping her head a safe distance from Nancy's, fastened the belt tightly around her waist just above her hips where her body was narrowest. There was a large buckle and the free end moved through it and was locked in place. It had a strap that descended from its back narrow enough to slip between Nancy's rear cheeks. Louise, carefully moving apart Nancy's feet, slipped her hand between the girl's thighs and pulled the strap through. It divided just about in the middle of her perineum into two strands, one going on either side of her sex. These were pulled up tightly and attached to the belt in front. This would hold the belt firmly in place.

At this point, Greg gripped both of Nancy's wrists with one hand and took a small tool and with some effort clipped the wire stiffened plastic tie that had been slipped over them earlier. He held one wrist tightly against her back while he extended the other arm towards Louise. Louise had a leather bracelet around it swiftly that closed on itself in the same way as the collar. Greg then pulled that wrist back and extended the other one so that a bracelet could be applied to that one too.

Nancy was becoming rebellious at all this handling. She was cursing and yelling from behind her gag, filling up the little room with her noise. She gave Tony a fierce, hateful look. Tony seemed amused at it. Then she collapsed into tears again and started to beg and plead for her freedom. Her words were muffled and mangled,



“...ees... own... ouu... iss...!, ...ees! ...ees! ...ees!” but everyone knew what she was saying.

Louise and Gregg worked silently. The only sounds in the room were Nancy’s manic entreaties and sobs. She knew that they were taking her somewhere. She had heard what Tony had said about a buyer. She didn’t want to be sold. She didn’t want to be whisked away. She didn’t want to be all tied up and chained. Her head, which had begun to become clear before, was beginning to become all cloudy again. She shook her head and took deep breaths through her nose. She looked at Louise sadly. “Please! Please! Please, help me! Please!” she tried to say. It emerged faintly as “..ees...ees...ees...eh...ee...ees!”

Louise held on to one hand while Greg moved the other one up to the belt at the back just inside her hip. Nancy swayed and stumbled as they moved her about. There was a small clip there and he fastened a ring on the bracelet to it. He then took the other wrist from Louise and attached that one on the other side. Nancy’s arms were pulled up behind her back, palms out, her fingers intermingling. There were several other clips around the belt that might prove useful later, two on the sides and one each in the front just inside her hips.

There was a pause as everyone admired the handiwork. Nancy’s feet were separated for balance and her clean shaven mons, bracketed by the two straps that went to her belt, could be seen clearly. She was still wearing her bright red high heels and they made her legs seem long and graceful like a showgirl’s. Her breasts had been swaying back and forth enticingly as Louise and Greg had handled her and Tony was congratulating himself on her capture. She was a real prize.

Nancy pulled on her bound arms weakly and issued a whine of virulent sadness. Her droopy eyes conveyed such piteous distress that they all almost felt a little sympathy for her.

“Don’t forget the jewelry,” Nancy heard Tony say. She cried as Louise pried the backs off of her little round, golden earrings. Greg pushed her torso over and Louise held her in place as he slipped her rings from her fingers. She tried to fight him, closing her hands into little fists, but his hands were so strong and hers were so weak that he easily pried each finger free in its turn and slid the gaudy little rings off over her knuckles. They handed the jewelry to Tony who placed it in Nancy’s carry bag. Bob had been watching, his head stuck in the room. “I want all this stuff destroyed,” Tony told him. “Every shred.”

“Don’t worry,” Bob replied. “I’m no idiot. You don’t have to tell me twice.”

Next was the head harness. This would have the salient effect of keeping her silent, but its effect was also psychological. It encapsulated the head very tightly and emphasized the victim’s complete helplessness and loss of human rights. Only a slave would wear one and that was just what she was becoming and would soon be. The true moment of conversion would be at her marking, but that would occur later and not tonight.

Louise reached down into the gym bag and brought out the tangle of straps. She shook it out. It had to be all ready when they took out her current gag so as to minimize her inevitable pleas for forbearance.

When the harness was ready, Louise gave Greg a nod. He stepped in front of the girl and began to pull off the pieces of duct tape he had placed on the girl’s mouth earlier. He did it slowly and carefully. The object was not to cause the girl pain or suffering, but just to get it off.

This was something that Tony was adamant about, as we have seen. He abhorred the use of unnecessary violence. Gratuitous pain was an option of the ultimate customer, where it could be administered for his or her pleasure. During the capture phase it was used as sparingly as possible. During training, and he did do considerable training, either for girls he kept for himself or for clients who wanted a girl fully functional when delivered, it was applied liberally and appropriately, always with a view towards the edification of the captive.

It did cause Nancy a little distress, as it was adhered to her delicate skin. But it was kept to minimum as was evident by the modicum of whining and moaning that occurred.

When the tape was off, Nancy was told to open her mouth so that the ball of leather ensconced there could be removed. She was happy to comply, although if she had known what was coming she might not have been so cooperative. But she saw it, as was expected, as an opportunity to beg and plead for her freedom.

Greg pulled the ball from between the girl’s lips. He put it in his pocket. Nancy’s eyes opened wide. “Pleece, pleece doan do dis,” she said desperately, her voice slurred and faint, her tone piteous and forlorn, her half open eyes roaming slowly and drunkenly around the room searching futilely for someone who would listen. Her mouth

felt heavy and thick. “Pleece doan kinnap me. I woan dell nuh-one! Pleece leh me go! Pleece! I...”

At this point, Greg placed his hand over her face, squeezing her cheeks together, his other hand in her hair. Frantic, the girl continued to try and form words, but they were now mangled and confused. Louise had the prong of the gag appended to the harness ready and she moved it towards Nancy’s lips. Nancy saw it and her pleading became more desperate. She twisted and turned her body, shook her head, yelled and shrieked, her voice echoing through the small space, assaulting her assailants’ ears. It was extraordinary for a young woman who was under sedation and it confirmed for Tony his opinion on the quality of his catch. He watched admiringly as she struggled.

Finally, Greg and Louise had to sit the girl back down on the bench. Greg practically sat on her while Louise eased the prong forward. She managed to get it just past Nancy’s teeth as she let out a loud scream, and then pushed it home.

Nancy whined and moaned as the two completed the application of the harness to her head. Greg leaned her forward so that she was bent in half and the straps were pulled around and over her head and cinched tightly behind it, trapping her long, fine, chestnut hair. There was a cup that fit tightly around the chin that pulled the jaw tightly closed. A leather shield covered the lower face.

Two thin straps came up from the corners of the shield to the bridge of the girl’s nose. There they were connected to a heavier strap that went up between her eyes and over the head. There were goggle like things for her eyes with flexible rubber bottoms that laid against her eye’s rims, covering the outsides of the sockets. The sides of the harness were an extension of the face shield. They covered the ears, leaving only a tiny hole for each one. A thick, flexible plug hung there on each side and after the straps were firmly fastened, Louise put one in each ear, cutting off all aural stimuli.

When the two released her head, Nancy shook it back and forth, moaning and crying. Her rebelliousness was quickly coming to a close, though, as the injection she had been administered began taking her deeper into stupor, overwhelming her otherwise strenuous fortitude and her resolve not to surrender without a fight.

They stood her up again. She was determined to make one last effort to plea for her freedom, no matter how useless it was. She mumbled something loud and desperate and her beautiful, round,

brown eyes looked plaintively at Tony, bubbling up inside them. She was clearly not operating rationally, for anyone could see that further remonstrance or supplication was fruitless.

Then came the surprise. Nancy had thought that the new gag was not quite as functional as the last. The gag consisted of a plug that went two inches or so past her teeth. She could still make substantial noise through it and she was making the most of that opportunity. But then Louise applied a narrow, black rubber tube to the outside of the gag, right in the middle of the prong. At the end of the tube was what looked like a small, hollow rubber ball. Louise gave the ball a pump, looking for Nancy's response. The air forced a balloon like object from the tube inside Nancy's mouth. Nancy was startled. Louise gave a little laugh. All the girls had the same reaction.

Louise pumped it again. The balloon began to fill with air. Nancy gave out a moan and her eyes widened to saucers. Then Louise pumped it again and again and again until the force of the pressure inside Nancy's mouth made it difficult. At this, Louise released the air hose from the outside of the gag and quickly twisted the little protrusion there until the hissing stopped. Nancy moaned. Her entire mouth was filled by the bloated balloon. Her most intense scream would produce a mere murmur, if that. She was wholly and ultimately defeated. Her body collapsed and she sat back down on her bench in despair.

## CHAPTER FOUR

There was a pause in the room. It was a dramatic moment. A couple of hours ago, this was a free and relatively happy girl. She had her own ideas about things, about how she was going to live her life, whom she would associate with, where she would live and, most importantly, to whom she would give access to her body. All those things had changed. Her capture phase was over. There was no going back.

Nancy sensed the moment of drama. All those people standing around, looking at her helpless, totally confined, naked body, made her feel ill. It felt bizarre to be so cruelly confined amidst all these free people. Add to that the fact that she was the only naked person in the room.

The brawny, sandy haired man with the thick moustache who had helped capture her was standing to her side, towering over her. That woman who had hit her stood with her hands on her hips, smirking and looking gaudy and out of place in her red short shorts and halter top that her breasts half hung out of. Behind her, a little to her right was a slender, well dressed man. And there was another man there too. He was farther away, peeking in through the door. She saw their lips moving, but couldn't hear what they were saying. She knew they were discussing her, but she couldn't understand why she couldn't hear them.

There were so many of them and only one of her. The looks on their faces were self-congratulatory, pleased with a difficult job well done. The well dressed man, Tony, she knew him. He looked particularly pleased. He came forward, leaned over and said something to her, patting her on the cheek, or where her cheek would have been had it not been covered in supple, brown, well-polished leather. She saw his lips move, a kind of friendly, sympathetic look on his face. It made her despair sink even more deeply into her soul.

It was horrible to be so cruelly confined. But the worse thing was the thing they had put over her head. Her mouth was filled so thoroughly that she couldn't move her tongue. The shield that covered her chin up to the bottom of her nose felt like somebody's hand pressed against her lips. The straps and things around her head were like some kind of creature had settled on her and had clamped

its tentacles all over her. And the only thing that she could hear was the rushing of her blood in her ears.

She saw the man by the door take out a phone or some kind of walkie talkie and speak into it. Whatever was said to him in response seemed to satisfy him and he said something to Tony.

The big man and the woman moved towards her. They took hold of her arms and pulled her to her feet. Nancy realized immediately, through her befogged brain, that it was time to go. A feeling of hopelessness and foreboding washed through her. Her knees gave out and but for their hold on her arms, she would have collapsed to the floor.

Things were whirling around in her head. The rushing in her ears didn't help. Something terribly wrong was happening. She knew it, even if she couldn't explain who each of the people around her were and why they were doing this to her. They were going to take her somewhere, somewhere bad. It wasn't what she wanted, but she couldn't summon an iota of effort to resist it. She just wanted them to leave her alone for a couple of minutes so she could figure things out. Maybe if they just let her sit back down.

She tried to lower herself back to the bench. The strong hands held her up. She looked around and the people seemed to think that that was funny. One of them, the smaller, good looking, friendly looking guy, she knew she should remember him, crouched down and released the thing that was holding her ankles together. Her feet were lifted up and, one by one, her bright red, high heeled shoes were slipped off of her feet.

"Wait!" Nancy thought. "They're my shoes! I can't leave without my shoes!"

The good looking guy got up and put them in a little suitcase. "Oh," she thought. "That's okay. That's my suitcase."

He came over to her and she saw him unwrapping something from a small, white foil packet. It was a little round disc about the size of an old silver dollar. He peeled something off the back and stuck it on her chest, just over her heart, pressing it firmly and making her wobble. Then put his hands up to her face. He fiddled with something over her eyes. A split second later, he pulled something down that covered them, turning everything black. She felt him press around her eyes as if making sure that whatever it was was on tight.

She wanted to ask the man not to do that, but her mouth wouldn't move. She felt his hands move over her breasts, giving them a soft,

caring caress. Then a hand slipped down her belly. It covered her mons and stroked it delicately. The feeling was so strangely comforting that she just let her body relax and enjoy it. A finger slid along the line of her slit several times, probing it and then rubbed lightly over that little space at the top. It felt so good, it made her knees weak all over again.

Then the hand left. She knew whose hand that was. It was that man's! The one who did this to her! Tony! His name was Tony! That his touch could give her pleasure revolted her. She never wanted him to do that again. But she knew that she had no power to stop him. She closed her legs and whined miserably. She couldn't hear it or see it, but everybody laughed.

Suddenly she was being pulled forward. She tried to resist. "I don't want to go! I don't want to go!" she thought desperately. She was moving fast, around a corner and then on and on. Her bare feet slipped and slid over the cool floor. "If only I could tell them," she thought. "Tell them I don't want to go. Please let go of me! Please!"

They stood her still for a little while, like they were waiting for something. Things were happening so fast. It was all so confusing. She knew she should hate the man who touched her, but she didn't know why. It was then that she remembered. She was being kidnapped! They were taking her somewhere! They were going to make her do things! They were taking away everything that she had, everyone that she knew. She started sobbing. She shook her head violently and murmured something faint from behind her gag. If only she could see! Why couldn't she see? Nobody paid any attention. "Please don't do this! Please don't do this! Please! Please!" she thought madly. "Please!"

They were at the back door. It had a little peep hole. Bob turned out the hall light. Tony looked out and he saw their deep green Ford Explorer backed up to the door. The moon had dashed behind a thin cloud and there was a dim light. He gave Louise and Greg a nod and he opened the door, stepping aside to let them through.

Ricky was there. He had popped open the back hatch. The SUV was running, but all of its lights were out. All except a little light that shone down into the cargo compartment. He had already removed its specially constructed lid.

Ricky took hold of the girl's left arm while Louise moved to her feet. She locked the bracelets there together. The three of them lifted her listless body and placed her in the cargo compartment face down.

Greg had climbed inside the SUV and he carefully maneuvered her face so that it was positioned over a little cavity. There was a little padded slot for her head and it fit in snugly. She was lying on a thick, soft cushion. Her body sank into it, almost as if it were some kind of cloud.

Louise and Greg folded her legs back so that her ankles were over her rear cheeks and connected them with a chain to a ring in the back of her belt. She gave them no resistance. Straps coming from inside the cloud were placed tightly around the back of her neck, across her upper back, at her waist and over the tops and bottom of her thighs, near her knees, jamming them together.

The last thing needed was to stuff large and small bolsters of the fluffy material all around her, into every nook and cranny. The lid for the cargo space was slid over her. There was more of the cushioning attached to its bottom, enough so that when it was lowered into place, she would be completely encapsulated. It was placed on top of her and then firmly pressed down until it clicked closed. When the lid was closed, the little light went out. It had all taken less than a minute.

The actors all shared a sense of relief. Tony turned and shook Bob's hand. He was a good source of leads, both from girls who had just started jobs as dancers, like Nancy, and, other girls, out there in the world, who he found out about through his various associates. He had meant to ask him about that girl, Tina. She was cute as a button and he knew just the right client for her. Louise was a big help too, but Tony had a feeling that someday soon he would be hauling her off as well. She was getting a little too sure of herself and he had not liked that slap tonight at all. She would spend a good deal of time with him learning discipline and then he would sell her to a whorehouse he knew in Mexico, right across the border from Brownsville in Texas.

He turned to the SUV and ran his hand over the lid to the cargo space making sure it was secure all the way around. A little fan was already softly blowing cool air into the little cavity below the girl's face. The air conditioner would keep the space at a comfortable 70 degrees. The padding would make the girl's trip as smooth as a magic carpet ride. She wouldn't even feel the vibrations of the tires or the car as they rode along. It would all be like a weird dream. It was all consistent with his concern for the mental and physical health of the subject. There was no need for gratuitous harshness. The



harshness would come, but at the right time and in the right amount. Nobody wanted a sullen, sulking slut too afraid of her shadow to be any good to anyone.

His place was about 10 hours away. They would stop somewhere and give her another shot about 4 hours in or so. The transponder he had attached to her chest would transmit her heart rate to a receiver in the back seat so he would know when she was getting too restless. That should take her the rest of the way due to the buildup in her system from the prior ones. She would be mostly awake and would do a lot of thinking. But it would be confused and desultory. It was all part of the process of breaking her down. Making her receptive to instruction. Making her past life seem distant and irretrievable. She would spend the next few days learning some basic discipline. She would then be presented to her buyer.

He lifted his hand to his nose. Her scent was on it. He recalled her lap dance. She had done it with real enthusiasm and he had found her to be alluring and highly sexual. It was a shame that he wasn't going to get to train her himself. She seemed like such a good subject. And he did truly want to fuck her.

There was no time to tarry. He stepped away and let Greg close the hatch. He got into the back seat of the SUV on the passenger's side. Ricky would drive and Greg would ride shotgun. They climbed aboard. Ricky put the vehicle into gear and they rolled away.

Bob and Louise watched them until they disappeared down the road. Then Bob spoke to Louise. "Come on inside. I need a blowjob."

\* \* \* \* \*

It had happened so fast. One moment she was standing there. Then she was scooted out what she was sure was a door to the outside. Her skin reacted to the relative coolness. Then she kind of lost track of things. She remembered the sensation of falling. She landed on a very soft cushion. Then there was something pushing on her, pressing her down.

After that there had been practically nothing. It was like her body was experiencing no sensations at all. And every time she tried to take stock of herself, to try and figure out what was happening, her mind got so confused that she gave it up.

She knew that she could not move a muscle. She had pulled at her hands. She had tried to move her legs. Her head wouldn't turn. She

started to panic. Something was terribly wrong, like a bad dream that wouldn't stop. She couldn't see. Everything was black. The terrifying thing was she that could move her eyelids up and down. She wasn't blindfolded. She was just in someplace that no light found at all.

She was in motion. She knew that although there was very little evidence of it. Why was she in motion? Where was she going? If only she could clear her head. She tried to talk, but her mouth wouldn't move and it was all filled up with something.

And then it came to her. She remembered. And when she did, she wished that she had remained in drug induced ignorance.

They had taken her! The little room. They had kept her there. They had put these things on her, locked her up. That man. His name was..., was..., was....Oh, she couldn't remember his name. She remembered his face. He had said something to her. It must have been nice, because he smiled, but she didn't remember hearing or understanding what he said.

But he had done this to her! She was a captive. They were going to turn her into a whore! She had to escape! She had to get out of there! Frantically, she tried to move again, but this time with more determination, or so it felt. But nary a muscle nor a ligament moved. Even her fingers, she could sense them behind her back, were pressed down by something soft and cool. She could wriggle them, but she couldn't close her hand or make a fist. What had they done to her? Where were they taking her? She needed to move, get up, get out, do something! But all she could do was lie in place.

The struggle to overcome her bonds had made her mind swim again. All the facts she had carefully reconstructed flew out of her head. The strain of trying to think and trying to move were too much for her. It was much easier to let her mind drift, to relax her body, to let time flow over her like a warm, tropical current.

Everything was so soft around her it was like she was floating. There was a cool breeze over her face, cool, sweet air, but everything else was covered up. It was like she had fallen into a marshmallow or something.

She was taking deep breaths. It seemed to calm her. "Okay. Okay. Now, what's happening? What's happening to me?" she thought.

And then she remembered again. They were taking her somewhere! They were going to make her a whore! I have to get out of here! I have to! I have to! But I can't move! I can't move

anything! “Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god! Please, somebody help me! Please! Please! Please!”

And then she began to cry. She cried and cried and cried until her mind and body seemed to meld into one again and her thoughts just dissipated into nothing.

There was a gap. She realized that she must have been asleep, or a close to it as you could get. It had to be late. What had she done yesterday? She had gone to work. She had danced. She had met that guy, Tommy. No, not Tommy, something else. Timmy, Teddy, Terry, she just couldn't get it right. She had to take a breath. Thoughts and notions passed through her mind like corks bobbing in the ocean. She looked at each one of them. They seemed strange. She had little pictures in her head. Bob. The dressing room. That guy sitting at the bar, smiling at her. Dancing for him.

He had said something to her. “You'll be fine.” No, that wasn't it. “You're doing fine.” No that wasn't it either. “You'll do fine!” That was it. “You'll do fine.” He had captured her! Him and his goons. And Bob and Louise. In that little room. All chained up. The shots. Bob had given her shots. The man had said something to her that she couldn't hear. And he had touched her! Touched her between the legs! Made her swoon! Tony! His name was Tony! He did this to her! He ordered them to tie her up, to put her here! Where were they taking her? Where? They were going to make her a whore! They were going to fuck her! “I've got to get out! I've got to! Please ! Please! Let me get out! Let me go! Please! Please!” And then the crying started again.

She kept falling asleep. She tried to stay awake, but she was so tired and her mind was so hazy. And every time that she awoke, it would be okay for a while until she reconstructed where she was and what was happening to her, then a gloom as dark as the blackness over her eyes would descend about her and she would end up crying again.

Tony kept a close eye on the cardio register. He could tell when she was sleeping and when she was awake. He could tell when she was having another panic attack or when she was just drifting along, letting things just kind of float through her mind.

They were about 3 ½ hours out. They had left the bar at about 4, so it was about 7:30. The light had grown slowly all around them, first in the east, where they were headed, red and yellow and all kinds of colors. It was a beautiful morning. He had slept a little bit. The

cardio register had an alarm system and he set a high and a low on it so if anything happened down below to the girl it would wake him up. He had gone out for about an hour and a half and no alarms had gone off. He stretched and yawned and checked the register. She was in one of low periods, either asleep or close to it.

They had stopped for some breakfast a little while ago. He hated stopping at those roadside fast food joints, but they really hadn't had a choice. It was too convenient. They zipped through the curb service lane, ordered up three meals and three coffees and a few minutes later they were back on their way. Ricky and Greg switched places. The last thing he wanted was the driver nodding off and the SUV ending up in a ditch.

The girl would be hungry, and get hungrier as the Demerol wore off. It was ok. It wouldn't harm her and it would help make her despair more complete. It would help when they got to his mansion. Her potential buyer had been very specific about wanting to break her in himself, but there were some rudimentaries they would have to teach her. Things like no talking, and to kneel and spread her legs on command. And of course that her prior life was gone forever.

It would be tempting to try her out. But it would be unethical. You had to be careful about those things. You started out with the little things that people probably would never know about and the next thing you're out and out lying to your clients, passing bad off as good, selling used as new. No, he wouldn't take even a blowjob from her.

She would get a whipping or two. That was fairly standard and would be expected. His customer would not want property that couldn't control her wildest inclinations to rebel against her fate. And the hopelessness of her position and the lowliness and permanence of her new status needed to be instilled right away, while her capture was fresh in her mind. No, the fun was in the more subtle things, like surrendering herself on command, being responsive, how to stand, how to kneel, how to address her master or mistress, how to display herself. And each master or mistress had their own sensibilities.

Tony was not his real name, of course. Nancy had been right about that. His real name was Jerome. Jerome Marshall. He had adopted the name Tony because it went well with the aura he liked to create with girls when he was on the prowl. And it had some mob related attributes to it. Women were drawn to men out there on the edge. Take this girl, for instance. She had had an initial natural

reluctance to have interaction with the sleaze ball Tony who came on so strong. But when she realized that he could have almost any girl he wanted and that he wanted her, well, that was different. The money, the bodyguards, everything about him said illicit. To be drawn to the fire and not get burnt, that was what so many of them wanted. This one was not so lucky.

He did have Italian blood. That was from his mother. His father, Townsend Marshall had been heir to a major British fortune. Unlike most sons of nabobs, he had built it even bigger. So big that he could afford to indulge certain idiosyncrasies. He had bought his mother from an innkeeper in a small village outside of Naples. She was just 16 and an orphan, living off of the charity of her uncle. The uncle had already made arrangements to sell her off to a bordello so he could recoup his ten year investment in her when his father had spotted her and outbid them.

By then, seeing the handwriting on the wall, he had long before moved his base of operations and his fortune to the United States. He had built a mansion on a vast estate well off into the hinterlands and stocked it as he pleased. Maria became his favorite. He had her longer than most, more than five years. And it was during that time that he decided he needed an heir. Maria bore him a son. By the time he was two she was gone, sold off to a bordello somewhere.

The son he named Jerome. He had his mother's olive skin, but his father's ruthlessness and drive. During his childhood and well into his teen years, his father had managed to keep his hobbies a secret from his son. It wasn't that hard really. Certain portions of the estate were out of bounds, but that had been true since he was a child and just seemed natural.

And he spent so much time away at boarding schools, camps, trips abroad. Between the ages of 11 and 16, he spent the summers in England with his aunts, learning English poetry, reading Thomas Hardy, Dylan Thomas, Shakespeare, Joseph Conrad and Wilkie Collins. He mingled with the schoolboy children of the most blue blooded families in England, spent two weeks every summer in London going to the theater. His aunts' estate, funded by his father, was in Somerset and his rode his aunts' Arabian chargers all over the countryside. His birthday was in the summer, in July, and his father sent him on his fifteenth birthday an unexpurgated version of 1001 Arabian Nights as a present. Now that had been an eye opener.

The year of his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, his father had insisted that he stay home for the summer. He was angry at first, but his father began to hint at some great surprise he had in store for him. On the evening of his birthday, July 21, he was invited into Shangri La.

It was after dinner. His father had let him have a cognac. They took a stroll. It led them to the gate of the forbidden wing of the mansion. His father handed him a key. It was golden and heavy, larger than a normal key, meant for a special lock. His father invited him to open the door.

It was the entry to a world he had never imagined. As they came into a large, luxurious drawing room, three of the most beautiful young women he had ever seen were kneeling on the carpet. They were naked but for bright red leather collars with his father's monogram embedded in gold, and matching bracelets around their wrists and ankles. They seemed demure, but they radiated a sexuality that he had only read about in books. One was Asian, slight of limb, with deep, black eyes, long, shimmering, black hair and enchanting, firm, teacup sized breasts. The second one was from the Levant, an Egyptian girl with almond shaped eyes surrounded by kohl, a sensuous mouth, a voluptuous frame and a mane of wavy black locks that descended to her shoulders. The third was Nordic, sinuous and lanky, with thick, golden blond hair that cascaded down her back, pale skin, sparkling blue eyes, firm, round breasts.

His father left him with them that night. And he stayed all the next day too. And the day after that. He got to learn their names, where they were from, what they were like. They laughed and played together, and the women showed him all their skills at physical love many times over.

It was on the third day, after he had decided that he was in passionate love with them all, that his father returned. It was in the early evening. He was with five of his men, the ever present, rough looking men that seemed to crop up virtually everywhere you went on the estate. He ordered the men to take the girls to a room in the back. Jerome had no idea what was coming, but he could see that the three young women were distressed.

When they entered the room, he saw that it was filled with whips and stocks and racks and other devices of discipline. One by one, his father had his men mount the girls on a post and proceed to whip them ferociously. They screamed and wailed and begged for mercy, but none was shown. Jerome cried and cried to see the woman treated

this way. He tried to protest, but his father silenced him. And while the one girl was being mauled by strips of vicious, stiff, vinegar soaked leather, the other two were suffering the brutal usage of the other men.

Finally, it was over. The girls were sobbing, their precious skin marred. His father had them bound up and gagged. Jerome asked his father tearfully what he was going to do with them. He was told that they had been sold and that they were leaving the estate forthwith.

“Say goodbye to them, Jerome. They have served their purpose. They are slaves, property. And when property has served its purpose, it is disposed of. The world belongs to the strong and those that dare to take what they want. You are an heir to a great fortune. You must learn to use it ruthlessly. All the pleasures of the world are open to you, but never bind yourself to them.”

Back in the drawing room, he watched the three beautiful women he had sported with, learned the arts of love from, fallen head over heels in love with, marched away, their hands bound behind their backs, their mouths stuffed with cruel gags, crying and wailing.

When they left, the room was silent. He was filled with a rabid hatred for his father. He had always known him as cold and sometimes cruel, but what he had seen tonight was far beyond anything that he had ever believed. He was just about to curse his father, declare his permanent, eternal rupture with him, damn him with all his venom and passion, when the door opened again.

In came two more of his father’s men. With them was Sandoval, the rough-edged, no nonsense manager of the Estate. Behind them, on a chain, were three young women, bound and gagged, naked, and outfitted like the others. When Sandoval released them from their bonds, they fell to their knees and bowed to him, their heads touching the carpet, their hands crossed behind their backs. One was a voluptuous redhead. The second was a wild looking, dark skinned young girl with fiery eyes. The third was a brunette with idyllic features, heavy, firm breasts and broad hips. They were as beautiful and as alluring as the three who had left. His father clapped him on the back. “Enjoy yourself, Jerome,” he said. “And remember to give them each a good whipping so that they know you are their master.”

It was exactly what he did.

From that day, his father began to educate him in the intricacies of their empire. The women came and went. Some stayed longer, some only for a few weeks. His father always kept a string of women in the

bunkhouse for his men and Jerome found himself spending a lot of time there. He began to develop an interest in their training. His father introduced him to his procurer, a tall, heavyset, brutal man of the streets. He was in his sixties and had been running pussy his entire life.

His name was Reuther. He and Jerome hit it off right away. Jerome became involved in all aspects of his business. He helped with the breaking in, he administered discipline. He oversaw their development into whores. He came into contact with girls of all shapes and sizes, nationalities and religions, color and hue, girls swept off the rural and urban streets of America, culled from the steady flow of immigrants, sold into slavery for a few dollars by callous boyfriends, traded by junkies for a few days' high. Runaways, hitchhikers, girls who got too drunk at bars and had no one to drive them home or girls who got too high at rock concerts and wandered off from their friends, lonely girls who answered personal ads, girls just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

When it came time for college, Jerome decided to study behavioral psychology. It turned out that he had a remarkable gift for it. In his sophomore year, he kidnapped his first female. She was a young Irish girl who was one of the cleaners in the building which housed the Psychology Department. He had made friends with her. Her name was Claire. She had bright orange colored hair, a careless laugh, a slender body and swelling breasts. Her face was clear and pleasant. Her blue eyes sparkled.

He didn't do the capture himself. He had her followed home by some of his father's men. They picked her off one moonless night as she walked from the bus to her home a few blocks away.

She was brought directly to Reuther's. She cried and sobbed and wailed. She begged for her freedom, promised him everything she could think of. But in the end, she succumbed. He trained her himself and kept her at the mansion for almost a year. The proof of his success was when he sold her to a very demanding Guatemalan millionaire, a friend of his father's who owned a large coffee plantation deep in the hills. He put the poor girl through her paces for the man and even let him spend a few nights with her. He sold her for \$250,000, in 1986 dollars. And she was worth every penny.

By then he knew that he was not made out for the management of a billion dollar empire. His father died soon after he graduated from college, ironically from a gunshot wound inflicted by a young



woman who mistook him for an assailant. Jerome pulled some strings and saw that she was let off lightly. When she emerged from prison a couple of years later, he made sure she got early parole, he had her picked up. She spent some very brutal weeks at the mansion and then was shipped off to a very special whorehouse he knew of in Cartagena.

Those were during the wild years. Reuther retired and he took over his operations. He opened a string of very exclusive brothels in many of the larger cities, to which he supplied the product. He made deals with street gangs, Italian bosses, the Russian mobs, dictators in several nations. His father's business empire meanwhile flourished, managed by men handpicked by him who were grateful for the special rewards he was able to give them.

It was after his father's death that he was able to learn the true story of his origins. It was in a letter his father had left him, found with his Will. He had always thought that his mother had died when he was young. That was the story he had been told. Only Sandoval was around at that time and he was able to pry some details from him regarding her beauty and her love for him.

He struggled with the issue of whether to try and find her, but, in the end, he abandoned all thoughts of it. What would it achieve? Was he going to reclaim some woman who had spent the last 20 something years as a whore? No, he decided that it would be hypocritical. Besides, the likelihood that she was still alive was practically nil.

He did have a young Italian girl brought in who fit his image of her. He kept her for two weeks and then sent her down to the bunkhouse. It had been a bad idea.

For the last five years or so, he had stepped back from active, daily management in his industry of choice. He took in some partners to run Reuther's and franchised out the high class bordellos. He still had his international contacts, but he usually channeled that commerce off to underlings. He was not entirely out of the game, however. He was fanatical about quality control and deeply involved in research and development. He maintained a very high quality *maison* at the mansion that catered to a very exclusive clientele. And, through several businesses he owned, like Bob's little place, he was able to keep his hand in recruitment activities.

The thrill of the chase had never left him and he received great satisfaction from taking in a raw, undisciplined girl and turning her

into a creature of absolute obedience and dedication to the pleasure of her masters, whatever form that pleasure took. He sold some of them off to high end buyers. He used some of the girls to staff the bunkhouse. And there was always a home for the rest of them in one of the bordellos run under his leadership. They were always happy to receive new staff.

It didn't matter whether he made a profit or not on a girl. The money he earned from his activities at the mansion was not even enough to pay the staff. There was much more than enough from the other enterprises though, and from his father's business empire.

In fact, his wealth was becoming a bit of an embarrassment. He had been mentioned lately in several journals and newspaper articles as among the wealthiest men in America. He didn't like that kind of publicity. His wealth had put him into a class where he was virtually untouchable by any law enforcement agency. The news people and commentators liked the people to believe that the country was run on democratic principles. It often made him laugh. The country was actually run by a coterie of about 30,000-40,000 people, the wealthiest and therefore most powerful in America. Very little of what they did made the news. Their control of the governmental apparatus meant that they were rarely, if ever, called to task for anything. Disputes among them were generally decided by negotiation and/or arbitration.

The last time there had been any legal problem for him regarding any of his 'facilities' was when a bordello was raided in San Francisco several years ago. The Attorney General's Office had mounted it. They discovered the 15 women who were being kept there in bondage. But before they could escort the liberated ladies from the premises the agent in charge had received a telephone call from the Attorney General, who had spoken to the Governor who had spoken to Jerome. The raid was called off, the women left behind, restored to their cells, and that was that. For discretion's sake, Jerome had the location of the bordello moved and all the inmates sold overseas and replaced.

He limited his recruitment activities to especially interesting cases, the girl in the cargo compartment being an example. He was willing to travel a considerable distance, in this case 10 hours, for the right girl. When he had seen her picture and watched the secretly made video of her disrobing for Bob's examination, he had been sold on her at once. Now that he had seen her in person, he was sorry that

he had sold her off so quickly. But it was for a good customer to whom he owed a favor and so he did it. It would be fun having her as his guest for a few days though.

He looked at the register. The girl's heart rate was elevated and had been for some time. She was showing signs of panic, possibly hyperventilation. This meant that her shot was wearing off. It was time for a booster.

He had Gregg pull off the Interstate and look for a good secluded place to do it. They found a small country road that led to a small state park. There were a few other vehicles in the parking lot. They pulled over to a spot away from the welcome center near some trees and backed into it. The other cars in the lot were mostly empty, the people out taking walks in the woods. A couple of cars were pulling in and out, but nobody was paying much attention to what was going on around them.

While Ricky acted as look out, Gregg released the top of the cargo space. The girl's body was just visible amongst the bolsters and pillows that had been stuffed around her. Jerome had the needle all ready. He swiped it and a small place on her hip with alcohol. She was squirming and a faint mewling sound was emanating from the space, probably representing the product of a determined, anguished plea for freedom. It altered to a low moan as he slipped the needle in. A second or two later, he pulled it out. He listened carefully for a moment. He could hear the girl's certainly violent sobs faintly. Well, in about ten minutes, she would be back in the magic kingdom. That was the best he could do for her.

He put the needle away in its case. Greg reinstalled the bolsters and pillows and the cargo space cover. It took them both of them to press it down. They closed the hatch and went to get back in the car. Ricky had spotted a takeout stand. Jerome agreed that there was time for him to get them some lunch. Ricky came back with two bags of burgers and fries and three sodas. They piled back in the car and got back on the road. Jerome checked the cardio monitor. The girl's heart rate was already starting to level off.

When Nancy felt the lid being lifted off of her little prison, hopes of liberation from her confines sprung up in her. She screamed and screamed, begging for freedom from her awful imprisonment. She could barely hear it herself. It wasn't that she was in a rush to discover what the men had in store for her, but not being able to move or see or hear anything, and being suspended like some

weightless astronaut in his capsule, was a hideous form of torture and made the time seem endless.

She knew it was a long time, but not how long. She had slipped in and out of semi consciousness, even sleeping for some periods, at least she thought she had. It was hard to tell. But for the last hour or so, at least she thought it was an hour, it could've been as much as two or as little as a half, her sense of time being so distorted, the effects of the shot they had given her had worn off and she was totally wide awake. Fear of where she was going and what was going to happen to her kept spinning around in her head. It mingled with dismal sadness at having been kidnapped so easily, misery for all the things she had lost and at the excruciating tedium of lying so firmly bound and not being able to move or speak or see anything but absolute darkness in front of her eyes..

There was no way to measure time. She tried counting numbers, but that got old quickly. Besides, she kept losing count when her periods of semi-consciousness would come. Even when she was fully conscious it was hard because her thoughts kept floating back to all the reasons she had to be sad and terrified. She would bite down on her gag, her body would generate a soul draining queasiness and she would start to cry. Her heart would start to race and she would build up an anxiety so intense that she felt like she might explode.

So when the lid came off she felt the desperate need to beg for her release. The slight spark of hope she had turned to renewed misery when she felt one of them, probably Tony since he was in charge, washing off a little patch of her skin. She knew right away that another shot was coming. She whined as loud as she could in protest and tried to struggle and then moaned in sorrow when she felt the needle go in. She stared to sob again, heartfelt, anguished, body wracking sobs. When she felt the top or lid or whatever it was press down on her she screamed with all her might, shook her body as hard as she could, strained her muscles, pulling and yanking at her confines. But all that did nothing. She recommenced her sobs. In a little over 10 minutes, the familiar wooziness started coming over her. She accepted it. Welcomed it. A few minutes later she had drifted off.

Jerome noted it on the cardio register and popped another fry into his mouth.

It was a little after 2 o'clock in the afternoon when they pulled up to the gates of the estate. The estate proper was surrounded by about

ten miles of twelve foot high double razor wire topped, cyclone fencing. There was a monitoring system built into it which recorded any contact. Usually it turned out to be a denizen of the 400 square mile forest in which it was situate. But a security team was always sent out to investigate just in case. Jerome had expanded and professionalized the security team since his father died. The rough, tight lipped men of his father's day had mostly retired to the nearby village and still served as a reserve force, ready to repel unwanted visitors or to journey out into the world to impose his will. Several of them manned the outer gate to the estate 24/7. The Ford explorer slowed to a stop so that their identities could be verified and then they were passed on.

They drove up the three mile winding road to the estate proper. There was another gate, this one manned by Jerome's tough, younger, professional security force. Here the scrutiny was more thorough, making even Jerome and his crew step out and be searched. They opened the lid to the cargo compartment, confirmed the presence of the prisoner, scanned the underside of the car and the interior for electronic devices. Even the heart rate register Jerome had in his possession was examined. With Jerome himself present it was mostly for show. But on the odd chance that he was being held hostage by the other men in the car, Ricky and Greg were separated from him and vetted thoroughly. During his many years of operations, Jerome had made some very serious enemies and you could never be too sure.

After being finally waived through, the Explorer made its way up to the estate compound. It circled the main building, a long, three story mansion built in the style of a French Chateau, tall, framed windows on the first floor, ornate faux colonnades, a steep, slate roof. In front was a neat gravel parking area and driveway that circled a large baroque style fountain with statuary of naked, frolicking, female nymphs. It was rather too much for Jerome's style, but he hadn't had the time or the inclination to spend his energies modifying his father's designs.

The SUV scooted to the right of the mansion. It passed between it and the somewhat larger and plainer building that housed the security staff, commonly referred to as the bunkhouse. The vehicle pulled up to a series of garage doors set within the rear wing of the mansion. In his father's day, the female playthings his father kept had been housed there. Jerome had expanded it to facilitate his more extensive

activities. There was a parking area for the guests of his special bordello. A luxury van sat there that was used to take them from and to the airfield he maintained. Three expensive cars were also parked there now, a late model Bentley, a Mercedes sports coupe and a vintage Jaguar, his toys. It was relatively early on a Saturday and it would be expected that the van would make more trips until there were six refined, wealthy and privileged guests, one each for the refined, lovely ladies he kept in thrall.

The garage door they pulled up to slowly rolled open and Ricky, who had taken over driving responsibilities again from Greg, eased the Explorer into the garage.

Jerome and his men got out of the vehicle and stretched. Two of the trainers came out of the adjacent basement to the mansion to greet them. The details of their package had been transmitted earlier, and the two bulky men were ready to take custody of it.

They were dressed in black t-shirts and black sweat pants. They both bore the ornate, scriptive, dark red, 'JdM' that he had adopted as the emblem of his endeavors, on the t-shirt on the upper left, over the heart, and on the pants, on the right hip. On their feet were black canvas, rubber soled shoes. Jerome had them sign with their initials the entry on the girl's file he had initiated on his iPad, denoting her receipt at the facility. It was the commencement of her permanent record. No names were used, but instead a general description and a registry number that would follow her throughout her new life. The amateur pictures that Bob had sent on were there. A more professional, complete photo shoot and other details would be added later.

The uniforms were worn by all the staff who worked in the training cells. They were trained to act the same, speak, more or less, the same and were selected to look similar, with short cut hair and beardless faces. The general idea was that to the subjects of the training regimen they would be somewhat generic, more a force of nature than individuals. The personalities of the trainers, as far as Jerome was concerned, should have little bearing on the indignities and cruelties imposed on the newly recruited sex workers. They had to be big enough so that they could handle the females easily and convey to them the futility of resistance or rebellion, but still be able to handle the women with appropriate delicacy. Staff were selected who were emotionally suited to the work, harsh enough to ignore the

sob filled entreaties of their subjects, but not psychotics or sociopaths who would terrorize the women into psychosis.

They were circulated in and out of their jobs, four weeks on and two weeks off, in staggered shifts. They had frequent vacations and often spent time doubling as security guards on the estate or at Reuther's where they dealt with women being broken in for the mass market. They were highly paid, eminently reliable and efficient. And they had to love their work.

The men rolled a flatbed cart to the rear of the Explorer and swung open the hatchway. The bumper was swung down. Clasps holding in the container in which the girl was imprisoned were released and the whole container slipped out and placed on the cart. With a respectful nod to their employer, they rolled the cart to the heavy steel door that led to the basement, keyed in the appropriate code and swung the door open. Jerome watched until the door swung shut behind them.

He shook hands with his assistants and thanked them for a job well done. Ricky and Gregg would head over to the bunkhouse and avail themselves of its amenities, a suitable reward for their restraint in handling the girl who had called herself Nancy. He would head up to the mansion.

An elevator took him to the third floor. He had to key himself in as well. It opened into a small anteroom. There was another security door there. He entered the security code and pressed his palm up to the electronic reader which confirmed his fingerprints. It was the same security measure the trainers downstairs would go through on their way to the training cells.

The elevator door opened to a small foyer. Standing there, waiting for him, outside of a red painted radius of about 4' diameter from the entranceway, several steps back, was a tall, lithe woman in her early thirties. She had strawberry blond hair that ran past her shoulders to below the middle of her back. Her face was classically beautiful, with delicate features. It denoted a sharp intelligence. She was wearing a clinging, light blue, translucent sheath that descended to her ankles and came with broad, luxuriant half sleeves. It hugged her figure well and her firm, not outsized breasts were clearly accentuated. It was neatly trimmed with white lace and had a "V" shaped neckline which showed off the soft, smooth skin of her chest and just enough of her cleavage to evidence the desirability of her feminine mounds. She wore a modicum of makeup, a pale shade of red on her lips, thin,

finely sculptured, penciled eyebrows and a light blue eye shadow. Her skin was pale and she had adorned her cheeks with light rouge.

She was showing Jerome a friendly, interested smile. Her hands were joined in front of her. Her manicured nails were colored pale red to match her lips. She wore a pair of light, leather, open toed sandals and her similarly painted toenails could be seen. She did not speak, but waited to be addressed. Around her neck was a bright golden collar with bracelets of the same shiny gold around her wrists and ankles. Embedded in the gold of the collar was Jerome's emblem, the red, cursive 'M'.

"How are you, Julia?" Jerome asked.

"I'm very well, master," she replied. Her voice was sweet but not girlish. There was no falsity in her voice. "I trust you had a fruitful trip."

"Very fruitful," Jerome replied. "But tiring. I'd like to have a light snack and then perhaps rest for a while."

"I have had a light lunch laid out for you, master," she told him deferentially. "May I take your jacket?"

Jerome was still wearing the dark blue blazer that had so impressed the girl last night. Jerome smiled and pulled it off. He handed it to Julia who folded it neatly over her arm. She followed him as he walked down the wide, carpeted hallway that led to the next room. It was a dining area with a large round table, adequate for seating eight or nine people. The room was paneled in dark mahogany. There was an elegant breakfront and a dark maroon rug, several side tables ran along the walls with ornate, beautifully painted, porcelain vases on them filled with flowers. A large, original oil painting depicting a vast panorama of unspoiled, natural beauty hung on one wall, an original William Hart of the Hudson River School, collected by his father and kept by Jerome as a kind of keepsake after he had sold off most of his father's art collection.

The table was dark stained maple with matching chairs of a simple, but elegant design. On the table was set on a plain, golden colored placemat on which sat a china dinner plate with gold trimmings, a set of silverware set upon a crisp, white, linen napkin and a round crystal wine glass. On a similar placemat above the place setting were two covered china dishes, and a small carafe of white wine.



A naked, nervous looking serving girl stood by in a corner of the room. She wore black bracelets around her wrists and ankles and a matching collar with Jerome's emblem embossed in reddish maroon. Her black hair was pulled back in a ponytail. Julia handed her his jacket and gave her an instruction. She took hold of it carefully and scooted off.

Jerome pulled out the chair in front of the place setting and sat down. Julia stood nearby expectantly.

"Have you eaten?" Jerome asked her.

"Yes, master," she replied.

"Would you like to join me for a glass of wine?"

"Of course, master," she answered. She went over to a breakfront, opened a glass cabinet door and removed a wine glass matching the one already on the table. She opened a drawer and selected a coaster. She brought them both to the dining table and awaited instruction.

"Sit down, please," Jerome invited her. She pulled out the chair next to him and sat, placing the wine glass on the coaster in front of her. Jerome picked up the wine decanter and filled her glass half full. He did the same to his own. He picked up the glass and raised it and held it out to the woman. She did the same with hers and the glasses, connecting lightly, made a pleasant ringing sound.

"To your beauty," Jerome toasted.

Julia smiled. "Thank you, master," she replied, "and to you."

Jerome nodded and took an ample swig of the wine. He sloshed it in his mouth for a second and then swallowed it. Julia took a small sip.

"It's the '74 Black Forest Riesling, isn't it?"

"Yes, master," Julia confirmed.

"It's interesting. Not quite as fruity as some. A hint of oak."

"Yes, master. I thought that you would enjoy it."

"Thank you, Julia," he replied. "It's quite refreshing."

He lifted the lid off of one of the china bowls. It contained a freshly made, chilled, Waldorf salad with slices of ripe pears, mixed arugula and romaine lettuce and crisp, fresh walnuts. Using two silver, notched table spoons, he scooped some up and put it on his plate. The other bowl contained chicken salad spiced with curry and mixed with halved, seedless green grapes and slivered almonds. He spooned some out and put it on the plate next to the salad.

"So, who's here?" he asked.

Julia took another sip of wine. "Eleanor is with Mr. Brown," she told him. "He arrived last night and spent a session with Angela. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Smith arrived together around noon. Mr. Johnson is with Rosalie. Mr. Smith is with Chantal. Mr. Black arrived a little after 2. I have him paired up with Dolores. And Surita is in her room awaiting the arrival of Mr. White. He phoned and will be a little late. Angela will be with Mr. Jones tonight, who is arriving at 6."

The names of clients were never used. They were assigned an alter ego at the time they qualified for membership in his little club.

"Very good. Any trouble while I was gone?"

"Yes, master. I am afraid to say so. Mr. Brown had some trouble with Angela last night. She struggled with him when he was affixing her to the whipping stand. I had to call Andre to help him. She's under discipline right now, but I haven't punished her yet. I thought that you would want to do that."

"Yes, I do. This is the third time in the last six weeks or so. It may be her time to go. She's always had her unruly side, and that was attractive, but now it's gotten out of hand. What did Mr. Brown say?"

"He was appreciative of Andre's assistance, master. At the end of the night he complemented me on Angela's service."

"That's good. But still, it should never have happened."

"Yes, master."

"Maybe she should be sent back downstairs for retraining and then assignment to the bunkhouse."

"If I may speak, master?" Julia asked.

"Go ahead."

"I think that you need to take her firmly in hand. I think that she'll straighten out. She is always given excellent reviews by the clients. She is very passionate. It's just a residual streak of pride."

"Well, we'll see. There's some very fine subjects downstairs right now who I need to make decisions about. Angela could be replaced very easily. And as to the reviews, I expect excellent reviews. Anyone who doesn't get them will find herself out the door. And she won't get peddled to any of our more discriminating clients. I wouldn't saddle any of them with someone below grade. It's either the bunkhouse or off to Reuther's."

"Yes, master," Julie replied.

Jerome finished his meal. After he poured back the last of his wine, he leaned back in his chair and stretched. He looked admiringly and frankly at the flesh of his companion. Julia had been with him for

four years. She had gone through the training mill down in the basement and had served as one of his 'luxury girls', as he called them for about a year.

She had been a little older than most girls when recruited and had a certain level of maturity and inner confidence that had attracted him. He had promoted her to the position of mother hen to the regular staff, replacing one he had grown discontented with, and had since done an excellent job of keeping the girls in line and properly motivated for their work, disciplining them when they needed it and comforting them when they needed that too. She supervised the lower level slave staff, the maids and serving girls that came over from the bunkhouse every day. She saw to his comforts and in some ways acted as a surrogate wife. Not that she wouldn't go the way of the others when the time came.

He had had several offers for her from the clients of his special facility from time to time. So far, he had declined them. But, he thought as he took in her enticing femininity, perhaps soon. It didn't do to get too attached to a slave girl. The problem was how to replace her. None of the current girls were up to her job. He would have to go out and purposely recruit one, as he did her.

He often wondered what she really thought of him. Well, not really. He had met her at a party he attended at a client's luxurious townhouse in Boston. He had been up there visiting his downtown bordello as part of his regular inspection tours. She had been a guest at the party. He was smitten by her at first glance. She was a graduate student at the U. of Mass., studying Italian Renaissance painting. She was wearing a little black cocktail dress that made her look enchanting and was there with one of her professors who, Jerome discerned, was not yet fucking her, but wanted to desperately. She had sparkling, amused eyes and her laugh was natural, unforced. She had a look of crisp intelligence and a self confidence that seemed to brook no patronizing.

He had talked to her only briefly, but he was smitten right away. He had her researched. She lived alone, having recently come off of a long term relationship with a struggling folk musician. She was from Worcester, the youngest of three daughters, played the violin, had written and published a book of poetry, a copy of which was obtained for him and he had admired. She had spent a year overseas in the Peace Corp, teaching reading and writing to the members of a remote village in Botswana. She was left leaning politically, gave to several

charities regularly and had studied yoga through college. She was perfect.

She had exhibited a rabid hatred of him when he first assigned her to duties as one of his luxury girls. He had to send her back down to the training center three times and twice to the bunkhouse. But he always brought her back. At some point, finally, she had surrendered to her fate. She had found an inner peace, a place where she could go and reconnect with the woman she had been. It wasn't that she didn't still hate him. She had merely created a persona which could come to terms with what he had done to her and was dedicated to serving him. She chose to inhabit that persona during all her working hours. But he knew that she still cried herself to sleep in her cell at night from time to time.

She had been influential in his selection of the Caravaggio he had purchased last year and which hung in his study. That and the three other minor Renaissance paintings he had acquired. He sometimes came across her examining them wistfully. They often talked long into the night about poetry, art or fiction.

He treated her with respect and a kind of gentleness. Only on occasion did he make her available to the guests, just enough so that she would not forget her primary role in life. He never disciplined her in front of the other girls and he was rarely ever cross or harsh with her. He had given her the special collar and bracelets to denote her special status. He had given her certain amenities in her cell, a small library, a stereo, a DVD player and television, her violin, which he had had taken from her apartment when he had his men seize her and which she played for him from time to time.

Her cell was decorated with several prints she had chosen for herself. He kept it bright with flowers and, unlike the other girls, she had a window. Barred, but a window nonetheless. It overlooked a brilliant garden where, from time to time, she was allowed to take a walk, under discrete guard, of course. She had the right to retreat to her cell during her free periods. And he never used her there. But she knew never to confuse his graciousness to her as a license for disobedience or to not understand any of his requests as commands.

She was smiling at him. He knew that it was manufactured, but it was done so naturally and without apparent artifice that it always struck a chord in him. It often provoked in him a wistful, 'what if', what if he had really captured her heart, what if she really belonged to him heart and soul? It was at those times that he both most

cherished her and considered the need to move her on. She touched a part of his soul that he had long ago buried deep within him. He needed to keep it there. So, it was with an element of danger that he coupled with her, but he couldn't resist it.

"I'm going to go for a little rest now, Julia, would you care to join me?" he asked her holding out his hand.

Her smile deepened. "Of course, master," she replied, reaching out and taking it.

He led her down the hallway to his bedroom. It was a luxurious suite with a large, master bathroom, a sitting and a dressing area. The bed frame was light maple with ornately carved bedposts. The floor was covered with thick, dark blue carpet. There were tall windows facing east with dark blue curtains that matched the rug. The walls were painted light blue. Several paintings lined the walls. The sitting area contained a comfortable easy chair next to a floor lamp with a hand painted, Tiffany glass shade and a dark, brass stem and base. A bookcase stood nearby. In the dressing area was a large, walk-in closet. There was a small but serviceable desk.

Near one corner were three small cages with thin, but sturdy, black bars. A chain hung from the ceiling connected to a pulley that ran from the wall. Underneath it the rug had been cut away in a large circle, exposing the polished parquet floor beneath it. A steel ring was embedded in its center. Several whips hung nearby on the wall and there was a small cabinet which contained gags and clamps and other implements of discipline.

It was here, from time to time, that he occasionally subjected Julia to the whip, rarely for punishment, most often for the mere pleasure of it.

The door closed behind them. It locked automatically. Jerome began to unbutton his shirt as he watched Julia reach down and pull her translucent, blue gown up her hips and then over her head. Her breasts were firm and round, heavy, but not bulky. Her areolas were wide and dark red and her nipples were squat and fat. Her belly was taut and descended sweetly to her loins. He preferred her to maintain a lightly trimmed bush, with the hairs carefully trimmed back from her labia and scraped down to an inch or so above the crux of her sex. On the sides, he preferred a thin line of hair, just enough so that he could feel it when he ran his hand over it.

Julia had hips just a mite wide for her frame, her only imperfection. Her rear was appropriately plump and her thighs

slightly muscular, but graceful. Her arms were not thin and useless looking as on some beauties. Her neck was long, her chin round. Jerome pulled off his shirt and tossed it aside. Julia carefully folded her gown and placed it on a chair. Pulling the garment over her head had mussed her hair a bit and she had a look of wildness to her. She smiled at him again and went to the bed to pull down the covers.

By the time that Jerome had removed the rest of his clothes, she was already on the bed. The covers had been pulled down neatly to almost the bottom. She was on her side, facing him. One hand was underneath her, her graceful face laying on it. The other was stroking her hip and thigh softly, almost absent mindedly.

He climbed up on the bed next to her and turned to his side to face her. He ran his left hand down over her shoulder, down her arm and over her hand. Her hand rose to meet him and they joined together for just one moment, squeezing each other gently. He leaned over and kissed her. Her lips parted and her tongue found his. His arm went behind her back and pulled them together so that her breasts were crushed against his chest. Her hand was on his hip, stroking it softly.

He kissed her until she gave out a sigh of arousal. Then he gently pushed her to her back and leaned over her. He took a nipple into his mouth and suckled it, swirling his tongue around it. Her hand was on the back of his head stroking it. He moved to the other breast and took the abandoned one in his hand and squeezed it firmly but gently. She had an aroma and taste that excited him. The perfume he had picked out for her was a musky potion with a hint of lilac in it. It wasn't just the scent of the perfume that entranced him. It was the way it melded with the natural odor of her skin. He had tried numerous scents on her until he had got it just right and now it was overwhelming him.

Her hand reached down and took hold of his stiffened cock. She stroked it gently, fluttering her fingers over it. He took in his breath as the sensation ran through him. He rode his head up again and found her lips. They kissed passionately. She squeezed his cock harder and he moaned.

The thing about Julia was that she was intuitive as to his wants. He was just thinking about her lips around his cock when she gave his shoulder a gentle, but insistent push. He succumbed and she kept pushing him until he was on his back. She ran her hand across his muscular chest and then let it drift over his hard belly until it found

him again. She lifted her head and kissed him deeply. This time, she was the one who moaned.

Jerome had no doubt that the woman's expressions of lust were genuine. She wouldn't be his *maman d'maison*, unless she was immediately responsive to his desires. None of them would even be in his house if they weren't. It was a key part of their training and any captive who failed to develop in this regard would find herself on a one way trip to Reuther's and a lifetime of doing 10 to 20 johns a day.

She broke their kiss and drifted her lips slowly down his chest, to his belly and down to his loins, suckling and kissing him as she went, keeping her breasts lightly slipping along on his skin. She settled herself between his legs, running her hands over his taut thighs. She took his cock in her hand and, after nibbling at its tip, running her tongue over the little slit at the top, subsumed his member between her lips and sank them down slowly, tightly against his skin.

Jerome moaned and his hips shifted. She worked his rod, slowly, expertly, patiently. Her mouth was an engine of stimulating heat. Her tongue slithered and slid over and around him. She flicked it up and down his stem, took the crown in her mouth and slid it along the bottom of his glans.

Her hands were active too, stroking his thighs, his belly, his balls. Jerome groaned and writhed under her machinations. His mind went to that special place where pleasure runs rampant and all the cares of the world fade away. His right hand was resting lightly on her head, enmeshed in her silky hair, while his other lay passively on his chest.

When Julia took his scrotum in her mouth, stroking his manhood gently with her hand, he arched his back and closed his hand into a fist, grasping her hair. Her tongue played with his excited stones, stroking and teasing them through the thin, taut skin.

When she emerged, she brought her mouth back to his cock, driving it down to the very root of his pole and then upwards and downwards in long, almost frenzied strokes. He groaned and writhed under her ministrations

Jerome gave a tug to her hair and she obediently abandoned her post, giving the tip of his cock a swirl of her tongue and the benefit of her lips. He pulled her to him, on top of him. His hands flowed down her back and over her rear cheeks while he reveled in the contact between their two bodies. He then gently rolled her to her back, split her legs in two with his hips and mounted her. His right hand directed

his cock to her moist and dilated crevasse. He took a moment to push it around the entrance to her cavern, delighting in the feel of the slippery, soft flesh between her outer labia. And then he plunged himself inside.

Her tunnel enveloped him. She sighed. He looked at her face. Her eyes were rolled back with passion. Her nostrils were dilated and her mouth was open, her lips engorged and set in the mode of a half smile. Her beautiful, wheat colored hair was spread around her wildly.

When he had sunk within her to the hilt, he brought his face close to hers and found her lips again. They welcomed him with abandon. Her arms circled around his back and her heels caressed the back of his shins. When he started his motion, she groaned and grated her pelvic bone against his. Her tunnel grasped him tightly on each of his retreats, relinquishing its hold when he sank down again within her. He fucked her with long, slow, deliberate strokes. Her moans became more urgent and her grasp on him tighter. He broke their kiss and buried his face in her neck, biting, suckling, kissing. She groaned loudly and he could feel her purse begin its contractions. She gripped him tightly and her body shuddered.

The sound of her passion, the odor of her excitement, pungent and strong, the feel of her hot skin, the smell of her hair, the strength with which she embraced him drove him over the brink. While she called out and drove her hips up, desperate to meet his, he thrust along her fevered canal rapidly, forcefully. He groaned loudly as he came, his semen spurting, his cock spasming, his mind overcome with the joy of release. She cried out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" as a second wave of orgasmic contractions wracked her body.

They came to rest, their chests heaving. Her grasp had turned soft, gentle, as if she was holding a delicate flower to herself, afraid of crushing the bloom. Jerome rode his softening cock back and forth in her lush, soft orifice, coaxing out of him and her the aftershocks of their coitus. He slowed to a stop, catching his breath, gave her a full, luscious, grateful kiss and then slid off of her.

She lay there for a while, her eyes closed, her left leg up, bent at the knee, her left hand running over her belly. He was on his back, watching her, letting the river of contentment flow through him. Then she rolled towards him, onto her side. She caressed his face, kissed his nipple, ran her hand over his belly, giving his softened manhood a last caress and said, "Thank you, master."



It was not required or expected that a slave girl would thank her user for giving her a fuck. They did it sometimes to please them, especially when the master was not totally on his game. But he knew that she meant it. For those brief minutes of total immersion in lust, she had gone to her private place, the place that he allowed her, to revel in the memory of what once was, or to savor the pleasures that her body could give her, a point of enjoyment that, at least in some degree, made her life as his slave livable. He could take that space from her easily. He could raise the level of torments to her flesh so high that there would be no room for them. But she wouldn't be Julia without it, the gentle, abiding woman who brought out such feelings of tenderness in him.

"I'm going to nap a bit now," he announced to her. She nodded knowingly. From his nightstand he retrieved a length of chain. He locked one end onto the ring on her left bracelet and then ran it through the ring on her shiny, gold collar. Then he attached the other one. He wanted her with him when he slept, but no female was allowed to be near him unfettered when he did. Not even Julia. He connected the ring at the back of her collar to a chain that led from the headboard.

He got up and pulled the silken sheet and the light blanket towards them. He covered her and then himself.

"Master, it's almost 4 o'clock. The guests will need tending to," she said to him softly.

"Bernard will see to it," he replied. Bernard was the main steward. Julia regulated all the girls, but Bernard ruled them, including her. He had thought often of making Julia off limits to him, but he had decided that that would undermine his authority. He had been with him for a long time and he relied on his discretion to limit his use of her to enough so that she would remain conscious of her status below him, but not enough to destroy the harmony of the house that she was so vital to.

He kissed her again, rubbing his hand possessively over her hip, her thigh, and then over her still lush, hot pussy, pausing there to recollect the joy it had just given him, delving inside with his fingers and teasing the button on top until it stiffened again and she shifted her hips and moaned. He smiled at her, a smile of possession, of pleased ownership. Then he rolled to his back, closed his eyes and fell asleep.



## CHAPTER FIVE

The men who had taken charge of Nancy rolled her down a long, carpet covered hallway to a large, cavernous room behind the first door that they passed. It contained racks of the fluffy material that she had been practically embalmed in. Several empty containers identical to the one in which she was situate were lined up against one wall. There was a rack of straps and leashes. In one corner was a conglomeration of odds and ends, things for which no regular storage place had been found and had accumulated there over the years. Another rack held a number of hoods of the type that had been placed on Nancy's head and three large bins containing belts, bracelets and collars.

The room had a high ceiling and bare walls made of grey concrete blocks. Thick, round, uncovered iron piping from the waste system ran along low on one wall. Smaller, bright copper colored piping ran about five feet above it. One of the pipes led to a pump and then outside through the concrete wall to the well and the other to a large, gas powered water heater.

There was an industrial double sink with a single faucet. A large steel pail was next to it with a mop resting in it. On the shelf above were boxes and jugs of powdered and liquid cleaners. The floor, unlike the hallway, was raw concrete. About fifteen feet from the door, along the wall on the right, was what looked like a doctor's examination table except that it was somewhat longer, about 12'. It was covered with a thin, brown pad. Along the sides, at intervals, were steel rings. There were rings at the corners and at the top and bottom.

The two brawny men proceeded to release the girl from the cargo container. One lifted the lid and put it aside. The other began the process of removing all of the loose material surrounding her. They unfastened the straps that had held her motionless. When that was done, the two men reached into the container, one at the front taking hold of the girl's shoulders, and another at her lower portion taking hold of her bent up legs. They gave each other a look and a nod and they pulled her free. She was immediately swung over to the examination table and laid upon it face down. The men were gentle, but firm. The girl made no resistance to them, as if any were possible, but she did issue a faint mewing sound.

Once on the table, one released the chain that connected her ankles to the belt around her waist. He slowly lowered her legs until they were fully extended and then rubbed and massaged her thighs to make sure that the blood was circulating. The other man gently turned her head to face the interior of the room and then placed a belt around her neck which fastened at the back much like the one that had confined her in the cargo container. Another strap went around the general area of her waist. While he was doing that, the first man was releasing her ankles from each other and spreading them so that they could be connected to the rings at the corners of the table.

One at a time, her wrists were disconnected from the rings in the belt behind her back and carefully stretched out over her head where they were connected with a chain to the rings at the corners of the top of the table. Her limbs were weak and listless, but her body was shaking and trembling heavily and the girl was crying.

Once the second wrist had been drawn above her and confined, the man who had been working on her legs released the strap that went down from the back of the belt and between her rear cheeks. He had applied an opaque, white surgical glove to his right hand. He had in his pocket a small cellophane bag with a rather oversized, white, oval pill in it. He retrieved it and tore the envelope, extracting the pill. He went up to the girl. With one hand, his left, he spread apart her rear cheeks, and with the other, the glove covered one, he slipped the pill into her rectum, pushing it in deeply with his finger. The girl released a sharp, plaintive whine and tried to shift her hips in protest. But the deed was already done.

He pulled another package from his pocket. This contained a small, black rubber object. It was thick and solid on both ends with a groove in the middle. He tore open the package and addressed the girl's rear aperture again. The rubber object, in the form of a plug was forced into the hole. It was somewhat bigger than that orifice and the anal opening stretched to accommodate it, not too much, but enough so that it became uncomfortably distended.

The process was a bit difficult because the girl kept trying to shift and move her hips to avoid this second penetration, having been aroused from her passivity by the first. It was something that would not be tolerated once she had been further processed, but for now the men let it go. The plug went in. The anal opening spread open and then closed partially, still slightly wider than natural, settling in the gap between the two ends. Not even the most violent effort would be

able to expel it, and it would serve adequately to ensure that the suppository, which would soon have the girl calm and pliant, would remain where it had been placed.

The second man slipped the surgical glove off of his hand and dropped it into a small, metal trash can on the floor. He reattached the strap that went up the divide between her rear cheeks to the belt, making sure that it was pulled tight. The men double checked the girl's bindings, adjusting them to ensure that her limbs were fully stretched to their reasonable extremes, slightly uncomfortable at the hips, knees, elbows and shoulders, but not enough to be painful.

Satisfied, they took the packing material which had come from the container and dropped it into a large barrel there for that purpose. No girl could go 10 or more hours without pissing and the packing from underneath her was urine stained. It would be thoroughly cleaned and made ready for reuse. The empty container was lined up with the others.

The men took a final look at the girl. She was sobbing and trying to pull at her bindings. Her face was turned towards them. Only her nose could be seen through the harness that she wore. Her nostrils were dilating in and out from her heavy breath. It was a common, but not universal reaction. Some girls had lapsed into a forlorn passivity by this point. But most of them were like this, highly anxious, irrationally driven to desperate contortions to get free, sobbing and whining, moaning and crying. The suppository, a milder sedative than the shots of Demerol she had been receiving, would soon relieve the acuteness of her stress.

Sammy and Eddie had worked for Mr. Marshall for a long time. Eddie was near the end of his four week tour and was looking forward to some R&R back in Tulsa. This job was great for pussy, but Mr. Marshall didn't allow his men to rock and roll and Eddie missed the honky tonks and bar girls he was used to. There was no drinking allowed in the bunkhouse, except for beer, and anyone who drank more than one or two a night was looked on askance. He had an ex-wife there in Tulsa and the \$7500 a month he had to pay her for alimony was killing him. He kept wondering if somehow he could talk Mr. Marshall into having his ex-sweetie picked up and sent off to hooker oblivion. Mr. Roberts, the bunkhouse supervisor, had told Eddie that he would ask, but not to expect anything.

In fact, Jerome's people had taken a look at her and something was in the works for the gold digging, blond haired tart. She had

great breasts, long, sexy legs and a pair of bee stung lips. She was pretty, in a honky tonk kind of way and liked to show herself off. With her nasal twang and her stunted education, she had dropped out of high school sophomore year, as soon as she turned 16, she was not appropriate for any of the sophisticated clubs Jerome had an interest in. But there was an outfit in Chinatown in San Francisco which specialized in girls like her, exporting them to bordellos in East Asia. Her picture had been sent on and the deal had already been made. They were waiting for Eddie to get back to town so he would have an alibi that didn't involve Mr. Marshall or his estate. Provision had been made, for Eddie's benefit, to have her spend a few weeks in the training rooms before she was shipped off.

Sammy, short for Sandoval, was from Ensenada in California. He loved his work. He was in his first week of his tour. His cousin ran a modeling/talent agency in East Hollywood. From time to time just the right girl showed up there, some kid from the great hinterland with stars in her eyes. Ernesto would have the girl pose for some shots, no nudes, but a very revealing bikini, and send them on. If the girl seemed right, Sammy and another one of the security team would be sent out to get her.

The former Linda Niederman from Mason City, Iowa was now referred to as girl no. 7. She was a dark haired beauty, her mother was Greek, with pale skin, a petite, comely figure, bright eyes and an enchanting smile. She had been a varsity cheerleader, the female lead in the senior year musical, Guys and Dolls, and prom queen. As far as she was concerned, she was a natural for Hollywood. And so, against her parent's advice, she had gathered up all her savings and headed out to California to become a star.

She had been staying at a rundown motel out on Melrose Avenue to save money. Picking her up had been easy. For \$300, the manager had given them the extra key and agreed to dispose of all her stuff. They came to get her at about 3:30 that morning. The girl had put on the chain lock, but that didn't give them any trouble. She was fast asleep and didn't know that they were in the room until they were already on top of her. Fifteen minutes later, after they had stripped off her cute, little pink nightie, she was face down in the cargo compartment of a dark green Ford Explorer heading east. Sammy had just fucked her about an hour ago and her scent was still on his fingers.

It was break time for Sammy and Eddie. There was no smoking in the training facility, and Mr. Marshall really didn't like it outside either, but he recognized the human frailty of his workforce; they were so professional and competent in so many other ways. So he allowed it outside the garage during breaks and off a little porch at the bunkhouse, in the back. Nowhere else, though.

Once outside, they lit up and, after drawing in their first tokes, issued sighs of satisfaction. Life was good.

But not so good for Nancy.

The second shot that Jerome had given her had lasted a long while. She drifted in and out, sleeping much of the time. She would awake with a start as she unconsciously tried to move her limbs, or raise her head. There would be panic as she tried to figure out what was wrong, and then, once she had, a round of dismal despair. Then, after a while, she would nod off again.

But the last couple of hours, or at least it seemed like the last couple of hours, she had no way to tell, she had been pretty much wide awake. She was possessed by a jumble of emotions which kept circulating through her head, each one taking primacy in its turn. Fear, anger, hopelessness, frustration, regret, disbelief, lassitude, boredom. And not necessarily in that order. Oddly enough, it was the disbelief that was the hardest to take. Her status was so outrageous, so outlandish, that it beggared understanding. She couldn't accept that she was all bound up and headed God knows where, a prisoner of ruthless and callous men. "It just can't be!" she thought.

That morning she had awoken a free woman. She had plans. She was going to see Karl on Saturday. She remembered the whole day, what she had for breakfast, lunch, what she wore. She had talked to some friends on the phone during the afternoon. In the late afternoon she had had a history class. The course was European History. The professor had been lecturing about the Byzantine Empire and the fall of Constantinople. She had been shocked when he talked about how once the city had been captured by the Ottomans the men had all been butchered and the women and children all sold off into slavery. She had thought that horrible and tried to imagine how terrible it would feel.

So was she in the midst of some nightmare prompted by the lecture she had heard, or was what was happening real? Her immobility was so complete. It seemed like something that could only happen in a dream. And the stuff she was lying on. It was so

soft, it seemed like she was floating. And she kept going in and out of consciousness.

Or was she going mad? Had she fallen into some dark alley in her brain? Was there some deep, dark psychological explanation for what seemed to be happening? Was she now prisoner in some insane asylum, restrained for her own good so she wouldn't hurt herself, waiting for the next shot from the nurse or the orderly?

And then the unreality, the impossibility, of what was happening to her would become so intense, her whole body would vibrate with the need to reject her current circumstance, to crash through whatever psychosis had seized her, to force herself into wakefulness, to move even one single inch, to make real a single, incontrovertible shred of proof that what she was experiencing was indeed not happening.

And when that didn't come, when the plain dismal fact that everything around her was real became undeniable, that she had been kidnapped, that they really were taking her somewhere to do terrible things to her, that there was not even the minutest chance that she could escape whatever fate they had in store for her, she would cry and cry and cry and cry and cry.

It was horrible not to know how much longer she would be so cruelly confined. But she was in no hurry to find out what was on the other end of her journey either. There was no good choice. It was either remain as she was indefinitely, or be catapulted into her new life as the property of some fiendish men. When the lid had been removed at the gate to the estate, she had thought that her trip was at an end. A hand touched her lightly on the buttocks. Despite her fear, she experienced joy at the physical sensation.

But then the cover had been put back on. She cried and struggled again, stricken by fervent disappointment. Then, she felt the vehicle stop again. She had become sensitive to its movements despite all the padding around her. There was a time delay and her little coffin-like enclosure was moved. She felt it being lifted and then placed down on something. A short while later, after being moved, the lid was removed again and hands, large, forceful, male hands took hold of her. She was lifted and placed down on something, a pad, not on the floor, but on some table or something.

Whatever was coming was at hand. It was the moment of truth. She couldn't help whining in fear. Her legs were released, and it felt so good, so good to have them free. But then she felt them confined again. Her wrists were loosened, but, imprisoned in those implacable,



irresistible hands, they were manipulated until they were bound up above her. Something went around her neck and her waist, tying her down. “No! No! Please don’t tie me up again! Please!” she wanted to beg. Her body began to shake with rabid fear. She tried to yell through her gag and started to cry again.

And then there were hands on her rear cheeks, spreading them. She felt something slipped inside her. “What are they doing?” she worried frantically. The hands came back again. She tried to frustrate their intent, whatever it was, because she knew that whatever it was would not be good. But she had no power to resist them. They could do anything they wanted with her. She felt the thing go in. It felt big! It was inside her! “No! No! Get it out! Get it out!” she thought madly. There were two men, she could tell that. She wondered unhappily if it was the same two men who had helped capture her. What had they put inside her? It was big and insistent and unignorable. She frantically tried to squeeze it out, but it wouldn’t move. It was stuck there. “What is it? What is it?”

Then their hands went around her wrists and ankles and she was pulled taut, as taut as could be, so that her muscles strained and her joints ached. They were tied off again.

And then, there was nothing. She waited for something else to happen, but nothing did. Her ears were still stuffed and she couldn’t hear anything. Everything around her was black. “Where did they go? What are they going to do?” she thought miserably. “What’s going to happen to me?”

She realized that they must have put some kind of medicine inside her, something to make her docile and cooperative. But she didn’t want to be docile and cooperative! She wanted to fight them, to resist, to protest what they were doing to her!

She lay there for a long while. “It isn’t fair! It isn’t fair!” she thought. “They are so strong and I am so weak. They can see and hear and move about, go where they want to go, do what they want to do, and I’m here helpless, helpless, helpless.” She strained against her bonds, but had no leverage. A feeling of woeful misery floated through her, making her insides sour, her soul feel sickened, as she realized that she was again bound into immobility. “What are they going to do to me? What are they going to do?” she worried dismally.

She didn’t realize that she was starting to feel the effects of whatever they had put into her until she found her thoughts wandering away again. She gave out a sob, struggled once more

vainly against her bindings, and then gave up, letting the deadening calmness flow all through her.

Sammy and Eddie had come back in some time before that. But they weren't ready to take care of the new girl yet. They would give her another 45 minutes or so to get good and hazy. In the meantime, no. 2 and no. 14 needed to be moved to training rooms. No. 6 needed to be fed. Sammy was horny again and was thinking about getting a blow job from girl no. 3, a nice brown skinned Latina girl with big lips and, by now, a well trained mouth. Eddie was scheduled to give a whipping to no. 12, a buxom, voluptuous Italian girl who had become one of his favorites. He would fuck her when he was done.

It was always busy down in the training center. There were at least 5 trainers on duty at any time, and there was always something to take care of. The females had to be fed and washed, disciplined, run through their training regimens. They had to be fucked too, or else what was the point? That took stamina and, with medicinal and select herbal aids, four times a shift was *de riguer*. Every shift some of the security staff would come by to help out, making sure that this girl or that had a session with a cock, and sometimes 3 or 4 at a time to ensure that a girl got a real workout and to see how she would perform. That helped to alleviate the workload, but otherwise the men were kept busy through their entire 8 hour shift.

There were 10 girls currently in the training area, not including the new girl. There were 15 cells. Each new female was assigned a number when she entered the facility which stayed with her throughout. This enabled shifting the girls between cells which increased their disorientation. There was a little display outside of each cell so you could know for sure who was in there. Girls no. 9 and 10 had been graduated a couple of days ago and they had been shipped out. No. 15 was doing an apprenticeship in the bunkhouse, but she would be back shortly. Two new girls were due tomorrow and four in the following few days meaning that someone would have to be promoted. Eddie's money was on the cute looking Asian girl, no. 6. She had only been there a few weeks, but she had progressed quickly. Sammy was voting for no. 11, a young blond girl from the Fort Lauderdale area who was not necessarily as pretty as the others, but who conveyed a sauciness and alertness that would make her a top pick at any establishment.

The girls were kept on irregular routines. Their meal times were staggered, with different lengths of time between them to keep the

girls from forming any accurate measure of their time in training. The teams worked around the clock. There were no windows or clocks in the training area except for the official time which was kept by a clock on the wall of the staff room. The men wore digital watches that only showed the time when a button was pressed, to prevent the girls from observing the time surreptitiously. Their interludes were carefully scheduled so that, ironically, maximum randomness could be maintained.

Eddie was going to deal with Nancy's initiation into the facility. He was of average size and build for the trainers, a little over 6'2" and about 245 lbs. He had close cropped, sandy blond hair and a strong, rugged face. He'd been doing this for about 4 years so there was nothing about breaking in a new girl that he didn't know.

Nancy, who had been assigned no. 9, had her first inkling of Eddie's return when she felt a presence standing next to her. Eddie stood there for a minute admiring her graceful legs and solid ass. When he placed his hand on her rear cheek, Nancy gave a little jump and issued a small whimper. Little did she know, but the time for whimpering and whining was coming to a rapid close.

He ran his hands up and down her legs and over her rear cheeks. His touch was firm, yet gentle. He brought them over her back, massaging the muscles there and then over her shoulders and back down. The point was to begin to let the girl understand that her body was free for the touching and to start to develop her sensual nature. After a minute or so of dragging his hands across her skin, he pulled them off of her and began to get her ready to move.

The first thing Eddie did was to release her hands from the top of the table and rehook them behind her back to her belt. He released her ankles and then the straps that bound her to the table. He swung her legs towards him and then pulled her up into a sitting position. He stood between her knees and ran his hands over her shoulders, down her arms and then across her chest. He took hold of her breasts, which were enough to more than fill even his large hands and squeezed them gently. Then he leaned down and suckled them, one after the other, taking his time, massaging them with his hands. He ended by giving each nipple a little pinch.

Nancy received the message loud and clear. Her body was to be freely available to her captors. Her fear that she had been kidnapped for sexual purposes had been well founded. Whoever this man was,

she was at his complete mercy and he could do anything he wanted to her.

He gently pulled her from the table until she was standing on her feet. She wobbled and he held her up by the arms. He had already retrieved a leash from the nearby rack and he affixed its end to the ring in her collar. He pulled on it gently and then harder and harder until she was forced to take a step. He pulled her towards the door slowly so that she wouldn't stumble. He opened it and brought her out to the carpeted hallway. Then, again slowly, he began to bring her down it, watching her carefully in case she lost her balance.

Very few girls were resistant at this stage. It was partly a result of the sedation, but also because of the fact that they were utterly defenseless and had already undergone a harrowing experience. He continued down the hallway, picking up the pace. The girl stumbled behind him. About 20' down the hall was another door. Eddie held onto the girl's elbow as he unlocked it and brought her through.

She listlessly obeyed him as he brought her a small, round platform in the back end of the long, narrow room. He made her stand on it. Behind the platform, on the wall, there were thin lines painted with numerals going up the sides starting at 5'4" and up to 6'4". There was a pole that went up to the ceiling. He affixed the back of her collar to it. He made sure that she spread her legs a bit and affixed her ankle bracelets to chains on the floor.

The girl had no idea what he was doing. She was too woozy to really care. It was good not to be chained to that table any more, that's all she knew.

Eddie went over to a counter along the wall and picked up a felt covered board about 12" long by 6" high. There was a large tray divided into compartments with 4" blue letters and numbers in it. On an iPad on the wall, Eddie checked the file that the boss had set up, confirming the identity of the girl and the number that had been assigned to her. He mounted the number on the board along with certain code letters. And then he checked the board against the number on the iPad twice, just to make sure. The board had a long chain attached to it on the top near both ends. Eddie brought the board over to where the girl was standing and draped it over her head. The board came to rest near her lower belly. Eddie saw that it partially covered her loins and so he shortened the chain by adjusting the links that connected it to the board. When it's top was settled about 3" below her breasts, he was satisfied.

The girl sensed the man around her and felt the thing draped over her head, but she couldn't figure out what it was. Her brain wasn't working all that good. But when she felt the air going out of the inflated rubber thing in her mouth, her hopes rose that her gag would be removed. Then she felt the straps being loosened and she felt a wave of relief that she was about to be freed from the harness' awful bondage.

Eddie pulled the harness from the girl's head and dropped it in a little bin in the corner. The girl blinked and exercised her mouth. "Open your mouth," he told her firmly. Her trembling lips parted. She was sweaty and nervous and watching his every move.

He had a blue rubber ball in his pocket. He took it out and presented it to the girl's mouth. "Wider," he told her gruffly. A tear flowed down from the corner of her eye. She tries to close her mouth, but Eddie placed his hand on her chin and her effort was easily frustrated. He pushed the ball in. It rubbed against her teeth and then popped past them. Her mouth closed around it.

The girl issued a desultory whine, but did not otherwise react. The ball was big enough to fill her oral cavity, but not so big that it distorted her cheeks by much. Her hair was all mussed up, so Eddie took a little hairbrush that was there and made sure that it was at least presentable and pulled away from her face. He reached behind her, pulled her hair into a ponytail and placed a clamp over it.

He stepped back and admired the girl's face. It was sweaty and flush from its confinement. The girl's large brown eyes were fearful, expectant. He had seen her pictures from her audition at the strip club, but he decided that they did not do her justice. She was a prime pick. It would be a pleasure to work with her.

She seemed dazed, but not lethargic. She had had just enough of the drug to suppress her reactions and confuse her a little bit. When her picture was taken, her face wouldn't be slovenly, but alert.

He stepped away from the girl and rolled out the camera, making sure that all the wires were connected. He brought it to a little line on the floor and looked through the viewfinder. He then adjusted the camera's height just a little. He put his hand on the button and then called out to the girl. "Hey, girlie! Look at me! Over here!"

Her vision had been wandering frantically, taking in her surroundings, but at the noise in front of her, she directed her attention to it. Eddie pushed the button and the camera snapped off 6 quick shots. At the same time, wide angle lenses affixed to the wall

to her left and right took side views from the top of her head to just below her buttocks. Wires from those lenses ran through the walls to the middle of the room and then directly to the camera. He went up to the girl, made her turn around, fastening the ring in front of her collar to the pole. He draped the chain and the board over her back, adjusted it so that it was straight and a little bit above the leather belt that was around her waist, clearing her bound hands. He went back to the camera and took 6 more front and side shots.

When that was done, he took the data card from the camera over to the iPad and inserted it into a slot on a little black docking station connected to it by a wire. A dialog box came up on the iPad. Eddie pushed a button on the screen and the girl's pictures were loaded up. Eddie went through them to make sure they were good enough. When satisfied, he erased the data card, brought it back to the camera and then rolled the camera back to the side of the room.

The platform had recorded her weight on a little digital display below her feet.

The girl understood that he picture had been taken. The high degree of organization surrounding the exercise impressed her, and not in a good way. She felt like she was being processed like some kind of commodity. And who would see the pictures? Then she realized that they would probably use them to sell her to someone. The idea of being sold made her blood run cold.

Eddie unhooked the girl and then guided her to the counter. He pushed her belly up against it. He connected the ring in the front of her belt to a ring in the counter. There was a palm reader there. He freed first her right hand and then her left, rebinding each to the belt in their turn, and pressed them flat against the reader until it flashed. The girl gave him no resistance. He stepped over to the iPad and made sure the readings had gone through. He then saved the additions to the girl's file and logged out.

Up in administration, Paula Haber would go through the pictures, finding the best shots and adding them permanently to the girl's file. She would crop and enlarge shots of her face and breasts, front and sides, her vulva, hands and rear. The resolution of the cameras was very good and there would be no distortion. She would record the girl's height and weight.

The last thing that Eddie did was to fish around in a drawer there for a few seconds and emerge with a two inch high white disk with

the number '9' on it in black on both sides. The disk had a little clip attached to it and he affixed it to the girl's collar in the front.

Eddie released the girl from the counter and reattached her leash. A black bag was pulled over her head and closed with a draw string around her neck. Then he pulled her from the room, making sure that he turned out the lights, Mr. Marshall was adamant about things like that, and brought her out into the hall.

When they reached an empty cell, he brought her in.

The light inside was dim. It was a little more than 30' by 30'. There was a narrow pallet on the floor on the right side by the wall. There was a display of whips mounted next to it. Along the far wall was a large, blue, rolled up futon. On the left, in the corner, was a steel cage about 4' by 4' wide and 3' tall. Its floor was padded. Also to the left was a steel toilet built into the wall, a small sink and a cabinet that held soap and lotions. A locked cabinet held various devices of confinement and discomfort.

Eddie pulled no. 9 over to the toilet and made her turn her back to it. He pushed down on her shoulders gently but firmly, guiding her down until she was sitting. "You're on a toilet," he told her. "Piss."

Most girls were so grateful to be able to void themselves in the usual, civilized way that they gave him no trouble here. This one was no different. Within short order there was a tinkling sound. When it ended, Eddie took a piece of tissue and wiped her. He brought her back to her feet and pulled her to the center of the room, facing the door.

He had her stand there while he disconnected her wrists from her back and fastened them to a chain that dangled from the ceiling. He pulled on the chain until her wrists were pulled into the air above her and she was standing on the balls of her feet. Nancy whined again and he made note of it.

Crouching in front of her, he connected her ankle bracelets together. Then he connected them to a small chain that led to a ring set into the floor. She would be forced to stand stock still while he dealt with her.

He unfastened the belt around her waist and pulled the straps from between her thighs. He pulled the black bag from her head.

Her lips were trembling from her handling and he knew that she had a million questions. He would answer some of them shortly. But there was something that had to be gotten out of the way first.

Eddie went over to the wall and retrieved a whip. It was a no. 1 flogger. It had four stiff, two foot long, leather thongs and a wooden handle. She was to be shipped off to her new owner in a couple of days so it wouldn't do to mark her all up. The flogger would produce excruciating pain without leaving any welts or bruises.

When the girl saw the whip her face cringed and she whined piteously.

"I am one of your trainers," Eddie told her as he stood in front of her, towering over her, his bulk at least two times hers. He was tapping the handle of the whip in his left hand while he held it in his right. Her eyes flitted from it to his face and back again anxiously.

"The word of any of the trainers is law," he continued. "You will exhibit immediate and total obedience to everything you are ordered to do. The purpose of your training is to mold you into a compliant, willing, responsive and accomplished whore. You will lose all reticence about displaying your body or performing any sexual act for anyone at any time."

He paused to let that sink in. The girl was on the brink of breaking out into woeful sobs. She would have had to be awfully dense not to know why she was kidnapped by now. But to have it confirmed in such explicit terms was something else entirely.

"You have been enslaved," he went on. "That means that you have absolutely no rights. You are now property. You can be bought and sold. You can be beaten or tortured. Your enslavement is permanent. You will never be anything other than a slave. When you cease to be an object of usefulness, you will be disposed of."

At this, the girl did break down into sobs. Her eyes were pleading, her face piteous. Tears were streaming down her face. He had to act or she would break into hysteria.

He thrust the handle of the whip under her chin forcefully. "Be quiet!" he bellowed.

She jumped, startled. Her eyes were as wide as saucers. She tried desperately to quell her sobs. Her body was trembling.

"You have been assigned the number 9. You have no name. You will be given one if and when it suits your owner. The number you have been given has no particular meaning or significance. You are no better or worse than number 8 or number 10. You are just number 9 as a matter of convenience to us."



He had the handle of the whip jammed up under her chin. He pushed it higher, forcing her up on her tippy toes.

“You are to remain completely and absolutely silent until and unless you are asked a question. The only sounds you are permitted to make otherwise are cries of pain when you are whipped, or cries of passion when you are given pleasure. We will not tolerate any whining or complaining. I am going to whip you now. It will be your first slave whipping, but certainly not your last. You will be whipped often, at times for punishment, at times, like now, for your edification and at times for the pleasure of those who desire to inflict you pain.”

The girl moaned, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!” Her sobs began anew. He stepped back from her and shook out the whip. She began to shake her head and tried to plead and beg with him, the ball in her mouth mangling and distorting her words.

“...eeeeeeeeease! ...oooooooooooo! ...eeeeeeeeease ..on ...ip ...eee! ...eeeeeeeeease! ...eeeeeeeeease!”

It was to be expected. He couldn't remember any girl in the four years he had been doing this who hadn't begged and pleaded not to be whipped on her first time. It would give them an excuse to punish her later. He would tell her so when he was done with this introductory session. She could spend time in fretful anticipation of it.

The girl formerly named Nancy and now known only as girl no. 9, was frantic. Her explosive fear broke right through the sullenness that the medication had given her. “Why? Why? Why?” she thought madly. “I'll do whatever they want! I'll be good! I will! I will! They don't have to do this! I'll be good! I promise! I promise! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

Eddie drew the flogger back and brought it forwards swiftly. It hissed through the air. The first blow of a whip in no. 9's life landed across the front of her thighs. She issued a scream and started to sob. Her feet pulled desperately at their bonds. The second blow landed across her belly. It was delivered with considerable force and left an angry splotch of red on her skin. No. 9 screamed again. She writhed her body, pulled at her confinements, pleaded with him with her beautiful brown eyes to please, please please, spare her.

He went around to her back. The first blow went across her shoulders and then he worked his way down. He waited just enough time between strokes to let the girl scream and screech and sob and moan. When he got to her rear cheeks, he concentrated there, giving

her three rapid, hard strokes. They turned her flesh there bright red. Her body shook and convulsed and her ass moved from side to side in a futile attempt to dodge the blows. Then he moved on the back of her thighs and her shins. He gave them both one fierce stroke each while the girl howled and cried.

He paused for a few moments. He was behind her out of her sight. She was screaming, "...eeeeeease ...op! ...eeeeeease .....op! .....ease! ...ease! ...ease!"

He came around to her front. She gave him a hysterical, piteous look. There was one part of her body that had not received a blow. He had been saving that for last. She saw him looking at her breasts. She realized what was coming.

"...eeeeeease, ...o! ...eeeeeeeease! ...on ....ip ...y ...reass! ...eeeeeease!"

The lash flew out like lightning. The thongs made slapping sounds as the crossed her orbs. She shook and screamed and danced. He gave them another, then another and then another. She was sobbing and dancing and writhing. Her breasts swayed and shuddered very attractively. He then resumed his trek around her body, this time at a furious pace. Her belly, her thighs, her back, her rear, all received vicious blows, one right after another, as fast as he could draw the whip back and bring it forth. The girl turned hysterical, her throat issuing a constant, piteous stream of screeches and wails.

And then he was in front of her once again. He paused only for a second, only long enough so that the girl would appreciate what was happening next. He finished off with three vicious blow to her breasts, making them sway and jerk and turning them bright red.

He walked to the side of the room and put the whip away. He came back to the girl. She was howling her dismay. It was not just the pain from the whip that was causing her to cry so voraciously. It was, he knew, the idea that she could and would be whipped. That she would face the same pain again and again, who knew, maybe a hundred or a thousand times. And she had little or no control over it. This whipping was merely for her edification. There would be more. And she would be whipped for pleasure. And when she made the most tiniest mistakes. She had had everything taken away from her and this is what she had gotten in its place. She had no control over anything, anything in her life!

He let her cry for a while. There was a cup by the sink and he poured himself a glass of water. At moments like these, he would

have preferred whiskey, and maybe a smoke to ease the tension. Water would have to do. He stepped behind her so that she could be alone with her tears. And so she could see, on a large plaque on the inside of the door, etched in thick, black capital letters on a red background, the word '**OBEY**'.

When he had decided that she had cried enough, he stepped around to her front again. He stood a few inches away from her so that she could appreciate his bulk and strength and took hold of her chin with his right hand. He lifted it, drawing her doleful eyes to his. "That's enough," he told her. Her eyes conveyed her total, abject fear of him. Her cheeks were puffed out a bit from the ball in her mouth and her teeth could not completely close, causing a little patch of blue to appear between her teeth. Her whole body was trembling. Her lips were quivering. She was trying to bring her crying to an end but was having difficulty doing it. She needed encouragement.

"If you don't stop crying right now, I'm going to bring the whip back out again and we'll go another round. Do you want that?" he told her forcefully.

She shook her head violently. It was difficult to accomplish with her uplifted arms pressed close against her ears, but she managed to do it. She took in a deep breath and then released it, her outward breath stuttering as she wound down her sobs. Mucus had run from her nose and she was sniffing, trying to absorb it. He went over to the sink and got a piece of tissue and returned to her. He put it to her nose, wiped it and threw the tissue into a little trash basket by the sink.

She was growing calmer. But she looked up at him in a totally different way. It was the way you would look at someone who had the ability and the will to cause you abysmal pain. Her eyes were staring at him, fixated. She had known that she would be used and abused, but she had not expected anything like this. It was like she had fallen into a huge, malevolent machine. She was to be processed and refined into some strange creature that she would hardly know.

They had taken away her name. "I'm Nancy! I'm Nancy!" she thought desperately. "You can't take that away from me! You can't! You can't!" But couldn't they? How many beatings would it take for her to concede the point? How many beatings would it take before she had become the being that they would strive to create? A great emptiness opened in her. The real question was how fast she could become that being. Because she discovered that she desperately,

fervently wanted to become that being. She never wanted to be whipped again! Never, ever, ever! She would do whatever they said. She would be the most obedient girl they had ever had.

And so the name Nancy had to go. "It's gone! It's gone!" she thought miserably as she looked into the hardened eyes of her oppressor. "I promise! I'm not Nancy! I'm not! I'm not! I'm not! Only, please, please, please don't whip me again! Please!"

The man spoke to her. "So, are you going to be a good little girl?"

She nodded her head fervently. If only he would believe her! "Please believe me! Please!" she sent out to him from her mind. "Please!"

"But you already broke a rule," he told her, his voice low and threatening. "When I told you that you were going to be whipped, you spoke. That was very, very bad. And it's not a very good start, is it? Later, you will be punished for it."

The idea of another whipping, earned already, before she even got the chance to show him how good she was going to be filled her with dismay. Her stomach turned over and a sickening feeling went through her. She caught herself just as she was going to release a miserable whine.

He gave her a sinister smile and then bent down and released her feet from the ring in the floor and freed her ankles from each other. He had tossed the leash aside that he had used when he brought her to the cell and now he picked it up from the floor, attaching it to the rear of her collar. Holding on to the other end, He lowered the chain that held her stretched and vulnerable and disconnected her wrists from it.

"On your hands and knees," he told her sternly.

She dropped instantly to the floor and assumed the position he had dictated. She looked up at him expectantly.

"We're going to go for a little walk," he told her. "Starting now, when anyone tells you to get on your hands and knees, you'll look at the floor in front of you, directly underneath you."

She nodded her head but kept looking at him as if she were waiting for the rest of the command. After a few seconds, she realized that he had said, "Starting now," and she turned her head instantly and stared at the floor.

The trainers all carried a long, thin, round, flexible baton on their belts for moments just like this. Eddie removed it in a graceful, practiced motion. He reared it back and a second later it struck no. 9

fiercely across her buttocks. She screeched, “Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!”

He gave her another and another and another. Her elbows collapsed and she put her head down on the floor and screamed and howled. She knew that she dared not move, but everything inside her wanted to get up and run away. But to where?

She started to cry again.

“When I give you an order, I expect it to be carried out immediately and to the letter!” he snarled at her. “Do you understand?”

“...es! ...es!” she cried out desperately through her stuffed mouth.

“And who told you to break position?” he yelled. “Did I tell you you could move?”

“...o! ...o!” she replied. She pushed herself up in a panic.

Whack! Whack! Whack! He struck her three more times. She howled and sobbed and shook, but this time she stayed as he had ordered, with her tear filled eyes staring down at the floor.

Her long, chestnut colored hair made a little curtain around her face.

Eddie paused to let her little lesson to sink in. When she had regained some composure, he tapped her on the side with his stick. “Next rule,” he told her sharply. “When answering any questions, you are to always end your sentence with the word ‘master’. Do you understand?”

“...es, ...aster.” she responded dismally but at once.

He struck her again.

“Ouuuuuuuuuuuuuu!” she howled. Her elbows and knees bent, but she didn’t fall. She couldn’t understand what that one was for. It didn’t seem fair.

“When you answer a master, your answer should be loud and clear!” he barked at her. “Say it again!”

“...es, ...aster!” she called out as loud as she could. Her voice could not disguise her misery.

“That’s better,” Eddie told her. “Now, like I said, we’re going for a little walk. Anytime I say ‘down!’, you’re to immediately put your forehead to the floor and put your wrists crossed behind your back. Understood?”

“...es, ...aster!” she replied as loud and clear as she could make it.

“Do it now. Down!” he said.

No. 9 dropped her head immediately to the floor and crossed her wrists behind her.

"That's good, but spread your legs." Eddie told her. "And when I tell you, 'up!', I want you back in your prior position. Do it now. Up!"

She rose, making sure that she kept her gaze on the little spot of reddish brown carpet in below her.

"Good," he said. "But keep your back straighter and your knees more apart," he told her. He waited until she had adjusted herself. "Now, when I say, 'present!'," he continued, "I want you to rise up and sit back on your heels, knees apart, hands behind your back like before. And I want your tits thrust out, your back straight and you staring straight ahead. Got that?"

"... es, ...aster!" she replied dutifully.

"Okay, then," he said. "Present!"

She raised her torso at once, drew back on her heels, straightened her back and looked straight ahead. She was looking directly at the sign that said, '**OBEY**' in insistent, large, black, block letters. The fact was not lost on her.

He placed his stick under her chin and pressed on it lightly. "Up a little bit more," he instructed her. "And press your tits out. The point is for everyone to see them."

She rose a little and pushed her breasts out.

"More!" he snapped.

She pushed them out further. She feared any moment to feel the crack of his stick across her back. To her relief, it did not come. And then it did.

Whack! He struck her across the small of her back. She screeched.

"I said knees apart!" he yelled at her. "If you don't listen, I'm going to order another punishment! Is that what you want?"

"...o, ...aster!" she whined.

She spread her knees, careful not to lose position in any other respect.

"I want anyone who's looking at you to be able to see your cunt!" he told her sternly. "It's not your cunt anymore, so you've got no right to hide it! Understand?"

"...es, ...aster!" she answered unhappily.

He tapped her sharply on her breasts. "Are these your tits?"

"...o, ...aster!" she replied immediately.

He smacked her ass. "Is this your ass?"

“...o, ...aster!” she replied miserably.

He tapped her mouth. “Is this your mouth?”

“...o, ...aster!” she answered unhappily.

He brought the stick down harshly on her hands. “Are these your hands?”

“Ohhhhh!” she cried out. And then quickly, “...o, ...aster!”

She felt like she was going to break out bawling. She didn’t want to. She knew that he would punish her harshly. He hadn’t told her that, but he didn’t need to. The big black word, ‘**OBEY**’, kept staring back at her in the face. She tried desperately to hold things together.

“Okay, then,” Eddie said, his voice milder. He could tell that he had pushed her to her extreme. But that was the whole point. And he knew what she was staring at. That was the point too.

“Get down,” he told her. She dropped back to her hands and knees, her head down.

“I’m going to open the door,” he continued. “When I tug on your leash, you are going to move forward to the right until you are clear of the door. Then you will stop until I close it. When I tug on your leash again, you will start moving until I tell you otherwise.”

He didn’t ask her if she understood or waited until she exhibited acknowledgement. She needed to learn quickly to hang on every word that was spoken to her and to obey them to the letter. If she misunderstood or was confused, that was her fucking problem.

Eddie keyed in the code to the electronic lock and placed his palm on the reader. The heavy bolts that secured the door closed slid open, making a distinct mechanical sound that reverberated in the room, not unlike the sound of a jail cell opening in a prison. Eddie was holding her leash in his right hand. He pushed the door open with his left and gave her collar a little tug. She moved forward obediently. Keeping her eyes pinned down, she made a right turn out of the cell and stopped when she guessed her feet had cleared the door, which opened outwards. She knelt there still. The cell door closed with a solid, clunking sound and the bolts slid home. Eddie stepped up next to her, gave her collar another tug and proceeded to lead her down the hallway.

The halls were dimly lit in a yellowish light, as were the cells. The floor was covered by a grainy, but soft, rust colored rug. The hallway was about 8’ wide. The ceiling was a little over 8’ high. The dark rug, the low ceiling, the narrow hallways were designed to convey a

confined, subterranean feeling. The walls were concrete block painted to match the rug. The only lighting were low wattage sconces mounted every 20' or so alternating between right and left walls. It was a dreamlike atmosphere.

They walked down the hallway passing several cell doors. The training area was warren like, with hallways that led this way and that. You could take different routes to any spot. Sometimes the girls were led around in circles just to confuse them. The cells were spread out over the facility rather than being grouped in one place. Everything was done to achieve maximum disorientation of the subjects. They were never allowed to look up while being transported and were often blindfolded. Contact between 'guests' were held to an absolute minimum. Any attempt at conversation or eye contact between them without permission was severely punished.

They had made their third turn when Eddie saw one of the other trainers coming at them in the opposite direction. He was big, bigger than Eddie, just about the biggest of all the trainers. A Samoan, his name was Manuatele Pulu Kaiulani, but everyone called him Manny. He had been an alternate All American offensive guard at Michigan State and a cinch as a pro until he blew out his knee in junior year. It had never been the same since.

He had drifted through the Midwest, taking gigs here and there as a bodyguard or a bouncer in a number of clubs until he found a home as an enforcer for a mob operation out of Kansas City. Jerome had met him at a sit down he had with the crew leader over control of a tits and ass joint downtown on Vine Street. The deal was made, the mob guys would run the place but Jerome would still be able to recruit out of it with an appropriate commission to 'the boys'. He was impressed with Manny and hired him on the spot, with the crew leader's blessing.

That was two years ago. Manny never rued the day.

When Manny was just about even with them, Eddie gave the leash a little tug and told the girl, "Down!" Nancy dropped her head to the rug like a falling rock and drew her hands behind her back at once.

"Hey, Eddie," Manny greeted him. "What you got here?"

Manny's voice was deep and musical, a complement to his generally amiable nature. All the other guys liked him. He had a great sense of humor. And the voice, when used for that purpose, was very helpful in calming the girls.



“This is the new no. 9,” Eddie told him. “Just in today, a couple of hours ago.”

“Yeah? Lemme see her,” he asked.

“Sure,” Eddie replied. And to the girl he said, “Present!” as he gave a harsh yank to her leash.

No. 9 sprung back on her heels, spreading her thighs widely. She stared straight ahead, but could see from the corner of her eye the huge bulk of a man standing next to her. He was sallow of color, with short cropped black hair and tattoos up and down his arms. She began to shake at the thought of being at his mercy. He sounded like a ferocious deviant.

“Look, she’s frightened,” Manny said with a tinge of humor.

“Poor little thing,” Eddie replied in kind.

Manny squatted down in front of the girl, a little to her left. He reached out his hand and took hold of her chin. To Nancy it seemed like his hand was as big as her entire head, bigger. His thick fingers pinched into her flesh. He turned her head to the right and to the left, getting a good look at her. “Pretty,” he said to himself out loud. “She’s gonna be real popular,” he said to Eddie.

“My thoughts exactly,” Eddie replied.

His hands seized her breasts. He had a delicate touch for such a big man. His hands easily circled them. He squeezed them, softly at first, and then harder and harder until his grip became painful. Nancy was struggling desperately not to whine or cry out. She looked the man in the face, pleadingly.

“What the fuck are you looking at?” Manny said gruffly.

“You stupid, cunt!” Eddie barked out harshly. “Get down!”

Emitting a sob, Nancy put her head down on the floor again. Eddie reared back and gave her three fierce strokes of his stick across her ass. She couldn’t suppress a piteous cry at each blow. She burst into tears.

Eddie yanked at her leash. “Up!” he commanded. “Present!”

Nancy sprung back up to a kneeling position. The big man was still crouched down right in front of her. Her lips were trembling and tears were flowing down her face. The man took hold of her breasts again. This time he caressed them softly. He took hold of her nipples and gave them a serious pinch. Despite the pain, Nancy kept her eyes straight ahead.

“She’s got nice tits,” Manny said. He ran his hands down over her hips and across her thighs. After running a hand up over her belly and

back to her breasts, he slipped the other one between her legs and captured her sex. His knowledgeable fingers stroked it, over and around her hairless labia, back and forth, lightly, delicately. A finger insinuated itself between her lips and began to slide up and down, probing a little deeper each time.

Nancy couldn't help recall the caress that was given to her by that man, Tony, when she was still a captive at the bar, just getting ready for her trip. She had gotten wet then. She remembered her shame. And as she felt the finger sliding easier and easier between her lips, until her slickness was evident, she was shamed again.

A finger came to rest on the hood that guarded her point of pleasure. It stroked it lightly, around and around, teasing out the nubbin beneath it. When it made contact with it, a chill of pleasure went through her. She wanted desperately to close her legs, to deny the man his access to her, but knew that terrible things would result if she did. He kept stroking and stroking. His other hand was massaging and squeezing her breasts and pulling and pinching at her nipples. She was staring straight ahead, but could sense the man's eyes boring into her face, looking for her reaction. The tingling got worse and worse. Her pussy began to vibrate. Finally, she could not suppress it. She issued a sigh tinged with a forlorn whine.

"Nice," Manny said. "She's got a great pussy. Did you shave it already?"

"Nah," Eddie replied. "She came like that."

Manny chuckled. "A natural," he said. "I can't wait to play with her."

"She's Code 20."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"But she's due a whipping," Eddie told him. "If you want...."

"Yeah, that'd be great," Manny said. "Make sure you let me know when she's ready for it."

"Sure," Eddie replied. "My pleasure."

Nancy quailed at the thought of being whipped by the huge, gravelly voiced man. But her first concern was the hand in her pussy. It was all sloshy now and her body was being pulled into a tight knot by the unwanted, pleasurable sensations. Two thick fingers had found her entrance and were sliding back and forth within her. Her thighs were trembling. She moaned as a pulse of pleasure went through her. Her head dipped and her shoulders curved inwards.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," she moaned again helplessly.

Eddie gave a yank to her leash. With a little cry, she straightened herself out.

The hand left her sex. The big man stood up. Nancy was so filled with shame, she thought she might explode. The men exchanged a few more words but she didn't decipher them. Her mind was racing with the thoughts of what the men were going to do to her. The idea of her upcoming whipping was made so much more real by the words of the big man. And she knew that sooner or later she would have to fuck him. And the guy he called Eddie too. And anybody else who wanted her. "Oh, please don't let this happen! Please! Please! Please!" she thought miserably.

The big man walked off. She heard Eddie tell her to get down. She quickly lowered herself to her hands and knees. Eddie gave a tug to her leash and she resumed her humiliating, fear filled trek down the hall, her eyes glued to the dark rug beneath her.

They made a couple more turns and then stopped at a door. Like the cell doors, it had a keypad lock and an electronic reader. All the doors had thick, one way glass installed in them, 2' by 2'. It enabled anyone outside to look in. On the inside, all that was seen was a mirror. Eddie looked through the window to make sure the room was empty and then keyed the code in and pressed his palm on the reader. The bolts on the door clanged open. He gave the door a pull, held it open and then gave the girl's leash a tug. She crawled inside.

The room was as big as one of the cells but was designed differently. Like the cells, most of the floor was covered by the same dark rug as the halls. The idea was that all except the loudest screams and wails of a prisoner would be absorbed. The training area was kept as quiet as possible to increase the isolation of the girls and to allow them their uninterrupted, dismal thoughts.

In the far left corner of the room was a 4' by 4' area where the rug had been cut away and white tile put in its place. The tile climbed the wall on both sides. Springing from the corner, near the ceiling was a removable shower head connected by a hose to a pipe that led into the wall. On the pipe was a regulator for cold and hot water. From the center of the area hung a chain.

Along the wall on the right was a long table not unlike the one on which the girl had been first kept prisoner when she arrived. It was somewhat wider, and was covered with a white sheet. It had a pillow at one end and a ring in the middle of the top and on the corners of the bottom and along the sides.

Like in the cells, a chain hung from the ceiling about 4' from the door. There was also a chair in the corner on the right. It was like a barber's chair but for the implements of confinement attached to it. In the corner, just to the left of the door was a bidet. It had padded grooves on either side of it and a ring in the floor in front.

Eddie led her over to the bidet. He had her maneuver herself so that her lower legs, spread wide apart, were settled into the padded grooves, her bottom hanging over the bidet. He attached the rings in her ankle bracelets to rings set on the sides of the padded grooves. He had her lower her neck and he connected her collar by a chain to the ring in the floor. He locked her wrists behind her back.

Then, and only then did he remove her leash.

Nancy was wondering what was going to happen. She did need to pee again, from nervousness, she guessed, but she didn't understand why she had to be all chained up to do it. She waited warily as the man moved to a position behind her. A moment later, she felt his hand playing with the rubber plug they had installed in her. She had been woefully conscious of it since it had been jammed into her anus and she was glad to be rid of it. It was uncomfortable as he pulled it out, because it stretched her little ring to its extreme as it exited.

She heard the water of the bidet starting to run. She had never used a bidet, and she was wondering what it would feel like. Then, to her dismay, she felt something hard pressing against her rear entrance. It slipped in, stretching her uncomfortably. It passed some distance inside of her, making her bowel feel disturbingly full. A second later, she felt something warm being squirted inside her and she understood. She was being given an enema. She moaned with shame.

Eddie let the girl's bowels fill with the water. The twin hoses that led up to the nozzle allowed him to mix the warm water with a special soap. From trial and error, Eddie knew how much water the girl's belly could take. When he considered she had enough, he released the trigger. He let the nozzle stay buried within her for a minute or so. The girl squirmed and moaned in discomfort. Her insides would be cramping and her belly would feel heavy and bloated. Then, he pulled it out quickly.

The fetid liquid escaped her ass in a rush. The girl moaned and whined. It fell directly into the swirling water in the bidet, mixed with it and was washed away. At the same time, she peed, her urine falling into the bowl below her. When the last few drops of brownish

liquid had dribbled down, Eddie pushed the nozzle back in again and refilled her bowels. When that procedure was done, he did it one more time for good measure.

There was a very practical reason for the procedure. Obviously, a girl had to shit sometime. An enema every ten hours or so freed them from having to sit her on the pot and wait until she was good and ready to relieve herself. That was considered disruptive to routine. It had the added effect of impressing on the girl that all of her bodily functions were subject to her masters' control. And, of course, the humiliation of it was quite exquisite.

She was filled with revulsion at what the man had done to her. It seemed like they were not going to leave sacred any part of her personal life. And the feeling of emptying herself this way was horrid, with everything flowing out in a rush, her stomach aching and cramping. She cried silently as he felt the man rinsing her off with the hose. When he was done, he wiped her off with a soft, wet cloth which he then proceeded to dump in a little lidded can near to them. Then, to her dismay, the little rubber plug was reinstalled. She heard him washing his hands at a small sink next to the bidet.

After the enema was complete, Eddie changed nozzles and proceeded to wash the inside and outside of the girls sex, probing the nozzle amidst and around her folds. He slid the nozzle gently into her chasm and sent a soft stream of warm soapy water all through her. He then rinsed her out. He dried her coosh with a soft cloth.

He reaffixed the leash to her collar and then freed her from the rings.

It had been a dismally humiliating procedure, but she did have to admit it made her feel all clean and empty inside.

Eddie led the girl towards the shower area. He told her to rise to her feet. He had to slap her with his stick three times to get her to do it in a manner somewhat akin to gracefulness. She cried and moaned each time. It was something she would get much better at as the weeks went by.

He brought her to the middle of the tiled floor and connected her wrists to the chain that hung from the ceiling.

Once the girl was affixed and her leash removed, He went over to a cabinet near the shower. She did not see what he retrieved because her back was to him. When he returned, she felt him take hold of a skein of her long, thin, shiny, chestnut colored hair. An instant later, she heard the snip of a pair of scissors. She panicked and tried to pull

away, but he had a firm grip on her. "Please don't cut my hair! Please don't cut my hair! Please don't cut my hair!" she begged madly.

But the scissors continued their malign address to her coiffure. She cried and cried as she felt her growth being snipped away. It had taken so long to grow and she had taken such good care of it. It was as much an expression of her personality as her smile or her laugh. But then again, there did not seem that there would be any more occasions for smiling or laughter. They had made her a slave, the man had said so. Laughter and delight would no longer have a place in her life.

As she felt the last, long strand cut away, her heart dimmed. "What difference does it make now really," she thought unhappily. Maybe it was better after all. There should be a strict demarcation between her old life and the new. In this way she could preserve intact her memory of those days when she was free. There would be the free and happy Nancy of the past, optimistic, forward looking, loving and carefree, a mere memory, and the other one, the one they called no. 9, with the chains and the whips and the angry orders and the loss of rights to her body, in the all too real, harsh present.

Eddie took the skeins of hair he had gathered and carefully laid them out on a counter. They would be preserved. They would make a nice hairpiece for her if her future owner wanted to vary her appearance but still keep her hair short for other occasions.

He stood and looked at the sobbing young woman. Not all of the girls came in with long hair, of course, but for the ones that did, this was a particularly difficult moment in their conversion. She was looking away from him, as if wanting to hide her unhappiness. That was a good thing. She would have to learn to hide her unhappiness in so many ways. Moroseness would not be tolerated.

He went over to the cabinet and took out the things he would need for the shower. He fiddled with them for a minute or so to give the girl time to calm down. When Eddie had first started working here, it had been impressed upon him that he needed to take care that a subject not be tormented beyond her ability to absorb it. The mind could only take so much. And it was important for the trainers to maintain their human side. It was a rather harsh thing to do to steal away everything that a young woman had. Being able to have some empathy for the girls was a trait that Mr. Marshall looked for in his employees. After all, this wasn't a prison. The girls weren't being punished for anything they had done. They were merely being

fashioned into products suitable for marketing, creatures who were unquestionably obedient and responsive and totally committed to the satisfaction of the sexual needs of others.

Having given the girl a minute or two to absorb the trauma of the loss of her locks, he stepped over to the shower area, removed the shower head from its perch and turned on the water. He let the water flow against the wall until he got the temperature right. It was somewhat hotter than lukewarm, in fact, probably hotter than the girl was normally used to. But the shower was not for the girl's comfort and making it hot enough to turn her skin red increased the indignity of the procedure.

Satisfied at the temperature, Eddie stepped up to the girl. She was eying him unhappily. He started out by running the water over her head. She issued an unhappy moan and did a little dance as the heat of the water made her scalp burn. It was not as hot to scald her though and she soon got used to it. Her skin was still raw from her beating, and the rush of the water over it stung fiercely, making her squirm and twist.

Eddie made sure her entire hair and body was wet, running the shower head over and around her several times until her skin had a rosy glow. There was a large sponge on a shower caddy hanging on the wall. He squeezed some liquid soap on it, then some water and then, after mounting the shower head back onto its holder, proceeded to rub the soap all over the girl's body.

The girl cringed as the sponge was plied all over her. He soaped up her breasts thoroughly, making them slide and sway from side to side and up and down. He made her spread her legs and washed her sex. He did under her arms, all over her back and over and between her rear cheeks, making double sure that that area was clean. He washed her ears and her face, making sure to remove all the remnants of her makeup from the night before. He even squatted down and made sure that he got between all of her toes and the bottom of her feet.

Then, to the girl's unhappiness, he rinsed her again, making her skin burn with the heat of the water. After she was rinsed again, he poured some shampoo into his hand and washed the remnants of her hair thoroughly. He was no barber, and the now mid-length hair was ragged and uneven at its ends. That would be taken care of later. He rinsed it, applied conditioner and rinsed it again.

He left the girl there shivering from the effects of the differential of the hot water and the relative coolness of the room, always kept at a steady 73 degrees. He went to the cabinet on the wall next to the shower area and came back with cotton swabs which he used to clean her ears and nostrils. Then he retrieved a toothbrush, pried his fingers into her mouth and eased out the blue rubber ball he had installed there earlier, and proceeded to brush her teeth. There was a bottle of mouthwash there and he made her take three mouthfuls, slosh it around in her mouth and gargle with it three times and spit the contents on the floor. Right after she was done, the ball went right back in her mouth.

If she had needed further proof that her body now belonged to her masters, this was it. The man had probed and poked and cleaned and rinsed every part of her body. It was done wordlessly, mechanically, as if he was washing a thing and not a person. The final proof was when he brushed out her now truncated hair while drying it with a hand blower. Just as if she were a life-sized Barbie doll.

He finished up, putting the brush and the blower away. He snapped a leash back onto her collar and then released her hands from the chain above her. Dragging her over to the table on the side of the room, he ordered her to get onto it and to lie on her belly. He affixed her wrists to the ring at the top and her ankles to the corners before unleashing her again.

Eddie walked over to the cabinet by the shower and came back with a bottle of lotion. He placed some lotion in his hand, let it warm for a few moments and started to apply it to her body.

His hands were firm and confident as they spread the lotion over her back. It was oddly relaxing to the girl. There had been so much tension and unhappiness that it was easy to slip away as the hands manipulated her muscles and rubbed the lotion in. Even when he did her legs and her ass, it didn't bother her. It was like she had removed herself from what was happening to her, imagining herself someplace else, maybe in some fancy salon where she getting the \$500 special treatment.

There was something, too about the contact of his hands with her skin that was welcome. The man had caused her so much pain and anguish that it seemed only right that he now make her feel comfortable and relaxed. They were strong and hot and self-assured as they traversed her body. The feel of the lotion was comforting as it eased her still tingling skin. With her eyes closed, were it not for the



chains that bound her wrists and ankles, she could almost imagine him as a doting lover devoting his caring attentions to her flesh.

It was when he ordered her to turn over that she recalled where she was and what was happening to her. He released her feet and made her flip to her back, attaching them again when she had obeyed. This time, he worked his way up her legs, after massaging lotion into her feet and toes. His strong, hot hands came up over her widespread thighs, rubbing the tops and interiors well high, up to the crux. The fact that she knew that he could do anything he wanted to her, use her anyway he wanted, touch any part of her he so desired, in combination with his intimate, gentle but firm abrasion of her skin, for some reason made her pussy begin to burn. He skirted over it, doing her belly from just above her sex to her sternum. He did her neck and her outstretched arms. When he began to spread the lotion over her breasts, massaging and squeezing them, longer, much longer than he had need to, the feeling began to get stronger.

She had her eyes closed. She didn't want to watch him. He was a man totally unknown to her no more than an hour or so ago and here he was touching her as intimately as any boyfriend ever had. He leaned over and took her nipples in his mouth, suckling them while he continued to caress and stroke her breasts. He ran his hand over her belly, over her thighs, over her sex. She wanted him to stop, but there was no way she could make him.

He put more lotion on his hand and began to rub it over her sex, coating the sides, all around it. His hand seemed so large down there, a force rather than an appendage. Her whole pussy could rest in his palm. He resumed kissing her nipples, squeezing and massaging them with his left hand, while his right started to ease itself between her labia, strolling through the gap between them, up and down, up and down tantalizingly.

When she felt her pussy begin to tingle, she tried vainly to raise her knees and pulled unhappily at the bonds on her ankles. She knew that she would have to endure the manipulation of her sex a thousand times over in the time to come, but to be brought into excitement before these men was a humiliation she did not think she could endure. Before he had whipped her he had told her that, among other things, they were going to mold her into a responsive whore. She didn't want to be responsive, she had thought. She didn't want to derive a single iota of pleasure from their callous use of her. It was

the only thing that she could deny them. But the hands and lips and tongue that were scouring her body right now told her different.

She squirmed and issued a small mewling sound from her stifled mouth. The way she was chained she could only lift her knees an inch or two and her hands were stretched far above her. She shifted her hips from side to side and arched her back as the passion in her pussy began to build and build. For a moment, this seemed to have the desired effect. The man rose up and his tormenting hand left her sex. She opened her eyes to look at him. It was just in time to see the swinging arc of his stick as it came over the man's shoulder and struck her across the thighs. She squirmed and wailed. He brought it down twice more, one over her belly and the other across her defenseless breasts. She wailed piteously at each blow, cringing her body and pulling hard on her confines.

He said nothing to her. He didn't have to. He restored the stick to his waist, placed his hands back on her thighs and breasts, and started again.

It took a while for his efforts to return her to her impassioned state. But he was relentless and knowledgeable. His kisses to her breasts bordered on tenderness and his hand, stroking, caressing, exploring her sex was gentle and agile.

She closed her eyes again and steeled herself. She knew that she had to deny the man this part of herself or she was lost. She knew now the penalty for physical resistance and had no courage to repeat it, but she tried to close her mind to the sensations of his mouth, suckling, kissing, playing with her nipples, the hand that caressed and massaged her breasts, holding them lightly like tender, ripe fruit, and then closing around them, squeezing them, mashing them. The thick fingers on her sex, stroked her, delved between her love lips, slid along the slickened gap between them. When the finger began to press lightly on her love bud, tracing little circles around it, rubbing over it delicately, pressing down on it, it sent a wave of lust through her that she could not deny.

"No! No! No!" she thought desperately. "I won't let it happen! I won't let it happen!" But as he plunged two thick fingers within her lubricated hole, she could not stifle the moan that arose in her throat.

It was, it seemed, a signal to the man to accelerate his efforts. His mouth turned hungry on her teats. His hand squeezed her breasts hard until she could not tolerate it. His right hand began a hyperactive campaign to excite her sex beyond her ability to control it.

She felt her crisis coming. She tried to fight it off. She bit down hard on her mouth's invader. She pulled at her bonds. She let out a forlorn whine. She imagined herself pressing hard against a dam, struggling mightily to stem the raging flow behind it. But, like a buzzing that would just not stop, the shimmering and vibrating of her pussy went on and on, growing stronger and stronger.

And then, like a switch had been pulled, she surrendered to her lust. She moaned, "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Her thighs began to twitch. Her breasts grew tight. A tide of misery flowed through her as she realized that she had been defeated. And then it came.

She groaned and writhed and shuddered as her pussy exploded into a series of body shaking contractions. The man's fingers were plunging in and out of her madly while, at the same time, rubbing across her electrified, trilling nubbin. Her toes curled and her feet shook as she strained at the chains that held her so forlornly prisoner. "Ummmmmm! Ummmmmm! Ummmmmm! Ummmmmm!" she moaned again and again.

As her orgasm wound down, the mouth and hands that had excited her so relentlessly slowed their ministrations. A thick finger stroked her clit gently, coaxing out of her several body trembling aftershocks. Then the warm, strong, insistent hands wandered her body, rubbing and caressing her lightly, easing her way down from the mountain of passion. And then, with two final, assertive squeezes to her breasts, they left her.

A million unhappy thoughts were whirring through her mind. Her heart was still thumping in her chest. She opened her eyes to see that the man had crossed the room. He took something out of the wooden cabinet mounted on the wall and returned. It was something black and made of cloth. She watched as he expanded it and cringed as he brought it to her head. He slipped the opening over her and tugged it down until her face was fully covered. Then he drew it tight around her neck. Everything turned black.

She heard him moving about the room for a minute or so, and the sounds of him putting things away. Then she heard the dire clang of the machinery in the door pulling the bolts to the cell door open. Not more than 4 or 5 seconds later, she heard the heavy, metallic thump of the cell door slamming closed and then the sound of the bolts shooting home again, sealing her off from the outer world. She listened to the deafening silence of the room for a few seconds and then released a long, piteous wail.

## CHAPTER SIX

Jerome stretched and yawned as he emerged from his delightful, midafternoon slumber. Julia was still asleep next to him. She was on her side, facing him, her bound hands in an attitude of prayer. A wisp of her blond hair was lying across her face. He reached his hand out and delicately pushed it back. She stirred, but did not waken.

Carefully, he drew back the light blanket and sheet that served as their covers until he could behold her full, naked body. She was four years older than when he had first claimed her. The four years told subtly on her. Her breasts seemed just a little more loose and her hips a little more wide, her ass just a little more full. There were some small wrinkles around her eyes and mouth and her eyes seemed deeper. Her hands were just a little more boney.

She was definitely past the prime of her bloom. And four years was a long time. Was it time for her to join the long list of companions he had sloughed off over the last 25 years or so?

When his father died, the winter of his 24<sup>th</sup> year, he had cleaned house and sent all the girls who had ever touched his father's cock off to Reuther's. In those days, there were no training facilities on site at the mansion and all the girls were trained at Reuther's before they were sent here. He hired a madam from a notorious New Orleans bordello and the head of the psychology department at his university to design the training area and to establish the regimen for newly captured girls. The security provisions were designed by the assistant warden for the then Federal supermax penitentiary in Marion, Illinois and many of the techniques used there for control of prisoners were adopted. He funded special research in psychotropic medicines intended to break down resistance and make the subject more suggestive as well as increasing libido. He had special personality inventory tests created with which he could screen potential trainers and his security staff.

He wondered idly how many women had passed through the training center since he had had it finished. They usually graduated between 2 to 4 girls a month, sometimes more. In the beginning the numbers were smaller as they perfected technique. All in all there was, say, an average of 3 a month for 20 years. That made over 700 girls trained here at the mansion. There were not many who stood out to him now. The most appealing, and not just from looks, but also

intelligence, responsiveness, sultriness, and that indefinable thing called personality, had found their way to his little harem of luxury girls.

In the beginning, he had turned his luxury girls over often as he refined the exact type of woman he was looking for. And he had started out with 3 and had only expanded it to 6 after a couple of years. The girls lasted, again, on average, about 8-10 months, some, most of them, more, usually somewhere between a year and 18 months, but a number of them, girls who looked good on paper but who didn't really make the grade, a lot less. Newcomers were reviewed at 1, 2, 4 and 8 weeks and girls who were not up to snuff were weeded out right away. Each slot turned over on average 3 times in 2 years. That made, over 20 years, 30 women per slot or about 150 luxury girls in all.

And there had been 15 or so *mamans*, mothers, as he liked to call them, like Julia. Julia had lasted the longest. Some he moved on to take the role of *mamans* at the various luxury brothels that he ran. Some, like Julia's predecessor, Giselle, went off to Reuther's after just a few months. He would never pass off bad apples to his brothels. And some, 3 or 4 that he could think of, were sold to private buyers looking for a more mature and sophisticated thrall.

Of course, you had to have the facility for it. He always had his security team visit the estate where the girl would be housed to ensure that they wouldn't have women out running wild telling their tales to the press or law enforcement. There had been a few over the years who had managed to escape, maybe, between the hundreds of girls that filled his brothels and were leased out to private owners at any one time, 1 or 2 a year at most.

Local law enforcement was always alerted right away and the girls were usually picked up within hours. All likely telephone numbers they would call or places they might go were monitored. His security division was always ready to insert false arrest warrants or psychiatric records into law enforcement computer files on a moment's notice. Contingency plans were worked out in advance. Once a girl had been picked up by law enforcement, with a 'hold incommunicado' tag to her file, a security team would be dispatched, with proper credentials, and she would be brought directly to Reuther's for correction and processing. After that, being considered a trouble maker, she would be shipped off to a buyer overseas, usually South or Central America, Africa or the Far East.

One girl who escaped in 1988, a dark, blue eyed Irish girl, managed to stay free for two years. Jerome remembered her well. Her loss had been a burr under his saddle. She didn't go back to her old haunts, and didn't go to the police, but rather made a new life for herself totally unconnected to her old one, drifting from city to city and from one menial job to another. She eventually found her way to Montana and got a job as a waitress at a local restaurant.

They got her though. One night her loneliness and homesickness became so intense that she called her parents. She didn't even say anything when her mother picked up the phone, but listened to her voice for about 15 seconds and hung up. They had put a trap on the parent's phone and were still watching it. A team flew out to Billings the next morning.

The phone booth the girl used was right outside the diner. That night she worked the midnight shift. The team came in about 3 a.m., sat down at a table and had ham and eggs. On the way out, while the cook was in the back taking out the garbage, just as the girl presented them their check, she was whisked out the door. They left two twenties on the table for the bill. Jerome had a picture on the wall of his study of the smiling, self-satisfied 5 man security team with the unhappy looking girl, now all stripped and bound up at Reuther's, just before they packed her up for her trip to Thailand. Her capture brought their recovery rate back to 100%.

A little after that, Jerome developed a more sophisticated and surefire way to find them. Since 1992, each girl who came through his facility or Reuther's was fitted with a special device that acted as a GPS transponder. He had gotten the technology from the military long before it hit the general market. A little disc somewhere between the size of a dime and a nickel was affixed onto the very top of the spinal cord with tiny surgical screws. On the bottom of the disc, in the middle, was a very thin filament which, after a tiny pinhole was drilled through the bone, was inserted directly into the ganglia.

The disc served firstly as a security device. In each facility they installed red zones near every potential exit from the seraglio, as Jerome called it, that area where the women were housed and used. If a girl came within three feet of the red zone, the disc would begin emitting a low grade electrical current that would cause a sickening feeling to spread throughout the human body. The closer you got to the red zone, the stronger it would get. If you stepped directly into the red zone, the disc would emit a shock, small in relative terms, but

because the current was fed directly into the nervous system, strong enough to cause disabling pain and collapse.

The women were all told of this purpose of the disc at the time it was installed. It was a simple procedure requiring local anesthetic and the slim scar it left was barely noticeable. Because it was screwed in, it could only be removed through another surgical procedure utilizing micro technology. A female locked into a seraglio would not have access to such tools. And a girl on the run could never get it out without going to a hospital or clinic if, for some reason, she was able to escape through the security zone or find another way to flee in the first place.

The women were never told about the GPS function of the disc. Once they had broken through the security ring, they would have no reason to take time out from their escape to try and get it out, even if they could. Each girl's disc was coded with her processing number, like the one Jerome had assigned to no. 9 after they had captured her. The first system was rather primitive, only giving the general area in which the girl could be found within a quarter mile or so. The GPS system they used now could provide a girl's location to within 15 feet.

It was one of the reasons they could charge top dollar for any girl brought through Reuther's. That and the 5 year limited warranty and the 90 day money back guarantee.

The device also served as a salutary disciplinary tool. Its charge could be set off by the use of a remote control. One touch of the button with the setting on high and any girl within its beam would be on the floor in a second, howling in pain. Every girl was given at least one demonstration before she left training. A girl left in a room with the transmitter set on low would spend her time in agonizing nausea and distress, a very effective punishment. And if you wanted to keep the girls within a certain room, or in a certain area of the brothel, you could install a transmitter in a door jam. This way the girls couldn't leave, but anyone else could walk in and out. If done right, for the customers of the brothel, it could help project an illusion of normality.

Jerome ran his hand down Julia's hip. This brought the woman awake. She gave him one of her illusive smiles. He pushed her to her back and then kissed her. Her mouth was welcoming. It brought him to hardness right away. He ran his hand over her sweet belly, over her thighs and over her sex. She spread her thighs compliantly. He

moved his mouth down to her breasts, kissing each in turn, suckling the fat teats until she released a sigh. Her gap had quickly lubricated and he began to slide his fingers up and down it, probing it, until it was loose and open.

He wasn't going to fuck her. When you had unlimited access to a virtually unlimited pool of compliant women, you had to pace yourself. He still had plenty of day left and he was planning to take a tour of the training area later. It was virtually certain that he would unload himself there. And then there was the luxury girls, Dolores, Chantal, Surita and the others. He might want to spend some time with one of them later.

Despite his determination to save himself, he just could not resist Julia's flesh. There was something about her ability to distance herself from him, not openly, as in defiant, but naturally and subtly. She just had a peacefulness that he couldn't penetrate. So he was constantly drawn to proving to himself his mastery of her, his ownership. And handling her however and whenever he wanted was part of that. Besides, if he was serious about sending her on, he wouldn't have much more time to enjoy her.

He began to stroke her love button, spreading her moisture over it, swirling his fingers around it, rubbing it lightly. Her body moved slightly, as if trying to expand and she took a long, deep breath. She had raised her knees and now she spread them wide.

Abandoning her breasts, he raised his head so that he could see her face. She had closed her eyes. Her lips were parted slightly and there began to arise some color in her cheeks. He pressed his lips down on hers once more and he kissed her deeply, churning his tongue within her hot mouth, receiving the agility of hers. He slipped his hand from her crevasse and caressed the insides of her thighs, her belly, her breasts, squeezing them both tightly. He drifted his hand back down to her sex and seized it again, rubbing his hand over it and along it, pressing his fingers into her expectant hole, plunging in there deeply.

Julia moaned into his mouth. Her hips were shifting slightly, moving in a circular, grinding motion in encouragement of his efforts. He broke their kiss again and took his free hand and moved her face towards his. She opened her eyes. He looked at her, peering into them, watching for the evidence of the lust he was brewing. He began to move his hand faster. He flicked his fingers over her clit again and again. He pinched it, rubbed it, caressed it. Her chest was



beginning to heave. Her face started to slacken, her eyes widened. Her nostrils flared. She was digging her heels into the mattress and her bound hands were opening and closing as if trying to reach out and grab her lust, her desire, and claim it.

Jerome's own lusts rose high. He reveled in the knowledge that he had the power to do this to her whether she wanted it or not. That every sigh, every moan, every wave of pleasure that passed through her belonged to him. He wanted to break through the veil she wore over her emotions and see her face in its most unguarded state. She had no right to turn her head and hide it, had no right to close her eyes to block out the sight of the man who owned her flesh. She had to give him her passion, give him her lust in whatever form it took, at his command.

Her passion was rising. She bit her bottom lip and then took a deep breath before releasing a long, deep sigh. Her mouth grew open again. Her breath was coming in pants. Her face took on an aura of strain, her eyes widened. Low, guttural sounds were emerging from her throat. Her body stiffened. She seemed to be entering a zone in which her orgasm was mounting and mounting. It was if she were on the edge of a vast trough, sliding, sliding, sliding inexorably over it. In a moment, or two or three, she would slip over the edge and commence an irreversible anguished, contorted fall into the abyss. At the bottom was ecstasy, so pure and unbridled that she could not fathom surviving it.

Her face took on a pleading aspect, as if begging him not to take her there, not to take her where her artifice and grace and reserve and equanimity would no longer serve her. For when her sex's contractions took hold of her, it would not be the face of the embonded woman Julia who would appear. It would be the face of that woman he had seen at that cocktail party four years ago, the woman who had screamed and sobbed and cried in rebellion when she was first indentured, the women who cried at night softly and despairingly. She could not hide her from him. It was a moment of ultimate truth with no dissemblance, no contrivance, no illusion.

The woman let out a great gasp. Her body began to shudder. She moaned and bit her lip again as if trying to fight off what must be. A look of fear crossed her face, and hopelessness, and self-pity and shame. And then that look. The look she used to give him in those first months when she was still trying to preserve her pride, her sense of self, her life, the one he was stealing from her little by little day

after day. It was there only an instant, a look of enmity so intense it seemed to consume her.

She groaned, loud and long. Her body convulsed and she groaned, “Uhhhhhhhhgh! Uhhhhhhhhhhgh! Uhhhhhhhhhhhhgh! Uhhhhhhhhhhhhgh!” Her pussy was feverish and oozing a musk scented discharge like some jungle marsh. His free hand was circled around her head, holding her face tightly in place so that he could absorb every nuance of her abandonment of artifice. He was peering deep, deep, deeply into her psyche and there was nothing she could do to prevent it.

When her convulsions began to ebb, he relented his assault on her cleft. He stroked her puss lightly, encouraging her organ to render her a few pleasure giving echoes of her climax.

There were tears in her eyes. She could not hide them. She was struggling to readopt her pose, to escape once more into her private world. He kissed her and her mouth obediently welcomed him. His hand left her sex and wandered slowly and softly up her hot body. He caressed her breasts, her belly, her thighs and then he came to rest.

Her eyes were still bored into his. “Th-thank you, master,” she managed to eke out.

“You’re welcome, Julia,” he replied. It wasn’t her birth name, but one he had given her that day four years ago when he had had her brought up from the training rooms to begin her service to him.

“I’ve decided to whip you tonight,” he told her. “And I think you know the reason why, don’t you?”

“Y-yes, master,” she answered, her voice hesitant and fearful.

“And I’ve decided to sell you,” he told her.

Her face cringed with sorrow. It was like he had struck her with a club. She started to tremble.

“So tonight I’m going to whip you and then you’ll be going back down to the training cells. It’s been a pleasant 4 years and I’ve enjoyed you very much, but the time has come and that’s all there is to it.”

“Y-yes, master,” she replied. She was crying and her voice was breaking as she spoke.

He released her wrists from the chain to her collar and her collar from the headboard.

“I want you to get up from the bed and get on your hands and knees on the floor,” he instructed her.

She moved at once.

He rose too and walked over to a cabinet. He drew out a gag. He stepped over to her. "Raise your head," he ordered.

She obeyed.

And then, "Open your mouth." She complied.

He fed the thick prong of leather into her mouth. Then he affixed the straps behind her head. He pulled them tight. She was sobbing.

He stepped ahead of her, towards the corner of the room and opened the door to one of the cages. "Get in," he ordered.

She crawled over as instructed. Just before she put herself inside, he told her to wait and to kneel up.

She did as she was told. He took hold of her arms and bound them behind her. "Okay, now," he said. "Get in."

She edged herself into the steel enclosure. When she was in, she turned her body and sat down on the dark green pad at its bottom. Her legs were part way out of the cage and she obediently drew them in. Leaning over, he joined her ankle cuffs. Then he closed the door and locked it. She curled into a ball and started to sob again.

Jerome looked at her for a couple of moments. It was a hard thing to do, but it had to be done. He had an idea to sell her to a private buyer. Rent her, really, since they never transferred full title to anyone in the U.S. not in the business, for security and other reasons. He didn't want to send her directly to one of his bordellos. It would be too hard of an adjustment to make. And Reuther's was out of the question. She was too good to be peddled on the mass market, at least yet.

The man who he had in mind would be the perfect solution. He had a heavy hand with the whip, and was a little cruel. But after a year or so with him a bordello would seem like a promotion. She would do well in New York or D.C. or maybe Atlanta with their more sophisticated clientele once she had been taken down a notch or two. He would make sure that he kept track of her and looked her up.

Stepping back to the cabinet, he took out the heavy, black cloth cover for the cage. He brought it over and spread it out so that the bars were covered all the way to the floor. There was a zipper on one corner and he pulled it downwards, making the cloth fit nice and tight. She would await his return in her own dark, little world.

He stood looking at the cage for a moment. Part of him was already sorry for his decision, knowing that, for a few weeks at least, he would miss her. But that was the whole point, wasn't it.

He felt like he needed a shower. He stretched and walked towards the bathroom, the sounds of the woman's muted sobs behind him.

The water was refreshing. And it helped clear his mind of the bit of remorse he had for sending the girl off. See, she was already 'the girl' to him. Not Julia. Just 'the girl'.

His act had been impulsive, but he was a man who always trusted his own judgments. It had taken him far. While washing, he decided that he would bring in one of the *mamans* from one of his brothels as a temporary measure. Out of the 350 to 400 girls that usually staffed them, he was sure one could be found to promote to replace her. He could have her flown out first thing in the morning and they could have their getting to know you meeting over by the early afternoon.

He finished washing, brushed his teeth and shaved. He put on some cologne one of his clients had turned him onto from Paris. It was quite unlike the one that had helped entice that girl last night. It was drier and had a kind of sandalwood scent. It was properly understated and gave him just a little bit of a psychic boost.

Outside in the bedroom he walked past the now quiet black cube which housed the girl and went to his dresser. He chose a pair of black, cotton leisure pants, not much different from pajama bottoms. They were loose and soft and made him feel comfortable. No need for underwear. It felt good to be hanging free and unencumbered and made it easier to draw out his cock when he wanted to use it.

He pulled over his head a loose fitting, copper brown knitted shirt. It had short sleeves and a low scooped neck with a light cream colored border sewn on. He put on his dark brown leather sandals. He had had them a long time, more than 10 years. They were comfortable and well broken in, fitting his feet like a glove.

He checked his watch. It was an old Movado with a black, numberless face and golden hands with little diamonds on the tips. He had had gaudier, more expensive watches over the years. In fact, he had a drawer full of them, gifts from clients and such, but he liked the understated qualities of this one. He had bought it in a little shop in Little Italy in New York one night. They were waiting around for this girl to show who they'd been tipped about by an uptown modeling agency. The girl had been told to be at the corner of Grand and Mulberry Streets at 8:30 that evening to meet up with a photographer who was going to do an upscale portfolio for her.

The aspiring, young model from out of town finally showed up a half hour late, dressed to kill and all out of breath and apologetic. A

van which had been parked down the street pulled up, stopped short at the corner and she was tumbled in.

Looking at the watch often made him think of her, a tall, gracefully thin, dark haired beauty from Short Hills, New Jersey. She worked as a luxury girl for a while but didn't really fit in. She had a surly, resentful attitude, causing many conflicts between the girls. She was sent off to their place in Reno where she worked out well under their more impersonal and stringent discipline. Reno was the most rigid and harsh of his bordellos. Troublemakers were often sent there to straighten themselves out for a year or two.

It worked for her, and she went on to do good service in Chicago, St. Louis and their downtown L.A. facility where she became the favorite of several well known movie stars. So she did achieve some fame of a sort, partially fulfilling one of her childhood ambitions, just not in the way that she had imagined. She was eventually purchased by a drug lord from Costa Rica and shipped south.

It was a little before 4:30. The guests would have gone back to their quarters about a half hour ago. There were usually three shifts for the girls. The first was from 10 to 12. Then they, and the guests, broke for lunch. There was another session between 2 and 4 and a third, the longest, between 8 and 11. The men usually varied their routines, having one girl in the morning, another in the afternoon and a third one at night. But there were exceptions. The girls were well trained in extending their guests' pleasures and coaxing them to perform their best. A little medicine usually helped as well.

They would dance for them, massage them, charm them. They would do anything, or suffer anything, a guest desired. Jerome drew the line at doing anything to the girls that would mark them for more than a few days. And he never allowed any girl on girl stuff between them. If the guest wanted to watch two women make love, or make love to two at once, one would be brought over from the bunkhouse for that purpose or one of the maids assigned to the job. He didn't believe in letting any of the girls get too close and doing girl on girl or threesomes encouraged that.

He did make an exception from time to time when it was for his pleasure or on occasion as a special treat for them. But he made them do it in the common room on a futon where everyone could watch. Or if there was a new girl, she would be required to ride the circuit, so to speak, making love to each of the other girls once as part of her orientation to foster group unity.

With the maids, it was a different story. There were days when there were no clients or not enough to go around. He would assign a maid or a girl from the bunkhouse to them and they would be required to pair off. Or he would call in some of the security team to help out. It was considered a special privilege and careful track was kept as to who had had the latest turns.

Jerome believed, and evidence bore him out, that the girls would remain most responsive if they had a constant diet of sexual activity. No girl, no matter how slow business was, was allowed to go through the day without coming at least four times, even if he had to sit them down and make them diddle themselves off right in front of him or one of the stewards. And that included Mondays, which was usually their day off.

Proof of their number of climaxes was easy to come by. The disk on their spine transmitted the level of activity in their nervous systems directly to the main computer through wireless receivers set up at strategic locations throughout the seraglio. Base levels had been established for each of the girls during training. When the place was busy and full up with clients, most of the girls came easily four or five separate times a day, not including multiple orgasms. One of the signs that a girl had to go was a drop off in her orgasmic frequency.

It was normally not a problem. The medicines that were fed the girls fortified their libidos. Not so much that it made them cock hungry bitches, but enough so that on a rainy afternoon when there were no clients, and they were lounging around the common room with nothing to do, they would often put in a request to the *maman* to have someone sent over for them.

The girls were always required to be meticulously clean and to refresh themselves thoroughly between sessions. They were given special training in doing their makeup, which was required to be alluring but not garish. Time alone in their rooms was actively discouraged. In the common room, between sessions or when things were slow, they could watch TV or movies, read, play cards or other games and talk. There was no real reason to edit their conversations. None of them were ever going to be anywhere where they could tell anybody anything. The one thing that was especially and distinctly not allowed though was to tell the other girls their former names, a sin that they were warned would provoke the severest punishment and immediate exile to Reno or someplace worse. Those names didn't exist anymore and were to be forgotten.

Unknown to the girls, everything that was said in the common room or in the girl's rooms where they served the guests, and anywhere else they might be found together alone, was recorded digitally and computer analyzed for certain code words that indicated trouble spots. Even the whispers. More than a few bad eggs were weeded out this way.

As to the movies and TV, and the books they were allowed to read, that had been a problem at the start. Certain movies, T.V. shows and books were just plain old bad for morale, encouraging the girls to long for freedom or for a means of escape or were, given their current circumstances, liable to bring on sadness or even depression. And it was not good for them to be up on current events. They were no longer part of the world and were not to be allowed to engage with it in any way. That was heartily agreed upon by all 3 of Jerome's advisors, the madam, his psychology professor and the assistant warden from Marion, now Assistant Director for the U.S. Bureau of Prisons. He had kept them on retainer. But Jerome had neither the time nor the inclination to review everything the girls were to watch, and there had to be some variety if the girls were not to be driven out of their minds.

It was solved by hiring staff at his corporate headquarters whose job it was to review books, movies and TV shows for objectionable material. The approved, or approved as edited, materials were made available for the girls following strict guidelines drafted by Jerome's psychology professor and approved by him. They even made up a weekly magazine from approved articles they culled from a variety of sources.

The girls often fought for the right to be the first to read it, their only limited, tightly circumscribed window on the outside world. They would parse its contents like Talmudic scholars, looking for the very rare clues on what was going on out there. The girls had been selected, at least in part, for intelligence and they were, as a general rule, smarter than the people putting the materials together so sometimes things slipped through. It arrived every Monday like clockwork.

The idea worked so well that Jerome had the approved materials made available at all his brothels where the girls were similarly isolated. The employees who worked on the project were told that it was being done for prisons and Jerome had actually gotten some contracts from penal institutions. It was written up in several

prominent penology journals. The New York Times did a feature story on it. And the Rattison Corrections Corporation, which runs 25 state and federal prisons and 45 county jails across the country, was negotiating a contract with Jerome's company right now to use it and a similar but more appropriate program Jerome's company had worked out for the men.

The girls all slept in separate cells. When the evening shift was over, they would be required to clean up, allowed to have some herbal tea or decaffeinated coffee and a snack and then off to their cells. They would be allowed a half hour to read or to have some quiet time or to write in the journals that they were all required to keep, and then be chained to their beds for the night. They were allowed and encouraged to masturbate if their last session of the day had left them randy. Their lights would be dimmed but not turned off. There were cameras in every cell and the girls needed to know that at any time someone could be watching.

They could say anything they wanted in the journals, except their former names, of course, and they were never punished for its contents. Sometimes they said some very harsh things about him, but he allowed it in the spirit of giving the girls an outlet for their anger at being turned into sex slaves. Once a week, or more if necessary, they met with the staff psychologist from the training center to help work out adjustments to their problems. For this, the journals were very useful.

Jerome spared no expense, and took advantage of every reasonable means of maintaining the luxury girls as if they were highly trained professionals doing a very difficult but very important job, which, in his mind, they were.

During the night, Bernard, the head steward, and, of course Jerome, had the right to use the girls anytime they wished. It was the only time Bernard was allowed to use them; during the working day, except for Mondays, they were strictly off limits. Mondays were different and on those days the stewards, there were 3 besides Bernard, were permitted to select one of the girls and take her to her work room and use her for an hour. The girls didn't like it. It was their day off, after all. But they were not permitted to complain and if they didn't put in their best effort, they were punished.

The bunkhouse girls were used for all maidly duties. They kept the work rooms clean and neat, changing sheets after each session. They cleaned the common room and the cells, all of the bathrooms.



They assisted in the kitchen and waited table. They washed and cleaned the luxury girls' lingerie. They helped them with their makeup or with their hair. They were available to the stewards at any time they were not busy doing something else. And, except for those kept for the night for Jerome's or one of the stewards' pleasure, none of them slept there. They were marched in chains to and from the bunkhouse every day through an underground tunnel. At the bunkhouse they could be used by any of the staff, level 3 and up.

They serviced the guests' rooms too, which were on the floor beneath the seraglio and, under the supervision of a steward, served them dinner, lunch and breakfast. The guests could use them if they wanted, or whip them if they were in the mood, but it was fairly uncommon given the fact that, although they were selected for their attractiveness and had all been well trained, most of them could not hold a match to the girls upstairs, who were the ones the guests had come to use in the first place. But after 11, one or two were kept on hand in the event that any of the guests had not exhausted his forces during the day or wanted a blowjob before turning in.

The maids were never allowed to talk and usually carried around in their mouths one of the same blue balls that Eddie had fed Nancy down below. Unlike the luxury girls, who were allowed to wear alluring and provocative lingerie or slinky and revealing gowns, the maids remained naked. The bracelets and collars worn by the luxury girls were made of shiny, polished steel, while the maids wore the same bright red ones they had been issued in training and had been probably been applied to them within hours, if not moments, of their capture.

All of the girls, every one that had passed through his house or Reuther's, wore on the lower, outer portion of her left leg, a few inches above the ankle, a two inch high tattoo, in red, of his monogram, the same emblem burned into their collars. The only difference was that the girls who came through his mansion were given three little blue stars spread in an arch over it denoting their special training and given to them on the date of their 'graduation'.

Jerome passed through the door to his bedroom and stepped into the hall. One of the maids was standing there, in a recessed alcove. As per instruction, her hands were crossed behind her back and her head was looking down at the floor, at a spot about 3 feet ahead of her. She was shapely and voluptuous, with full breasts that sat proudly on her chest. Her wavy, blond hair went to her shoulders.

She hadn't been given a name yet, at least not an official one. The girls in the bunkhouse were appended numerical references commencing in the mid 20's: 25, 26, 27, etc. It was necessary to differentiate them somehow. They wore their designation on a little disc attached to the front of their collars. Her appellation was 43, normally 25 or so girls were kept in the bunkhouse, and she wore, correspondingly, a yellow disc with a black numeral on her collar big enough so that it could be readily seen.

A 3 star girl, she had been deemed just a little too big boned to serve as a luxury girl. And her personality was not right, just a little too flat for true excellence. She was on the list to be shipped out to one of the bordellos. Montreal and Cincinnati had put a bid in on her. Jerome took note of her, but nothing more.

The look of unbridled hatred she gave him as he passed would be picked up the next morning from one of the house surveillance videos by Bernhard. He spot checked them daily for sins just like this. She would be returned to the training area for 2 weeks of intensive correction. It was not a sin for her to hate her masters, but it was not permissible to express it.

He checked into the dining room. Two maids were busily setting it. There were 8 settings, one for each of the luxury girls, one for him and one for Julia. He told one of them to take two away. Julia would not be joining them tonight and Angelica was under punishment.

The girls would still be cleaning themselves up from their afternoon sessions. He had a little time to kill before they could be expected to come out so he continued down the hall to his office.

It was the only room on this floor or in the guests' area downstairs, or in the training center, of course, or the bunkhouse, where there was an outside line. All the other telephones were linked only by an intercom system. They responded only when cleared by the thumb print of an authorized user. All of the guests were required to surrender their cell phones on arrival. Any emergent communications had to be submitted by a special email. A copy of the email would be passed on to the guest during one of the breaks. He could dictate a reply or pass through to the mansion proper and make a call or two.

Jerome's office was large and well decorated. It was a rustic style. The desk was of heavy, well polished oak with a golden brown finish. He had behind it, naturally, a big, black leather reclining chair. On the walls were a number of paintings he had acquired over the

years, mostly Western landscapes, one an original Remington showing Apache tribesmen engaged in a furious charge.

A well-polished, lacquered globe stood in one corner. It was of 16<sup>th</sup> century origins and was said to have been presented to the King and Queen of Spain by its artificer and demarking their New World empire. The thick rug was Native American, an original Hopi design, a combination of reds and blacks and blues on a beige background. An old fashioned Wild West type chandelier that had been converted from kerosene burning lanterns to electric ones hung from the tall ceiling in the middle of the room. It once hung in one of the rather more successful and boisterous saloons in Dodge City, or so the dealer had said. Hand crafted, maple, padded chairs stood before the desk. Solid, dark maple credenzas ran along two walls adorned by statuary of various beasts, both real and mythical. His prize piece was an 8" tall, Mayan clay figurine of a naked and big breasted woman, a fertility goddess, dating from 300 B.C.E.

The walls were of knotted maple panels, stained dark, giving the room an intimate atmosphere. A heavy cabinet, about 5' tall concealed crystal snifters and bottles of rare and refined brandies and cognacs he had acquired. Another cabinet contained some of the antique modes of confinement and correction he had accumulated, a wooden thumb press, primitive handcuffs dating from the 14<sup>th</sup> century. There was a set of iron manacles dating back to Roman times. His prize piece was a large cast iron brank, a device used in the middle ages to punish scolds and gossips, mostly women, of course.

It was of unusual design. There was a large plug that went in the mouth. The bottom of the plug was covered with a convex shaped cloth pad that went over the tongue. The top was covered with small rounded spikes. It was expanded by the use of a screw until the pad had depressed and captured the tongue. The spikes on top created extreme discomfort to the roof of the woman's mouth once the headpiece was screwed closed. The face plate was designed to look like a demon with an evil smile and sharp, cut out, metal teeth. A large piece went over the nose and there were small cut outs for the eyes, smaller than the eyes themselves, about the size of a nickel, so that the wearer's vision would be severely limited. Little, round, metal discs were affixed just above the cut outs for the eyes by a metal stud. Normally worn up, they could be swung down to cover the eye holes, blinding the victim completely.

A bell hung from the top that would ring whenever the wearer moved, letting everyone know she was coming, or if she violated an order to stand completely still. The earpieces had funnels on them to direct sound to the ear and two more little bells that would prevent the woman from hearing anything else when she moved about. All this was bound to the head by steel bands that went behind the head and under the chin.

It was perfectly functional. Jerome sometimes had one of the girls wear it for an hour or so as a punishment. She would have to stand perfectly still and every time one of the bells rang, another 10 minutes would be added to her discomfiture. The record was 3 ½ hours. The poor girl just couldn't stand still. By the end, she was sobbing and sobbing, unable to control herself. Jerome finally relented, had her whipped instead, and sent her down to the training rooms for a week of correction.

On the desk was a widescreen computer monitor tied into the mansion's mainframe and a keyboard. To the left was a phone. It was somewhat old fashioned, but Jerome did not believe in making calls on a wireless handset for security reasons. Any calls made from this office would be almost always of a very sensitive nature. And although Jerome sometimes met with clients or guests here, no slave had ever crossed its threshold.

Jerome stepped over to the desk and sat down before the computer. He quickly called up the rosters of several of the brothels. He was especially interested in the files on their *mamans*. The program was set up so that he could scroll through them easily. He quickly focused on the one serving in the facility just outside San Francisco. Her name was Elise and she had been serving as the mother hen there for nearly 3 years. Checking on her personnel file, he saw that she had come through the mansion a little more than 7 years before. She was now 29 and still quite enchanting and healthy, as her most recent photographs and physical examination from her biannual review showed. She had been initially, after a spell in the bunkhouse, assigned to Philadelphia, where she served very well for 2 years receiving outstanding reviews in deportment and client satisfaction. She showed some deficiencies in the adjustment categories in her first year, which was to be expected, but by the end of her second was earning high marks.

From Philadelphia, she went to Kansas City, then Denver and, from there, was promoted to *maman* in San Francisco. The *mamans*

were usually rotated after 3 years anyway and would be shipped out to another city if their ratings were good enough, or, if not, off to Reuther's for retraining, reclassification and marketing. Elise's reports from San Francisco were excellent. She would definitely be snapped up by another city.

He scrolled through her most recent photographs. Her breasts were a bit on the small side, but were firm and plumpishly round. Her stomach was taut and flat and her thighs were firm. Her profile showed a classical quality to her face. Her lips were full and she had a pleasing smile. Her hair was straight and black and she had been allowed to grow it long, down to her waist. The photos showed her both with it tied off in back in a long, full ponytail, and loose, flowing down her shoulders. She was shown naked, of course, from a variety of angles and poses, and in a series of lingerie, both long, clinging, diaphanous gowns and more revealing corsets and stockings. There were several candid shots which helped reveal her character. Her marks on sexual technique and responsiveness were still quite high.

Jerome had, together with the madam he had on retainer, developed a matrix of review standards to be applied across the board to the girls in his brothels. Weekly reports were filed on every girl. The regular staff was reviewed by the *mamans* and the stewards separately with notes being compared at the end of each month. Every client was encouraged to complete a questionnaire with 12 questions meant to measure satisfaction. Full physical reviews and photo sessions were done twice a year. The *mamans* were reviewed by the head steward and the facility manager. The process could not be made entirely objective, as there were many subjective categories, but overall it was far superior to the anecdotal and episodic methods of prior years.

The madam, her name was Jeannine LeBlanc, had run a specialty house in New Orleans for 35 years. She audited the reports, going into the field and doing spot checks on the girls, to make sure that the system was being followed. Jeanine was into her 60's but she had maintained herself very well and still had a sufficiently robust libido to enable her to have sessions with the girls to test them out for herself.

Jerome took a look in detail at a couple of other women, specifically a *maman* named Paulette in Sante Fe and one in Miami

named Inez. They were both tempting and close to finishing their terms, but he kept on coming back to Elise.

He picked up the phone. Tony Amato ran the San Francisco store. He was most accommodating. They bullshitted for a while. Tony had his eye on the Asian girl they had downstairs. Her file had been sent around last week to all the managers along with 3 others getting close to completion. Tony had a large Chinese, Korean and Japanese clientele and although they enjoyed the use of the Caucasian and Afro-American girls, they naturally gravitated to women who met the ideals of their culture. In the end, Jerome agreed to let him have her, but obtained a promise that recruitment of Asian females be stepped up in his market with a view to acquiring suitable candidates for both Reuther's and the mansion. Any girls recruited there, of course, would be shipped out to facilities in the Midwest or the East Coast. There was no problem with no. 6, the Asian girl they had been talking about. At the time of her acquisition she had been a biology major at the University of Minnesota and hailed from the Chicago area.

Jerome rang off the call and switched the computer display to the camera in the cell where no. 6 was being currently housed. She was petite, about 5'5", and slender, but well developed from years of swimming and working out. Her black hair had been long down her back at the time of her capture, but, like Nancy's, it had been cut back to just above shoulder length. Right now it was drawn back in a ponytail. Her features were delicate, but she had a wide mouth and lips that came to a perfect pout when her mouth was closed.

She had been acquired through a legitimate intern project they had set up but that they used to uncover potential recruits. So far this year it had drawn in a thousand applications nationwide. More than 350 girls had been interviewed. Legitimate internships had been found for all of them. 25 likely 'A' candidates, good looking, vibrant, physically well developed young women had been identified. Tabs were being kept on them. They would be processed over a 10 month period to help avoid suspicion. Twenty would go to their class 'A' program at Reuther's and five, the best looking and most qualified by intelligence, personality and deportment, to the mansion. Jerome had approved the selections himself after viewing the videos of the girls' interviews. This was the program's 7<sup>th</sup> year. Once the interviewees had been culled for 'A' girls, the full list was looked at for 'B's and 'C's.

The girl was on her knees paying oral obeisance to one of the trainers. Her arms were locked behind her back. He zoomed the camera down on where the rubber met the road, so to speak, noting her vigorous mouth action on the trainer's cock. Her face had an impassioned, dedicated mien to it. Her eyes were pointed straight up, scouring the face of her subject for any clue as to how to best serve him.

He scanned the camera back and took note of the pleased, well satisfied face of the trainer. It was Chet Dawkins, a former biker from the Wausau, Wisconsin area, a member of the Rogues motorcycle gang. He had fled the coop when everyone else in his local chapter had been picked up on a state racketeering indictment. Jerome had done some business with them from time to time and when Chet sought him out, he helped fix the beef. Chet had been as loyal as an apostle ever since. He still had some contacts and Jerome was often given first dibs on primo female product that the other chapters of the gang came across.

Chet had black hair, stood 6'3" and was well developed from working out in the yard at Wolverton State Prison when he did a three year bid in the late eighties. He had a series of coarse tattoos all over him. And although it made the girls frantically fearful of him, he was actually the most sensitive and ablest trainers of the bunch. That was why Jerome had him working most often with girls in the late stages of their training when their obligation to obey had already been instilled into them like a religious mania. Not that he didn't work a mean whip when it was called for.

Jerome watched Chet plow the receptive and attractive girl's mouth for a few minutes, pausing every once in a while to lodge himself for 10-15 seconds or so in the girl's throat, which the girl took without any trouble. Chet was just beginning to groan his impending completion when Jerome clicked the tableau off. He had another call to make. He clicked the entry on his speed dial. After 3 rings, a male voice came on the line.

"Jennings," it barked out.

"Bob, it's Jerome. How're you doing?"

"Jerome, good to hear from you. I've been expecting your call. How's my little baby?" Jennings had a slight Western twang to his voice, evidencing his status as a born and bred resident of Wyoming from where he ran his national operations. His ranch, its border 25 miles from the nearest town, comprised over 200 square miles of

mostly undisturbed, semi-arid prairie and rough, hilly, virtually impenetrable country. It was the perfect place for keeping a female slave prisoner. Jerome's security guys approved it hands down.

Jennings was a one on one kind of guy. He had mountains of money and could have easily afforded a bevy of embonded women, but he chose to limit himself to one. So she had to be special and Jerome's mansion was the best, steady source for that kind of female. He kept a stable of unfortunate Hispanic migrant females jobbed off by unscrupulous *coyotes* for the hired help. As a favor to Jerome, he usually culled the women referred to him for the best and allowed Jerome to collect them untouched. Every fall, after round up was completed, except for one or two to be kept available for the winter, the *mujeres* were sent to Reuther's for training as 'C' girls. Jerome insisted that no girl who had ever worked previously as a whore, be it voluntary or involuntary, ever be admitted into the 'A' or 'B' programs. Every year, in September, Jennings ran a huge week long party for special friends and rented 10-12 'B' girls from Reuther's to round out the entertainment. They were shipped to and from there on a bus licensed by the U.S. Bureau of Prisons.

Jerome had switched the display from no. 6's cell to where no. 9 was currently being held. The picture of the girl all naked and spread out on the massage table in the personal hygiene cell popped up on his screen. He noted her bound form and the unhappy noises that were emerging from under the black hood over her head. Even recumbent, her breasts projected enticingly from her chest. Her torso was just slim enough to be almost perfect in relation to her size and build. He recalled playing with her well displayed, plump pussy back at the bar and the smell of her excitement on his fingers. It made his cock stir.

"She's doing fine," he responded, his eyes on her alluring form. "There was no problem during acquisition. She's down in the training rooms now. I'd say she'd be ready to ship in 2 or 3 days."

"That's great news," Jennings replied. "I can't wait to get my hands on her. I assume you'll be making plans to pick up Diane at the same time."

"That's right," Jerome confirmed.

Diane was the girl who was currently leased out to Jennings. She had been there about 18 months. Jerome had had someone out to evaluate her a couple of weeks ago. Despite her sojourn with Jennings, she was still in fairly decent shape, considering Jennings'



inclinations. She was to be brought back to Reuther's for some rest and reorientation and then sent off to one of his bordellos. Or he might make her available for an international sale. He hadn't decided quite yet.

Dropping off and picking up for transfer from place to place was not a problem other than pure logistics. Jerome's legitimate business interests included an air and ground shipment division to deliver goods and personnel between and among his varied enterprises. They had 5 or 6 jets in the air on any particular day. A special truck with a special driver and his helper would pack Diane up in one of their specially designed crates. Then she would be delivered to a company jet at the nearest medium sized airstrip capable of handling it, and flown to Reuther's private strip or to anywhere in the US or Canada.

He had a large factory complex in Mexico with its own airstrip. He used that as the clearinghouse for international shipments to the rest of Latin and South America. All Asian shipments were processed by a Chinese outfit in Oakland, California. Europe was handled through New York, from a secure transfer facility they had built on the outskirts of Kennedy Airport, although the market there was kind of limited due to all the Eastern European and former Soviet Union women being traded back and forth across the Eurozone. All Middle East and North African traffic ran through an operation in Sicily.

The outgoing international market was limited by the number of women who could be culled from domestic populations without raising a hue and cry. And there were several other nation-wide syndicates in the same business. But Jerome had found that a continuous, although limited, stream of American females flowing out made it easier to have access to a larger, steadier supply moving in.

A nice, pure, almond eyed Egyptian or Iranian girl, for instance, could reach Reuther's within a few days of capture. Five or six weeks later, after breaking in and training, she could be on a plane to Mexico, destined for anywhere in South or Central America, or to California for shipment to Asia. Likewise, he could have a trained, exotic Asian female in Sicily or at their facility just outside of Durango in North Central Mexico, within a little over a month of her arrival in Oakland his bright red tattoo on her lower right leg an indicia of her quality.

The international trade was but a small part of Jerome's overall operations, but the trademark tattoo on the left ankles of his product

had developed quite a cachè abroad and the demand was growing. He had had some feelers from the Sicilian operation they dealt with about licensing his system out to them. Jerome had his doubts, but had one of his people at Reuther's looking at various pricing and cost scenarios and other issues.

"Listen, Bob," he continued after a moment's pause, "I've got a proposition for you."

"Does it involve the new girl?" Jennings asked. "Because you pretty much promised her to me. I told you I would pay top dollar just based on her pre-acquisition pictures alone. You're not going to welsh on me now, are you?"

"Yeah, it involves the new girl," Jerome replied. "And I'm not going to welsh on you. If you want her, she's yours. Virtually untouched, as you requested. It's just that I think I have something that might interest you more."

"I'm listening,"

"You've been after me to let you have Julia for some time now. I've always said no, but she's become available."

"As of when?"

"As of today."

"Wow, that's a surprise!" Jennings exclaimed. "The regular terms and conditions?"

"Yeah, other than no permanent scarring, you can do anything you want with her. A one year contract. Her rate is double the usual. And, if for any reason she doesn't work out in the first 90 days, I'll give you first pick of anyone who graduates or is in training and a substantial discount."

"Oh, I'm sure she'd work out," Jennings stated. There was an excitement in his voice that did not bode well for the former *maman*. But Jerome had already known that.

"Then it's a deal?"

"I don't know. I was kind of looking forward to breaking in the new one."

"Well, I'm not going to twist your arm," Jerome told him. "I know a couple of places that would be very interested in having Julia. I just figured that since you have been after me to let you have her for so long, you'd jump at the opportunity."

Jerome was watching as no. 9 seemed to erupt into a paroxysm of activity, pulling and yanking fiercely at the bonds that held her ankles and wrists and emitting a loud wail of misfortune, shaking her heavy

breasts back and forth wonderfully. After about 15 seconds, her body surrendered to the implacability of her confinements again and she commenced to sob.

"I have to admit, it's very tempting," Jennings returned. "When could you get her here?"

"Well, I was going to have her retrained for a week or two, but if you want, I can have her there tomorrow night. I've got a jet coming in tomorrow anyway."

"What's her status now?"

"She's in my bedroom all caged up. My plan is to whip her tonight and then send her downstairs."

"That's perfect. After that, I want her fully sedated. Not knocked out, but really out of it. And I don't want her to see anybody or talk to anybody. I want her kept naked and hogtied right up till the moment you package her. And I want her shaved bald, even her eyebrows. Not a hair on her body." Jennings's voice was excited.

"No problem. So it's a deal?"

"Yes, it's a deal. But I want to be free to ring and tag her. In fact, you could do the rings tonight, nose, through the septum, a number 4 ring, heavy, so she really knows it's there, and for her pussy, five on each side. Nipples too. I'll do the tagging myself."

Jerome gave it a moment's thought. They didn't usually ring the girls. It offended his sense of aesthetics, especially for the more beautiful women. They could do it though, and did it sometimes for special orders. It wasn't what he had in mind for Julia, but the holes for the accouterments would mostly close up once they were removed, except for the septum, which would have to be repaired.

"Okay," Jerome responded. "But no tattooing and no branding. If you want to do that I'll send over one of the 'C' girls from Reuther's."

"Understood." Jennings answered. "Are you going to leave her gold plated collar and bracelets on?"

"If you want."

"Yeah, that would be great. I want it to be like she went to sleep one night at your place and woke up the next at mine."

"Okay." Jerome thought for a minute and then added, "She's got a violin. She plays exceptionally well and it's the same instrument she had before she was acquired. Should I send it on?"

"Naw," Jennings replied. "She's not going to have any time for any shit like that."

“As you wish,” Jerome confirmed. He would save it for her for when she was returned from Jennings a year from now. It was the least he could do for her. And, unlike for Diane whose contract had been extended 6 months, he was determined that there would be no option for renewal for Julia. If Jennings had made that a condition he would have said no.

They chatted a bit. He wasn’t one of Jerome’s favorite clients. He never encouraged him to come up to the mansion to enjoy his luxury girls because he was so hard on them. It was unavoidable though and he usually came 3 or 4 times a year.

He rang off. During his conversation with Jennings, the girl on the screen had stopped sobbing. His eyes had been on her the entire time. She couldn’t quite lie still. Her right leg would pull at its confine, then her left leg would move, testing just how much play there was in the chain, and there wasn’t much. Her hips would squirm. She would arch her back. Her hands would clench and unclench. She would move her shrouded head from side to side. It was as if she could not quite surrender herself to her fate, that part of her disbelieved what her senses were telling her. That if she just thought the right thoughts, moved in just the right, special way, gave the correct tug or pull on her bonds, she could get up and walk away. She could tear off her hood and discover that it had all been a terrible dream.

As he looked at her now he was experiencing something different than when he had first focused the camera on her. Then she had been just attractive product that was going to be moved down the line. She belonged, in equity if not in title, to someone else no matter how much he coveted her. Now it was different. Now she was wholly and totally his. He could do anything he wanted to her. What would he do? What would he make of her? He had desired her and now he had her. He would take his time deciding. Before he could see in her the being she was to become, there was still the difficult and necessary task of scraping away who she had been. Not that she would ever wholly forget her past life. But the trick was to burrow it so deep within her that day by day it would become harder and harder for her to draw it out until, finally, it would not be worth the effort.

He looked at his watch. It was 2 minutes after 5. The girls had an hour before dinner to wash themselves up and rest. They would be standing at their prescribed places at the table now, in silence, awaiting his arrival. The maids would be standing, silent too, at their

servicing stations. Bernard, the head steward, would be standing there watching guard over them. It was time to go.

He turned off the screen and got up from the chair. His phone conversations had given him a nice sense of accomplishment. Things had gotten done, the paradigms of people's lives had been shifted. Most importantly, he had gotten what he wanted.

When he stepped into the dining room, all eyes shifted to him. He gave his property a perusing glance and then a nod to his steward. He pulled out his chair and sat down. Five lovely ladies followed suit.

They were dressed in differently colored but similarly cut, diaphanous gowns. Jerome was not too particular what they wore to breakfast or lunch. Those meals were largely casual and if they wanted to come half naked, or wearing a corset and stockings, or, for that matter, completely nude, although he usually preferred they wear at least panties for the sake of the chairs, that was their affair. Usually most of them wore something. But dinner was different. It was more formal and he insisted that the girls dress accordingly.

To his immediate right was Dolores. She was the eldest of the group at 23 and had just turned 21 when she was acquired. She had a round, sweet face, pleasant lips and dark brown eyes. Her hair was dark brown and wavy, cut just above her shoulders. She wore a gown of light green. The pale skin of her heavy breasts could be sensed behind the light fabric where it touched. She always had a slightly sad look on her face, not sad really, but, perhaps, pensive or detached. You could tell that deep emotions flowed within her. From time to time, when she laughed, for Jerome encouraged light heartedness among the girls, her face would alight and her inner purity would shine through. When she fucked she entered another zone, one that bordered on spiritual, as if all of her troubles could be carried away by the flood of lust that consumed her. It was best when you surrendered to her mood, unified yourself with her aura, immersed yourself in her flow. It could be a very moving experience.

Next to her, to her right, was Rosalie. At 22, she had been a luxury girl for 7 months. She was wearing a very light purple gown, just short of lavender. While Dolores's gown had a 'V' neck that plunged between her ample breasts, Rosalie's gown had a broadly rounded neckline that displayed her breasts almost to the nipple. Rosalie had been recruited in Shreveport, Louisiana. She had a bit of the Creole in her and she spoke in that sometimes chopped up patois.

Her hair was auburn with bright red highlights. Her skin slightly reddish too, as if a little Choctaw blood had emerged in her.

She was more petite than the others, but not child-like. Her face was long and wide, almost a perfect oval. She had exciting hazel eyes, slightly large for her face, that glazed over as if she had become entranced when she was brought to passion. Her lips were wide and covered a large surface when she drifted them up and down your cock. Her breasts were slightly conical and jutted out firmly. She had wide, dark areolas and nipples that seemed to come to a little point. Of all the girls, she was the one who had developed her inner muscles the best. When she rode on top and stroked you with her crevasse, it felt almost like there was another mouth there suckling hard on your cock.

Chantal came next. She had creamy, brown skin that shined. Her hair too was black, but cut up into short little curls. Her face conveyed pride and nobility, like some Nubian princess. Her 22<sup>nd</sup> birthday was just last month which they celebrated on the very next Monday with a little party with cupcakes, spiked punch, party hats, and a few ridiculous, fun games that reduced him and the girls to belly laughs and tears. She was tall, over 5'10", and had long legs and strong thighs. Her breasts were small, or smallish, but they were firm and rode proudly on her chest. They were very sensitive and she moaned and groaned as you suckled them.

Fucking her was like engaging in some tribal ritual. Her body seemed to be moving in many ways at once, all in harmony to some entrancing rhythm. Her gown was dark red, close to maroon. It was sleeveless. Two pleated panels covered her breasts, hugging their forms and outlining them nicely and were held up by straps that went behind her neck. Her sides, shoulders and upper back were uncovered. What set her apart from the other girls was her special ability to draw out your lust, to bring you to the edge a dozen times and then make you explode. She had a sixth sense when it came to arousal. And her mouth was hungry on your cock, devouring it.

To Chantal's right was Surita. What could he say about Surita? She was enchanting and his current favorite. She was a little under 5'7", his ideal height for a luxury girl. She was wearing a saffron colored sheath with red borders and a deep 'V' neckline.

Her family was from Sri Lanka, formerly Ceylon. She had wonderful, honey-brown skin. Her face was exotic with deep, dark eyes, thick, black eyebrows, high cheek bones and luscious lips. Her

black hair was long, down to the middle of her back. When she had been acquired, he had given special orders that it not be cut. Her breasts were round and full, with dark, almost black areolas and thick fat nipples that could be easily seen through her translucent dress. She had the use of her mouth down to an art and moved so sinuously and smoothly, she seemed always to be dancing to some beguiling music. There was a cinnamon aroma to her skin as if she had grown up eating plates of it. She was very limber and when you fucked her on her back, she could rub your upper back with her heels.

Her family had moved to the States when she was 3. Her parents had been killed in a car crash when she was 14. Like most of her relatives, they worked for their rich “uncle”, really a cousin twice removed, who owned a number of first class hotels around the country. He was, because of the family relationship, obliged to take her in. He was a regular user of Jerome’s bordellos in the various cities where his hotels were located and Jerome had met him a number of times and they had become friendly.

At dinner one night, right before the girl turned 18, he showed Jerome some pictures of her and gave her a glowing description. Jerome bought her on the spot, although he had to wait 6 weeks until her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday to collect her. She was picked up 3 days afterwards. Every time Jerome saw the uncle now, he asked Jerome to be invited to the mansion so he could fuck her. It was there that Jerome drew the line and he said no.

The uncle had turned him on to at least a dozen other beautiful Sri Lankan girls, imported by him with the illusion that they would be working in one of his hotels. Jerome had no problem with the uncle fucking them. He was working on a deal with the uncle for the importation of beautiful, educated Pakistani and Indian girls as well under the same pretense. The great thing about them is that most of them spoke at least a little English and were therefore easier to train.

Angela should have been sitting in the next chair, but she was spending time in the punishment room, “under discipline” as Julia had called it, so she wasn’t wearing anything right at that moment. She was the most voluptuous of the girls. Her breasts were large and fleshy, nice, firm pillows to squeeze and play with, and, unfortunately for the mild mannered, gentle girl, perfectly made for abuse.

Her hips were wide and her thighs thick, but not too thick for her frame, and the muscles were firm with a complete absence of flab.

Her rear cheeks were plump, rendering them more than suitable for cruelty, especially with a cane since there was so much flesh there to cushion the abuse. Her nipples were long and fat, her pussy lips plump. There was so much beautiful flesh on her, all properly proportioned and firm but not hard, that when you fucked her it felt like you had set sail on a beautiful, fleshy ark all set to carry you away. She called out wildly as she came.

As Julia and Jerome had discussed, she had a rebellious streak despite her innate gentleness. If she could not tame it, she would be shipped off to Reuther's and then sent someplace where they would be prepared to deal with her acts of rebellion with finality and crush it out of her once and for all. Jerome hated thinking of her ending up like that, doing 15 or 20 men a day in some rathole, but he had standards to maintain and he had to consider her effect on the other girls. Like Julia, she sometimes cried at night in her little cell. She was the one that Bernard liked to fuck the most at night after she had been chained to her bed. He was neither polite nor gentle.

Last but not least was Eleanor. She was the most classically beautiful of the luxury girls. She was wearing a powder blue gown. It was cinched just below the breasts like a French Empire dress, emphasizing their heft. The gown was sleeveless with a single panel as a bodice that captured both her breasts tightly and then narrowed towards the neck leaving her shoulders and upper back bare. Her features were soft and well proportioned. Her blue eyes were sparkly. She had gorgeous breasts, firm and round. They sat in a classical pose, bulbous on the ends and curving up slightly, making her nipples point upwards. Her areolas were wide and pale pink. Her torso and hips curved gracefully. She was the only blond, something a little unusual because there was usually more than one.

Her lips were round and sweet. She had the palest skin of all the girls, although Dolores came close. When flogged, it turned bright pinkish, which the guests found, to her dismay, eminently pleasing. Her hair was a little short since she was only 2 ½ weeks from promotion from the training areas. She was skittish and nervous and Jerome had his doubts as to whether she would make the grade. There had been no complaints so far from the guests though, so maybe she had hope after all.

Her shameful secret was that when used anally, her passions went off the chart. She would scream and grunt and call out, fucking her user back hard. It was noted on the data file made available to all the



guests. When Jerome had shown it to her, her eyes had filled up with tears at the knowledge that the guests would often choose her for this trait. This was perceived as a form of rebellion and resulted in a severe whipping since this kind of behavior needed to be nipped right in the bud.

So far, she had cried herself to sleep every night, sometimes sobbing woefully. Jerome didn't mind occasional expressions of sorrow by the girls. This was to be expected. After all, they had been torn from their lives and everyone that loved them. He was understanding on this score. Regardless of their status as slaves, they were still human beings and deserved some sympathy. But Eleanor had been warned that if this conduct continued he would have to take steps to correct it.

Jerome did not require the girls to be happy. That was really too much to ask. But they were required to act as if they were. If they made that effort, it would, in some sense, become true. And they could not present pleasant and alluring faces to the guests if they were moping all the time. The guests were entitled to the illusion that they were happy in their work, that nothing in the world meant more to them than to please the men who used and abused them. It was really not as difficult as it seemed. All whoredom depended on the illusion that the woman purveying her flesh relished the opportunity to make a warm, wet home for her customers' cocks. Millions of women had done it since the dawn of time.

A few moments after Jerome had taken his seat and all the girls had followed suit, Bernard went around the table filling the small wineglasses permitted the girls with a nice, dry, Soave that Jerome liked. At his signal, one of the maids produced from the kitchen a large silver platter. On it was a long, thick, sizzling broiled salmon filet garnished with parsley and sprinkled with fresh, crushed garlic and just squeezed lemon juice. Bernard cut a nice piece for each girl and placed it on her plate, serving Jerome last. Another slave girl followed carrying a silver bowl filled with bright green, freshly cooked green beans mixed with slivers of almonds. Behind her came a maid with a bowl with crispy roasted potatoes. As each maid passed, each of the girls spooned out a fairly well sized portion of the side dish and placed it on her plate.

No one was allowed to eat until everybody had been served. When the maids had completed their circling of the table, they retreated into little alcoves. Jerome raised his wine glass and smiled

at the girls. "To beauty," he toasted, ritually. They raised their glasses in return and said, "To you, master." Everyone took a drink.

During dinner, Jerome peppered the girls with questions. Were they pleasing to their guests? How many times did they come? He made them describe what their guests had done to them. Rosalie had been whipped by Mr. Johnson over her breasts. She drew her gown down off of her shoulders and showed everyone. There were deep red stripes across them. The girls sympathized with her. Jerome told her how pretty they looked that way and told her that she should leave them out. Rosalie hesitated, a wave of gloom crossing her face and then disappearing. If Jerome thought her abused breasts pretty, he would ensure that they looked that way all the time. No protest was possible. Only one response was permitted. She managed the best smile she could and said, "Thank you, master."

There was a soap opera they had all been following and he asked Rosalie to fill him in on the recent chapters since he had missed them. This brought her back to life and sparked a lively debate between her and Chantal as to whether the man who had kidnapped the ingénue of the show was in love with her and whether she would fall in love with him.

He mentioned Dolores' hair which had been recently cut and how much he liked it. Dolores demurred respectfully stating that she liked it the other way, longer and with bangs. Rosalie and Chantal both vehemently disagreed. Eleanor was acting a little moody. He made a note to himself to have Bernard see to an increase in her dosage of medication. She was an avid reader and Jerome asked her about the book she was reading, one of the Trollope novels permitted by his 'committee'. This seemed to animate her more as she described the intricacies of the plot.

None of the girls mentioned the missing Julia. Their eyes just kind of flitted over her place at the table and then flitted away. Four of them, Chantal, Rosalie, Surita and Dolores were used to seeing girls go missing. Tara, a red headed, Irish girl who had been very popular had disappeared just a little over 2 weeks ago. Jerome had sent her and a brace of girls from the bunkhouse to their newest facility just outside of Charleston, South Carolina. He had sent a crew of trainers there from Reuther's and allowed the new partner who was to manage the facility to conduct a limited draft of the other bordellos to fill out his 15 girl crib. Madam LeBlanc was there now helping to whip the girls into shape. She would serve as their *maman* for the

first few months. They were to open in two weeks. Jerome planned to be there to cut the ribbon. A host of the wealthiest and most powerful members of the community there had been invited to attend. So far, no one had said no.

Everyone was required to clean their plates. It was not a hardship since the fish was so delicious and the other dishes done perfectly, the beans crisp and flavorful, the potatoes browned to a turn. The cook had mixed sautéed onions and mushrooms with them heavily flavored with butter. Since he had been away for a few days, Jerome decided to offer the girls another glass of wine as a special treat. They all accepted readily, smiling and thankful. His 'offer', of course, had the effect of an order. It was his requirement that everyone pretend that it wasn't, but to obey it nonetheless. In this case, however, he believed the pleasure the girls exhibited at the prospect was genuine.

Dessert consisted of a ripe, pitted half pear covered with a caramelized honey and brandy sauce. All the girls loved it and exhibited unfeigned smiles when it was served. When dessert was finished, the girls were excused so that they could spend some time resting, attending to personal matters, write in their journals or watch TV for an hour or so. All except Eleanor. When she was about to leave, Jerome called her over.

He drew her up on his lap. She put her arm behind his back.

"Did you enjoy your dinner, Eleanor?" he asked her.

"Yes, master, very much," she answered.

"You're just so pretty, I wanted to spend some time with you," he said. He reached his hands up to the back of her neck and asked, "Do you mind?"

"No, master," she answered.

He undid the tie there and drew her bodice down from over her breasts. His right hand claimed the one on her left, she was sitting on his left thigh, and he squeezed and massaged it and then the other, both in their turn. When he took one of her nipples in his mouth and began to suckle it, she drew in her breath and then released a long sigh. While he suckled the other, his hand ran along her covered thigh, over her knee and down her leg. He slipped it under the hem of her gown and drew it up her naked leg until it was seated on top of her left thigh, the one away from him. He left it there for a moment, rubbing it back and forth lightly, and then drew it across her belly,

making her shiver, and then dropped it down until it had captured her mons.

The girl spread her legs wider instinctively to give him access. He stroked it a few times, just dribbling the tips of his fingers across the sensitive flesh and then slipped two fingers between her labia, sliding them up and down until he could feel her wetness.

Her arm had become tighter across his shoulders and her head dropped, nestling in his neck. She sighed again.

He spoke to her. "You're very pretty, Eleanor and, believe it or not, a very lucky girl. There are much worse places that you could have gone to. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, master," she sighed. His fingers were inside her now, slipping in and out of her canal.

"I know you're not happy, but you have to try. I don't want to send you away or punish you, but I'm going to have to if you don't do better. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes, master," she answered. Her voice was a little cracked as if she were fighting off tears.

"Did you enjoy your dinner?"

"Yes, master."

"Do you think that girls at other places eat like we do?"

"No, master."

"Don't I try and make you as comfortable as I can?"

"Yes, master."

"Then, what's wrong with you?"

"I'm sorry, master. I try not to think about the past, but I can't help it. When I'm all alone at night it all seems to come rushing back at me. I get overwhelmed. I feel so lonely. I don't want to be a whore."

Jack encouraged the girls to speak as honestly as they could. It was better to have these things out in the open.

"But you know that's what you are now, don't you, Eleanor?"

"Yes, master."

"And you are never going back to who you were. That person doesn't exist anymore. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, master."

His hand was still probing her canal. He was speaking to her softly. She was answering in kind. He paused in his questioning to give her pussy a few intense, determined strokes. He kept doing it until she moaned.

“Does that feel good, Eleanor?” he asked her.

“Oh, yes master,” she replied, sighing.

“Don’t I treat you well?”

“Y-yes, master,” she answered, her voice wavering.

“Didn’t I give you a pretty, new name?”

“Y-yes, master,” she managed to get out amidst a long, impassioned moan.

“You have to stop crying every night, Eleanor. It’s no good. Do you understand?”

“Y-yes, master.”

“I tell you what I’m going to do. I’m going to go to bed with you for the next few nights. I’ll fuck you and then I’ll stay with you until you go to sleep. Would you like that?”

“Y-yes, master,” she answered. She hugged him tighter and her voice rose.

“Would you like to come now, Eleanor?”

“Oh, yes, master! Yes!”

“Then you have to ask me nicely and promise me that you’ll try and stop crying, okay?”

“Yes, master. I promise! I promise!”

“Promise what?”

“I promise that I’ll try to stop crying, master! I promise!”

“And what else?”

“I’ll try and be happy! I promise I will! Please let me come, master! Please!”

“Okay,” he replied.

His fingers started to agitate her stiffened clitoris. She moaned and her hips began to rock. She began a humming sound. Her breath was coming heavy. Her grip around his neck had become intense. He teased and teased and teased her love bud, jiggling it rapidly, pinching it lightly, rubbing it back and forth. She cried out loud, “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” and then, “Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” Her body shook, her breasts swayed and jerked. Her eyes were jammed tight and her mouth hung open. “Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” she called out. Her thighs pulled tight against his hand and her body shuddered as a rolling series of hard contractions went through her.

When her orgasm had crested, she released a long sigh. She gave a couple of little jumps as he eked out a few more jolts from her cunt. Then he slowed his hand and slipped it away, running it over her

belly and her thigh. When it emerged from beneath her gown, he took each of her breasts and gave her nipples gentle suckles.

When he raised his head, Eleanor put both her arms around his neck and hugged him. "Thank you, master," she said earnestly.

"It's my pleasure, Eleanor. I want to keep you here a very long time. I think that you will be a very good whore. All the men will like you and I will take care of you. Okay?"

"Okay, master," she said, looking at him. She managed a little smile. Funny, what had seemed horrifying to her a few moments ago, seemed all right to her now. Jerome knew that the girls couldn't perform at their very best if all they got were cruelty and pain. He worked hard to be more than just a master to them, someone who owned them body and soul. He was fatherly to them when they needed it, understanding when that was required. He was their confessor, their confidant. The world he offered them was the best that they could ever hope for from now on. Being human, they were ready to accept anything that could bring them solace and peace, even if it was known to be temporary.

"Who is your guest this evening?" Jerome asked her.

"Mr. Johnson, master," she answered with a little trepidation in her voice.

"You know that he will want to whip you, don't you?"

"Y-yes, master," she replied haltingly.

"You'll be a good girl and cooperate with him, won't you?"

"Y-yes, master."

"And then later, when you're all done, I'm going to let you and the other girls have a little treat. I bought some very special ice cream. You can all have two scoops. When the steward puts you to bed, just wait for me. I'll be there. We'll fuck and then I'll hold you until you fall sleep. Okay?"

"Yes, master," Eleanor replied. She was smiling broadly.

"Okay, then, go and get dressed and ready for Mr. Johnson."

"Yes, master," she responded almost eagerly. She slid off of his lap and hustled off towards her dressing room. The two maids who had been serving dinner had been watching and waiting in their alcoves for permission to finish clearing the table. Jerome gave them a wave of his hand and they jumped to their task.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

When he was in his office before dinner, had Jerome stayed tuned to the personal hygiene cell where girl no. 9 was then located for another 30 seconds he would have heard, as did no. 9, the sound of the cell door opening and then closing. A wave of fear swept through the girl as she heard it, knowing that another stage in her degradation was surely at hand.

She stayed stock still and totally silent as she sensed the person come close to her. Her stomach was doing a sickening little dance and her body grew cold. She couldn't but think of the vision the new visitor had of her displayed, naked body and the availability to him of her unsheltered loins or her defenseless breasts. When a hand ran across her belly and up and down her thighs, she shivered, believing that another round of sexual abuse portended.

But there was something about the hand that surprised her. It was not like the strong, massive hands of the men who had handled her so far. It was softer, smaller, almost feminine. The hand slipped over her presented pudendum, rubbing it lightly, then up her belly, circling her breasts and giving her nipples a little pinch.

The person leaned over her. She had the distinct impression of a pair of heavy breasts pressing against her and then she felt a distinctly unmasculine mouth take possession of a nipple, suckling on it gently and then moving on to the other. The hand slipped back down her belly and a finger slid along the gap between her outer labia stroking it oh, so delicately. The mouth and hand maintained their ministrations for more than a minute. She felt her pussy warming. She felt a desperate need to throw off the delightfully teasing hand from her puss but had no means to do it. Despair filled her as she readied herself for another humiliating round of enforced erotic convulsions. Her pussy had become lubricated and she felt the fingers slipping up and down her divide easily. She tried to stay still, but the attentions to her body were igniting unwanted feelings in her. She shifted her hips unhappily, reactively and released an involuntary moan.

The agitation stopped. She heard a voice.

"Mmmmmmmmm, you sure are a nice little package, girlie. We are going to have a lot of fun together." The hand patted her tummy. "You're going to make a delicious little whore," the voice continued.

“But I need to get a good look at your face. Let’s take this little bag off your head, shall we?”

It was a woman’s voice, no question. It was friendly and had a sweet quality to it, while maintaining a sternness that made the girl’s blood run cold. The girl’s mind went immediately to the face of that woman from the bar, Louise. She had been shocked at the time that any woman would allow another woman to be so cruelly treated, never mind cooperate in it. And here was another! Her understanding of the world was continuously being turned upside down. And to have had her hands on her, to have had her touch her so intimately, to kiss her breasts, make her moan with desire, produced a wave of revulsion in her.

In her regular life, she would never, never, never have allowed another woman to touch her that way! Never! But now she was powerless to prevent it. And the woman said they were going to have ‘fun’ together. If that meant what she thought it meant, she would have to reexperienced the woman’s hands and lips on her again, and so much more. She issued a whine of unhappiness.

“Now, now, girlie,” the voice responded, “I’m sure you’ve been told that whining is not permitted. I’ll have to put you in for a punishment for that. Don’t make it any worse for yourself.”

“Another punishment!” she thought unhappily. The idea of it made her feel like bursting into tears. She struggled desperately to contain the impulse, but her stomach felt sick and she began to tremble. “Oh, god, what’s happening to me? Please! Please get me out of this! Pleeeeeeeease!” she thought miserably.

She felt the black sack being loosened around her neck. A second later and it was pulled off. Her teary eyes went up to the face above her. She felt a wave of explosive sobs developing in her. A woman! A woman was doing this to her! The whole world had turned against her!

Marylyn Taylor, now 38 years old, was a former guard at the women’s maximum security correctional facility in Milledgesville, Georgia. She was neither the toughest nor the meanest of the women guards there, but, like many of the others, she maintained a private little seraglio of girls she had a thing for, whether they liked it or not. 100 days in the hole can go a long way to convincing a sweet little thing to suck a pussy. And a skilled *aficionado* of the baton learned quickly where to strike a girl so that it hurt like hell, but would be covered by her prison uniform.



The girls that she favored, they were generally known as 'Mo's Ho's', once they learned to yield themselves properly would find themselves showered with little gifts like cigarettes and candy and even a little dope. And when she rented them out to the male guards from the men's prison across the tarmac outside, she always gave her girls a little piece of the action for a reward, like an extra dessert at dinner or maybe a few hours off from their jobs at the prison laundry.

It all ended when the Georgia State Troopers swept down on the facility one day, took over the prison and arrested about 30 officers. Marylyn knew that if the State could prove that she was having sex with inmates, voluntary or not, because of the new statute that had been passed, she was looking at 20 years or more in prison.

Jerome read about the case and did a little digging. Marylyn had a \$250,000 cash only bail. There was no way she could make it. She languished, awaiting trial, for seven months. All of a sudden, one afternoon, the guard at the special section where the protective custody inmates were kept came and told her that someone had made her bond. When she emerged from the county lockup, there was a man there from a company called Bane Security. He wouldn't tell her who had put up her bail, but assured her that it was in her interests to play along. He bought her a nice meal, took her to a hotel where she could shower and rest and even provided her with fresh clothes, some jeans, sneakers and a nice t-shirt.

Early the next morning, after buying her breakfast, he took her to the Bane Security office in Marietta where she was asked to take a battery of tests. Then he took her out to a late lunch. As they were finishing up, he got a phone call. He didn't say much, just affirmed whatever message he got and hung up.

He was 60ish, well built, with short grey hair and wearing a smart suit. He asked her whether she would be interested in a job working with females more or less along the lines that she had been doing. At first she thought it was a joke or a setup. He assured her that it was neither. He drew a beige colored, letter sized envelope from his pocket with the Bane corporate logo on it. From the envelope he drew a nice crisp, blue commercial check. It was in her name and in the amount of \$25,000. Marylyn immediately said yes.

He put her up in a nice motel outside of Atlanta for a few days and advanced her \$500 cash and a rented Silverado. Three days later he called and told her to go out and buy something nice and dressy to wear and advised her that she was going to meet her new employer.

He picked her up around 6 that evening and took her to an exclusive restaurant in Downtown Atlanta.

It was then that she met Jerome. He told her who he was and explained about his little business. He told her that she had just the right temperament to work as a trainer for him. She was intrigued. After dinner, they went to his bordello located in an old mansion on a former cotton plantation about a 40 minute ride from the city. What she saw astounded her. She was invited to take her pick of the girls. She selected a sweet, little blond thing and fucked the shit out of her.

She couldn't leave the area right away because of the indictment against her, so she worked in the bordello for a while keeping the girls there straight and getting all the pussy that she could. One by one, the former women convicts who had given statements against her started to disappear. The attorney general handling the case got hopping mad. When there was only one left, she was taken into protective custody and locked up in a special unit at Arrendale. One morning, at roll call, she didn't come out of her cell. When the guard came to get her, the cell was empty.

Three weeks later, the indictment against Marylyn was dismissed. Jerome's people were holding the last witness against her at Reuther's. They let Marylyn spend a few hours with her before they shipped the sorrowful young woman off to Mexico. That was four years ago. Marylyn had been working for Jerome ever since.

Mo, as she was affectionately known around the training center, had long, light brown hair that she liked to get streaked with platinum blond. Her hair went down to the middle of her back and she kept it usually in a pony tail. Contrary to the typical conception of bull dykes, Mo was very attractive. She was tall and a little broad shouldered, but she had a nice figure and there was little fat on her. She did break her nose once busting up a fight between a Puerto Rican girl and this black chick whose boyfriend was big with the Bloods back in Atlanta. If you looked hard you could see the little ridge there.

Otherwise her face was pretty. She had had plenty of offers from the guys and once in a while gave one of them a tumble. But she was sparing of her favors, not wanting to have the guys confuse her with the whores in training and because, when you came right down to it, she really preferred burying her nose in a sweet, young muff to having a cock in her mouth.

She was wearing the same black outfit, the cotton sweatshirt and pants with the red emblem of the house on them, as the men. No. 9 stared up at her in terror. Marylyn noted her distress. She took hold of her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers, lifted her breasts up from her chest and gave them a little shake. "Don't worry, little girlie," she said. "I'm not going to eat you." She laughed.

Marylyn released the girl's teats and then ran her hands up and down her legs. She could feel tiny little bristles that had grown up since last they were shaved. She did the same to her armpits which were just as bad.

"Lazy little girlie has forgotten to shave," she said disapprovingly. "Well, we'll soon fix that." She rubbed her hand again over the girl's pudenda. "That's a little bit better," she said. "But we'll give it a little shavie anyway, okay?"

The girl definitely didn't think it was okay. But what could she do about it?

Marylyn went over to the cabinet near the shower and took out a shiny, quart sized metal bowl, a relatively new, pink, plastic disposable razor, a small terry cloth washcloth and a can of shaving cream. She placed the shaving cream on the table next to the girl and took the washcloth, the bowl and the razor, which she placed in the bowl, over to a small sink by the shower. She ran the water until it was good and hot and then filled the bowl about  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. She placed the washcloth in the bowl and then took it out, squeezing all the excess water out of it. She turned the water off and came back over to the table.

She would do the armpits first. She squirted a little mound of shaving cream into one of her hands and then smeared it all over the area where she had found the bristles. Once completed, she took the razor out of the bowl and began to scrape the foam away, cleaning the razor in the hot water after each long stroke. She had done this a thousand times since she had come to work for Mr. Marshall and she had gotten pretty good at it. She had to lean over the girl's body to do her other armpit, and the girl winced as she felt her breasts press against her own. She was done in less than a minute. She used the washcloth to wipe away all the residual shaving cream.

Next she worked on the legs. She was right about no. 9's laziness. She had meant to shave her legs before going to work dancing on Friday night, but she had been rushed when she got back to her apartment from school. She had a late class on Fridays and traffic had

been horrendous. She might have had time to do it, usually she did it in the shower, if she hadn't taken the time to have a bowl of ravioli, a little garlic bread and a salad first. And then there was the large piece of cherry pie she had eaten. She knew that she shouldn't. She wasn't fat, but she knew that it wouldn't take much to bring back those handles she had lost last summer. She rationalized it by thinking of all the energy she would expend dancing up a storm that night at the go go joint. So she jumped in and out of the shower, gathered her bag of costume stuff and dashed out the door. It was a good 45 minute drive to the bar, clear across town. She just made it at 8 o'clock.

Having the woman shave her legs made the girl think about that night. And she thought about that bowl of ravioli. She hadn't eaten since then. Up till now she had been too frightened of what was going on around her to think about it. But now she did and she realized that she was very hungry. Were they ever going to feed her? They had to, didn't they?

Doing the legs took a little longer. But not too much. The razor was very sharp and Marylyn was very skilled. She loved this part of her job. She loved playing with the little girlie's bodies like they were some kind of toy. And what she was doing was so intimate, especially with the girl all naked and chained up and all.

The next part was what she really liked. But she couldn't really get at all parts of the girl's coosh with her lying down flat like this. So she released her ankles one by one, drew them back and spread them out. The table was wide and there were rings up just about where the girl's hips began with little chains on them. She hooked the chains onto the ankle bracelets, spreading the girl's thighs widely. No. 9 hadn't known that the table was on wheels until Marylyn pulled it out from the wall so she could do her left leg. Her knees were high and out, like little wings, and her sex was now quite nicely available.

She spread the cream over the girl's loins lovingly. She made sure that it covered the sides of her mons and up and onto her prominent lips. Then she carefully shaved it all away, pulling at her sex to make sure she got into the little gap where her loins met her thighs. When she had finished mopping up the soap residue, she gave the girl's vagina a little pat. "Very pretty," she said.

She took the bowl over to the sink, dumped out the water and cleaned the bowl and razor. She rinsed out the washcloth and wringed it out well. Then she put everything back in the closet.

No. 9 was grateful that this little intimate routine was over. It had been comforting in an odd way for the woman to take such care over her. But it had reemphasized too just how little control she was going to have over her body any more. And her pussy felt so exposed. She wanted to bring her knees together, but was afraid to move without permission.

She had thought that the woman was done, but she was wrong. She returned to the table with a large jar of cream, a roll of blue masking tape and a pair of surgical gloves. The girl deduced that the cream was to make all her sensitive spots soft to the touch for the people who were going to use her, but she couldn't figure out what the gloves and the masking tape was for. Whatever it was, it probably wasn't going to be anything good.

Marylyn put the jar of cream and the gloves down on the table. She proceeded to tear off a strip of tape and then brought it to the girl's loins. "Don't move," she said ominously. She laid the strip of tape next to her right labia, half onto its side and half off. Then she did the other side. After that, she tore off a series of small pieces, laying them carefully in an arc above her sex and then down to where the longer pieces were. When done, she went back to the cabinet and brought out two long pieces of soft cord. She tied one around her leg just above her knee and then the other one to a ring in the side of the table. She went around the other side and did the other knee. There was a strap in the middle of the table. Marylyn drew its ends up and bound the girl's waist down firmly.

Now the girl couldn't put her legs together even if she wanted to. She knew that something awful was about to happen, but she couldn't figure out what. She started to tremble. It became worse when she saw the woman put on the gloves.

"Now this is going to hurt, little girlie," she said. "But it's all for the better." She started to unscrew the jar. "A few applications of this and no more shaving. Ever. And for a sweet little whore like you it's just perfect."

No. 9 wanted to release a whine of dismay, but was too afraid to. She bit down on the ball in her mouth. She tried to pull on her knees, just a little, she didn't want to give them another excuse to punish her, but she couldn't help it. It was only natural.

The woman started with her armpits. As soon as the cream went on it started to burn. And it just kept getting hotter and hotter.

“Mmmmmmmmmmpf! Mmmmmmmmmmmmpf!” the girl moaned. She tugged at her bound hands madly, but could not get them loose. Tears were running from her eyes. She watched unhappily as the woman crossed to the other side of the table and took a glob of the cream out of the jar to do her other armpit. She released a piteous whine as she brought it near her. Her body jerked and she pulled desperately at the chain that held her wrists captive as the burning sensation erupted in this sensitive space. She issued a howl and started to sob. The worst of it was that her torture was just beginning.

She cried and sobbed and pulled at her legs when the cream went over them. It was like someone had poured hot lava on them. The woman stepped back when she was finished. “There, there now girlie, you’re doing really good. Just a little bit more to go.”

The girl knew that this would be the worst. It would be all over her belly and it would burn, burn, burn. She tried to shift her hips back and forth to frustrate the woman’s intent, but it was to no avail.

You see, this is why Marylyn had placed the tape over the girl’s lower belly and the sides of her sex. Some customers liked a little bit of neatly trimmed hair down there. She had created a little safe zone where no depilatory agent would go. And if the girl tried to move about, as she was doing now, and caused her hand to slip a little bit, it didn’t matter. The part that went on the tape would shortly be whisked away.

And, of course the girl would be punished for her resistance. She would have to learn to take her medicine whether she liked it or not. The punishments would add up and be administered a little bit at a time, always making sure she remembered what they were for.

When the ointment had been applied every place where hair might grow, right up to the little groove at the base of her thighs, Marylyn stepped back. As the girl writhed and cried, sobbed and moaned, she placed the jar down and carefully lifted off the masking tape. Perfect.

She peeled off the gloves and threw them and the tape in the trash. She put the top back on the ointment and returned it to the cabinet.

The ointment had to remain on for at least 10 minutes. Marylyn had some time to kill. The girl moaned and whined in pain. She would not be punished for it. It really couldn’t be helped. The ointment did burn like hell, but it was very effective.

She went over to the computer display on the wall, a kind of wall mounted iPad. She punched up the girl’s display. Since she had been

assigned the number 9, that was all she had to put in. But she made sure it was right by checking the girl's pictures.

"What a stupid cunt," Marylyn thought as she looked at the racy photos that Bob had taken. There was the girl, naked but for her tiny, little thong panties, smiling and posing. "They ought to blow them up and put them in her cell to remind her of how stupid she was," she said to herself. She looked at the pictures Eddie had taken. She really was an impressive girl. Her breasts hung just so nice. Years from now, in her late 40's or 50's she might have a little problem with them, but that was so far beyond her useful life that there was no sense worrying about it.

Marylyn like to scroll through the pictures of girls who had come through the facility. She kept a little file of the ones that had been her favorites so she could remember them. Sometimes Mr. Marshall had her go out to the bordellos and check out the girls, a kind of quality control officer. Women can spot things with other women that men would have a hard time seeing. She was always happy when she came across one she remembered and always spent a few hours with her if she could.

One thing she noted on no. 9's file was that she had been taken off Code 20. Code 20 was for the girls who were just passing through, who get processed and learn a little discipline and then sent out to private masters. Sometime after Marylyn had checked it before she came into the cell, her status had changed. That pleased Marylyn very much.

She entered the girl's two earned punishments in her file, noting what they were for. Then she flipped to today's schedule. She noted that she was scheduled to deal with girl no. 7 after she had finished with no. 9. No. 7, that nice looking blond girl that Manny had picked up two weeks ago out in Hollywood, was her current favorite. She was due some discipline and then she would have some free time with her. That was good since handling no. 9 had made her really horny.

The files on the computer did not show the girls' original names. Jerome kept a record in his private files, but on the generally available files, all that was shown was the girl's pictures and the general area of where she was from. That was the same file that would go out to the bordellos or the private buyers when she was ready to move on. No one needed to know her former name. Knowing it could lead to mistakes, like using it by accident. No, it

was best that the girl never hear the name used in connection with herself again. And for the whores, one name was as good as another.

Marylyn needed to get ready for the next stage in the girl's processing. She went to the cabinet. From the bottom shelf she pulled out a small appliance. She brought it over to the iPad and checked out the girl's registration number. She turned on the appliance and entered the numbers. She double checked it twice to make sure that she got it right. Then she put the appliance down by the barber's chair in the corner. She got another appliance from the cabinet, this one a little smaller, and turned that one on too. She put it down on the floor next to the first one.

The girl had stopped howling and was now reduced to little moans. Her skin had turned red where the ointment had been used. Marylyn got a new jar out of the cabinet and brought it over to the table. She scooped out a glob and began to apply it to the damaged areas, starting with the arm pits. The girl cried and tried to shy away when she approached her, but when she felt the cooling relief the new salve gave her, she calmed down and let Marylyn complete her work unimpeded.

Marylyn put the salve away and came back to the girl. She looked so cute all bound up like that, her knees spread and in the air. She was standing at the end of the table, between her feet. It was a great view. Her cute little pussy was just begging to be violated. Well, she thought, Code 20 is off now, so anything goes.

Under Code 20, a subject was to be brought to orgasm numerous times during her brief visit, but only by hand. That limitation was now gone by the boards.

The end of the table was really an extension and could be folded down. Marylyn took advantage of that convenience to get closer to the girl. She placed her hands on the insides of the girl's thighs and caressed them several times. The girl was looking up at her nervously. Marylyn knew from Eddie's notes that he had gotten the girl off a little while ago. So she had had her introduction to her new purpose in life. This would be her second, but if Marylyn was any judge of her abilities, and she was at least that, this would be like something she had never experienced before.

Marylyn slipped her hot hands down the girl's thighs, bringing them together over her naked pudendum. She covered it with her hands and rubbed it up and down a few times. She spread her hands over the girl's belly and took hold of her breasts. There was a look of



displeasure and fear on the girl's face, but she did not whine or make any other sound. "She's learning," Marylyn thought.

She brought her hands back down across her tummy, slid them up and down her thighs a few times, appreciating the warm softness. Then she brought them down to the girl's sex again. This time, she used them to gently pry her labia apart. She leaned over, released her tongue and then slid it slowly up the length of the gap between them. The girl's hips shifted and she released a mewling sound of distress. That was okay. Vocalizations while being used were permitted, and, besides, it sounded so sweet.

She broadened her tongue and lapped up the girl's crevasse again and again, tickling the little bud at the top and the end of each leisurely stroke. Her hands were on the insides of her distended thighs, stroking them lightly back and forth. She probed the little hole with her tongue, writhing and twisting it inside. She rode her tongue over the now stiffened love button, lapping at it continuously until the girl's squirming became acute and her cute little mewling sounds became louder and louder. Then she took the nubbin into her mouth and started to suckle on it, swirling her tongue around it and then suckling some more.

The girl's body shuddered as the pleasure shot through her. She was getting hotter and hotter. She started to moan and her hands gripped themselves tight. She didn't want it, but it was coming. What the woman was doing felt so good, she felt like she might melt away right there on the table. She couldn't fight it, she couldn't, so why should she? It wasn't her fault that a dyke bitch was lapping at her loins, had her as her helpless prisoner, could ravage her with her tongue and lips so exquisitely.

"Oh, what kind of a world am I in? What's going to happen to me?" she thought frantically. And then the tongue started doing a little flippy thing on her clit. It felt like a vibrating, electric wire had been shoved into her. She moaned and all thoughts but the enjoyment of the terrible pleasure buzzing inside her were swept away.

Marylyn brought the girl closer and closer to the top. She was squirming and moaning and making a kind of excited bleating sound. Her thighs were shuddering and her knees were pulling hard on their bonds. She waited until she sensed the girl drawing in a deep, anguished sounding breath and then she pulled her head away from her loins. The girl mewed and moaned and her hips squirmed. Her pussy was dilated and glistening, emitting a wonderful aroma.

Marylyn ran her hands along the girl's thighs lightly and looked at the girl. She was staring straight up at the ceiling, trying to catch her breath, her face a masque of frustration. She laughed and rubbed her belly. "Don't worry, little girlie," she told her. "I won't leave you all hanging. We're just having a little fun."

The girl looked at her, her eyes feverish. Marylyn gave her a broad smile and bent her head to her task once again. She made her tongue into a little point and dragged it all around her crevasse, over her beauty bud, along the insides of her labia, in and around the gaping entrance to her interior. She flicked at the girl's clit a few times, making her jump and squeal. Then she wrapped her hands around her thighs from underneath and buried her face in her sex.

She licked and sucked and poked and prodded and suckled away at the girl's pussy. She started to give out animal like grunts. When her orgasm came, her hips rocked and her legs went wild, her knees thrashing at her bonds. She groaned as each contraction of her pussy's muscles radiated another sharp pulse of pleasure through her. She went past the first orgasm and the woman forced her through to a second. A third came right after that. She thought she was going to go mad. "Auuuuuuuuuummmmmmm! Auuuuuuuuuuuuummmmm! Auuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuum!" she called out through her filled mouth.

And then her assailant relented. Her ministrations slowed. She released her fierce grip on her thighs and lapped gently along her crevasse, letting her clitoris come to rest. A dreaminess had washed over the girl. She had never felt anything like that. It was easy, for the moment, to let slide the harm she had done her, the pain she had caused her.

And then she noticed that the tongue that should have come to a stop was still going. It was gently lapping over her inner labia, teasing her hole, flitting gently against her clit. She kept expecting her to stop, but she just kept going. Her blood was starting to rise again. After a while, the woman's tongue began to become more insistent. It lapped several times over her pleasure button, making her jump. Her lips surrounded it and she began a soft, sweet suckling that made the girl's eye roll back. And then she started lapping, lapping, lapping. Her tongue became more active. Her lips became more possessive. The girl felt the feelings start to build in her again.

"No! No! No! Don't do it again! Please! I couldn't stand it! Please!" she pleaded.

But she couldn't speak and the woman buried in her loins would not have listened anyway. She felt a rumble building inside her. Her pussy felt like it was opening, opening, opening and that it would shortly suck her inside it. She shook her hips. She whined. She cried. She tried to think the terrible, exciting, electrifying sensations away.

"Oh, please, please, please stop" she thought desperately. She didn't know what would happen. She felt like she might explode. The mouth and lips went on and on and on. She arched her back, as best as she was able, she twisted and turned her hands. She pulled hard at all the things that were holding her in place. It was coming! It was coming! It was coming! She tried with her mind to push it back, to dissipate it, to mitigate it, but it just kept getting bigger and bigger. She didn't know that you could ever feel like this. It was terrifying! "Go away! Go away! Go away!" she thought madly.

And then it came. She released an anguished grunt. Her whole body shook. The woman had said she wasn't going to eat her, but that was just like it felt like, like she was disappearing into the woman's mouth. "Uuuuuuuuuuuugh! Uuuuuuuuuuuuuugh! Uuuuuuuuuuuuuugh!" she grunted again and again as each fierce jolt went through her. "Ugggggggggggggggh!"

Finally, she felt it pass. The woman kept lapping at her lightly, drawing out more body shuddering contractions. But then they finally subsided and the woman's face lifted from her loins.

The girl was half unconscious. She hung limply in her bonds. Her breath was ragged, her chest heaving. She couldn't gather her thoughts, they were all diffused and floating-like in her mind. Her whole body hummed, her pussy felt tired and wonderful. And then she felt the woman's hands on her thighs again. She looked up at her. She was smiling broadly and the import of what had been done to her came home to her like an arrow through her heart. They owned her. She was just a thing they could do whatever they wanted to. She couldn't refuse pleasure or pain. And a woman! A woman had done this to her! Made her scream with pleasure louder than she ever had, louder than she ever thought possible. She started to cry and a wave of misery poured through her. She closed her eyes and tried to wish it all away.

Marylyn was pleased. "What a delightful piece of ass," she thought to herself. And tomorrow, or the next day, but some time very soon, she would be able to lay her out on the futon in her cell and really go to town on her. She would get to see her dancing at the

end of a whip. Her whip! And she would make her learn how to suck a pussy with the best or she would be very, very sorry. She didn't know what the deal had been, why she had been Code 20 at first and now was not, but she was glad that it had happened. She was a wonderful, little cunt.

She let the girl cry for a bit and then she proceeded to release her from her bonds. She freed her knees and then her ankles. She reached over to the hook on the wall where Eddie had left the leash and connected it to the unhappy girl's collar. Then, holding it in one hand, she released her wrists from their confinements.

"Get up," she told her, pulling on the leash.

The girl nervously swung her legs over the side of the table and raised her torso. Marylyn stepped back and tugged on the leash until the girl slid off and stood shakily on her feet. Marylyn was about 4" taller than her. She carried herself with a kind of arrogance that made the girl feel smaller still. She gave a tug to the leash and pulled her over to the barbershop looking chair in the corner of the room. Keeping a tight hold of the leash right under the girl's chin, she turned her body and forced her to sit in it.

The seat and the back were padded in a dull red vinyl. As soon as the girl leaned back in the chair, Marylyn attached a clip to the back of her collar. She proceeded to lock both her wrists to the arms of the chair and only then unclipped the leash from her neck, hanging it on a convenient hook on the wall.

No. 9 keened in unhappiness as her ankles were attached to something at the bottom of the chair. Marylyn went over to the cabinet and brought over a small clipper, a small bottle of clear liquid and some tissues and got a stool and sat down. She put the clipper in her pocket for the moment and then opened the little bottle. The top had a little brush on it. It was nail polish remover.

It was only then that the girl realized that she still wore the nail polish that she had put on that morning, yesterday morning? How much time had passed? What time was it now? The woman had a watch on, but it was blank. She had been kidnapped Friday night. They had driven a long time. Was it still Saturday? Was it Sunday? No, it couldn't be Sunday yet, could it? No, it still had to be Saturday. Didn't it? But what time Saturday? Was it late or still in the afternoon? It was so disconcerting not to know for sure what time or day it was.

She watched the woman brush the nail polish remover onto her nails. She watched as the last vestige of her former life was being taken from her. It was only nail polish, but it was hers. She had decided to put it on. She had selected the color. Now they would decide those things. Would they dress her up as a gaudy whore and make her walk the streets? Would they put her in a whorehouse somewhere? Or would they just keep her here, having their fun with her until she just faded away?

The nail polish came off easily. When the woman had done both hands, she lifted the things that her ankles were attached to and did her toes. Then she took out the clipper and used a little tool attached to get at the little remnants of color that lay embedded in her cuticles, prodding and scraping until she got it all.

When she was done with all that, she trimmed her nails. The girl hadn't had really long nails, but they were long enough to be feminine. And now they were going away. They had control of that too. When the woman was done, trimming them very short, sort of the tips of her fingers, she used an Emory board to smooth out all the ends. Girl no. 9 would not be allowed to scratch anyone, no matter how upset or rebellious she became.

The girl's whole body was tired from her ordeal. She was almost too tired to care what they did to her. She watched the woman listlessly as she completed her chore. Then she watched her put everything away.

The woman had left her right foot lifted. She came back to her stool and opened a little packet with an alcohol swipe in it. She used it to clean the girl's left foot right by the base. The girl quailed at the idea of getting another shot, and couldn't figure out why she was getting it in her foot. She watched carefully, guardedly as the woman picked up from the floor a foot long appliance-like thing. It was humming. The woman looked at it, turned it around to look inside it and then looked up at the girl and smiled.

She moved the stool close to the girl's side and leaned over her thigh, blocking her view. Her left hand pressed her foot sideways, holding it down. The girl didn't know what was going on, but she didn't like it. The appliance went up to the outer side of her foot near the base. She could feel the warmth from it right away and deduced that it was really hot. She didn't like that either. She felt it resting in place against her foot. The woman pushed a button.

“Awwwwwwwwwwwwww!” the girl screamed. Awwwwwwwwwwww! Awwwwwwww! Awwwwwwwwww! Awwwwwwwwww!’ What had the woman done? A terrible pain shot up her leg. It felt like a thousand little needles had punctured her. “Oh, god! That hurt! That hurt! What did she do? What did she do?”

Marylyn pulled the device away from the girl’s foot. She gave a close look at the results. The 1” high characters, “**JM14275**” had been stenciled into her foot in deep blue, indelible ink.

They would be, usually, hardly noticed. But anyone could look that designation up on the main computer and they would find the girl’s file. When she was sent to a bordello they would be able to track her progress through her training sessions to see how to make best use of her. Her data as a whore would be entered, how many men, or women, she had serviced each day, whether they had been pleased with her services, how they rated her individual talents. Her staff ratings would also be stored there, amiability, obedience, responsiveness, technique, adjustment, etc. And how many times she needed to be disciplined and how many strokes of a whip or other corrective steps had been taken with her. It would follow her wherever she was shipped, Boston, New York, Chicago, Tucson, Toronto. And it would say if she had been “written off the books” by being shipped to Mexico, the Far or Middle East or North Africa.

Marylyn was well satisfied with the result, **JM14275**. All of her appellations would be temporary but this one. They might call her Laurie or Donna, or Mary, or Stephanie. But her only real, permanent name would be **JM14275**. JM stood for, of course, her owner, Jerome Marshall. If she graduated, an M would be added at the end denoting that she had been successfully trained at the mansion as opposed to Reuther’s where she would get an “R”. Girls who washed completely out had a black bar tattooed over their number and were shipped off to Sub-Saharan Africa or jobbed off to street gangs in Latin or South America.

The number, 14275, was the number of women around the world who had, at one time or another, been given Jerome Marshall’s brand, including her, the 14,275<sup>th</sup>.

That wasn’t that many, really, not since 1984, the year Jerome’s father died and he had set up the mansion and moved into partnership at Reuther’s. It was about 550 a year. In the early years they didn’t do

quite as many, maybe 250, 300. But the numbers had been steadily climbing. If things went well this year, they would break 700.

It was all due to the expansion they had done 7 years ago. Things had been getting really crowded at Reuther's, with slave girls double bunking, 2 or 3 training sessions going on in the main rooms at the same time. Jerome had tripled the space and completely renovated the old. Each girl, no matter what her class, was given her own cell. He had 25 private rooms for training and 5 larger multipurpose rooms for group exercise and lessons. The training curriculum was expanded and extended. The place was as big as a small private college. The only thing they didn't have were sports teams. They even taught English as a Second Language.

There were 120 cells, although no more than 80-90 were usually occupied at one time. They had built a subbasement with 10 tiny, little punishment cells for hard cases. A few weeks there and the girls usually came around. Jerome's policy was to give every girl every chance he could to get a passing grade. Reuther's had a 92% passing rate even despite Jerome's high standards, a good testament to the quality and commitment of the trainers.

Reception had been streamlined and shipping as well. He had bought the huge lot next door in case they ever needed an additional expansion.

Not all girls received the same training and so now he was able to provide them with separate wings, from 'A' to 'C'. 'A' girls were the best, at least of the lot that went to Reuther's. They received the most intense, one-on-one training. A good number of them went to fill Jerome's brothels. The rest were sold to other operators of fine, upscale facilities.

Jerome went over the list of eligible facilities twice a year based on inspections made by his staff and individual, undisclosed raters, kind of like what they do for the Michelin Guide. Warnings were sent out for violations. If not corrected, or if violations were repeated, the brothel could be delisted. Jerome wrote a buyback provision in each of his contracts that was strictly enforced. He hated the idea of the 'A' girls going to inferior facilities. A new facility had to go through at least a whole year of operations and show that it met certain standards before becoming eligible. No 'A' girl could be sold to another operator without honoring Jerome's right of first refusal.

While the best of the mansion girls had three stars on their legs denoting their status, the 'A' girls had two.

The 'B' girls had one star and all went to mid-grade operators or were denoted for export. The 'C' girls received no star. They populated the knocking shops of the inner cities, the house trailer round ups, the back rooms of cheesy bars, the streets.

Jerome had tried to limit his operations to the 'A' and 'B' girls, but too often lesser girls got caught up in sweeps or sold off by their drug addict boyfriends, street gangs or other lone wolf predators. Often a brace of girls were sold off in bulk and you had to take the good with the bad. Sometimes a girl, thought to be prime material, hid some defect or just didn't work out, or was a mistake in judgment and would be demoted. And the market was there, he had to admit that. They were fairly common; a sweep of any major metropolitan area could come up with 10 or 15 of them in a day.

Although they might not be knockouts, the 'C' girls were still highly trained, obsessively obedient and in high demand. Everything was done to improve their appealability including weight loss and exercise programs, even dental work and, on occasion, minor plastic surgery. Jerome refused to have any breast work done on any of the girls, except for an occasional nip and tuck. As far as he was concerned, it was like putting out adulterated milk.

And, once in a while, a girl originally categorized as a 'C' would surprise them and get to be re-graded to a 'B' and sometimes, but more rarely, to an 'A'. Sometimes 'A' girls were moved down and 'B' girls were moved down or up. Even more rarely, maybe 2 or 3 times a year, an 'A' girl would do so well that she would be forwarded to the mansion to see if she could qualify for the top classification of 3 stars.

The screening program was not perfect; they were constantly looking to refine the development of 'predictors'.

No. 14,275 would wear 2 or 3 stars if she graduated. Any girl who failed to earn 2 stars at the mansion was shipped out to Reuther's to be issued an 'R' rating instead of an 'M' or to be handled as a 'B' girl or worse. Marylyn made a little vow that she would do everything in her power to make sure No 9 earned 3 stars. She hated to see talent wasted, and this girl definitely had talent.

She turned off the device and put it down in the floor next to her. She picked up the other. It was warm and the red ink inside was flowing well. She dragged her stool to the other side of the girl.

Tears were flowing down her face. She had realized a few moments after the pain had subsided that she had been marked in



some way. Some way that was permanent. All she could see on her foot through her tears was a blur of blue. And now the woman was going to do something else to her other leg. She tried to pull it away from her as she put her hand on her ankle, but couldn't.

"Stay still, little girlie," Marylyn told her, giving her her death glare. "If you make me mess this up, you will spend the next 3 hours wishing you were never born."

She didn't wait for an answer or acknowledgement. She checked the bottom of the machine to make sure she had it lined up right. She used her left hand to hold the girl's ankle steady, turned inwards just a little bit. The marking would go about 6" from her ankle, just above her ankle cuffs. The device had a concave surface that captured the leg and allowed you to hold it firmly against it.

No. 9, by which she was still to be generally referred, since it was a lot less of a mouthful than **JM14275**, cringed as she watched the woman getting ready to do something to her leg. A second later she felt another excruciating jolt of pain. Her body stiffened and her back arched. "Awwwwwwwwwwwwww! Awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww! Awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!" she called out. "Awwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww!" She broke down into sobs.

Marylyn leaned back. The mark on the girl's leg beamed bright red, a perfect, '*M*'. It was injected deep into the skin. It would never come off. You would have to cut away all the flesh to get rid of it and still there would be a god awful scar to explain. On the girls who washed out, a big black stripe was tattooed across it diagonally.

Marylyn looked at the girl. "Well, girlie," she thought, "if you weren't a whore before, you are now."

After carefully washing clean the needles, Marylyn packed the appliances away. Everything that needed to be done to the girl today in the personal hygiene cell had been done. She would be back often since they liked to keep the trainees nice and clean. And she would need another 5 or 6 applications of the ointment until the hair follicles in the treated areas would be fully deadened.

She undid the hooks holding the girl's ankles and then released the back of her collar from the chair, attaching the leash there instead. She then released her wrists, pulled on the leash and told her to get down on the floor.

The girl did as she was told. She fell to her hands and knees. She was facing the door. She looked up at it. There was the same slogan

there as had been in her cell, the black '**OBEY**' on a field of red. Suddenly, she heard a swishing noise. Then pain erupted on her back. "Ouuuuuuuuuu!" she called out, cringing in reaction. Marylyn's stick came down on her three more, vicious times. Whack! Whack! Wack! The girl screeched in pain.

Marylyn yanked at her leash hard. "Up!" she barked loudly, angrily. "Present!"

The girl got up back on her haunches as quickly as she could, tears streaming down her face. She shot her arms behind her back, kneeling as high as she could. She looked straight at that awful sign.

"You're going to be one unhappy, fucking whore around here if you don't learn to do what you're told!" she told her angrily. "What were you looking at that door for, eh? What reason did you have to look at that door?"

The girl didn't know if she should answer or not. She was trembling with terror. The ball in her mouth would scramble anything she tried to say. What could she say? Why had she been so stupid and forgotten what she was supposed to do?

The stick came swinging down across her breasts. Once! Twice! Three times! The girl screeched again and started to sob.

"When I ask you a question, girlie, you answer it, understand?"

"...es, ..istress!" the girl bawled out miserably.

"Now what were you doing looking at that door?"

"eh ...on ...ow, ..istress!" the girl tried to shout back.

"You don't know?"

"...o, ..istress!"

"Then that makes you one stupid, fucking little cunt, doesn't it?"

"...es, ..istress!" the girl replied miserably.

"So what are you?"

"Eh ...m ...un ...u-i, ...uh-in ...i-eh ...un, ..istress!" she answered back in sobs.

Marylyn let her sob for a minute. It was all part of the routine. She actually felt a little sorry for the little girlie. The first day was so important. She needed to be broken down completely. And, more importantly, she needed to obey instructions to the letter. Each infraction had to be mercilessly punished.

She changed her tone. "Now, do you promise to do better?"

"...es, ..istress!" the girl whined.

"Okay, then. I'm going to give you another chance. Get down."

She dropped to her hands and knees like a meteor falling to earth. She bent her head down and stared at the floor.

Marylyn patted her on her rump. "That's better, girly. Much better."

She pulled on the leash and led the girl over to the door. The girl stopped while she keyed in the code and put her palm up to the reader. The bolts to the door opened with a mechanical clang. Marylyn pushed the door open and gave the leash a tug. The girl obediently exited just far enough so that the door could close freely. It swung shut with a clang and the bolts shot home. Then Marylyn gave her leash another tug and started her down the dimly lit, yellow tinted hall.

They turned two corners, the girl obediently keeping her eyes on the rug below her. Someone was coming down the hall. The girl couldn't see him. Although he was dressed in the same dark clothes as everyone else, he was not built like the other men. He was slender and somewhat short and his black hair was a little long. He didn't walk like the other men either. He just kind of strode along, whereas the other men ambled. When he came up to Marylyn and the girl, Marylyn gave the leash a little yank and ordered, "Down!" The girl buried her forehead on the rug and quickly swung her hands behind her back.

"Hey, Gary, lookin' pretty good," Marylyn said to him.

The man stopped next to them. "Yeah, thanks. I just got my contacts yesterday."

"Very sharp, Gary," Marylyn said. "It makes me want to eat you up."

Gary laughed. "Now, now," he answered. "Save your energy for our guests."

"I've got plenty of energy left for you, Gary," Marylyn continued. "I'm off in a couple of hours."

Gary was just Marylyn's type. She didn't go for all these he-men, although she let some of them get lucky once in a while. But Gary, he was different. He was all slender and mild and soft. It would be just like fucking a girl with a cock.

Gary changed the subject. It wasn't that he played for the other team. He was just a little afraid of Marylyn that's all. If he only knew how tender and sweet she could be.

"So who's this?"

"This is the new no. 9," Marylyn replied.

“Oh?” Gary said. “I saw her file. She’s Code 20, isn’t she?”

“Not anymore,” Marylyn answered.

“Oh?” Gary said again.

Gary had no interest in any girl who was Code 20. He was the staff psychologist. He interviewed all the girls undergoing training to make sure that they were progressing to their goals and to make sure that no girls were pushed beyond their breaking point. He also helped develop the analysis of when a girl was ready to graduate. But no. 9 was no longer Code 20. So now his interest was piqued.

“Can I see her?” he asked.

“Sure,” Marylyn replied. She gave a yank on the girl’s chain. “Up!” she said. “Present!” The girl responded at once, spreading her knees, sitting back on her heels, her arms back and staring straight ahead.

“Very good,” Gary observed. “She’s got promise.”

“I don’t know,” Maureen answered. “She just told me that she was a stupid, fucking, little cunt.”

Gary laughed. “I bet she’d confess to the Kennedy assassination if you told her to,” he said.

It was Marylyn’s turn to laugh. “She’d better!” she said. Now both of them laughed.

It might seem incongruous for the girl’s trainers to be having such a casual conversation in front of her. Some places believed in isolating the girls from all that is normal in the world and creating a totally hostile environment in which everyone she comes into contact with is harsh and cold. But that was not Jerome’s way and Dr. Carter, Gary Carter, agreed with him 100%. What the ‘guests’, as Dr. Carter called them, needed to know, in his opinion, was that the normal world would from here on in go on without them. They would be totally outside of it. When they got to where they were going, they would have to interact with the normal world, albeit on a limited basis, without losing the understanding that they were subject to different rules. They were no longer human in the real sense. They were now a different class of being. And it wasn’t the job of the humans to adapt to their world. It was their job to adapt themselves to their place in the human world. And so it was better that normal, human activity go on all round them.

Dr. Carter crouched down next to the girl. “She’s very pretty,” he said. He reached out and caressed her breasts. “Very nice,” he said.

To the girl he said, "Look at me." His tone had changed. It was not a request. The girl looked up at him. She wasn't sure what she should do.

"She has an intelligent look," Dr. Carter observed. "Alert. She looks like she'll train fine."

"We'll see," Marylyn answered.

"Open your mouth," the man told her. She obeyed. He reached in his hand and pulled the blue ball from inside. He held it in his palm. "So tell, me," he asked her, "how do you feel?"

A tide of woe flooded the girl's brain. How did she feel? How did she feel? She felt horrible! She was frightened and unhappy and miserable. She just wanted to go home! How could this man ask her that? But she had to answer or she would be beaten. She was so nervous about talking or saying the wrong thing that her voice got small and she was just barely able to eke out the words.

"Scared, master," she said and she burst into tears.

"That's okay," Dr. Carter assured her. He rubbed her on her head comfortingly. "It's perfectly normal. You have plenty of things to be scared about. But don't worry. Things will get better. Just do what you're told and learn your lessons well. You have to give yourself over completely to your new reality now. Do you think you can do that?"

The girl was still sobbing. "I don't know," she said miserably.

Dr. Carter shook his head sadly. "You see, that's just what I'm talking about," he said. He stood and gave a nod to Marylyn.

"Down!" she ordered. The girl released a sob of woe and put her forehead to the floor. Marylyn reached back with her stick and gave her three fierce blows across her buttocks. The girl screamed at each one. When Marylyn was done, she yanked on the leash again and shouted, "Up! Present!"

The girl moved up again. Her face was covered with her tears.

Dr. Carter crouched down again at her side. "Now would you like to try that again?" he asked her, his voice soft and calming.

"Yes, master," the girl replied tearfully.

"Okay then, do you think you can surrender yourself and accept your new life?"

"I don't know, master," the girl bawled.

"There, that's better. See, you can do it. And it's perfectly natural for you to be unsure of yourself. I think that you can do it if you try hard enough. And that's what we're here for. Me and Mistress

Marylyn and all the other trainers. We're here to help you accept your new life completely and irrevocably. Okay?"

"Yes, master," she blurted out. Was it okay? No, it wasn't okay! "These people are crazy!" she thought madly. "They're going to make me crazy! The man looked so soft and so kind but he practically told the woman to hit me! What's going to happen to me? What are they going to do to me?"

"Open your mouth," the man said. When she complied, he popped the ball back into her mouth. "The next time you lie to me like that," he told her sternly, "I'll have you beaten with a cane. Understand?"

"..es, ...as-er," she replied miserably.

He stood up. "Put her down for a punishment," he told Marylyn.

"No problem, Doc," Marylyn said. "Now how about my tumble? I've got problems too. I want to tell you all about them in my room, later, with you and me both naked on my bed." She reached out her hand and took hold of his cock through his soft pants.

He looked at her as if he was seeing her for the first time. "T-two hours?" he asked.

"Two hours, Doc," Marylyn answered him. "And take some vitamin pills first. You're going to need them."

"Okay," he replied uncertainly. "Two hours."

Marylyn released his cock and smiled. "See ya, Doc," she said. She turned to the girl and snapped her leash. "Down!" she ordered. The girl got on her hands and knees. "Come!" she said as she snapped it again.

They resumed their walk down the hall. The girl followed Marylyn unhappily. "Three punishments!" she thought miserably. "I've earned three whippings! I can't believe this is happening to me! Please! Please! Please! Someone save me, please!" she thought as she stared down on the passing rug. "Please!"

Of course, it was four punishments she had earned so far, not three. She would find out about the other one in due course.

A couple of turns later, they came across an administrative area. Here was the door to the trainer's break room and lockers. Inside it was the door that led to the tunnel to the bunkhouse and the stairs to the floors above. There was also a dumbwaiter to the kitchen on the second floor. It was here that the lunches and dinners for the trainers were sent down and the meals for the trainees. A thin, rectangular shaped cage served as a feeding station.

Marylyn led the girl up to the cage. It was about 4' long and 3' high. The bars were of thin, black steel, about 6" apart. It was a sturdy confinement, but the contents could still easily be seen. She opened the door, removed the girl's leash and instructed her to get in. The girl blanched at the instruction. She didn't want to be caged. But disobedience never crossed her mind. She crawled into it, onto the padded bottom. When she was fully in, Marylyn closed the door behind her and locked it.

The girl still had her head pointed down. Why she had been put into a cage, she couldn't figure out. The cage was a little under 18" wide and she had had to scrunch her shoulders to get in.

She heard the woman knock on the side of the cage with her stick. "When you're in your cage, you raise your head up high and look straight ahead at attention so everybody can see you," she said. "Do it now."

The girl raised her head and straightened her elbows so she could get as high as she could. The top of her head brushed against the top of the cage.

"Okay, stay like that," Marylyn told her.

Marylyn went to the iPad in the wall by the dumbwaiter and punched in a code. Upstairs, in the kitchen, a bell went off. The cook, hearing it, went over to the iPad on the wall next to the dumbwaiter and saw the instructions coded up by Marylyn. He went to a large steel caldron he kept simmering on the stove. He stirred it a couple of times with a large steel spoon and then spooned out three spoonfuls into a steel doggie bowl. He brought it over to the dumbwaiter, checked in the window to make sure no one was in it, coded in the password, passed his palm over the reader, opened the door and then put it in.

He checked the iPad to see which trainee the food was for. Noting it was for no. 9, he scrolled to her file. It called for 16 ounces of beginner's formula. He went to the big commercial refrigerator, took out a 16 oz. bottle coded with a red label and brought it over to the dumbwaiter and put it in. He closed the door, pushed a button and down it went.

While waiting for the food, Marylyn made sure she entered the punishment Dr. Carter had ordered for girl no. 9 and what it was for.

When the dumbwaiter reached the bottom, Marylyn followed the same procedure for opening the door. Once it was opened, she

removed the dish and the bottle and put them on the counter. She closed the door and sent the dumbwaiter back upstairs.

The girl saw the bowl and bottle as Marylyn put them down on the counter. "Are they for me?" she wondered hopefully. She saw steam coming from the bowl. It looked like a doggy bowl. Why was it in that? How was she going to eat it? She was famished and didn't want to wait, but why was it in a doggy bowl and why have her in a cage when the food was out there? And where would she sit? Where were the utensils? What was going on?

Marylyn came over to the cage. She fiddled with the top at the front and a moment later, part of the cage swung down. It opened a gap that went from the top of the girl's head to just above her breasts. Marylyn had a small chain. She connected it to the front of the girl's collar and then to the cage at the bottom of the opening. She went back to the counter and opened a cabinet underneath it. She pulled out what looked like a tray with some straps on it. She brought it over to the cage and affixed the straps to the top of the cage. One side of the tray had hooks on it and these she connected to the cage at the bottom of the opening. When she released the tray, it fell into place, forming a little shelf just outside the cage. There was a brace on the bottom. She drew it out, unfolded it and attached it to the cage about a foot and a half below the tray for stability.

She went over to the counter, picked up the bowl and brought it over to the cage, placing it down on the tray. "Open your mouth," she told the girl. When she had obeyed, she pulled out the blue ball.

She stood back from the cage for a moment. The bowl was right in front of the girl and she could smell the food inside it, kind of an offputting, sour smell. "What's going on?" she thought fearfully.

"Eat," the woman said.

The girl looked at her in disbelief. How was she going to eat it? There was no fork or spoon.

"Listen, girlie, if you don't start eating within the next five seconds," the woman said angrily, "I'm going to beat you until you're black and blue all over!"

The girl suppressed a sob. Am I supposed to eat it like an animal?" she thought frantically.

"Five...four...three...two...." the woman was saying.

An alarm went off in the girl's head. She had a split second to decide what to do! She quickly dipped her head, saw the mushy type food in the bowl and started eating.



“...one,” the woman concluded.

The food was hot and the girl could only take a little bit into her mouth. It was a chunk of what tasted like maybe beef. Tears flowing down her face, she looked up at the woman while she chewed desultorily.

“I don’t care how long it takes you,” the woman said, “but I want you to eat everything in that bowl. I want it shiny clean when you’re finished. Got that?”

“Yesh, mistressh,” the girl said unhappily, the food still in her mouth.

“And if I see you using your hands, you’ll wish you never had them. Understand?”

“Yesh, mistressh,” she replied sadly.

Marylyn turned away from the girl and went back to the iPad on the wall. She quickly scrolled to what was on the menu for today. She selected a Caesar salad with roasted chicken, croutons, strawberry tomatoes and bacon bits. For a drink she ordered a tall glass of raspberry iced tea. She sat on a stool by the counter while she waited for it, her eyes on the girl. She had on what looked like the saddest face in the world. Already, the stew had made a smear on it. She was taking tiny bites and was chewing very slowly.

The dumbwaiter rang, announcing that her meal had been delivered and Marylyn went through the procedure for opening it. Everything was neatly arranged on a tray with a plastic knife and fork wrapped up in a large, soft, paper napkin. There were little packages of salt and pepper. The glass of iced tea had a little leaf of mint in it. The cook, on his own, had included one of his cupcakes that everyone loved with pink icing and sprinkles. Marylyn smiled when she saw it. The cook had been trying to fuck her for a year. He just wasn’t her type.

She carried the tray over to the door to the break room. Balancing it on one hand, she keyed in the code and pressed her palm to the reader. The door clicked open. She gave it a push with her shoulder and stepped in. Eddie was there and Cal Walker, a former Marine. They were engaged in a spirited discussion about a film that they both had seen. Marylyn sat down at the table next to them.

The girl watched the door close behind the woman. For a moment, she stopped eating as a wave of misery passed through her. Her lips trembled and her body started to shake. “Why is this happening to

me? Why?" she thought. "It can't be real! It just can't! What am I going to do? What?"

She looked down at the food. It was a mushy mess. There seemed to be little bits of potato, peas, meat of some sort, carrots and some other things that she couldn't tell what they were. There were apparently no spices in it. The taste was more or less homogenized. Everything was suspended in a mushy, sour and pasty tasting sauce.

Tears were running down her face. She was so hungry but she didn't want to eat. Not this way. And not this strange tasting glop. "I'm in a cage! A cage! I'm not an animal! I'm not! I'm not!" she thought miserably. And she had punishments coming. She couldn't get that out of her mind. That big man she had met on the way to the room where the other man had washed her was going to whip her. And how many more? How could people be so cruel?

She thought back to how this had all begun, the bar, Bob, that man, Tony. His big goons. Sitting in that room all chained up and helpless. She had worried about what they were going to do to her, but she never even imagined something like this!

These people, they handled her with such nonchalance and authority, like they had done it to a thousand girls before her. She had seen the other doors. Were there other girls behind them? Girls like her, kidnapped and being treated like animals? How big was this place? How many girls did they have captive? Where was she? What were they going to do with her? Would she ever, ever, ever be free again? How was she going to survive without losing her mind?

She had a life before yesterday. She wanted to go back to it. She wanted to somehow tell herself yesterday before she went to work, "Don't go! Don't go! Don't go!" She wanted to go back to the day she had auditioned for the job. "Turn around! Don't do it! Don't do it!" How could she be a prisoner here? How was it possible? She wanted to scream and yell and smash out of her cage and run, run, run! There had to be some way out of here! There had to be! Somebody would come looking for her! They had to! The police! The FBI! Karl! Her parents! "Somebody! Please! Please! Please! Somebody help me!"

She looked at the door where the woman had gone. What was on the other side of it? Was that the way out? Could she somehow get past that door? But she was always chained up! She was chained now to the cage. She raised her neck and pulled it to its extreme. The chains had these little locks on them that she didn't know how to

open. And the doors! How would she ever get past the doors? There was a keypad by each one and that thing they put their hands on. She would never get past the doors! Never! It was hopeless! Hopeless!

And then she thought, "That woman's going to come out! If I haven't eaten, she'll beat me!" She looked down at her meal. "Like a dog! They're feeding me like a dog! But I have to eat! I have to! I'm so hungry! Oh, god please help me!"

Tearfully, she bent her head to her task. She chewed each little mouthful as much as she could stand and swallowed it. Her face was getting all messy, she could feel it. The stuff didn't taste bad, it just didn't taste good. In fact, except for its generic sourness, it almost had no taste at all. "Oh, god, what's going to happen to me?"

Marylyn was keeping an eye on the girl through a monitor. She saw her crying and eating slowly and glumly. "Poor little thing," she thought. She took another forkful of her salad. One thing she had to say for Pete, he did know how to cook. The salad was wonderful. The dressing was delicious, with just the right combination of parmesan cheese, oil and vinegar, garlic and whatever else he had put in it, pepper, salt, anchovy paste. The chicken was spiced with garlic and honey, roasted perfect, nice and moist. And the iced tea was nice and strong and fresh brewed. Eddie and Cal were still arguing. She didn't pay it any mind. She would finish up with the girl in a little while and then go look up no. 7. After her whipping she was still going to make her lick her pussy, but she would save something for Dr. Carter. He better not fink out on her!

The girl was getting to the bottom of the bowl. It felt good to have some food inside her. She had stopped crying. It was funny, the yellowish light made the place seem so dream like, but in a way it was kind of comforting. It gave everything soft edges.

She heard something behind her and then a man stepped past her. He walked up to the computer pad next to the dumbwaiter and punched something in. He was big and had jet black skin. His hair was curly. He looked so frightening! She started to shake again. "He's going to fuck me!" she thought. "They're all going to fuck me!"

The man turned around and looked at her. She looked back. His face was mean looking, angry looking. He was so big! All the men were so big!

"What are you looking at!" he demanded loudly.

A wave of fear went through her. “N-nothing, master,” she eked out.

“Are you saying I’m nothing?” he demanded harshly.

Her stomach did a flip. Her body went cold. He was so big and she was so small. She started to cry again. “N-no, master!” she answered fearfully.

“Then what were you saying?”

“I don’t know, master,” she whined. “I’m sorry, master! I’m sorry!”

“What’s your number?”

“N-no. 9, master.”

The dumbwaiter rang next to him. He looked at it and then back at the girl. “I’ll see you later,” he said sharply.

The girl didn’t know what to say. It was better that she not say anything. He would see her later! What did he mean? What was he going to do? What am I going to do? “Oh, god please help me!” she thought.

The man took his tray from the dumbwaiter and went to the same door the woman had gone through. When it closed behind him, she broke out into sobs.

And then she remembered her food. The bowl had to be clean. She would get another punishment if it wasn’t. She leaned down and frantically started eating again.

Marylyn was keeping an eye on her. Jamar Jackson came in. Out of all the trainers, he was about the meanest. Jerome had spoken to him about it a couple of times. She realized that the girl had just gotten on his bad side. There was nothing she could do about it. It was probably just as well though. She would run into some pretty mean motherfuckers once she got out in the world so she might as well get used to it.

Jamar sat down in the far corner table and started to eat his meal. He didn’t say anything to anyone.

The girl was still licking her bowl clean when Marylyn came out of the break room. Marylyn put her tray down on the counter and finished off her raspberry iced tea while she watched her eat. When the girl looked up expectantly, she went over and picked up her dish. There was a little line of greyish sauce left on the side of the bowl. She put the dish down in front of the girl and pointed it out. The girl gave a little fearful frown and then licked it up. Marylyn picked up the bowl again.

“Next time, there will be a punishment,” she said.

The girl’s face cringed.

Marylyn had a wet paper towel in her other hand. She used it to clean the girl’s face.

She put the bowl down on the counter and put the tray it had sat on back in the cabinet underneath after giving it a good wipe. She picked up the bottle that had come down with the food in the dumbwaiter. She gave it a forceful shake. She unscrewed the top. There was a tab and she used it to peel away the tin foil covering the opening. Jerome had the bottles mixed up at a pharmaceutical center in Union, New Jersey. The formulas, there were four, were the result of two years of research he had had conducted at Reuther’s in the early 90’s and improved steadily since. Girl no. 9 was to be given the beginner’s formula. It was rich in proteins and vitamins. It also contained starter doses of the responsiveness drug they had developed and certain mood alterants. The mood alterants had to be begun slowly so that her system would learn how to process them. Too much too soon and the girl would just wig out. The responsiveness drug, however, had to be begun strong until she had a therapeutic level in her system.

The intermediate formula, which the girl would start to receive after about 5 days, started to level the drugs out, more of the mood drugs and less of the responsurant. The two other formulas were what they referred to as high-lows. One contained more responserant than the other and less of the mood drugs. The fourth formula was vice versa. It all depended on how the girl reacted.

After the third week, as a result of blood tests and observations of the staff as reviewed by Dr. Carter and repeated interviews of the girls by him, they would work up a formula specific to the girl. Once the optimum dosages were determined, it would be entered in her file. The pharmaceutical center in Union would make up batches particular to her and ship them out on a regular basis to wherever she was sent. The bottles would have her number on them. She would be administered a bottle every day. And if she was transferred, a supply would be sent with her and an entry made in her file. In Union, they would automatically change the ship to destination of her next batch.

The idea was not so much mind control as creating certain tendencies. The responsurant gave the girls a sexual itch that they would need scratched. The mood drugs would give the girl, in the right doses, an inclination to passivity and obedience without making

her a zombie like automaton. And it elevated her mood somewhat, not so much that she would be giddy and effervescent, but enough to keep her from the deeper troughs of despair. In the right doses, the girls never even noticed the effects.

There was some trial and error. The girls' behaviors were most carefully monitored even after they began their formal lives as whores. Jerome had already noted the need to make a tweak in Eleanor's formula.

The formulas were top secret although Jerome was considering licensing them to a Chinese group that ran bordellos in Macao, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore. A Russian group was also interested.

Marylyn brought the bottle over to the cage. The girl eyed it warily. It didn't look like an ordinary bottle. It looked like some kind of medicine. There was that big, red label. For medicine, read drugs. She didn't want to be drugged. Anything like that that they would give her couldn't be good. She closed her mouth tightly. She started to tremble. A cold emptiness swept through her. "Please don't! Please don't! Please don't! Please don't!" she thought unhappily.

"I'm going to tell you this just once," Marylyn said to her sternly. "You are going to drink every drop of what's in this bottle. If you refuse, or if you give me any trouble at all, I will call over some of the other trainers and you will be forced to drink it. Then you will be beaten to within an inch of your life. After that, I assure you, you will give us no more trouble. Just make sure that you understand, you are going to drink it one way or the other."

The girl started crying again. "What are they going to do to me?" she thought miserably. She knew that she would drink it. She believed the woman when she said they would force her and when she said she would suffer a severe beating. The man a little while ago had mentioned being beaten with a cane. What would it feel like to be beaten with a cane? She didn't ever want to know. And as to what they considered being beaten to within an inch of her life, she could only imagine something terrible.

"Open your mouth," Marylyn ordered her harshly.

You never asked whether the girl would obey or not. Why give them the choice? They were all predisposed to obedience by this stage.

The girl suppressed a whine. She opened her mouth slightly, her lips trembling.

“Wider!” Marylyn ordered.

She complied.

“Now lift your head back!”

The girl, tears flowing down her face, obeyed.

Marylyn brought the bottle to her mouth. She tipped it over so that a small trickle began to emerge. As she felt it drip upon her tongue, the girl gave out a despondent sob. Despite her fear and revulsion, she began to swallow it. Marylyn tipped the bottle a little further and a regular flow commenced.

The trainer kept close observation to make sure the girl did not get too much of the liquid at once. She poured it slowly and steadily. The girl had her eyes closed and a miserable expression on her face with tears pouring out in a steady stream. You could see her throat working as she swallowed it.

The girl strained to remain obedient. The thought that they were doing something evil to her made her want to revolt with all her heart, but she was too fucking scared to do anything of the sort. Her whole body was shaking and she struggled desperately to suppress the whine that wanted to come out. As it was, she released a little sound like air passing through a pinhole in a balloon. Marylyn heard it, but decided to let it go.

At least the medicine didn’t taste bad. It was flavored with vanilla extract.

“Poor little thing,” Marylyn thought. None of them liked the idea of being drugged. Some took it harder than others, though, and this girl seemed to be taking it rather hard. A notation would be made in her record. Marylyn resolved to give the girl an extra special series of orgasms when next she got the chance. She would hold her afterwards and comfort her and let her cry her little heart out.

And that was precisely the reason that Jerome had hired her.

The bottle was emptied. Marylyn gave it a couple of shakes to make sure that the girl got every drop. She didn’t say anything afterwards to her; she just walked over to the counter and put the empty bottle on the tray with the doggie dish. The wet paper towel she threw in the trash. She put the tray on the dumbwaiter and sent it upstairs. Then she carefully noted on the girl’s file on the iPad the time and dosage she had received and the warning she had given her about cleaning her bowl. Her next dosage would be in 7 hours. Subsequent doses would be randomized by the computer which from now on would dictate the girl’s schedule as tweaked by Dr. Carter. It

wouldn't due for her to be able to measure the passage of time by counting her doses. As long as the doses were given steadily in ranges of between 4 to 9 hours, the result would still be therapeutic.

Marylyn also signed off on her tour with the girl. Next up, she noted, was Cal who would transport her to her new location and get her ready for her next exercise. She looked further down the schedule to see when she would next have her and noticed that she was due to be handled by Jamar Jackson in her next cycle. She shook her head. Well, what were you going to do? Her next session with the girl was in two days. She would look forward to it.

She went over to the cage. She ordered the girl to open her mouth and she restored the blue ball to its home. She released the chain that connected the girl's collar to the cage and told her to move her head back inside. When the girl was back, she closed the front of the cage and locked it. The girl was looking up at her moon eyed. "What a pretty little girlie," Marylyn thought.

She removed her duty stick from her belt and smacked the cage with it twice, making a ferocious clatter.

"Eyes straight ahead!" she barked. "Straighten your back! Hold your head up high!" She banged the cage 3 more times.

The girl snapped into position. "Head higher!" Marylyn snapped. "Back straighter! Do it! Do it now!"

The girl strained to obey. When she was set there stiff as a board, eyes peering straight ahead, her lips trembling, Marylyn was satisfied. The girl's posture when Cal came to claim her would reflect on her. She never wanted anybody to be able to say that she was less capable than the men in enforcing discipline and training the girls to be obedient.

Marylyn restored her duty stick to her waist and gave the cage a little tap with her hand, saying, "Good girl," under her breath. She looked at her watch. It was time to go give no. 7 her beating. She turned on her heel and walked away.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

No. 9 was keeping herself as straight as she could. She could feel her elbows trembling. The woman had gone away. That man had said her name was Marylyn. Mistress Marylyn. The girl couldn't get out of her mind how she had blown her mind back in that cell when she had licked her pussy. Her pussy that was down below her body, between her legs, available to anyone who wanted it.

That big black man, the other man with the tattoos. The first man with sandy hair. And how many more? How many of these 'trainers', that's what the little man had called them, trainers, how many of them were there? And the little man. He had seemed to look right into her mind. He was so soft and kind sounding, but he had threatened to have her beaten with a cane. Don't lie to him. That's what he said. Don't lie to him. What was she supposed to tell him? What would he do to her?

That woman was going to fuck him. What kind of place was this? Where was she? How long would they keep her here? What were they going to do to her next?

She was trying to take an inventory of what had been done to her. Kneeling like this, she couldn't help think of that plug back there that could be easily seen by anyone who looked. How long would she have to wear it? Would they fuck her back there? She knew about stuff like that, of course, and a couple of her girlfriends had said they tried it and liked it. But she never had. And she never wanted to. Would the men make her do it? It was practically certain that they would. They would take their big cocks and put them there and she would not be able to stop them. "Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought. The idea of it made her queasy and her body to run cold.

And what was in that drink? The taste had surprised her. Vanilla. She wondered whether they had a chocolate and a strawberry too. What was it going to do to her? Were they going to take away her mind? Were they going to make her a zombie? Would they make her a ravenous, cock hungry bitch? She was sure that the medicine wasn't benign. Otherwise the woman wouldn't have threatened the most dire consequences for refusing to drink it.

Some men came by. She kept her head straight forward and her vision too. She wasn't going to make the mistake she made with that

black

man.

He said he was going to see her later? What did he mean? She wasn't looking forward to that at all.

The men pretty much ignored her. They punched that thing on the wall and stood by. One of them lingered at it for a little while longer like he was putting some information in. They chatted amiably and laughed at some joke. She was trying very, very hard not to look at them, to keep her eyes focused on a little crack she saw on the wall. But they had stepped in front of it. She couldn't not look at them. But she kept her vision low. They were big. Big like the other men. "Don't look them in the face! Don't look them in the face!" she told herself.

The dumbwaiter came down. They pulled out two trays. She saw food. Regular food. One of the guys had what looked like a hamburger. And drinks. She had to eat that crap but they were eating real food! Why was everything so unfair? Why had this thing happened to her? Last night, was it last night or a hundred years ago, she had had ravioli and some pie. Cherry pie. She had wolfed the food down. If she only had it now, she would linger over every bite. Was she ever going to have real food again? How long would they keep her here? What were they going to do to her?

The men went in that room. She felt some relief that she was alone again. But she was oddly bothered by the fact that the men took no notice of her. It must not be unusual to see naked, kneeling women in this cage, she thought. How many other women were there? Were they lonely and afraid like her? They had to be. Where did they come from? Where would they all go when they were 'trained'? Where would she go?

"I've got to stop thinking! I've got to stop thinking!" she said to herself. She tried, but she couldn't. She had so many questions. She was so desperately afraid. They were going to fuck her, fuck her, fuck her and there was nothing she could do about it.

How could these people get away with kidnapping so many women? For there had to be a lot for there to be a set up like this. She had seen, four, five, no, six different trainers, plus that other guy, the little guy. How many girls to each trainer? One? Two? Three? 18 girls? There couldn't be, could there? She had passed a number of cell doors. How many? She tried to count them, but there was no way she could remember. She had been too scared when she passed them and her eyes had been glued to the floor. She resolved to try and

count them next time they took her anywhere. But they made so many twists and turns. How could she be sure they weren't passing the same ones again and again? And were they all cells like the first one she had been in, or were there other rooms like where she had had her shower?

The door to that room opened. The men who came out had trays and put them in the dumbwaiter. One she thought she recognized. That first man. The man who had whipped her. The second one she didn't recognize. He was big too. He had brown skin, the color of coffee. He was so big! They were all so big! "Don't look at them! Don't look at them!" she told herself.

They punched something into that screen. Then they turned. She heard them speak. "See ya 'round, Eddie," the brown man said. They did some kind of complicated handshake.

"Yeah, later, bro," the guy called Eddie said.

Eddie left. The brown man turned to her.

"Don't look at him! Don't look at him!" she told herself. He came closer, right up to the cage. She stiffened herself, made sure she was obedient. '**OBEY**', the sign said, '**OBEY**'. Back in those rooms. That's what it said. That's what she would do. She would be as obedient as she ever possibly could. If only she could remember everything they told her. She was a 'stupid, fucking, little cunt!' That's what that woman had said. "I'm not a stupid cunt! I'm not! I'm not! And my name is Nancy! It's Nancy! I'm not no. 9!" Even if she had said so to the black man. She was Nancy! Nancy! Nancy! They would never take that away from her! Never!

The man was right in front of her. She peered into his waist, where the black cotton pants met the t-shirt. Don't look down! Don't look down!" she thought. But she could see it from the lower edge of her vision. That bulge. That unmistakable bulge. He would fuck her! They all would fuck her! "Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought.

The man circled around the cage. She became conscious of her dangling breasts, her naked thighs. He went to the back of her, out of her vision. She was sure he could see her hairless vagina from behind. And that cruel black plug they had put there. And on her foot and her leg, those things they had put on her. She hadn't been able to get a look at them. What were they? What did they mean?

It was so weird to be kneeling in this cage with so much space around her. The bars touched her shoulders and her hips too if she moved them even just a little bit. The soles of her feet were jammed

against the door behind her. The bars in front were inches from her eyes.

“I’m in a cage! A cage! I can’t believe it! Oh, it’s so horrible! What are they going to do to me? What are they going to do to me?”

The man came to a stop in front of her. She was trembling, she was so scared. She bit down on the stupid, horrible ball they kept in her mouth. Why did they do that? “I won’t say anything! I promise! I promise!” It was an evil thing that just wouldn’t go away, that she thought about all the time. She couldn’t ignore it. It was so horrible! Horrible!

The man did something to the side of the front of the cage. It swung open. She hadn’t realized that it opened on both ends. How convenient for them!

He crouched down. His hands came into the cage, big, brown, powerful ones. He had the leash in his hands. He was going to take her somewhere. “Where? Where?” And what was he going to do to her there?

He connected the leash to the back of her collar. He stood up.

“Out,” he said.

She moved instantly. She went straight ahead. She didn’t look to the right or the left. When she was out, he ran his hand down her back and over her ass. His hand was big and strong, but soft. He snuck his hand between her thighs and caressed her sex lightly. “Don’t do that! Don’t do that!” she thought. But she didn’t do anything to stop him. She remained as rigid as a porcelain doll.

He gave her a light tap on her back side. Then he gave the chain a slight tug. “Come on,” he said. His voice was melodious and soft. She moved in the direction he had pulled. She put her head down.

They walked and walked. She followed him meekly. They passed doors. “One...two...three...” she counted. They were staggered on the right and the left. She kept shifting her eyes without moving her head so that she could see them. They turned a corner. “Four...five.” Another corner. No doors for a long while. They turned again. Right. Were they going back the same way they came? Had they gone in a circle? Then they made a left. More doors. “Seven...Or was it six? Eight... nine. They stopped. She tried to retrace their route. Was it nine doors or eight? Had they gone in a circle or not?

She heard the door opening, that cruel sound of the bolts being moved, the turning of the mechanism inside. The man pulled the door

open. He gave her leash a little yank and she followed him in. The door closed behind them.

Bright! The room was so bright! There was no rug on the floor, just polished wood. And there were mirrors around the room. She could see them from the corners of her eyes. Where were they? What were they going to do to her here?

The man led her to the middle of the room. "Down," he said.

The girl quickly brought her head to the floor, spread her knees and put her hands behind her back. The man leaned down and clipped her wrists together. Then he unfastened the leash. He stepped away from her.

Every sound that the man made was echoed off of the walls. "What are they going to do to me here?" she worried.

He came back. "Stand up," he told her.

She rose to her feet. It was not easy with her hands locked behind her. Since she had come here, since last night, if it was last night, she hadn't been free for a single second. She was always chained to something or had her hands bound or was in that cage. "What are they going to do to me?" she thought unhappily.

She looked around. She saw a dozen reflections of herself. The room was about 30' by 30', the same size as her cell. That was no accident. All the rooms were the same size. Total uniformity was the desired impression. There was to be a blandness to every aspect of the trainee's experience except for the training exercises which were all designed to be as rabidly intense as possible.

All the walls of the room were mirrors. Even the back of the door. The only exception was a little rectangle where one of those computer things were, a key pad and that thing they put their hands on.

She looked in the mirror. She was standing next to the man. He was so tall! She seemed like a little girl next to him. But she had the breasts and the body of a woman. Her naked body. She had been naked all this time, but this was the first time she had looked at herself since she got here. The collar, the bracelets on her feet. Her breasts, her vulva. All plain to see. And the man, so dark, the black clothes, the brown skin. So big. So dressed. And she was naked, naked, naked!

She felt him loosen her wrists. He took hold of one and lifted it up over her head. She looked up. There was a chain there. She hadn't seen it. The man connected her wrist to it. Then he brought the other

one up. He connected that too. Then he stepped away. She looked at herself in one of the mirrored walls. "I'm all bound up!" she thought miserably. "What are they going to do to me?" The last time she was bound like this, she was whipped. "Oh, god, please, no! Please, no!"

She watched the man walk over to the wall. He pressed on it and a door opened. You would have never known it was there. His hand went inside. He was looking at her. Her hands were dangling just above her head. Suddenly, there was a little 'whirr' and they started to move up. They moved a few inches so that her elbows were not quite straightened but her hands were held high. Her feet were still flat on the floor.

The man seemed satisfied. He reached in to another part of the closet. She saw him remove a whip. It was thin and about four feet long. It had a thick leather handle and tapered down to a little point. He closed the closet door.

"Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!" the girl whined. He was going to whip her! "Oh, no! No! No!" she thought. She whined again. "Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!" She began to do a little, panicked dance.

The man walked up to her, the whip dangling from his hand. "There will be a punishment for that!" the man said forcefully as he walked towards her. "Now be quiet!"

"Another punishment! Oh, god! Oh, god! I'll be quiet! I'll be quiet! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Why couldn't she be obedient? Why? Why? Why?

She cringed as the man approached her. She thought he was going to strike her and she cringed, steeling herself for the blow. But he didn't. There was a little ring on the end of the handle to the whip and he attached it to her collar. He let go of it and it draped itself between her breasts and over her belly down to the crux of her legs.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she cried out. "Take it off! Take it off! Please! Please! Take it off!" she thought madly.

Cal looked at her. There would be no punishment for that. Technically, the whip was in contact with her skin. Therefore she was allowed to whine and moan all she wanted. After all, fair was fair.

Cal had achieved the rank of master gunnery sergeant in the Marines. He had joined up at 17 and worked his way up. He had a tour in the first Iraq war. He had won a Silver Star for carrying a badly wounded man across a line of fire to safety and then turning

and using his service weapon, killing 3 enemy combatants as they charged him. All the rest of his combat patrol were wounded too. He held his ground for 20 minutes, receiving two wounds from a rocket grenade until a relief force reached him. All seven of his men were saved. He received a Purple Heart for his wounds

After that, the peacetime Marines seemed just a lot of bullshit and pettiness. He stayed in though. He loved the Marines and he knew that sooner or later, he would be called to fight again.

Sure enough, there was the 2<sup>nd</sup> Iraqi war. This time they were allowed to go all the way. He received a Bronze Star for leading an attack on a fortified position overlooking Highway 1 on the road to Bagdad. After the lightning victory, his unit hunkered down for occupation duty. It was dangerous and boring all at the same time. At one point, his unit was assigned to guard duty at one of the many prisons that cropped up to hold insurgents. There were men and women, kept separate. What Cal saw go on inside that prison disgusted him. The beatings, the humiliations, the torture that was not quite torture, or at least not called that.

He leaked a report to the press. Unfortunately, the information was considered classified and was suppressed. No direct disciplinary action was taken against him, but he was transferred back to the States and assigned to a desk in Quantico. He was given to understand that this would be his future for the rest of his Marine career. At 39, he had his 20 years in and so he resigned, keeping all of his stripes.

Jerome had read about his case and was intrigued. He made arrangements to meet him. During their lunch, Gunnery Sgt. Walker made it clear that it was not the harsh conditions that he objected to, it was the randomness and the seeming lack of purpose to the abuse. Jerome offered him a job, ostensibly with his security company Bane. He watched him for a year or two. He was tested and found to have a high proclivity to what is often termed sexual deviance, BDSM, bondage, and so on. He subscribed to a couple of web sites, which their background check on him picked up, although, as far as they could tell he had never had other than a pure vanilla personal relationship and he didn't go to clubs or anything like that. Jerome took a chance and had lunch with him again, and then invited him to their facility outside Chicago.

Walker took to it like a fish in water. Jerome let him spend four months there as a steward. He received such high recommendations

that he invited him to the mansion and put him on the training team. He had not regretted it.

Cal enforced regulations to the letter. He was a natural leader for the team and often led the discussions in the weekly meetings that were held to review the workings of the training center and the status of their charges and had many good suggestions. His experience in leading and training men was highly useful in his dealing with the girls. He knew that encouragement and support were often just as important as correction and discipline. He had a natural sensitivity to human nature and often developed a rapport with the girls that encouraged them to success. And he was a resourceful and talented lover. Dr. Carter reported that all of the girls gave him good grades in that respect in his interviews with them and most thought him fair, although they reported that he had a particularly strong hand with the whip and imposed immediate, harsh discipline for infractions.

Jerome often wished he had 10 of him. In fact, he had talked to Cal about conducting in service programs for the staff at Reuther's and the stewards of the many bordellos to upgrade their training and performance. Cal had agreed, but made Jerome promise that he would still be able to spend considerable time at the mansion doing what he loved best.

Cal was due for his first seminar next week. It was to be held at Reuther's in specially designed classrooms that Jerome had had appended to the facility. There was an ample stream of girls to act as subjects for one on one instruction.

Looking at the girl, Cal was already regretting the four weeks that he would be spending away. He went over to the iPad and recorded the girl's status. He checked the schedule and saw that he would not get to spend any time with her before he left. But Manny had her three times. He would talk to Manny about working out an exchange. He was sure that Dr. Carter would approve it.



Before opening the door to leave, he was due to see to no. 3 next, he set the lights on a timer.

When the door closed, the girl gave out a little howl. The message the man had left her was clear. She was going to be whipped! But not quite yet. First she would have to spend time in agonized anticipation of it. Instinctively, she tried to shake the whip free of her collar, but that just caused it to sway back and forth, dragging itself over her skin.



She looked at herself in the mirrored walls. Oh, she looked so awful. It was grotesque. Her cheeks were puffy from the ball inside her mouth. The collar and the bracelets and the whip and the chain were something out of a horror movie. And she looked so vulnerable. Her naked skin seemed to be just begging for the whip. It would make angry, red marks on her. It would hurt, bad, real bad. She would scream and dance and try to avoid it, but it would be no use. The vision of what was to be flashed through her mind. It was like that Christmas movie. There was the ghost of whippings past and the ghost of whippings future. And soon, too soon, there would be the ghost of whippings present.

There were images of her everywhere she looked. It was awful. She tried to close her eyes, but she could not keep them closed for long. She did take the opportunity to see what had been tattooed on her body. She lifted her left foot and was appalled to see the marking, **JM14275**. It was bright blue. It made her look like some kind of commodity. She had to read it upside down and so it took her a moment to read the number. 14275. Did that mean 14,275? Was she girl no. 14,275? That didn't seem possible. But if it didn't mean that, what did it mean? Was it some code about where and when she was captured? Or where they were going to send her? What did it mean?

She lifted her other leg and turned it so that she could see it well. . That's what was there. It was the same design that was on the men's clothes. On that woman's too. There was no doubt what its meaning was. It marked her as property. She was the property of some organization that used the symbol, ''. What did it stand for?

She released a forlorn whine. She didn't want to be anyone's property. She couldn't be anybody's property. It was against the law. It wasn't right. It wasn't fair. She had so much to do with her life. She had her apartment, school, Karl, her family. She had been thinking about switching to nursing school. She would make a good nurse, she knew it. Now she would never be a nurse or anything else!

The only thing she was going to be was somebody's sex slave! That was what they were training her for. That's what they were going to do to her. With the drugs and the whips and the chains and everything else, they were going to remold her into a thing that could be used any way you wanted and then thrown away. It was so horrible! She felt a sorrow so deep that it overwhelmed her. She started to sob again. She didn't want to. She knew she needed to be

strong. But she couldn't help it. "Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god! Why me? Why me? Why me?"

And then the lights went out. It turned perfectly dark. There wasn't even any light shown around the door. It was as dark as any place on earth could be dark. "Oooooooooooooooooouuuu! Oooooooooooooooooouuuuuuuu!" she whined. "Please turn them back on! Please! Please! Please!" Her whines echoed off of the walls, reinforcing her anguished solitude and helplessness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Upstairs, Jerome had just finished his second cup of coffee oblivious to the unhappiness of girl no. 9 or the other unfortunate inmates of his little facility. He usually only had one, but tonight the coffee had tasted so good for some reason he had decided to have two. He had had Bernard bring him a small snifter of cognac. He was reading reports on his iPad. There was a financial empire to be run after all, even though he took little interest in it. His people had acquired some company. It looked good to him. The bank shares they owned were way up. One of their subsidiaries, a high tech steel making firm in Pittsburgh, was about to declare a dividend. There were some reports on pending acquisitions that he decided to review later.

Thinking of Pittsburg made him think of Cal. Jim Keiffer, who was the manager of the training facility and therefore head trainer, had been promised that he could run his own bordello. They were scheduled to open the Pittsburg facility in the summer of 2011, about 10 months from now. He and Jim had gone over the plans last week and construction was supposed to start in 3 months. Jim would go and supervise it. It would be their 20<sup>th</sup> facility. He needed a replacement for Jim. But was Cal up to handling the administrative stuff? It would seem to be a waste of his talents even though he had practically run a battalion over in Iraq.

On the other hand, he had been thinking of separating the head trainer job from the management bit for a long time. Almost any pencil pusher could handle the management chores, keeping payroll straight, keeping track of supplies, making sure that the facilities were all in good operating condition, scheduling vacations and overseeing the benefits program. He could make Cal Head Trainer and draft somebody from corporate to do the management end.

He made a note to speak to Steve Perry and Marsha Scrivani about it. They were his vice presidents of Operations and Human Resources. Steve was about as straight arrow as they come and, although he was the soul of discretion, he rarely partook of the side benefits his position entitled him to. Marsha, however, had no qualms about spending one or two weeks of her four weeks' vacation at one of the facilities, usually in San Diego or at Tahoe so she could get in some sailing or skiing. She always kept a little number of her own tucked away in their Nashville facility, about 15 miles from corporate headquarters. She changed girls a couple times a year and selected them straight out of Reuther's so they were always fresh.

He finished his coffee and slid his chair back from the table. He had eaten a little bit more than he ought to. He was on constant guard against getting fat, especially now that he was in his 40's. He worked out every morning when at the mansion, but it was hard to do sometimes on the road. He made a note to himself to give himself a double workout in the morning.

It was a quarter to 7. If Angela was to be ready for her guest at 8, he had better see to her. And he had business downstairs in the training rooms to take care of.

He got up from the table and walked through the common area, past the girls' cells and down to the punishment room. Like the cells, it had a solid steel door which needed a code and palm print to open. He performed the ceremony-like procedure and the bolts to the door opened up. He pulled the door open and stepped inside.

Angela was in the center of the floor. Like the mirrored room downstairs, there was no rug, just polished maple flooring. Angela was bound hand and foot. Her hands were fixed behind her back. Her feet were joined together with an 18" long chain connecting them to a ring in the floor. A similar chain connected her collar to a ring at the other end.

Angela looked like she had been crying for hours, which she probably had. She was belly down on the floor, naked and her olive brown skin was covered with sweat. Her eyes were red rimmed and puffy. Her hair was a mess. She was frowning in the most unhappy way. Her eyes were wet with tears. She looked up at him pleadingly.

The room was equipped with a transmitter that was directly linked to the disk at the top of her spine. The setting had been on 3, not the lowest, but below half. She had spent the last six hours or so in prolonged agony. Her body would have been filled with intense flu

like symptoms. She would have been experiencing cramping and a soul wrenching sourness throughout her body. You might be able to take it for an hour or so, but 6 hours was a long time to be writhing in anguish. The chains were left a little loose so that she could perform a limited amount of bodily contortions to express her acute discomfort.

Even all sweaty and feverish, Angela was a beautiful young woman. Her breasts were just magnificent and she had a fullness of body that bespoke passion. She was still only 22. In ten years or so, much of what was so delightfully firm and appealing now would, if not strictly monitored, begin to turn soft and to fat. That part of her future was not bright as she would eventually be jobbed off to some knocking shop. And then, well.... But for now, she had a very bright future as a luxury girl and then probably one of the better bordellos, maybe even a private owner. Her market value in the Far East would be high and she would undoubtedly receive special treatment there for a long time. She was a 3 star girl for sure. But the rebelliousness had to stop. She was a sweet thing, but with a streak of rebelliousness. She had probably been a terror around her brothers and sisters.

He looked down at her. Six hours of agony was harsh, but refusing a guest was a severe infraction. She would know better than to speak to him first.

“So, Angela, have we learned our lesson?”

“Oh, yes, master! Yes!” she whined piteously. “Please get me out of here! Please! Please! I’m so sorry! I am! Really! I’ll never do it again!”

She was crying real tears. Her face was contorted in unhappiness. Her graceful hands were clenched tightly.

“Roll over and let me see you,” he told her. She rolled to her back as best she could with her wrists confined behind her. “What beautiful breasts,” Jerome thought. They were lined with red stripes though as were her belly and thighs.

“I see that Mr. Brown must have been very angry with you.”

“Yes, master,” the girl replied sadly. “I’m sorry, master! Really! I’ve learned my lesson! Really I have!”

“Have you, Angela?” he replied. He was towering over her. He could see that she was suffering, but he had to make his point.

“You have all the makings of a really fine whore, Angela,” he told her. “You wouldn’t be a 3 star girl if you didn’t. You have a very

well trained, sensitive mouth and a tight, hot cunt that you can do magic with. Your breasts speak for themselves. You're beautiful and curvaceous. When you come you can make any man believe that he's the only one for you. And you're good with the other girls. I saw how you comforted Dolores when Tara had to leave us. There's a sensitivity to you and a gentleness that is very attractive.

"But you just can't seem to learn to live by the rules of your new life. You have no right to deny any master or mistress anything! You have no right to have any interest in anything that happens beyond these walls! You have given Bernard a hard time when he chains you up at night and you've complained about his use of you, knowing all the while that he was perfectly within his rights and that it is your duty to succumb to him without reservation each and every time he wants you. A couple of weeks ago, you asked Mr. Green some very impertinent questions about what's going on out in the world. You know you have no right to that information. You tried to stop Mr. Smith from coming down your throat. You made a face when a guest, now let's see who was it? Oh, yes, Mr. Wilson. He told you to clean his cock after he fucked your ass. You told him to do it himself."

"But he wanted me to do it with my mouth, master! I told him no! It's not healthy and it's disgusting!"

"But that's just it, Angela! You told him no and to do it himself. You know better than that. You should have told him that it was forbidden to you but that you would be happy to clean it the regular way. If he had insisted and forced you, I would have reprimanded him and sent him home. You just don't have the right to say no! To anybody! Is that crystal clear!"

"Yes, master! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Please don't leave me here! Please! It's been so long! I've been all alone and it's been terrible! Please! Please!" The girl was sobbing. "I won't ever do it again! I promise!"

He looked at her for a minute. She was so piteous. He hated to have to do things like this, but he knew he had to. Training was different. There you had to be as hard as stone. But once a girl graduated, this kind of stuff should not be necessary. He had had Angela's medicine adjusted twice. Maybe he would do it again. But too much medicine could deprive her of that special thing that made her so attractive and, potentially, such a good whore.

It was worth a try, though. He would speak to Dr. Carter tonight. There was a new drug they were testing out at Reuther's. It was

showing good promise. Maybe it would help Angela. It was for her own good, after all. Nobody wanted to see her sold to some hellacious brothel and treated like a whore from the streets. Not yet, anyway, not until nature had its way with her hopefully, many years hence.

“All right, Angela,” he said. He stepped over to the control pad and turned off the transmitter. Instantaneously, Angela gave out a long, relieved sigh. “Thank you, master! Thank you!” she cried out, sobbing.

It was a terrible punishment, he had to admit that. That was one thing about Julia, she didn’t fuck around with the girls. She wasn’t afraid to use a whip or to impose the most drastic discipline. She never kept any secrets from him, except for, perhaps, the depths of her hatred, but that was another story. At the same time, she was usually kind with the girls and treated them fairly. More than just a few times, with his permission of course, she had spent the night with one of the girls when they were having a hard time, just as he was going to do with Eleanor tonight. And she never abused her position with the girls, primarily using the maids to satisfy her sexual cravings when he was not around.

It was going to be hard to replace her. He was a little sorry, as he knew he would be, that he had thrown her over. She certainly didn’t deserve to be sent to Jennings and suffer whatever he had in mind for her. But that was life. He couldn’t start thinking about those kinds of things now. And he would have been upset with himself if he had let that new girl slip through his fingers.

That reminded him that he had an appointment with her. He turned to Angela. “You are scheduled for a whipping tonight by Bernard before you go to bed. See how foolish you were? You spent the day in here suffering and now have to suffer two beatings instead of just one. I’ll bet that Mr. Brown would have gone a lot easier on you had you been cooperative. And I’m sure that the beating Bernard gives you tonight will make Mr. Brown’s seem like playing patty cake.”

“Yes, master,” Angela whined. “I’m so, so sorry! It’ll never happen again!”

“This is your last chance, Angela. I’m not fucking around. I won’t say that sending you off will be for your own good, because it won’t be. You’d be going to a very, very bad place with some very, very

bad people. But it would be for the benefit of the group. We just can't have someone around who's going to make so much trouble."

"Yes, master," she whined sorrowfully.

He leaned down and disconnected the girl's feet and collar from the rings in the floor. Then he disconnected her wrists and ankles from each other. Angela rose to her knees in a flash and began kissing his feet. "Please don't send me to that awful place, master! I'll be good! You'll see! I'll be good!"

He brushed his hand through her thick, beautiful black hair. "Okay! Okay! It's all in your hands now, Angela. You have to get up now and get ready for your guest. I want you to make sure that you treat him extra special nice."

"Yes, master, I will!" she replied.

He helped her to her feet. "Do you know who's my guest tonight, master?" she asked timidly.

"Yes, it's Mr. Jones. He asked for you specially. He'll treat you very nice. Just make sure you're extra special nice to him."

"Yes, master. I will! I promise!"

"And Mr. Brown has asked for you again tomorrow in the morning session. I don't want a repeat of today, understand?"

"Yes, master," Angela replied somewhat gloomily.

"Okay now, go get washed up. I've told the cook to give you something light to eat. Make sure you're ready by 8 o'clock."

"Yes, master," Angelica replied. "Thank you, master."

She ran off.

Jerome made his way back down the hall. Bernard was in the common room. He was a tall man, solid, but not heavily built. He had brown skin and short, curly black hair. He was wearing his standard uniform of a short, white jacket with gold piping on the collars and lapels. It carried Jerome's insignia on its breast pocket. He wore black pants and black, shiny shoes. His shirt was red. On his belt, as on the belt of all the stewards, was a small quirt, with a black wooden handle and five 12" long, stiff, leather thongs. Bernard and the other stewards were empowered to impose immediate discipline on any of the girls at any time for any infraction. They tended to overdo it sometimes and Jerome had to remind them often that he desired the seraglio to be a place of relative tranquility. He required any punishments, rather than a stroke or two to get a girl's attention, to be performed in on the beds or at the whipping posts in the girls' individual cells so as not to disturb the others unnecessarily.

Bernard was Jamaican. He had been running girls on the streets of Kingston since he was 14. He moved to New York when he was 20, and ran a string of girls out of a three story apartment house he had bought in Bedford Stuyvescent for many years. He ruled them with an iron fist and always had a nice selection of black, white, brown and Asian girls.

In 1997, he had faced a takeover bid by a Dominican gang. It had gotten hot and heavy. The end result was that Bernard had gunned down the gang leader in an ambush one night. Unfortunately, a bystander, the wife of a N.Y City police lieutenant, had been killed in the crossfire. Bernard had been convicted of the double homicide and sentenced to 2 consecutive life terms. Jerome had known of Bernard by reputation. At the time he was very proactive in the business and tried to keep informed of all the significant houses around the country. Bernard had actually bought a couple of 'B' girls from Reuther's for his stable.

Jerome had pulled some strings and had had Bernard paroled into his custody. He put him to work at Reuther's training 'C' and then 'B' girls. In 2002, he had him brought to the mansion to work in the training center downstairs. He was excellent. You couldn't run a successful brothel of the first class unless you knew how to balance discipline with some degree of emotional support for your charges. When his last head steward had left to work in the Phoenix facility to be closer to his ailing mother, Jerome had promoted Bernard.

The girls all had a healthy fear of him that was well deserved, but they never complained about him using them, even amongst themselves, except Angela who he used 3 or 4 nights a week. But that may have been more a factor of his quick whip and rigid intolerance of dissension in the ranks. Angela paid dearly for her loose lips more than a few times.

He was a real coxman who could go on for hours. Jerome had to ask him to limit himself since the girls did have to work in the morning. Now, after taking his pleasure with one of the girls for an hour or so, most often Angela, who he would most certainly fuck tonight after he had given her her whipping, he usually finished off with one of the maids, keeping her overnight in a cage at the foot of his bed so he could use her again in the morning.

Since Julia was now *persona non grata*, Bernard had the responsibility of making sure that the girls were ready and waiting in the work rooms at 8 o'clock. Jerome conferred with him briefly. He



had a bound, teary eyed maid in tow, a slender, brown haired, dainty breasted beauty. She was a 3 star girl who had graduated about a month ago. Jerome had decided that she needed some more seasoning so he had sent her to the bunkhouse. She hadn't yet been given a name and wouldn't until she was sent out to a facility. Her number was 46.

Mr. Smith had requested a threesome. Jerome noted from the brash red color of the girl's buttocks that Bernard had reminded her of her duty to be absolutely responsive and obedient.

After assuring himself that everything was under control, Jerome made his way to the elevator which would take him to the basement cells. It was the same way he had come in. It was the only way in or out of the seraglio. It let him off on the basement floor, level with the garage, and he walked to the door that connected to the basement tunnel. A couple of the trainers were passing by on their way to go on duty, and Jerome said hello to them. He followed them to the door that led to the training cells. He stood in the short line while the men ahead of him checked in with security and were admitted, one at a time. When his turn came, he went through the same rigorous screening.

The door opened to a small hallway. On the right was the locker room. Even though there were 3 female trainers, Jerome had not designated separate locker rooms for men and women. It seemed somewhat unnecessary in an environment where the trainers spent so much time in sexual activity. He also wanted to emphasize the co-equal status of the female trainers and combining locker rooms seemed a good way to help accomplish that.

When Jerome visited, he wore the same uniform as the trainers, the black cotton sweats and black sneakers. It was consistent with his concept of uniformity within the training cells. Most of the girls would never know that he was their owner and he wanted them to perform for him as they would for one of the regular staff so he could better analyze their qualities. He didn't want them putting on a special show just for him.

Jerome went down the bank of lockers until he found his. He opened it and began to undress. One of the female trainers, Debbie Evans, was coming off duty. She had just showered and was standing there naked, toweling off. She had a compact, athletes' body. She was just short of 5'6" tall. Her muscles were well toned and developed. She had been a star pitcher for the University of

Oklahoma's women's softball team and had carried them to the Championship in both her junior and senior years. She was also a threat with the bat, ending with 35 home runs for the 3 years she played varsity and broke the University record for stolen bases in her senior year. She had been very popular with her teammates and in her senior year had been elected captain. In the winter, she ran indoor track, specializing in the 440, in which she won several medals, and the mile relay, and in the fall, cross-country just to keep in shape. It wasn't really her sport.

She had all American looks, corn fed from Iowa. She kept her straw blond hair in a short ponytail. Her demeanor was always chipper and she had starry blue eyes that made her friendly face sparkle.

Debbie had graduated with a degree in physical education. She had been recruited as an assistant athletic director at a small Eastern college and started out as coach of the junior varsity softball and women's wrestling teams. Unfortunately, she had developed a hot and heavy relationship with a sophomore on the softball team in her third year there. It quickly evolved into a dom-sub relationship. She started taking the girl to clubs in Philadelphia and Baltimore and making her perform. She adorned her slave with a thick pussy ring and studs in her nipples. She whipped her often. The girl was less than discrete. Their relationship became a well known secret on campus. One day at home, on a weekend break from school, the girl's mother came into her bedroom unexpectedly. The girl was just getting dressed after a bath. Her mother was appalled at what she saw.

Now the girl was a sub for a reason. She caved in immediately to her mother's demands to know all. Enraged at the desecration of her little girl, she immediately informed the Dean. Debbie was fired on the spot. Somehow the local papers got a hold of the story and it became a minor national scandal, even getting a short feature in Sports Illustrated. Debbie's career was finished.

Jerome read about it just by chance on a flight from Dallas to New York. Someone had left a copy of the Sports Illustrated issue with the story in it in the pouch in front of his first class seat. Ordinarily he would have been riding one of the company jets, but it had developed trouble with a landing gear. He didn't have time to wait so he took the first flight he could find.

He made contact with Debbie right away. She was reticent at first to discuss the incident, but at Jerome's urging finally broke down and related to him the whole tale. Jerome took her to their facility outside of Des Moines, on the Illinois side of the river. It was a small facility with only 7 girls. Since then, they had closed it down and opened a bigger one right downtown. Debbie had to be encouraged to sample one of them. Two hours later, she was sold.

Her first job for Jerome was designing physical exercise programs for the girls at Reuther's. Many of the girls came in overweight or out of shape and needed tuning up. Debbie had also minored in nutrition and she helped to develop individual feeding regimens. Two years later, she came to join the staff at the mansion. She worked with the girls, shaping them up and teaching them their Kegel exercises. She also had a regular schedule of disciplinary duties.

A few weeks after Debbie came to the mansion, Jerome had a surprise for her. He brought her down to a cell one day, and who was there, bound and naked and awaiting her first discipline, but the girl who had caused Debbie so much trouble. Debbie was excited to see her again, as one might imagine. All the girl had to do was keep her mouth shut and everything would have blown over.

Jerome watched as Debbie gave the girl her first whipping, using all the strength in her pitching arm. He had rarely seen one given with such enthusiasm. Once she was trained, Jerome had her sent over to the bunkhouse where she was serving to this day, an especially frequent bed companion for Debbie, but, of course, remaining still available to all takers. With Jerome's permission, she had locked up the girl's pussy for her own personal use, leaving the girl with the need to satisfy the men with either her mouth or her rear portal.

"Hiya, Mr. M.," Debbie said gaily.

"Hello, Debbie," Jerome replied. "Had a good day?"

"The best, as always," she returned.

She had firm, grapefruit sized breasts and as Jerome watched her rub them with her towel, his cock gave a little turn. She was very attractive. But he had a strict rule as to female employees. He didn't ever want it to be said that he took advantage of one. It was extra hard with Debbie.

"Hey, Mr. M.," she added spritely, "When are you gonna let me haul your ashes? You won't regret it." Her face was beaming impishly.

“Well, it’s against company policy,” he told her.

“I don’t see why,” she returned. “I mean if fucking is part of my job responsibilities, how else are you going to know whether I’m doing a good job?”

“Well, fucking the girls is part of your responsibilities, Debbie. And last time I checked I wasn’t a girl.”

“Oh, that’s just a technicality, Mr. M.” she insisted. “I mean, you fuck all those girls and you won’t let me even nibble on your cock. I’m out of practice. You owe it to me as my employer to let me have a crack at you.”

“I’m afraid you’ll have to ask one of the other guys,” Jerome told her. She was using the towel to dry her hair. Her arms were raised, exposing all of her luscious body and lifting her breasts up nicely. Then he saw something new. Debbie liked to trim her pubic area a bit, but still keep a nice, fluffy bush. Above the line of her pubic hair was a bright red tattoo of his monogram. He looked at it and couldn’t help wondering what it would be like to visit the organ beneath it.

“I see you have a new tattoo,” Jerome told her.

Debbie, smiling, took her hand and rubbed it lightly.

“Yeah, I had it done a few weeks ago. It looks cool.”

“That it does,” Jerome admitted.

“It’s so the girls can look at it while they’re munching my carpet. Kind of to remind ‘em of who they belong to. I showed it to Marylyn and she says she wants to get one too.”

“Very nice,” Jerome said. “I’ll have to consider making it obligatory, so the girls can look at it while they have a dick in their mouth too.”

Debbie laughed her infectious laugh.

“And speaking of Marylyn,” Jerome added, “if I fucked you, I would have to fuck her too, and Shakila, otherwise it wouldn’t be fair.” Shakila was a tall, statuesque woman with coal black skin. She was well muscled and had done a few turns boxing women’s heavyweight before she came to work for Jerome. Straight from Harlem, she had quite a story.

“I don’t think they’d mind,” Debbie insisted.

“And the guys too. I’d have to fuck them or it would be discrimination.”

Debbie laughed. “Okay, Mr. M., have it your way. But sooner or later, your curiosity will get the better of you. You won’t be sorry.”

“I’m sure I won’t,” Jerome replied.

Debbie started dressing. She pulled on a lavender, short sleeved, knit shirt and a pair of tight fitting canvas trousers. No underwear. Jerome stripped down somewhat self consciously as his cock had grown hard while talking to the effervescent girl. He slid on his black cotton pants and his sweatshirt.

“By the way, Mr. M., I think you oughta take a look at no. 3. I think she’s something special. I had her moaning for 45 minutes today and she wouldn’t stop coming.”

“Thanks, Debbie, I’ll look into it.” And then a thought came to him.

“Listen, Debbie,” he said. “I’m having a bit of a problem with one of my girls, Eleanor. She keeps crying herself to sleep every night. I’m going to spend a couple nights with her and see if that does any good, but I think she made need something more long term, otherwise I might have to ship her out.”

“Gee, that’d be a shame,” Debbie replied. “I think I know the girl you’re talking about. She’s got blond hair, nice hefty breasts, sweet as cotton candy?”

“Yeah, that’s her.”

“She only went up a couple of weeks ago.”

“Yes, and that’s part of the problem. It’s an adjustment issue.”

“What can I do, Mr. M.?”

“I’d like you to spend some time with her, develop a little relationship, something for her to look forward to. Nothing hot and heavy, but just enough so that she gets the idea that you think she’s something special.”

“Sure, I can do that.”

“As you know, Monday’s their off day. How’s about you coming up and spending some time with her? We have an extra room in the back we use only on special occasions. You could take her there so it won’t be like one of her regular dates.”

“That’d be fine, Mr. M.,” Debbie replied. “I’d be glad to help.”

“Thanks. I’ll speak to Jim Kreiser about working out your schedule.”

“And when I’m done, do I get to sneak my way down to your room for a thank you fuck?”

“We’ll see,” Jerome laughed. And as he looked at her he said to himself that that might just be arranged.

She finished dressing, putting a bright yellow ribbon in her hair to tie back her ponytail. “See ya, Mr. M.,” she said lightly as she started

to leave. "I've got a dinner date with my special lady. We're eating out."

Jerome laughed. "See you, Debbie, and say hello to her for me."

She bopped off, her jaunty ponytail dancing behind her.

He put on his black sneakers and closed his locker. He disdained locks in the locker room. No one was permitted to bring valuables there and who was going to steal your fucking clothes? He had already changed his watch to the standard issue one while he was still upstairs.

He went back out into the hallway and through the break room. A couple of trainers were having coffee there and he greeted them. After punching through the code, etc., he stepped into the main training area. There was a very glum looking black haired girl there eating her meal from inside the feeding cage, no. 14. This was her fifth or sixth cycle if he remembered correctly. She was from downstate Illinois, near Cairo, and had been turned over to them three days ago by a jilted boyfriend. Mike, a blond haired bodybuilder from Southern California, was watching over her. They just nodded. No one used his real name inside the facility in the presence of any of the trainees.

He scooted down the hallway, passing a couple of girls in transit, and went to Dr. Carter's office. He was just finishing up a counseling session with one of the girls. When Jerome looked in through the window to the counseling room, Dr. Carter saw him and waived him in.

The room was dimly lit in yellowish light as was all the other areas of the training areas. Like the hallways, it had a brownish red rug and dark painted cement block walls. It was a small room, maybe 12' by 12'. A large, framed print lit by a small light hung on the wall opposite from the door depicting a tranquil seascape in muted blues, yellows and greens. Several long winged, white birds were gliding through the pale bluish gray sky and a sunrise had just begun, a reddish, orange glow emanating over the horizon.

It could have been any other treating psychologist's office but for the whipping stand in the corner of the room. Dr. Carter never performed any discipline directly, but he often prescribed it and sometimes found it necessary to have the girl receive her strokes right there and then so that they could continue her session immediately afterwards.

There were two chairs facing each other, Dr. Carter's chair, which was a comfortable padded, black leather recliner, and a padded, steel, squarish chair affixed to the floor with steel bolts. The girl was bound to the chair, her wrists clipped to the arm rests and the ring in the back of her collar to the back of the chair. She was petite and thin and had coffee colored skin and short, dark brown hair. She was so short that her feet barely touched the floor. Her face was awash with tears. She gave Jerome a forlorn look as he came in.

Dr. Carter encouraged the girls to let it all out in his sessions. Then he carefully brought them around to the finality of their shift in status and helped them come to terms with it. He saw each girl every four cycles or so, which averaged out to about every two days, recording in the girl's file her progress with acceptance. Girls who couldn't adjust were washed out and sent down to Reuther's where they would be subjected to a more brutal regime. There were always ample candidates to replace them.

It was a process too time consuming to be used at Reuther's, although they had started a similar, if abbreviated, program there for the 'A' girls. Dr. Carter had been lobbying to expand it and he had developed proposals for the 'B' and 'C' level girls as well. Jerome was considering them and had sent them to Reuther's' management for a cost estimate and an analysis on the proposed programs' effects on time and process. So far, all reactions had been positive and Reuther's was in the process of developing a pilot project. According to Dr. Carter, there would be no problem in obtaining licensed and trained psychologists anxious to fill the positions. His belief was that they could increase the graduation rate to 95% or better, saving at least 3 girls a month from washout, and enable more girls to jump classes.

Dr. Carter finished addressing the girl. "So we will work on building up your enthusiasm over the next few cycles, won't we?"

"Y-yes master," the girl said tearfully in a slightly accented voice.

He looked at his iPad, which he had on his lap. "I see you have a discipline coming up your next period. You can see the need to work on your obedience, can't you?"

"Y-yes, master," she replied in a squeaky voice. She gave Jerome a terrified look, assuming, no doubt, that he was the one going to administer it.

"Now, the next time we meet, I want to see all good reports for you, okay?"

“Y-yes, master,” she agreed.

“Your trainer will be by in a few minutes. I have to speak to Master Tony so we’ll say goodbye for now. Next time we meet you can suck my cock and we’ll see how much you’ve progressed.”

He put the iPad down on a small table next to his chair and got up. He stepped over the few feet between them to the girl and presented one of the blue rubber balls bearing the red company logo that served as convenient gags. When he held it up to the girl’s lips she automatically opened her mouth and accepted it. Then he drew a black bag over her head and closed it around her neck. He signaled Jerome to join him in his office.

His office was dominated by a large, dark maple desk. It was clean as a whistle except for a computer monitor, a keyboard and an intercom phone. Behind the desk was a bookcase crammed with books and journals. The room was comfortable with a dark blue rug with little golden designs in it. The walls, although consisting of concrete blocks like the rest of the training rooms, were painted a tranquil, light green. There were several prints on the walls. The room was dim, as was the rest of the facility, but he had a desk lamp that created a bright circle of light on the desk. Two comfortable chairs were set before the desk. Jerome took a seat.

“Where did she come from?” Jerome asked. “She’s way below the minimum height limits. She looks like she’s 15.”

“No, she’s over 18 all right. Actually 19. I don’t know how she slipped under the radar. She’s a special order from some bigwig at Devron Financial. Seems she filed a sexual harassment complaint against him. He has a friend over at Bane who agreed to pick her up. He brought her here.”

“I want a full report on this,” Jerome said. “I’ve told those guys over at Bane that any special requests have to come through me or Bill Cooper at corporate.”

“It seems Bill approved it,” Dr. Carter informed him.

“Well, I’ll have to talk to Bill. I want her sent down to Reuther’s right away.”

“It’s your prerogative, but I think you might want to speak to Bill first. Seems there’s this big deal going on and Devron is underwriting much of the acquisition costs. She came in last night. I spoke to Bill this morning as soon as I saw the girl’s file.”

“Is she Code 20 at least?”



“No, she’s in for the full treatment. Seems she’s going to be a gift to the Devron CEO. They’re putting together a secure corporate retreat. They’ve contacted Reuther’s about staffing it. A team from Bane is supposed to be checking it out this week.”

Jerome paused. “Why wasn’t I told about this?” he said after a few moments.

“I don’t know, Mr. Marshall. I’m just the messenger.”

“Who’s putting this deal together on our end?”

“I believe it’s Melissa Kim.”

“Well, I guess Ms. Kim and I will have to have a talk about this tomorrow. We’ve nixed projects like this in the past. I guess she didn’t get that memo.”

“No,” Dr. Carter replied.

“So how is the girl working out?”

“Not too bad. She figured out right away that this is all by way of retaliation against her for her harassment charge and she’s pretty upset about that.”

“Naturally.”

“And she was engaged to be married in a few weeks. Had the wedding all planned and everything.”

“Well, those are the breaks. She should have kept her mouth shut. So, what do you think?”

“Oh, I think she’ll adjust. It may take a little more time than usual. I’ve put Glenn Chu on her training team. He’s not quite as big as most of the other guys and he has a rather soft demeanor. The guy she was going to marry was half Vietnamese. She’s Filipino. So I thought Chu was a good choice.”

“Give her a week,” Jerome said. “If she doesn’t show promise by then, ship her out. I don’t care whose special case she is. It’s the reputation of this facility that I’m more concerned with.”

“Okay,” Dr. Carter answered.

“I wanted to ask you about the R-22 trials at Reuther’s. How are they going?”

“So far, so good,” Dr. Carter replied. “To date the sample group has been rather small, but there have been no negative side effects and it seems to be working with regard to some of the harder cases.”

“I’d like to put my Angela on it. It’s really my last hope for her.”

“Do you want to make her part of the study?”

“What would that involve?”

“We’d have to ship her down to Reuther’s for about 10 days of tests and protocols.”

“I don’t know. That’s an awful long time.”

“That’s true, but you’d really want the team that’s doing the study to monitor her for proper dosage and side effects. They couldn’t do that if she were here. And I’ve read a little bit of her file. She’d make a great case study.”

“I’ll let you know.”

“Okay.”

“Anything else?”

“There is one thing.”

“Yes?”

“It’s about my vacation.”

“Oh.”

“You promised me 3 weeks.”

“I did.”

“I’d like to go next month. I’d like to take my kids to Europe. My ex is okay with it and everything. And it’s been two years.”

“But who’ll cover the program?”

“I think I have somebody.”

“Who?”

“Her name is Dr. Vinaya Saijwani. She is the head of the Psychology Department at the University of Minnesota. She’s done lot of work with prison populations and has written a nice monograph on intense behavior modification systems.”

“A woman?”

“Yes, she’s very qualified.”

“Do you think the trainees will respond to a woman psychologist?”

“I think they’ll respond to a highly trained, experienced psychologist who is capable of following some simple, basic protocols I’ve developed over the last 3 years.”

“But what about discretion? This isn’t a prison. And the sexual aspect? Not to mention everything else?”

“She’s the epitome of discretion. I’ve known her for years. And why should the sexual aspect make any difference? She’s a scientist. It’s just another phenomenon to study. And you have women trainers. If they’re qualified and can get on board with ‘everything else’ as you put it, why not a woman psychologist?”

“How do you know she’ll do it? After all, it takes a certain mindset...”

“Oh, I’m sure she’ll do it. I’ve already talked to her about it.”

“You talked to her about it?”

“Oh, yes. In a general way only. Kind of hypothetically. She was very excited about the possibility. I’ll email you her resume.”

“Okay, I’ll take a look at it. And I’ll have the Bane people look her over.”

“I’ve already done that. The report will be with the file I send you.”

“Okay,” Jerome said guardedly. “So you have this all thought out.”

“I’d really like to get away and spend some time with my kids. This is my best chance.”

“Okay. Okay. I’ll look at it with an open mind. If it checks out, I’ll have her flown here next week to take a tour and for an interview.”

“You won’t be sorry. I think she’ll be able to help out with the program too with some suggestions. And if the Reuther’s program gets off the ground, well, I’d kind of like to take charge of it, since it is my baby. You’d need a replacement for me. She’s very bright and she has a lot of experience. She worked for 5 years as prison psychologist at the California Women’s Corrections Center in Vacaville.”

“You don’t say.”

“And, although this shouldn’t be a factor, she’s very good looking. A knockout.”

“Well, that won’t hurt her chances. That’s all then?”

“That’s all.”

“Okay, I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

Jerome and Dr. Carter shook hands. He went out thorough the examining room. The little Filipino girl was still in her chair awaiting the arrival of her trainer. He gave her a little look. She did have cute little breasts and, from what he recalled, delicate, little features.

She was not bad if your thing was to fuck newly puerile girls. He liked to keep the little girl-like ones out of his stream of commerce because he didn’t want to encourage pedophilia. His people had strict orders not to recruit any females under the age of 18. He also didn’t like the idea of these little corporate hideaways. There was always a security issue and it was impossible to control the conditions under

which the girls lived. He hated the idea of sending class 'A' product somewhere where it would be wasted through poor asset management or the excesses of the clientele.

But, he thought, there might be some middle ground. What if his people took responsibility for the management functions? They could market their services like modules. The corporate management could still have exclusive use of the facility, but title to the assets would remain with his operations. It could be a good, new income stream. They could circulate girls in and out of the modules on a regular basis to give the customers a good variety. He would have to talk to Bill Cooper and get him to work up some pro formas on the costs and income projections.

The problem would be, as it always was, product. They were fairly stretched now at least when it came to the 'A' girls. Maybe they could cull the 'B's' to create a new classification, say 'B+'. Or they could increase recruitment or dip more heavily into the international market. Anyway, there were possibilities and it would have to be looked at since there seemed to be so much demand. Someone was going to fill this niche market. Why not them?

He would put Melissa Kim on the team, from Corporate Relations, since she was so hot on the concept. Paul Jackson from Marketing, Torri Frost from Accounting and Raul Mendoza from the International Division. Somebody from Bane Security too, like Jasper Collins or Sandra Hernandez. And they would need someone from Reuther's and someone from Acquisitions.

The girl was issuing little mewling sounds from behind her hood and her legs seemed to be shaking. Her hands were balled up into little tense fists and her knuckles were white. The bag on her head was moving in and out rapidly as if the girl were hyperventilating. It was not a good sign. On the other hand, Dr. Carter had told her that she was about to be whipped again. That would upset anyone's equilibrium.

He passed through the mechanical door just as the girl's trainer arrived. It was Jamar Jackson. More back luck for the girl. Jerome made a note to himself to have Jamar transferred to Reuther's as soon as possible. He was better off working on the 'C' girls until he learned to control himself.

He gave Jamar a nod and walked down the hall towards his next destination. He checked his watch. It was 25 minutes after 8. He was 5 minutes early. Even he was ruled by the computer when it came to

scheduling. More or less that is. But it didn't make sense to interfere with delicately timed functions for no reason. He decided to wait.

## CHAPTER NINE

She had been in the absolute darkness, it seemed, for a long time. At first she had whined and moaned, calling out from her obstructed mouth for mercy, help, deliverance, anything. The only thing good about it was that the echoing off of the walls made it seem a little like she was not alone.

She had asked the universe, “Why? Why? Why did they have to turn out the lights?” But then she answered her own question. It was all part of their psychological assault on her to make her feel powerless and alone. Well, it was working. She couldn’t have felt more powerless or lonely.

She tried to recall how many punishments she had earned. She couldn’t remember if it was four or five. It was actually seven. There was one when she had tried to stop Marylyn from putting that ointment on her. The second one she didn’t know about was when she had failed to lick her bowl clean.

Marylyn had put in the computer that she had given the girl a warning, but Dr. Carter had overruled her when he reviewed her notes. He would talk to her about it when he saw her. Sympathy for the guests was one thing, but leniency, especially in their first couple of weeks was another. It was especially important for the girls with the most potential like girl no.9. He had wondered whether he should talk to her about before or after they fucked. He was on his way to her room now, over at the bunk house. He had decided after was best. Now that he had gotten up the courage to fuck her, he didn’t want to do anything to spook it.

Seven punishments were a lot to have earned in the six or so hours that the girl had been at the mansion. Things would even out though when she learned better to obey to the letter every order she was given. But then, of course, there would be new rules, more complicated ones, that she would not be able to perfect easily or were subjective, allowing her trainer to interpret them any way he or she wanted. It did not due for her to know all the rules. She should be kept guessing. And she should not come to believe that she was entering a rationally circumspect world. Of the hundreds of clients she was destined to serve, many would be arbitrary and capricious. She needed to get used to that too.

The girl could not lose consciousness of the whip affixed to her collar. That being the whole point of it. It was horrid to have the instrument of your upcoming torture stuck on you like some medieval instrument. The presence of the whip told her that the next trainer she saw would whip her. But was he going to whip her just to whip her, or was this going to be one of her punishments? They were accumulating so fast, she preferred to get them out of the way rather than hanging over her head, not that she was looking forward to any of them. She decided that if she saw that man with the tattoos, the Micronesian guy or whatever he was, then it would be one of her punishments and she would be happy at least to reduce them. If it was anyone else, she decided, then it was going to be for the pure sake of causing her misery and unhappiness.

She kept playing her tongue around the ball in her mouth. She discovered that if she really tried, she could probably push it out, although with great difficulty. But what good would that do? She would surely be beaten for it. And they would just put it back in or maybe do something worse like put on that gag they had put on her back at the bar. That had been horrible. The ball was benign in comparison, although it did have that red logo on it, the same one that had been tattooed on her leg. The first time she had seen it, when that guy who had whipped her put the ball in her mouth, it hadn't meant much to her. Now she knew that it was more or less the symbol of her enslavement and it was not very pleasant at all to think of it in her intimate space. But even then, it beat the other gag hands down.

After a while, being in the dark became actually kind of comforting. She could pretend that she was anywhere else in the world. She didn't have to look at her bonds, her bulging cheeks, her massacred hair. She didn't have to look at that horrible '**OBEY**' sign, although she hadn't noticed one in this room. She could even pretend that she was in a place that they could never reach her in, her own private universe that she would never, ever leave.

Her hands were dangling about 10" above her head. The other guy had raised them higher, until she was standing on her tippy toes. Was there a reason she had been left here differently, or was it just up to the whim of the trainer? She tended to think that it was more for a reason, but she couldn't think what it was. She just hoped that it wasn't terrible.

After a while, she did her best to remain perfectly silent. She didn't want to remind herself that she was a prisoner in a little room. The echoes that sounds made here made her remember that. So she remained as quiet as she could be, hoping, hoping, hoping beyond hope that there would be some way out of this mess.

She tried desperately not to ask herself for what seemed the millionth time any of the foundation questions: Where am I? What are they going to do to me? Why is this happening to me? They just kept popping into her head though and every once in a while she would break out into tears again.

And then, the lights came on. It was a shock! A horrible shock! There she was in the mirror, all bound up and naked. And there was the whip dangling from her neck. And there was her ravaged hair and bulging cheeks. And here was the room they had put her in where they would whip her. And the lights coming on meant that it would be soon, soon, soon!

About 5 minutes later, she heard the mechanism in the door begin clanking. Someone was coming! Someone was coming! Who would it be and what would he do? She wanted desperately to go run and hide somewhere, but she obviously couldn't do that. She couldn't even crawl into a corner and roll up into a little ball, cover her head with her hands and refuse to come out. She just had to wait helplessly. Bound and helpless. Naked and helpless. Scared beyond her wits and helpless.

She couldn't stop looking at the door even though she didn't want to. It opened slowly and a man came in. He was wearing those same dark clothes as the other trainers wore. But he looked different. He was not Man Mountain Dean big like the rest of them. He was like that other guy who had spoken to her softly but threatened her with a cane. But he was bigger, more well built. Better looking. He carried himself with an air of authority. All these observations took a second or two. And then she realized who it was! It was Tony!

Seeing him brought her right back to that little room they had held her prisoner in. She remembered his pleased, smiling face as they bound her up and made her ready for her trip. She remembered his hands on her when they were sitting at the bar, touching her skin, her back, her thigh. "You'll do fine," he said. "You'll do fine."

She tried to suppress the whine that escaped her lips, but she just couldn't. Her whole insides felt empty and barren and sick. The unfairness of everything that had been done to her came circling





remind her of how foolish she was, how easy to capture, to lord over her his power and her weakness. To reestablish, even for a moment, that counterfeit bond they had formed only a little while ago. But he hadn't done that. He had skipped the preliminaries and gotten right to the main bout. He was there to teach her a lesson she would never forget for the rest of her life.

"Now, can I make the rule any clearer for you?" he asked. There was no anger or vindictiveness in his voice. But it was a voice of authority, of power. He didn't need to rant and rave, his whip did the talking for him.

She almost forgot to answer him, but she suddenly remembered that that would be another mortal sin, an act of disobedience.

"...o, ...aster!" she whined piteously through her gag.

"Are you sure you don't need a few more strokes of the whip to remember it?"

Panic shot through her. "...o, ...aster!" she replied miserably. And then she realized her mistake. "I ...ean ...es, ..aster! ...es, ..aster!" she spat out desperately.

It was too late. The whip came whistling towards her. It landed across her belly. And then over her thighs. And then over her breasts. She screamed and howled and danced and sobbed and cried. "Ouuuuuuuuuuuuieeeeeee! Ouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuieeeeeee! Ouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuieeeeeee!" she screamed.

The man let her calm down. He walked slowly around her again and again, jostling the hip in his hand, biding his time like he had all day.

Finally, her sobs diminished. Her whole body was cringing, expecting another blow. She turned to follow his motions with her body, but he spat out an order, "Stand still!" She froze in place.

He came to a stop in front of her. "Now, let's try that again," he said. "Are you sure you don't need a few more strokes of the whip to remember the most basic, simple, easy to follow rule you will ever know?"

"...es, ...aster!" she called out between her sobs.

"Good. That means we're getting somewhere. Now I know you've been taught about your new status in life," he continued. "You should realize that you're no longer that silly little girl who danced on that silly little stage, showing off her body like a whore to every swinging dick that could fit into that bar. You realize that, now don't you?"

That was something she knew for sure. That girl was gone forever. Never to return. She had died in that little room they had kept her in. "...es ...aster!" she said quickly.

"Good. I'm here to teach you some of the things that you need to know about your new life. Things that will be terribly important for you to know. Would you like to learn those things?"

Her knees weakened. Was he going to whip her again? Any second his hand could go in motion again. But she did need to know the rules. She needed desperately to know them. Or she would be whipped and whipped and whipped until there would be nothing left of her except the pain.

"...es, ...aster!" she replied.

"We're going to employ what they call the Socratic method," he told her. "I'm going to ask you questions. When you've got it right, I'll be pleased. When you're wrong, I'm going to give you 3 strokes of the whip. Understand?"

"...es, ...aster," she replied miserably.

"Open your mouth," he told her. She spread her lips. He reached in and took out the blue ball.

"Now I can hear your answers clearly. If you answer the question correctly, I'll move on to the next question a happy man. If you answer wrong, I'm going to put the ball back in your mouth and whip you. I'm really not interested in hearing your screams. So don't make a big scene just for my sake. Ready?"

A big icy ball had formed in her stomach. She could feel herself sweating all over her body. She knew that he was going to beat her again and again. But she didn't dare to refuse to join in his sadistic game. Maybe she would get some of them right.

"Yes, master," she answered him, her voice wavering and forlorn.

"Okay. This should be an easy one. What is your name?"

Yes, this should be an easy one, she thought. They had taken away her name. They had given her a number. She wanted to tell the man that her name was Nancy, but she dreaded suffering the world of pain that would follow that. So she answered as best she could.

"N-no. 9, master?" she half answered, half asked, her voice low and fragile.

"Open your mouth," he told her coldly.

The girl suppressed an anguished sob and obeyed. He put the ball into her mouth. What had she done wrong?

He swung the whip brutally. It struck her rear cheeks. It was like a line of fire had crossed them. Then the back of her thighs and then around and across her belly. She cried and howled and sobbed. The pain was so intense that she thought it might make her explode.

The man waited until her cries were reduced to moans.

“Now listen carefully,” he told her. “You were told you have no name. That was the correct answer. No. 9 is not your name. It is what we call you, but it is not your name. It is just a label of convenience. You are girl no. 9. That is what you have morphed into. You are replacing a hundred no. 9’s before you. Tomorrow, we might call you no. 10, or no. 5, or no. 2. It’s all just a matter of convenience.

“But I’ll tell you something that will never change. You have achieved some permanency.” He tapped her foot with the whip. “You are girl no. JM14275. That will follow you the rest of your days. It will never change. If you had answered JM14274, I might have given you credit for the answer. That is as close to a permanent name as you will ever have. But, yet, it is not a name. It is an inventory number.

“There may come a time that you will be permitted to use a name. It will not be your name, but you will be permitted to use it. But that day will come only when you have proven yourself as a totally obedient, responsive, utterly selfless whore. And you’ve got a long way to go to prove that.”

“Ready for the next question?” he asked her.

She wasn’t ready. She would never be ready. She was so distressed and horrified by what the man had said that she never wanted to say anything again in her life. He had opened a window and shown her the dismal course of her life right up to including its bitter end. She was not a human being anymore and she should never, ever, ever expect to be treated as one.

She knew she had to answer him. And she knew that she had to be ready or face immolation. “...es, ...aster,” she eked out miserably.

He moved his hand towards her mouth and removed the ball.

“Okay. This may be a little hard, but it’s something you’ve got to know. What is your most important duty as a slave? Now, don’t tell me it’s to be quiet. That’s a rule not a duty. What’s your most important duty to your masters?”

The nameless girl thought hard. The answer seemed so obvious that it had to be wrong. But she couldn’t think of anything else. “To obey, master?” she answered tentatively. Hopefully.

He shook his head. "Open your mouth," he told her.

She started crying right away. She opened her mouth and let the ball slide in. She closed her eyes and cringed her whole body. "Open your eyes," he told her curtly. "Never close your eyes when you're being whipped. You keep your eyes on your master at all times."

She bit down on the ball. She didn't want to look at him, but she had to now. She stared at him piteously.

The whip made a sickening slapping sound as it crossed her breasts. The blow caught her right on the nipples. She screamed and her knees gave out. She dangled in her chain, held up only by the bracelets around her wrists.

"Stand up!" he told her harshly. "That's three new punishments you've earned! You failed to stand still! You closed your eyes and you failed to stand on your feet! You're going backwards not forwards! How will you ever become a decent whore if you don't know how to behave?"

Weeping bitterly at the news of her new punishments, the girl answered him, "I ...on ...owe, ...aster!"

"That's right. You don't know. Now stand still and take your beating."

She looked at him with terror as he reared his hand back again. He struck her across the side, under her uplifted right arm. Then he did the other. That was her three.

When she stopped sobbing, he spoke to her. "To obey is important, but it's not a slave's first duty. If we have mounted the word conspicuously for you to study, it is not for our benefit, but for yours. Only by obedience can you hope to please your masters. And if your master is not pleased, you will suffer. So to minimize suffering, you must obey. It is in your self interest.

"No, the most important duty of a slave to her master is utter and complete honesty in all things at all times. A slave is not entitled to any secrets. A slave is not entitled to hide anything inside. A slave is a completely owned creature. Every thought you have belongs to your master. Every emotion you feel belongs to your master. Every sensation you experience belongs to your master.

"And you have already lied to me twice," he said accusingly.

She looked at him in terror. "No! No!" she thought. "I haven't! I haven't!"

"At the bar, you told me that your name was Courtney. That was a lie, wasn't it?"

A feeling of woe so intense she thought she was going to faint went through her. Yes, she had lied. But she wasn't a slave then! It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair!

She had taken too long to answer. His hand shot out and a blow of the whip landed across her belly and then across her back, and then across her rear. She sobbed, sobbed, sobbed. "It's not fair! It's not fair!" she called out in her mind to no one.

"Answer my question!" he ordered.

"...es, ...aster!" she screamed.

"Yes, what?"

"..es, ih ...uz a ...i, ...aster!" she screamed again.

"And that bullshit about ballet lessons, that was a lie too, wasn't it!"

"...es, ...aster!" she screamed. "ih ...uz a ...i!"

He rained 3 blows on her in rapid succession. "That's for lie no. 1!" he yelled. He struck her 3 more times, one right after the other, across her thighs, her belly and her breasts once more. "That's for lie no. 2!"

The girl was overcome with grief. She screamed and screamed and screamed. She was trying desperately to keep standing. Now she knew why her hands had not been brought up all the way. It was to provide her with another obstacle to overcome, another opportunity to sin against her masters. Her legs felt like jelly and her stomach was sour. Suddenly, she needed to pee. She brought her knees together and suppressed a whine. She looked at the man pleadingly. She didn't want to disgrace herself or give him another reason to beat her.

He had stepped away from her again. He was eying her knowingly. She gave a little hop and a grimace crossed her face. "Please do something! Please! Please!" she thought madly.

"Do you have to pee?" he asked her.

"..es, ...aster!" she responded at once.

"Do you want me to get you something to pee in?" he asked her.

"...es, ...aster!" she replied desperately.

"You have to ask for it," he told her. "Ask for it like a slave should. Convince me that you have gained some knowledge about your new place in the world."

She thought for a few seconds about the answer that would most satisfy him. Her need had become acute. She came up with a formulation properly servile, properly obsequious, properly demeaning.

“...or ...ave ...egs ...or ...omdin ...u ...eee en, ...aster!” she said tearfully.

“Very good,” he told her. “Wait just one second.”

He went over to where the disappearing closet was and opened it. He came back a moment later with a bedpan. “Spread your legs,” he told her.

She obeyed at once. He inserted the pan beneath her sex. It only took her a second and a fierce stream of yellow emerged. She filled the pan almost to the brim.

“Very good, slave girl,” he told her. He had brought over a tissue in his other hand and he wiped her with it. He returned both items to the closet. She heard him pouring her urine into a sink and washing it down. A moment or two later he was back.

“So,” he said, “have we had enough lessons for today?”

“...es, ...aster!” she said hopefully, tearfully.

“Have we learned a lot of things?”

“...es, aster!” she answered, although she prayed that he didn’t make her repeat them.

“Let’s see,” he said. “We’ll have a little quiz to see if that’s true or a lie.” He reached for her mouth and pulled out the ball. “I’ve already given you the answer to this, so I expect you to know it. If you don’t, I’m going to give you 6 lashes instead of 3. Now, what’s the second most important duty owed by a slave to her master? I’ll give you a few seconds to think about it.”

The girl desperately began to scour her memory for what he had told her. It’s not honesty, that was first. She wasn’t going to take a chance on obey again. She would have remembered if he had mentioned that. “What was it? What was it?” she asked herself.

“Time’s up,” he said curtly.

And then it struck her. To obey was not the second duty. She had to obey, yes, but why? To please her masters, that’s why! That was the answer!

“To please my masters, master,” she answered haltingly.

“Very good, slave girl! Very good!” he said with enthusiasm. “There’s hope for you yet. And now I’m going to give you the chance to perform your second most important duty. You’re going to please me. I’m going to lower you to your knees and you’re going to please me with your mouth.”

He stepped over to the mirrored closet and stuck in his hand. The girl felt the chain that held her hands up lowering. Obediently, as it

lowered enough, she sank to her knees. He came over to her, released her hands from the chain and then affixed them behind her back. She was slumped over, her back arched, drained by her ordeal. He tapped her on the thigh with the whip and told her, "Slave girls don't kneel like that."

She looked up at him, saw the cruelty in his eyes and, with great effort, raised herself up. He put the whip under her chin and pushed it upwards, forcing her to rise higher.

"Spread your legs," he told her. She obeyed, moving her knees apart. "Push your breasts out," he said, tapping them with the whip. She arched her back, making her breasts more prominent.

He placed himself in front of her and slipped his cock from his pants. It was rubbery and semi-erect. She looked at it and a wave of unhappiness went through her. Here was the moment that she had feared. Back in the bar, when they had held her prisoner in that little room, and she had that leather ball in her mouth, she had felt as if they had taken control of it, had invaded it, and that it was just a matter of time before they would use it. What she had thought then was coming true now.

Her lips were pressed together. The man's cock hung a few inches from her face. She grimaced and the sourness in her belly came back, the coldness of her body. Like before, this seemed to be a moment so filled with immanency that everything seemed to be vibrating.

"Open your mouth," he told her curtly. She spread her lips, making the circle that she knew in advance of him telling her that he wanted.

"Put my cock in it," he ordered. She grimaced. All she had to do was lean forwards just a few inches and it would be inside her. She wanted to do it. She knew she needed to do it. She didn't want to get beaten again. But something was stopping her. It seemed as if she were on a precipice. It was the moment between being a whore and not being one. They had told her she was now a whore, that they had made her one, but so far she had not done any whorish things. Once she took the man's cock in her mouth, that would no longer be true.

She tried to move forward. She knew what would happen if she did not. "Do it! Do it! Do it!" she told herself. "You have to! They're making you! You'll be punished! Do it! Do it! Do it!" she urged herself. Tears were flowing down her face. Her body was shaking. Her belly had contorted into a writhing knot. She couldn't move! She



looked at the blood laden organ. It seemed like the most evil thing in the world. “Ohhhhhhhhhh, I can’t! I can’t!”

He moved swifter than her eyes could follow him. The whip tore into her back, then across her belly and then her breasts. “Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo! Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo! Ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!” she screamed. The pain was searing. It felt like someone had set her on fire. Her voice, now free of any obstruction, echoed off of the mirrored walls.

She had bent over. He struck her cruelly on her side. “Get back in position!” he barked at her. Releasing an anguished whine, she rose back into place.

“You’re going to learn to hold your position when you’re whipped,” he told her sharply, “or you’re going to be a very, very, very unhappy whore! That’s earned you another punishment!”

The girl’s face contorted grotesquely. She pressed her lips together fiercely to suppress her whine of unhappiness. She looked at the man beseechingly. “Please have mercy on me!” her eyes begged. “Please! Please! Please!” They were going to whip her to death! How was she ever going to stand it? “Please! Please! Please! Someone help me, please!”

“Open your mouth!” he barked. Her whole body was shaking. Her bound hands were gripped into fists. She formed the little ‘O’ that she knew he wanted.

“Let’s try this one more time,” he told her. “Put my cock in your mouth!”

This time, all of her foolish ideas of preserving her dignity were swept away. She moved forward. The cock, it’s bulbous, swollen head brushed past her lips. She felt it slide over her tongue and scrape along the roof of her mouth. “It’s in me! It’s in me! Oh, god! It’s in me!” she exclaimed inwardly. It was salty and warm and big and undeniable.

“Close your mouth around it!” he ordered.

She complied. Her inner space surrounded it now. It’s roundness filled her. She could feel it hardening. Her head was poised forwards of her body. Her eyes were fixated on the man’s taut belly. He towered over her and she felt like he had thrust his power into her.

It wasn’t the first cock she had had in her mouth. In high school, she had learned to cool boys’ ardor by sucking their pricks. Not all of them, just a few, the ones she liked and that she wanted to like her. But when she had done Andy Hopper, the halfback on the varsity

football team, her name had raced through the school like a particle in one of those accelerators. She had gone home and cried and cried and cried. That was her last high school date. She refused to go on any more. After a few months, the boys stopped asking her. A surge of hatred rose within her whenever she saw Andy in the hallways.

After she graduated and started college two years ago, in November of her freshman year, she had met a nice boy, Greg Martini. After a few dates, one night, after a movie, they parked and it got hot and heavy. Against her better judgment, she did him. To her delight, he glowed afterwards and seemed like the most grateful person she had ever met. They did it a few more times and he kept on getting nicer and nicer. She let him bring her off with his hand.

Then, one night, right after the Christmas holidays, a few days after they got back, she agreed to go to the apartment he shared with three other guys. They had watched TV for a while, had a couple beers. She agreed to go up into his room. They made delicious, wonderful love. It was the first time she had seen a boy totally naked, and, except for gym back in high school, which really didn't count, the first time that anyone had seen her naked since she was a little girl. His hands had fumbled when he put on the condom. She laid back and spread her legs. He probed her burning pussy tentatively. He looked at her, his eyes soft, full of wonderment and affection. He slid forward and pushed against her barrier, hesitating. She was beside herself with lust.

"Do it!" she urged him. "Do it! Go hard! Do it all at once!" His face filled with excitement and determination. He pushed his hips forward hard. She felt the tearing inside her. She cried out in pain. But the moment she realized that he was wholly in, she began to cry with joy. She clasped her arms around him tightly. He was groaning and shuddering, coming almost at once. She just held him and held him and held him, reveling at the feeling of him deep inside her.

She hadn't realized how much blood there would be. He seemed not to have realized that there would be any. "Oh my god!" he exclaimed. "Oh, god! You're bleeding! Are you all right! Are you all right!" He had gone soft inside of her and when he had pulled out, the condom had slipped off of him. She had to reach inside herself and pull the bloody device out.

They laughed as they tore the bloody sheet from the bed. Some had gotten on the mattress. She made him go and get some paper towels and a bowl of soapy hot water so she could clean it. She

cleaned off the blood from his cock and her thighs. They made the bed again and just laid in each other's arms for a long time. He was hard again. She put her hand around his cock, pulling at it gently, gloriously happy that she had found such a wonderful use for it. She rolled him to his back and gave him the best blow job she had ever given anyone.

She was too sore to make love again for a couple of days. The next weekend, they got a room at a motel and fucked all night and after that, every chance that they got. He was a sweet, affectionate lover. After the first 3 or 4 times, he started getting the hang of not coming right away. By the spring, he had gotten over that and he could fuck her a long time, giving her repeated, body delighting orgasms before he came. She had gotten birth control pills from the Planned Parenthood office downtown and so they didn't have to use the condom any more.

When school ended in May, they both went home for the summer, promising to call each other every day and to write. Nancy was rehired at the Belgian waffle stand at Bertrand's Island, a local lake resort. She spoke to Greg every day. He didn't have much to say except how much he missed her. Now that she wasn't fucking him every few days, he began to seem just a little bit, you know, like, ordinary. She was used to getting off several nights a week and was getting really horny. One night, this skinny city guy who worked the Tilt-a-Wheel ride came over to the waffle stand and flirted with her. She had seen him around. He wore Guinea-t's, was lean and wiry and wore a stupid looking, black pork pie hat. And he chewed a toothpick all the time when he wasn't smoking Cools. He was arrogant and conceited and not very well educated. But for some reason, he made Nancy hot as hell. He was 24, 5 years older than her.

After the park closed one night, he invited her out for a drink. They went in his car to the end of the island where there was a little park. He had a pint of whiskey and a joint. She drank some of the whiskey and smoked some of the joint. That night, they fucked in the back seat of his car. She sucked his cock until he got hard again, and they fucked some more.

Fucking Benny was nothing like fucking Greg. Greg was loving and kind and considerate, but Benny just wanted to fuck and fuck and fuck as hard and as often as he could. In the mornings, she would look and the insides of her thighs would be bruised. Her phone calls with Greg started getting shorter and shorter and some days she

wouldn't even answer his calls or his texts. She and Benny stopped going to the park and started going to motels. Sometimes she would pay. She was getting home later and later. A few times she stayed out all night. She had her friend from the waffle stand, Sarah Jordan, cover for her.

A few days after the Fourth of July, Greg asked her on the phone, they hadn't talked for a week, whether she was seeing someone else. She was tired of feeling guilty and making up lies for not returning his calls and so she told him, yes. He got mad at first but then started crying. She refused to tell him anything about Benny. What she did tell him was that she felt suffocated by their relationship and that they should both start seeing other people. He asked if this meant that she was breaking up with him and she said yes out of frustration even though she hadn't meant to.

Greg called her every day for a week, 3 or 4 times a day. She didn't answer. He wrote her a couple of letters, long, pitiful things full of love and venom at the same time. Finally, she texted back to him, telling him that she was sorry that she had hurt him and that he would always be special to her, but, goodbye and don't write or call anymore. Three days after she wrote the text, Greg drove all night the 300 miles between their homes and showed up on her doorstep on a Sunday morning. Nancy refused to come out. Her father took Greg out for breakfast and had a long talk with him. That was the end of Greg.

For some reason after that, Benny started seeming stupider and stupider. She ignored that as best she could because the sex was so great. During his breaks from the ride, he would take her down to the maintenance shed to smoke a joint and he would fuck her quick while she bent over some boxes, her panties around her ankles, her pink and white Belgian waffle skirt up around her hips, or get her to blow him. She was getting high with him almost every night. He took her to a couple of concerts and things in the city and even snuck her into a club one night. But every date ended either in the back seat of his 1998 Cutlass Supreme or at a cheap, hot sheet motel. The great thing though was that he taught her the pleasures of cunnilingus. He would lap at her pussy for 20 or 30 minutes and then spin around, slip his cock in her mouth and finish her and him both off.

The whole thing came to a crashing end in the third week in August. He took her to a party in the city. She got really stoned. She must have passed out because she woke up and he was nowhere to be

seen. She got a little scared; the people at the party were older and hard city people, even the girls. She went looking for him. She found him in a bedroom upstairs. He was standing there with his stupid hat on and a toothpick in his mouth while this black haired girl with her top off and wearing a shiny, silver miniskirt and high heels was on her knees blowing him.

She left the party right away and called her older brother to come and get her. She had to wait outside. All kinds of skeevy people were walking up and down the block. It took her brother about an hour to get there. When she got home, her parents gave her holy hell. They made her quit the job at the waffle stand and spend the rest of the summer at home.

After that night, she swore off pot and booze. In September, she had coffee with Greg and told him that it was definitely all over. He was gracious about it. He told her that he had started seeing a girl a few weeks after they broke up and that she was really nice. Nancy felt good for him.

She had a few dates here and there during sophomore year, but she really just concentrated on her studies. She got straight A's. She went to some parties now and again and a couple of times went home with guys, but she always let it peter out soon afterwards. She met Karl in March. He was a junior studying architecture. He was very smart and mature. They made love on their fourth date. It was nice, but bells and whistles didn't go off. That was okay. Nancy was just looking for something steady and not too exciting. During the summer, they stayed in touch. They resumed their relationship in September. She didn't ask him whether he saw anybody over the summer and he didn't ask her. She had seen a guy for a few weeks, but it was nothing special. She hadn't fucked him, but had sucked his cock a few times.

Sex with Karl was nice. It was just enough. She didn't blow him that often; she didn't want him to get the wrong idea, and she never talked about Greg or Benny. But he liked it when she did him and was real nice afterwards.

At that moment, with the man's cock in her mouth, she thought of Karl and Benny and Greg and all the guys she had known, all the guys she had blown at one time or another. Her mind's eye had them watching her, seeing her like this, all bound up, virulent wounds on her body, on her knees, naked, the man's cock in her mouth.

They would all call her a whore! They would be disgusted and scornful. Greg might say that she deserved it for breaking up with him that way. Benny would laugh and call her a stupid cocksucker. Karl would be repelled by it. He would turn away and never have anything to do with her again. And she wouldn't blame him. She was so ashamed of her powerlessness, of her cowardice. And this was just the start. They would all do it. They would all fuck her mouth and spill their cum in it. And she knew that if any of them ordered her to fall to her knees and open her mouth like Tony had, she would do it without thinking, begging and praying that she would do it to their satisfaction.

Tony just stood there. Not having him move was worse than having him move. It was degrading. He was just occupying her mouth like he had every right to it in the world. She wanted to get it over with. But she knew that he would be in no hurry. He would make sure that her humiliation was complete.

He ran his hand over her head and took hold of her hair. "Look up!" he ordered her. "When you are on your knees and a master's cock is in your mouth, you will always look up to make sure that you are pleasing him," he told her.

She raised her eyes as far up as she could. He was leaning over her, smiling. His grip in her hair was tight. His cock had gotten big. It was as rigid as a pole. It was lying on her tongue. It was salty and hot and hard and soft all at the same time. It was such an insistent, demanding presence that it seemed as if there was nothing else in the world.

"You look so pretty like that, slave girl," he told her. "You're a natural. My cock fits in your mouth like a hand in a glove. Look at yourself, look in the mirror. See how pretty you look."

Obediently, she shifted her view to the side as far as it would go. She could see herself clearly. She looked just like a whore, her mouth pursed around the man's wand. Tears were flowing down her face. She was trying not to sob. She felt so miserable, she just wanted to crawl into a hole and die.

"Don't you look pretty?" he asked her almost sweetly.

She knew that she had to answer him, cock in her mouth or no cock in her mouth. And, she had to tell him the truth, no matter what the consequences were. She knew that he might beat her for contradicting him, but if she said yes, he would know that she was lying.

“...o,...a-er,” she whined miserably.

He laughed. “Very good! You told the truth. But who is a better judge of whether you look pretty, me or you?”

“..oo, ..ah-er,” she murmured sadly.

He tapped her face with his hand. “Look up,” he told her. She raised her eyes to him.

“You’re right. I am a better judge of whether you look pretty with my cock in your mouth, because your opinion is worthless. You are a slave and what you think doesn’t mean anything. Isn’t that true?”

She didn’t know how to answer. She didn’t want to contradict him. But she didn’t want to agree with him. She didn’t want to confess her abandonment of all of her rights. She knew that if she did she was lost. If he had asked her yesterday, she would have laughed in his face. But now, maybe he was right? In here, her opinion didn’t mean anything. But if she agreed with him and didn’t really believe it, he would know and he would beat her. A feeling of dread, like she had been caught by God committing the worse sin in the world came over her. She was so afraid! But she knew she had to answer! He would beat her if she didn’t! She didn’t know what to say!

And so, finally, she just said so. “...eh, ...on ...o, ...ah-er,” she said tearfully. Every time she talked, her mouth opened and closed on the man’s cock bringing contact that made her skin crawl. She always ended with her lips back firmly clamped around it.

“Yes,” he said, “I believe that that is true. You don’t know. And that is why you have to be trained. You have to be able to answer that question unequivocally, totally and without doubt or reservation, yes. And you will, don’t worry, you will. It’s all just a matter of time.”

She knew he was right. It was all so horrid, but she knew he was right.

“But that’s enough talking,” he said. “It’s time we got down to business. Now keep your mouth tight on my cock. I’m going to fuck your face.”

He began to move his hips. He still had his hand in her hair and he held her motionless as he slowly eased himself back and forth.

“Make your mouth small, whore,” he spat at her. “I can hardly feel anything!”

She obeyed and provided a nice, soft, warm sheath for his cock to fuck. She felt the monster that was his cock slip over her lips and then back again. It brushed along the roof of her mouth and slid over her tongue. It was an awful, revolting presence, but she couldn’t do

anything about it. The way he was moving, so slow and deliberate, she knew that he could go on for a long, long time. The idea of it going on and on and on, made her feel sickened. She shivered and an icy coldness flowed all over her body. What was happening was too horrid to be real, but nothing had ever seemed so real in her life.

She was looking him in the face. He was smiling serenely. She remembered him in the bar. He had seemed nice. And now look what he was doing! Look what he had done! She had known that there were cold, cruel people in the world, but she never had met one. Until now. And he was colder and crueller than she could ever have imagined.

She had read about stories of how people had done mean, cruel, horrific things to other people. But there had always been something about them that made her feel that somehow it couldn't be true. It couldn't have been that bad, or maybe it didn't really happen. But there was one thing for sure, she had never thought that she would fall into the hands of one, never mind so many of them. And there was no chance of her getting away! They would do whatever they wanted to her! They would beat her and fuck her and thrust their cocks in her mouth like this, like this man was doing, and there was nothing, nothing she could do about it!

He kept sliding in and out. Her jaw was getting sore. It seemed like he would never stop. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. Again and again and again, at a steady, almost torpid pace. She wanted to stop it. It wasn't fair! He shouldn't be doing this! It wasn't right! It was cruel and callous and mean and so, so horrible. She felt like the most desolate, lonely, powerless person in the world. "Ohhhhhhh, please stop! Please stop! Please, please, please!" she begged him in her mind.

It was so horrible not to have her hands. "Please give me my hands! Please give me my hands!" she begged, writhing and contorting them, pulling sadly at the bonds that kept them from her. "Oh, please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" she begged him with her eyes as she stared upwards. He looked so tall from this angle, so tall and powerful and cruel. And his hand held her head so tight. He was fucking her face! Just like he said! "Oh, please! Please! Please! "Don't let this really be happening!"

"Okay," he finally said, after a good, 10 or 15 minutes, 10 or 15 minutes she spent in absolute shameful, humiliated, degrading, self-hating agony, "that's good. Very good. Now I want you to get ready.



I'm going to push myself down into your throat. It'll feel awful at first, but if you don't fight it, it will be a lot easier."

"Down my throat? No, no, please don't do that!" she thought, panicked.

"Okay, now, I'm going to give you three nice short strokes and then one really long one. Get ready. One...two...three...and four."

He pushed his cock slowly towards the back of her mouth. It pressed against the entrance to her throat. She started to panic as she felt it going farther. "Ouuuuuuuugh! Ouuuuuuuuuuugh!" she protested. It was so big and fat and it was making her gag! "Ouuuuuuuuuugh! Ouuuuuuuuugh!" she gurgled.

He held his cock there for a few moments and then pulled it back. Then he said, "One...two...three..." as he gave her mouth firm, short strokes, "...and four."

His cock slid back into place. She panicked. She tried to pull her head back. He held her head in an iron grip. "Ouuuuuuuuuugh! Ouuuuuuuuuuugh!" she gurgled again.

"Just relax yourself. I know it's hard," he said as he held his cock there. "But it'll go a lot easier."

She could barely hear him over her gurgling throat. It felt so awful, like she was going to puke. She started to sob. "This can't be happening! This can't be happening!" she thought.

He did it again. "One...two...three...and four."

And then again. "One...two...three...and four."

And then again. "One...two...three...and four."

And then again. "One...two...three...and four."

"Ouuuuuuuuuuuugh! Ouuuuuuuuuuuuugh!" she gurgled each time as the cock slid deeper and deeper inside her, crying and sobbing and feeling more and more miserable each time he did it. And then something happened. She didn't know how she did it. Her throat opened. She just let it happen. It was like she was swallowing. The cock went right into her throat!

"Kkkkkkkkkkkkouuuuuuuuughkkkkk!"

Kkkkkkkkkkkkouuuuuuughkkkk!" she croaked. But it was in there! It was in there! "Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought frantically. "It's in my throat! It's in my throat!"

She was bawling, but he kept at it. "One...two...three...and four."

It was back! "Kkkkkkkkkkkkouuuuuuuuuuughkkkk!" she sounded again. His pelvic bone was right up against her lips. She whined and cried and croaked. He

left it in longer this time. "I can't breathe! I can't breathe!" she thought madly.

And then he was out. "That's really good, slave girl. That's really good," he said sincerely. "A little more practice and you'll be able to do it with no problem," he added as he slid his cock back and forth across her lips. His pumping was getting harder. "Here we go again," he said. "One...two...three...and four."

He did it twice more. She croaked and struggled and her body revolted in panic as her passage was blocked. "Kkkkkkkkkkkouuuuuuuuuuughkkkk!"

Finally, he said to her, "That was fine, very good. You're a natural cocksucker. But now I want you to do the work. Show me you know how to suck a cock. I know you can do it."

His hips paused. The girl released a sob, but she shifted gears at once. She began to bob her head back and forth. All she wanted to do was to get him off! She wanted to get it over with as fast as she could. She started sucking and licking and stroking his pole with her lips. She went back and forth, pressing her lips hard against his stem. She swirled her lips around his knob, tickled the end, pressed down again and then back and down and back and down.

"Ohhhhhhh, that's good, slave girl! That's good! Keep going! Keep going!"

Her eyes were peering up. She was watching his face. It was gaining a particular tenseness. "Faster! Harder! Faster! Faster!" she thought. "Come on! Come on! Come you motherfucker! Come!"

He groaned. "That's it, slave girl! That's it! Keep going! Keep going! Oh, that's so good! Keep going! Keep going!"

She was working his cock as hard as she could. "Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned as she worked. "Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" She could feel her dangling breasts jerking and swaying.

Suddenly, the hand that had hold of her head started forcing her head back and forth. He was thrusting her mouth up and down on his cock. She kept her mouth closed hard on it. He was using her brutally. She started crying and sobbing again, desperately trying not to lose her grip on his prick. His cock was hitting the back of her mouth. "Uuuuuugh! Uuuuuugh! Uuuuuugh! Uuuuuugh! Uuuuuugh!" she went as it struck it again and again and again.

He was thrusting with his hips and his hand at the same time. "That's it, whore!" he exclaimed. "That's it! That's it! Just a little bit more! A little bit more! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhh!"

And then his cock exploded in her mouth. She could feel the slick sliminess spreading all over inside it. It started foaming over her lips. He was grunting and moaning and thrusting at her head harder and harder. She was sobbing and blubbing and choking and crying. Then he gave his cock one last, hard thrust while pushing down hard with his hand. His cock popped right into her throat. He held it there, moaning, "Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh! Ohhhhhh!" She was choking and coughing and moaning and gurgling. She didn't think that she could last a single second more!

And then he withdrew. He slowed his hips. His hand relaxed on her head. He was sliding his cock slowly over her lips again. He moaned softly as his cock gave a few last, desultory throbs.

And then he was done. He left his cock sitting in her mouth as he recovered. The girl was sobbing heavily, like her soul had broken. It was the worse experience of her life. Even worse than the whipping. He had shown her a brutality that she couldn't have imagined. And he was going to do it again and again and again! They all would! Every day! From now on! Forever and ever and ever!"

Finally, he slipped his softening cock from her mouth. He stroked her head, pressing it against him. "That's okay. Give yourself a good cry. That's it. That's it. Go ahead. Go ahead and cry."

His comforting words, a comfort she didn't want from him but strangely welcomed just the same made her cry all the more. She went on for a long time. Finally, as she was winding down, he crouched down in front of her and tapped her on the face. "That's enough. Get a hold of yourself now or I'll have to whip you. You did a very, very good job. You should be very proud of yourself. You're going to make a very good whore. And we're going to help you. We've got the best trainers in the world and they know just what to do. Now open your mouth like a good, little girl."

She heard the word 'whip' and came immediately alert. She heard him tell her to open her mouth and she obeyed. He slipped the blue ball back in. She smothered a whine as it filled her.

He got up and walked over to the closet. He came back with a tissue and wiped her mouth and chin where his jism had leaked out. "You've got to work on swallowing that, slave girl, like a good little whore. You don't want to get punished, do you?" he asked.

“...o, ...aster,” she said miserably.

“Okay, now I want you to stand up. Come on, get on your feet.”

He took hold of her arm and assisted her. She was wobbly and almost fell. He caught her and stabilized her. Once he was sure she wouldn't tumble over, he connected the chain that hung from the ceiling to her bound wrists behind her back. He went over to the vanishing closet and he pushed the button and the chain began to slowly rise. When he had it where he wanted it, he stopped.

He came over to the girl. She really had been terrific. He couldn't remember when he had enjoyed breaking in a new girl as much. And she had taken his cock down her throat like a pro. He couldn't wait until Dr. Carter took her sexual history from her. It would be interesting to read. He was much more than pleased that he had been able to trade Julia off for her.

He tapped her on the face to get her attention. Her hands were pulled up behind her just enough to force her body into a little tilt. Her breasts dangled free from her body. He took hold of them and gave them a little squeeze. “I want your attention, slave girl,” he told her. “It's very important.”

She looked at him, her eyes glazed.

“I'm going to leave you here for a little while so you can think about all the things you've learned. I want you to keep your eyes focused on your image in the mirror there. Go ahead, look at it.”

She turned her gaze to the mirror and winced. Her body was covered with angry red stripes. She grimaced sadly.

“Now don't take your eyes off of yourself until someone comes here to get you. And just so you know,” he said, pointing with the whip that he still held in his hand towards the ceiling. There was a little ceramic hemisphere there like you see in department stores. “Someone will be watching. You'll be punished if you don't obey. And while you're looking, I want you to repeat in your mind over and over, ‘I am a whore and I have no name.’ I want you to say it to yourself a thousand times. Say it now.”

A wave of misery floated through her at the cruel order. But she obeyed.

“...eh ...mm ...eh ...orrr ...n ...eh ...ah ...o ...ame,” she repeated sadly.

“Again.”

“...eh ...mm ...eh ...orrr ...n ...eh ...ah ...o ...ame.”

“Again.”

“...eh ...mm ...eh ...orrr ...n ...eh ...ah ...o ...ame.”

“One more time.”

She swallowed a sob.

“...eh ...mm ...eh ...orrr ...n ...eh ...ah ...o ...ame.” Her recitation became more piteous each time she mumbled it.

“Very good. Remember, over and over and don’t stop,” he said. “Okay?”

‘...es, ...aster,” she acknowledged miserably.

He was about to step away, but stopped as if he had thought of something. He looked down at her feet. Crouching down, he brought them together with his hands and joined her ankle cuffs. “That’s better,” he said.

He gave her a pat on the rump. “I’ll see you again soon,” he told her.

He walked over to the closet and put the whip away. He looked down, making sure his equipment had been restored and then went through the machinations to open the door. When it opened, he went through it without looking back.

## CHAPTER TEN

“I’m a whore and I have no name. I’m a whore and I have no name. I’m a whore and I have no name. I’m a whore and I have no name.”

She couldn’t get that mantra out of her head. There she was, in front of herself. Her red striped breasts were hanging free and naked before her. She wore jet black leather bracelets on her feet. They were joined together and she was slightly on her toes like she was about to perform a pirouette. A chain descended from the ceiling behind her. She was wearing a collar with that insignia on it, just like the one they had tattooed on her leg. Her face was puffy and sad from all her crying. Her eyes were red rimmed. Her hair looked like someone had cut it with an axe. And all she could think of was, “I’m a whore and I have no name.”

The man had planted it in her mind. She could think of nothing else. “They’ve made me a whore and taken away my name,” was the other formulation. And then she would shout inside, “No they haven’t! I’m not a whore! My Name is Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!” Raging inside, she would think it as hard as she could. “I’m not a whore! I’m not a whore! I’m not a whore!”

And then she would focus on the vision in front of her and a woeful sadness would fill her. What power did she have to resist them? The men were so big and her bonds so unrelenting. They could beat her or fuck her or do anything they wanted to her, stuff their cocks so far down her throat that she would choke and gurgle and sob and cry. They would spill their gunk in her mouth, fuck it like a cunt. She could do nothing about it. They made the rules. They defined reality. She didn’t even know where she was, never mind have any power to resist them. As she looked at herself, she seemed to be the most abject, powerless thing she had seen in her life. They must be right. Who was she to say they’re wrong? And then it would pop into her head, “I’m a whore and I have no name.” And she would sob and sob and sob.

She found herself closing her eyes or wanting to look away from her degraded image. She would remember the all seeing eye above her and snap her eyes back into place. They would beat her and whip her and do horrible things to her! She had to do what they said! She had to be what they said! “I’m a whore and I have no name!”

There must be some funny angles to the mirrors, she thought. The reflection of her back side should be right behind her, but it was somehow angled from the mirror behind her just to the right of the reflection of her front, just a little smaller and further away. It was like she was standing beside herself, but one of her was turned around. She could see her bound hands, where the chain joined them and pulled them up, the back of her red striped, joined together legs, the little line of her vagina squeezed between them, her hairless labia. And that thing they had put inside her, that black thing, pushing aside her rear cheeks, peering out at her like an evil black eye.

Her attention would be diverted for only a moment and then her eyes would snap back. She would look herself in the eyes and think, "I'm a whore and I have no name," and then, "No I'm not! And I do have one! I do! I do! It's Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!" and the whole round would start again.

Every once in a while, she would try and rise, straighten out her torso. But when she did, her arms seemed to climb up her back and her shoulders begin to wrench and she would give it up. For the thousandth time she would think how impossible that what was happening to her was really happening. That her life really couldn't be over. That somehow, she would be able to walk out of wherever she was and go home. Home to Karl. Home to her mother and father. Home to everyone she knew who she was never going to see again. "This can't be really happening! It can't! It just can't!" And then she would focus again on her forlorn, grotesque figure and know that it was all too, too real.

She was so relieved when she finally heard the mechanism of the door moving after a long, long time. She didn't dare look at whoever had come in. She watched in the mirror from the side of her eye as he approached her. It was a big, blond haired guy, what seemed like sun bleached hair and a friendly face. A California face. Kind of chubby and little boyish. But he was big! Big! Like almost all the men she had seen. And he had that stick on his belt. He would whip her with it! No matter how boyish or innocent his face was, he had the same evil intent against her as all the others. He was a master and she was a slave. "I'm a whore and I have no name."

He went to the closet and lowered her arms. Then he came to her and crouched down and unhooked her ankles. He stood up and attached a leash to the back of her collar. Only after that did he release her hands from the chain. "Down," was all he said. He may

have looked friendly, but his voice had the same hard edge to it that the other men's had. She dropped to her knees as if someone had shot her and got down on her hands, her head down, peering at the floor.

He led her to the door, opened it and they left. She was back in the hallway with that dim, yellowish light. It seemed somehow darker from being in that mirrored room. Keeping the leash short and taut, he pulled her down the hallway, turning this corner and that. She forgot all about counting doors or trying to keep track. All she could think of was that he was taking her somewhere and was going to do something to her.

"Please don't hurt me! Please don't hurt me!" she thought again and again.

They stopped at a door. He opened it and led her through. When they were across the lintel, he closed it and it locked with a loud, 'clang!'

He ordered her to stand. She rose to her feet. She was back in her cell. Or at least she thought it was her cell. It looked the same. But was it? Was it the same cell? There was the futon, the cage, the narrow little pallet. He made her turn around. There, on the door, the same word, **'OBEY'**.

He crouched down and hooked her ankles together again. He ordered her to put her hands on her head and then connected the chain that dangled there to the back of her collar, releasing the leash and putting it aside.

While he stepped away, the girl looked around furtively to see if she could find any difference between where she was now and where she had been. When she sensed him coming back, she turned her eyes forward again and stared at the sign, **'OBEY'**.

He had something in his hand. He had moved in front of her. She looked down quickly and saw that it was a tube of ointment. "Oh, my god!" she thought, thinking of that ointment that the woman had put on her. "Oh, please don't hurt me! Please! Please! Please!" she thought frantically.

He squeezed a line of the ointment on his finger, brought it to her breast. She inhaled and held her breath.

Then he carefully applied the ointment to one of the many red lines there. He rubbed it on gently, almost lovingly. It may have been just the suggestive fact that he was putting some kind of healing ointment on her wounds, but it somehow made her feel better.



He did both of her breasts and then her belly and down the front of her legs. Every place that the whip had kissed her. A strange man was touching her all over her body, but she didn't care. Then he came around and did the back, down to her waist, over her rear, down the back of her legs. She thought it incongruous that one minute they were marring her body, insulting it in the worst way, and now this one was exercising such loving care over it. But of course, she thought. "I'm valuable. I'm a valuable whore! They brought me all this way and did all these things to me to add value to me. When they're done with me I'll be a totally responsive and obedient whore! A whore with no name!"

The man finished. He put away the ointment. He came back. She heard him opening something. He came around in front of her. It was a bottle of some yellowish liquid. She hadn't realized how thirsty she was until she saw it. He ordered her to open her mouth and took out the blue ball. She tilted her head back and let him pour it in. She didn't care what it was, it was something to drink. It was sweet and sour like a lemon flavored drink, like lemonade. But it had a little mediciney taste, like Gatorade.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" she thought as the liquid flowed over her parched throat and into her belly. "Oh, that tastes so good!"

When the bottle was empty, he restored the ball to her mouth and took it away. The girl's body felt good for the first time in a while. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "Maybe I'll survive," she thought. "Somehow I'll get through this" she thought. "I'll get away. Somehow I'll get away."

He came back. He had something else with him. It was made of polished, brown leather and he was draping it over her shoulders. He fastened it around her neck, below her collar. A strap went down between her breasts and across her chest and then another below them. He pulled the straps together behind her back and joined them, pulling them tight, very tight. She felt her chest constricted. It was a harness of some kind. What was he going to do to her, she thought unhappily. It couldn't be good.

When the harness was on tight, he took hold of her right wrist. He brought it down past her hip and then raised it behind her. He raised it until it hurt. And then it hurt some more and she squealed. And then a little bit more, which made her cry out, and then it was attached to something. She whined when he took hold of her other

wrist. She had dared not move it from her head and so she had left it there knowing full well what he was going to do with it. She gave out another squeal of pain and a long whine as he raised her left wrist behind her. And then it was attached. He stepped away from her.

Her arms and shoulders ached in the worst way. “Don’t leave me like this! Don’t leave me like this!” she begged mentally. But she knew that he would and started to cry. He fiddled with the chain that was connected to her collar. He had left it loose and so he easily hooked it to a ring on the top of the harness at the back. He went over to the wall and pulled the chain up until she was lifted on the balls of her feet.

She didn’t dare look at him. Just at, **‘OBEY’**, **‘OBEY’**, **‘OBEY’**.

“Please don’t leave me like this! Please! Please! Please!” she thought again. He had been so seemingly kind to her and now he was doing this! “Please don’t leave me like this! Please!” she begged again silently.

He came over to her with something else in his hand. He crouched down, put it down on the floor in front of her and said, curtly, “Spread your legs.”

“I can’t! I can’t” she said inside. She would be on her tippy toes. She didn’t want to be left like that. But she did it. He had one of those sticks. He would beat her with it and then she would do it anyway. She released a sob when she felt something being attached to her right ankle. Then it was attached to her left, after he pulled it just a little bit wider first. Her ankles were forced apart. She couldn’t move them together. She was on her tippy toes. In front of her was the word, **‘OBEY’**.

“I will! I will! I promise! I promise! I promise!” she thought frantically. “Just please don’t hurt me, please! Don’t leave me like this!”

He left and came back again. This time she couldn’t help it. She had to look and see what he had. She recognized it right away. It was that head thing they had put on her at the bar. If not the same one, one just like it.

She whined with unhappiness when he told her to open her mouth. He took out the ball. She closed her lips and grimaced. “Don’t put that in! Don’t put that in! Please! Please, don’t!”

“Open your mouth, you stupid cunt!” he snarled at her harshly. He didn’t seem so nice now.

She opened her mouth sadly. She could feel the tears running down her face, tears that would soon be hidden.

“There will be a punishment for that,” he told her curtly. “Next time, don’t be so stupid!”

He jammed the prong of the gag into her mouth, bruising her lips. He raised the harness over her face and head and began to install it. She felt it tightening all around her. He tightened the strap that jammed her jaw shut. When he attached the pump to the front, she sobbed. The bladder filled with air and subsumed the space in her entire mouth.

She wanted to moan. She wanted to moan and scream. But she knew that she couldn’t make a noise. Despair ran through her like a flood of noxious poison. “He’s going to leave me like this! He’s going to leave me like this! Oh, please don’t! Please!” her mind raced.

She was so distracted by her sadness that she hadn’t noticed that he went away again. When he came back, he attached a strap to a ring in the harness on her right side. She watched as he drew out the strap to a ring in the floor near the wall and affixed it tightly. Then, wordlessly, he did the other side. He pulled that one tight too. He went back to the first strap and gave it a firm, strong pull and both straps became tighter still.

The girl realized that she would not be able to turn from side to side. She would be forced to face the door. **‘OBEY’ ‘OBEY’ ‘OBEY’**. Unless she turned her head, she would have to look at it. He came up to her and she felt something being tied to the head harness just to the right of her chin. He drew it tight and connected it to a ring on the harness by her right shoulder. He crossed in front of her and tied a cord off on the other side too. He went back and forth until they were both equally tight. When he stepped back, she realized that she couldn’t turn her head! Her eyes were pointed straight at the door! **‘OBEY’ ‘OBEY’ ‘OBEY’**. That was all she would be able to look at!

“Please don’t leave me like this! Please! Please! Please!” she begged desperately, silently, knowing that he would. It was the whole point. “Please! Please, don’t!”

He stopped and looked at her for a few moments, perusing her body with his eyes. He took hold of her breasts and squeezed them, playing with the nipples until they stiffened. He caressed them softly, gently, almost lovingly. They seemed like putty in his large, strong hands. She didn't like him doing it, but the feeling wasn't all bad, to her dismay. Then he reached his hand down, slid it over her naked belly and drew it over her unprotected mons. He began to rub it lightly. A chill went through her. "Don't do that! Don't do that! Please! Please!" she begged silently.

He rubbed and rubbed and rubbed until her sex started to tingle. He slid a finger between her labia and rubbed it back and forth softly, running it deeper and deeper and deeper, until her labia began to part and her moisture began to run.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned unhappily. He slipped two fingers now along the length of her gash back and forth, back and forth. When he had covered them with her secretions, he slipped them up over the nubbin at the top and pressed against it lightly, making tiny circles over it and then giving it little flicks.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned again. He leaned over and subsumed a teat in his mouth, suckling at it lightly, delicately, running his tongue over it. While his hand still moved, exciting her puss, slipping along her gash, teasing her little bud, he switched to the other, kissing it, licking it, suckling on it while he massaged it with his free hand. The girl moaned again. Her body shook as if she were trying to ward off a fly or a moth that had landed on her. It was the most movement she could make. She whined and shook again and then, as he slid his fingers inside her tunnel, she released a deep groan.

Her knees weakened, but she did not fall. She couldn't even do that. The hand just went on and on and on. She felt her thighs twitch. Her blood was rising. "Go away! Go away!" she told the hand. "Stop! Stop! Stop!" But it didn't go away and it didn't stop. It went on and on, expertly manipulating her organ.

He rose from her breasts and looked her in the eyes. He was smiling, a knowledgeable smile. He knew that he had her. She was on the road. She couldn't stop herself. Her mind was not in command. He was in command. His hand was in command. It kept going and going and going. She closed her eyes and groaned again. It was like her pussy had become electrified. Each stroke of his fingers, delicate and deft, increased the tingling of her loins. She felt like a

hot, viscous fluid was building up inside her. It would explode and come gushing out. The hand went on and on and on. "Stop! Please stop! Please stop!" her mind kept repeating.

"Open your eyes!" the man ordered her sharply. "You always look a master in the face when he's playing with your pussy!" he growled.

She obeyed. **'OBEY' 'OBEY' 'OBEY'**. That's what the sign said. **'OBEY' 'OBEY' 'OBEY'**. Her pussy was obeying. It was obeying him. At his command it was tingling and burning and vibrating. Her whole body was. It was coming! It was coming! She looked the man in the eyes. They pierced through her. They owned her. They could make her do anything they wanted. They could make her come. They were playing with her pussy. They were going on and on and on. The eyes were her master, her ruler, her lord, her owner. She had to look at them. She couldn't look away. "It's coming! It's coming! Oh, don't stop now!" she pleaded. She began to rotate her hips, the only part of her that could move, and she groaned again. "Don't stop now! Please! Please ! Please don't stop now!" she begged the eyes. "Don't stop! Please! Please! Please!"

And then it came. Her pussy erupted into a series of shattering contractions. Each one sent a mind befogging pulse of pleasure through her. "Ummmmmm! Ummmmmm! Ummmmmm! Ummmmmm!" she groaned through her filled mouth at each one. "Ummmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmm!"

When her orgasm passed its peak, the hand that the eyes commanded mercifully began to slow. It kept caressing her lightly as her convulsions wound down. Her whole body felt weak. It had been so strange to be almost utterly immobile but to feel her body shaking and contorting as the pleasure had run through her. It was so strange to be utterly at the mercy of people who were determined to bring pleasure to her whether she wanted it or not. How many times would they make her come? How many times had she come today? Was it still today? Or was it tomorrow? She didn't know. She had no way to tell. Three? Had she come three times? That woman made her come three times alone. Six? How many more? Pain and pleasure. They were its source. They would determine which she would experience. They could do anything they wanted to her.

The man withdrew his hand. He brought it to her nose and made her smell it. It smelt of lust and shame and powerlessness and brutality and hopelessness. She could not turn her head away from it. "I'm a whore and I have no name," she thought. "A whore and I have no name."

He stepped back from her. He was going to carry away her scent and show it to the others. "Here's what whore no. 9 smells like," he'll tell them. "She's a whore and she has no name."

Her whole body still hummed from her orgasm, but the look in the man's face made her shiver. His face still filled her whole vision. He took hold of her nipples and gave them both a fierce squeeze that made her cry out with pain, her voice a mere murmur behind her gag. "After I leave, I want you to look straight ahead," he snarled at her. "If you close your eyes, I will come back and sew them open. Understand?"

A stab of fear went through her. He would! She believed he would! These people were capable of anything! "Mmmm, mmm mmmm!" she whined fearfully.

He turned and pointed to the ceiling. Like the mirrored room, there was a ceramic hemisphere there. "I'll be watching, whore," he said ominously.

The girl's body went cold.

"And by the way," he said. "There will be a punishment for all that whining you did. If I were you, I'd cut it out." He laughed.

He stepped to the door. He keyed in the code and put his hand over the scanner. The door came alive. He pushed it open. He turned, gave her an insidious smile and left. The door clanged closed. **'OBEY' 'OBEY' 'OBEY'**, it said to her. **'OBEY'**.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jerome was down the hall. He had already given Julia her whipping. She had been meek and submissive when he ordered her out of her cage. He had brought her into his bathroom and let her use the special toilet he had there for the slave girls, a Turkish toilet that they had to crouch down over. When she had peed, he wiped her and brought her to the whipping stand. As he mounted her on it, her body started to shiver. She did not resist and made no sounds except for a slight mewing sound when he finished affixing her wrists to the chain above her head.

After he raised her hands to the proper height, he ran his hands down her soft, almost perfect body. She was so soft and warm. He caressed her breasts, kissing and suckling at them both for the final time, until, maybe, he saw her a year or so from now. But maybe not even then. He pinched and squeezed the soft, resilient mounds that had given him so much pleasure.

He ran his hands down over her hips, down over her thighs. He made her spread her legs and he fondled her crux of pleasure until she moistened and then kissed and suckled at it until she moaned, reveling in her musky scent.

He removed her gag. Her lips were trembling and she was looking at him with a forlornness that made him smile. He kissed her, entering her mouth with his tongue, exploring it, tasting it for the last time. She responded, as she always had, perhaps in the hope that he would change his mind, but maybe just as a product of her hope that he would take some mercy on her in her ordeal to come.

He finally stepped away from her. She frowned and her eyes became wet. He produced one of the little blue balls they used and presented it to her mouth. In her only break with discipline, she murmured plaintively, "Please, master...."

He told her to be quiet and to open her mouth. She obeyed and he slipped the ball in.

They had special pads they used sometimes for girls in transit. They were large enough to cover the entire socket of the eye and were put on over the eye lid. The backs peeled off revealing a sticky substance akin to rubber cement. When the pad was removed, it would peel away easily leaving behind a rubbery residue that could be readily wiped away. He used these to close off both of her eyes. She gave out a soft sob as the second one was applied, rendering her into darkness.

A similar, if larger, pad was used to seal the mouth. Jennings had wanted her silenced and to not see a single soul from when she left his presence to when she arrived at his estate in Wyoming. Since he also wanted her head shaved, she could not wear a regular gag or blindfold since they would have to be removed to do her hair.

He peeled off the backer to the pad and brought it over to the sobbing girl. He laid it across her mouth, pressing her chin up firmly and then let it fall to cover it and wrapped it underneath it so as to hold the mouth closed tightly. It covered the mouth completely and extended a few inches into the cheek. Underneath it ran from halfway

up her jaw on one side to the other and down to the beginning of her throat. Like the eye pads, it would stay in place until peeled away. There was no chance that it would come off by itself.

The pads were light pinkish-beige and melded well with the woman's pale skin. They made her look somewhat like one of those modish mannequins in clothing stores with no faces. No sound, except a murmur, would escape the gag and the loudest scream would sound like a mere whine.

He started out with a flogger, with stiff tassels. She twisted and contorted her body as he assaulted her, her gag emitting only modest sounds of distress. When he did her shins, turning them bright red, she danced and twisted and turned screaming, "Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!" her frantic voice emerging no louder than an excited conversational tone.

Jerome gave her fifteen hard blows. Bright patches of red erupted everywhere he stroked her, from her thighs to her belly to her breasts. He was determined to extirpate any residual feeling in himself for the girl. Only by treating her without mercy, delivering her into the most anguished of states, could he put paid to the devils she had created in him. Four years was a long time. He would never allow any *maman* to last so long again. She had grown to know him all too well, had insinuated herself into his feelings only, in the end, to present him with a face of hatred when he had stripped her down to her most honest, revealing visage. She deserved it, he told himself, had earned it.

All day her whipping had been on his mind. Twice, he had talked himself out of it. But he always came back to the intense feeling of betrayal he felt. And he had had some remorse about sending her off to Jennings'. He was a boorish, demanding, cruel man. He would keep her bound most of the time, in one way or another, or confined. He would use her roughly, callously, probably several times every day. He rarely left his ranch except on brief, unavoidable business trips and Jerome was sure he would devise some special routine for her while he was away to insure that she would not conceive of his absence as a vacation from the need to suffer for his pleasure. But now he was glad that he did. He would have no regrets. He promised himself that. All the regrets would be hers.

She was sobbing heavily when he finally relented with the flogger. From the neck down, she wore a coat of mottled pink. She swayed on the chain that held up her hands, the vocalizations of her



dismay emerging from her mouth as mumbled, disjointed, barely audible sounds.

Next was the riding crop. He possessed several sizes. The first he selected was in the mid-range, about an inch in circumference. It produced immediate and painful welts. He worked his way up and down her front, driving it into her breasts, belly and thighs. Her screams were louder now, but still not much above a Chihuahua's bark. Her head waved back and forth as she undoubtedly urged the heavens to come to her aid, to ameliorate his harshness, to bemoan her fate. Jerome and the gods ignored her entreaties.

She was issuing a long, drawn out moan by the time he stopped. Bright red wounds covered her. Her pale skin glistened with sweat. Her hands above her were grasped together tightly. Her knees had weakened and she was barely standing.

After the medium crop, he brought out the no. 10, the heaviest of his bedroom collection. It was reinforced with an iron bar inside. It was akin to a billy club and hard and as large around as a cane. With this you had to be careful since it could easily smash a rib, break a bone or damage some internal organ such as the liver or the kidney. Jerome was well versed with the instrument though. He had been whipping women for 20-odd years.

The club like instrument would leave large black and blue blotches on her skin that would develop overnight. She would feel its effects long after her beating was concluded as her muscles cramped during her upcoming confinement. Her bruises would ache for days, to be layered over by the abuse Jennings would render her.

Jennings had heard him indicate that he was going to whip her. He had not uttered any protests at the prospects. And if he was going to whip the girl, he was damned certain going to make sure that Jennings would have no grounds for accusing him of being timorous or irresolute. Many aspects of Jerome's business depended on his reputation as a cruel and ruthless ruler of women. If word got out that he was fainthearted, negotiations with other tough minded, ruthless men, as he often dealt with, would become more difficult. Predators, who were always lurking around his enterprises, legitimate and illegitimate, would take it as their cue to make their moves. And once it got around that you could be taken, you were finished.

Civil society rested upon a modicum of laws meant to protect the weak from the strong, but not at his level. There, only power protected you. And power often rested on perception. One slip and

the whole mess would come crashing down. Who would he complain to if his brothels were knocked over one by one? Who would he complain to if those obliged to him reneged on their duties and loyalties? It was a side of life he had learned from his father in the few years that they had spent together as near co-equals.

He had often wondered what he would have been like had his father been afforded the lifespan he had expected. He would never have allowed him to jump into the business of slavery with both feet. The expansion at Reuther's, the bordellos, the trade with national and international criminal organizations, his father would have circumscribed that greatly. But for the last 20 years or so, more, he had had to stand on his own, astride a colossal empire and his precariousness was only too plain for him to see.

Julia would not understand or appreciate this, but Jennings surely would.

He struck her first on the right upper thigh, where the flesh was the heaviest and the bone the thickest. It landed with a 'whump!' on her leg. She issued a forlorn wail, the loudest yet. He did the other one and her knees collapsed. He struck her rear cheeks hard, each one in its turn, the hardest blows he would give her. A deep sounding moan emerged from her throat. For the shots to the ribs, he pulled his punches, hitting her just as hard as her biology would allow. Her ribs would be bruised tomorrow, and every movement an exercise in agony, but she would heal without the necessity of medical intervention. He struck her right above the kidneys. Those blows would send a sourness through her that would linger for days. Finally, he struck her breasts. Tomorrow, when Jennings opened her crate, he would see two bruised and battered, black and blue mammaries.

He put the club aside. The pads over the girl's eyes had small funnels built into them enough so that the release of tears would not flood the eye compartment. Tears were flowing freely from them now.

She was still emitting an extended moan when he brought out the switch. He assaulted her with it with rabid intensity, leaving bright red lines on her skin, some oozing small drops of blood. She danced and screamed and moaned and cried, but there was nothing she could do about it. When he was satisfied, he affixed chains to her ankles and lifted them high and out so that her inner thighs, the only part of her untrammelled by his anger and need, would be rendered

vulnerable. He resolved that omission quickly, working up each thigh high until he reached the crease at the top. He saved two savage blows to her sex for last, causing her to screech and her whole body to shudder and shake.

All of this extirpation had fueled his lust. While the girl moaned and shuddered, he crept between her thighs. It was clear that she was in no mood for pleasure, but her pussy lubricated defensively when he stroked it nonetheless. When it was flush, he freed his cock and presented it to her mucous lined hole. He wrapped his hands around her damaged thighs and pulled himself into her.

She groaned and cried as he filled her. He stroked himself hard. Her breasts swayed and jerked as he fucked her. Her head was bent back and she cried and moaned and sobbed. He was overwhelmed by a hurricane of lust. His cock exploded inside her. He groaned and nearly collapsed to the floor from the weakness of his knees as he came. But he held on and thrust away until his lust was sated.

He had Bernard bring in a cart. They strapped Julia to it and brought her down to the training center. He had watched as Manny shaved her head and eyebrows and Eddie had installed her nose ring. They were in one of the training rooms now. He and a few of the trainers had been sitting and watching Bernard fuck her for the last 25 minutes. He was really going to town. At that moment, he had her arms locked behind her back, her forehead pressed down on the floor of the platform and was fucking her from behind. She was mewling and crying, not from pain; Bernard had made sure she was well lubricated by mouthing her pussy for a long time. Rather it was from a pleasure that approached pain, so relentless and continuous, that it reached a point where a female would beg it to stop, something Julia was wholly incapable of doing.

It was just as important that the training staff, and through them everybody else, get an understanding of his break with the woman and that he was no hypocrite who would require them to suppress their feelings for their charges but wallow in sentimentality himself.

He had broken out a bottle of his 30 year old bonded scotch and he and the other trainers were sipping it out of glasses supplied from the kitchen as they watched Bernard do his thing. He had relentless energy. A little while ago, he had been giving her long, slow strokes, taking a mild breather before resuming his tumultuous assault on her cunt. Her moans had been equally long, and anguished, a constant murmuring like the drone of a car far away at night. Bernard had

always had a thing for Julia, but Jerome had limited his access to her. This was the Jamaican's send off to the 'bitch' who had been mostly been beyond his grasp.

Since then, Bernard had resumed his pace, furiously fucking her hole from behind, pounding his thighs into her rear while she grunted and groaned and whined and cried out in a matching, staccato rhythm.

Jerome poured himself another two fingers of scotch. He was sitting in one of the padded lounge chairs kept in the training rooms for the men from the security force who came down to help out almost on a daily basis.. They would sit in them drinking sangria and eating nachos while one of them took his turn with a girl, or they were all taking a break from their pleasurable endeavors to have a snack while the girl waited, hog tied and hooded, for her duties to resume.

He passed the bottle to the trainer next to him, Chet. He took a couple of fingers and passed it on. All of the trainers who were on duty were here. Training had been shut down temporarily so that everyone could watch.

Even Paula Haber from Administration had come down. She had been bugging Jerome to allow her to apprentice as a trainer for months. She saw many of the pictures and knew what went on down here, but had never seen for herself. She was aghast as she watched Bernard pound away. But her eyes conveyed a fascination with the scene that made Jerome believe that maybe the nice, polite Jewish girl had the right stuff after all. He wondered whether she would agree to transfer to Reuthers, where most of the mansion trainers had started out. She would get an eyeful there.

Julia's exhilarated reposts to Bernard's handiwork had reached a high pitch. Bernard was grunting and groaning. All of a sudden, he released a loud growl. He began fucking the girl with what seemed wild abandon. She released a caterwaul as loud and as piteous as a forlorn alley cat. He went on and on and on for about 45 seconds and then he emitted a sound like a truck bleeding its air brakes and was done.

He pulled from the girl almost at once and rose to his feet. An enthusiastic round of applause greeted him. He nodded an acknowledgement and slid on the trainer's outfit that had been found for him. He was all smiles when one of the other men handed him a glass of whiskey.

The small crowd hung out for a few minutes, but then the trainers started to drift off. Bernard gave Jerome his thanks and headed upstairs. Manny and Mike the Surfer, took charge of Julia, restoring the limp woman to her cart and taking her down the hall to the medical procedures room. Jerome watched as they strapped her down and shaved and cleaned her loins and breasts with alcohol and Betadine.

Eddie was the man when it came to piercings and such. He had run a little place in Tulsa for a while. He was arrested for ringing these two very unhappy and frightened young Anglo girls some Latin Lords had brought in one night and tattooing them with “**Propriedad de los Lores Latinos**” on their lower bellies and on the small of their backs so you could see it whichever way you fucked them. Somehow, six months later, one of the girls got away from the gang and a whole tassel of the *hermanos* were arrested for kidnapping, rape and racketeering.

Unfortunately for Eddie, the girl remembered his place really well. Jerome had helped out and Eddie had beaten the rap. The other girl was never found by the police. Jerome’s people eventually located her in a whorehouse in Waco. They bought her and shipped her to El Salvador along with the first girl, who they picked up the night before she was to testify at the trial. The *hermanos* were appropriately grateful and now sent a steady stream of good looking, untouched girls to Reuther’s every month, Hispanic and otherwise, and received back properly trained and obedient ‘C’ girls, marked appropriately, “**Propriedad de los Lores Latinos**”, who they put on the streets in cities all across the country.

Jerome had always been against any regular tattooing of the girls, except for their standard markings. He was old school in this regard. But Eddie had turned him onto some fabulous artists whose work really impressed him. Recently he had given a few of them free rein to decorate some ‘B’ girls at Reuther’s. They had come up with some very interesting full body designs. He was due to inspect them on his next trip there and make a decision about allowing it on a special order basis. The reputation of the artists was such that word had somehow gotten out and orders for special signed, ‘limited edition’ girls were already coming in.

Eddie had Julia ringed fairly quickly. Julia wept and moaned while he made the punctures in her labia and teats. Jerome had to

admit that it looked very painful. Once Eddie had stemmed the bleeding, she was taken to one of the cells to be hogtied as per Jennings' order until she could be packed for shipment in the morning. Jerome watched Manny give her a Demerol suppository, binding it up with a plug, and then said his goodbyes.

It was about 10:30 when he got upstairs. Bernard was already back in his uniform and ready to take charge of the girls when the guests' time was up at 11. Jerome decided not to join them for ice cream. He would allow them to enjoy themselves without him present. Angela was to be taken directly to the punishment room and hung there by her wrists. After the other women went to their cells, Bernard would go down there and give the girl her due.

Jerome went into the den, his room of relaxation. He had often spent time here with Julia and the room reminded him of her. She had helped select some of the paintings and prints. He made a note to himself to get rid of them all tomorrow. He ordered one of the maids to go get him a bowl of gelato. He would eat his on his own. He flicked on the sound system and put on a violin concerto he and Julia used to listen to. It made him melancholy, but insisted to himself that he had the strength to listen to it. He liked the piece and he wasn't about to let his memory of the woman ruin it for him.

The girl came in with the gelato and retreated back into her alcove. She was nice looking, a bit plump in the rear, but had a sweet face. She wore 2 stars on her left ankle. He made a note to remember her number, 31.

He finished his gelato. The concerto was over. He aimed the zapper at the CD player and played it again.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

**‘OBEY’, ‘OBEY’, ‘OBEY’.** That was what the sign said. The girl had been looking at it for all this time, obediently. Every once in a while she would glance up at that ceramic thing on the ceiling near the door and then, panicked, glance back. “I’ll be watching, whore,” the cherubic faced, blond man had said. She didn’t know if she believed him, but did believe that if he wasn’t watching, someone else was. Or maybe they would just review the tape later, which was more likely, fast forwarding through it until they found another excuse to beat her.

Her arms, joined up behind her so cruelly, ached like the devil. Her stretched out feet were sending pains shooting up her legs. The room was so quiet that every time she released a sob of self-pity, it sounded like someone had set a gun off. As she looked at the remorseless, insidious sign, within her field of vision was the large mirror-like glass square above it and she could see her grotesque reflection. She imagined the people looking in from the other side as they passed down the hallway, for she had guessed that it was made of one way glass, why else would it be there, and laughing at her, enjoying the spectacle of her suffering and humiliation.

Why did they have to do this? She would do anything they asked. There was not a single ounce of rebelliousness left in her. She didn’t care if she had to spend the rest of her life here, she would never complain. She was ready to concede their power over her, earned by right of conquest. She would pay obeisance to them, bow and scrape before them. Pay homage to their sexes, even that woman, Mistress Marylyn. She would humble herself before them, offer them her every orifice, even the one behind her that had never been used. Especially that one, if it pleased them. If only they would please, please, please not hurt her any more. If only they would let her feel just a little bit like a human being again.

**‘OBEY’, ‘OBEY’, ‘OBEY’.** “I will! I will! I will!” she promised over and over again. Why were they so cruel? How could they be so cruel? Where was she? What were they going to do to her? How long would they make her stay here? How many of them would fuck her? What time was it? What day? Why had she been so stupid? Why was this happening to her?

How long were they going to leave her like this? It could be hours and hours and hours. Her body shivered when she thought of it. Standing there, doing nothing, waiting, waiting, waiting. She imagined people passing in the hallway right outside, masters leading other unfortunate, enslaved women to their torments. And she tried to imagine what was outside these close confining walls. There were people out there too. She could be in the middle of a crowded city with hundreds of people passing by a few dozen feet from where she stood every minute. There was a normal life out there where people were happy, did the things they wanted. Sat down, had a drink, laughed, loved. She would never experience anything like that again.

**'OBEY', 'OBEY', 'OBEY'**. How long will they leave me like this? What will they do to me when they come? It was so strange to have her arms bent up behind her like this. It was like they had disappeared leaving only painful, aching stumps in their place. And her feet, they were so sore she wanted to scream. She wanted desperately to move them. She wanted desperately to close them, to offer some slight protection to her sex. It was so vulnerable and available. She wanted to build a wall over it so that they couldn't touch it anymore. She didn't even care if someone came and took it away. Maybe they wouldn't want her then anymore. But then there were her breasts, heavy, burdensome things, a source of pride and embarrassment all at the same time. They wanted her breasts too and as long as she had them, they would want her. And her mouth. And her rear. As long as there was some part of her they could penetrate or abuse, they would want her. Until she was old and ugly and used all up, and then no one would want her, no one would want to fuck her even if it was free.

And that thing in her mouth, it was so invasive. There was hardly a moment when she couldn't not think of it. She wanted oh, so desperately to spit it out. It was such a blatant reminder that these people owned her. They could put anything inside her that they wanted. She had no right to talk. Every human being has the right to talk, don't they? Which meant, by definition, she was not a human being anymore. She was something else, something human beings liked to fuck, but wanted to forget about at any other time. "Oh, please, please, please, don't do this to me! Please! Please! Please!"

It seemed like she had been standing there a long, long time. An hour? Had it been an hour? At least an hour, not much more than that. They could make her stand there for hours and hours and hours



and there was nothing she could do about it. She would go mad standing there, watching her leather bound face in the mirror glass, focusing on that word, that infernal word. Feeling a stultifying boredom and terror and desolation and miserable self pity all the while. She started crying again and then pulled at her arms desperately trying to free them. She wanted to scream at the top of her lungs! She wanted to screech out vile curses at them! She wanted God to strike them dead and send them to hell to burn and suffer for eternity! She wanted to go home. She wanted it to be yesterday or the day before, or whenever it was that she was free. "Please, oh, please, oh, please someone help me! Please!"

She jumped when she finally heard the door opening, after a long, long time of suffering, deadening boredom and fearful speculations of what torment she would suffer next. Her joy was tempered by the fact that she knew that it probably meant that someone had come to do something else to her. Was she going from the frying pan to the fire? Was it a matter of being careful what you wished for? Because she had been wishing and pleading and hoping that someone would come soon and relieve her from her cruel and grotesque bindings, relieve her of the agonizing aches and cramps in her feet and shoulders.

When the door came fully open and she saw who it was, her blood ran cold. It was that man, the one with the tattoos! The one who had leapt at the proffered opportunity to whip her! She knew that whining was not allowed, but she could not help a minor one from escaping. She only hoped that the man hadn't heard it.

The first thing he did was to bring her the bed pan. She peed in it obediently, if fearfully, her body shaking. Then he peed into the stainless steel bowl there on the side of the room. When he flushed it, it sounded like the harbinger of an earthquake.

Without speaking, he released the straps that had held her torso still, rolling them up and putting them away. He untied the strings that had held her head in position too. He stood in front of her, blocking out the door, and he ran his giant hands over her breasts and then down her sides and over her hips, like he was establishing his mastery of her. He ran his hand over her belly and gave her pudenda a few light strokes.

"He's going to whip me! He's going to whip me! He's going to whip me!" was all the girl could get her mind to express. She wanted to whine and moan at the prospect, but she was beginning to learn her

lesson in that respect. When the mountain of a man stepped away from her and went in the direction of where the whips were mounted on the wall, her body ran cold and she began to tremble.

He came back with the flogger, the same whip that Eddie had used. He started to talk to her as he draped the stiff tassels over her ass, her thighs and her breasts. His voice was deep and melodious, almost like the base notes on a cello.

"It's time for your punishment, whore," he told her. "This is for speaking and begging Master Eddie not to whip you. You can see how counterproductive that was. All it did was earn you another whipping.

"I'm going to give you 10 strokes. I know that you are gagged, but I want you to count them off as I give them to you. Just scream as loud as you can so I can hear you. If I don't think that you're giving your best effort, the stroke won't count and I'll add one more. But just to be fair, I'll stop at 25 either way. So you can get 10 strokes if you cooperate and as much as 25 if you don't. Do you understand?"

The girl cringed at the feel of the tassels sliding over her body. But she was not distracted sufficiently not to hang on to every word that the Polynesian man was saying.

"....um, mmm-mmm," she squeaked out, her throat frozen with fear. The man reared his hand back and gave her a vicious stroke of the whip across her breasts. She shrieked loudly, her body jerking in her bonds.

"I can't hear you!" the man remonstrated.

"...um, mmm-mmm!" she screamed as loud as she could. Tears were already flowing down her face inside her harness.

"That's better," the man said. Then he said, "Okay, get ready."

The first blow came across the front of her thighs. It hurt so badly that she had to draw in her breath and, amidst her moan of pain, was only able to mumble out the word, "One!" sounding more like, "Um!"

"You'll have to do better than that, whore," he told her. "That one didn't count."

She released a loud wail at the news. Manny wouldn't count it as a punishable act; she was in the process of getting whipped, and in such circumstances there was always a lot of leeway.

"Let's try it again," he told her, sounding hopeful. He crossed behind her and unloaded the flogger over her rear cheeks, giving the

blow a little more, ‘oompf’ due to the greater ability of the situs to absorb punishment.

She wailed again, piteously, her body shaking, but she was just able to mingle it with the shouted noise, “Um!!!”

“Good,” Manny said optimistically. “You’re getting the hang of it!”

He reared back again. He struck her across the back. She screamed, but managed to shout out, “...ouuuu!!!”

She waited in misery for him to confirm the appropriateness of her response, but he said nothing. It must have been sufficient, because he immediately went on to the next blow. This time, he surprised her. He had come over to her side and he swung the flails of the whip between her outstretched legs, catching her on the inside of her right thigh. It hurt so much that the girl could not manage to verbalize the proper numerical response, but instead just wailed miserably. She was about to shout out a belated numeral when Manny told her, his voice calm but stern, “Not very good, whore. That one didn’t count either. You’ve got to call out right away. That means that you’re going backwards and you still have 10 more to go. I suggest you really try to concentrate.”

She was sobbing at the news that she was no closer to the end than she had been at the beginning. Manny lashed out again, striking the inside of her left thigh. She held in her visceral reaction to the pain and shouted, “...eeeeee!!!!” and then broke down into sobs and moans.

She got through 5, 6 and 7 all right, responding to blows across her buttocks, the front of her thighs and her shins, sobbing all the while. She still had 5 to go. When he delivered the next blow, though, which he gave her from behind, looping the tassels under her torso and striking at her pudenda from the back, she was so surprised that she could not respond other than with a screech of pain.

“Not very good, whore!” he barked at her again. Her balance due was raised back up to 6. He struck her ass again for 8, which she tolerated well, screaming the number as loud as her gagged mouth would let her. And, between blubbering sobs and wails, successfully responded to 9 and 10. She had to repeat 11, a blow across her breasts, but was ready for repeat blows to the insides of her thighs for 12 and 13.

She wasn’t sure whether she had 1 left or 2. Her mind was raging with self pity and sorrow. When she could think at all, she thought,

“All this for begging not to be whipped! She couldn’t have ever before conceived that anyone would be so cruel. No. 14 caught her off guard, a blow across her belly that had been so far untrammelled, so she had to repeat it. No. 15 he brought up between her legs again, this time from the front, lashing at her quim. But she had steeled herself and she gave out a piteous scream, “...mmmmm-eeeeeeem!!!!”

He let her blubber on for a while. It was only fair. She had earned it. Most girls went up to at least 20, more than a few all the way to 25 on their first times. Manny was impressed. It showed a lot of determination and spirit.

When she had calmed a bit, he approached her. He stroked her gently on her head with his paw of a hand. She looked up at him with doleful, hopeless eyes. “Ah, my poor little *wahine*, my little *nani wahine*,” he said in his deep, melodious voice, all sternness and cruelty gone out of it as he stroked her softly. He reached out for the valve on her gag and released the air from it. It came out in a loud ‘hiss’. He reached behind her head and loosened the harness, pulling and releasing its straps one by one. When loose, he slipped it off of her, pulling the gag from her mouth.

He could see now what he couldn’t see before, her forlorn face, her trembling, unhappy lips. Tears were flowing from the corners of her eyes. He reached out and, putting his hands on the side of her head, wiped them away with his thumbs.

“You did very good, little *wahine*,” he said. “I’m very proud of you. Don’t worry, you’re going to make a really fine whore. I’m not going to hurt you. That’s all over for now. Things will get better, you’ll see. But you’ll have to work very hard. Manuatele will help you. I’ll help you become a really fine whore, just wait and see, okay?”

The man’s voice was comforting, even though she didn’t want it to be. She wanted to hate him. He had done such awful things to her, but her need for some little island of respite from all of her terror was so high that she seized on the softness of his voice, the kindness she saw in his eyes as a drowning woman might cling to the tiniest piece of wreckage in order to survive. She knew she had to answer him. He was a master and he had asked her a question. Failure to answer was a whipping offense. But if she didn’t tell him the truth, that was a whipping offense too. One of the worst. Tony had said so.

Despite her fear of him, she was going to tell him no, when suddenly she realized that that was not true. She did want his help. They were going to make her into a whore and they were going to use pain and fear as their sculpting tools to cut away everything in her that was not whorish. She needed his help. And the help of all the other trainers too. She needed to be shown the way. A little while ago she had said to herself that she would never complain again if only they wouldn't hurt her. Her feeling now was akin to that. She needed to slough off who she had been and become what they wanted her to be. Yes, he could help her. "Please, please help me," she thought. "Yes, master," she said, her voice breaking.

He wrapped his hands around her shoulders and drew her to him. She was pressed firmly into his huge, solid chest. She felt all the sorrow she had experienced since she had been kidnapped come welling up into her. She started to sob. And she sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

Manny held her, cooing in her ear, rocking her slightly. "Go ahead, my little *nani wahine*," he told her. "Go ahead and cry. That's a good girl. Get it all out of you."

She knew that getting comfort from the man who had just ruthlessly beat her for no more reason than she had not wanted to be beaten was bordering on madness. She didn't care. It felt so wonderful to be sobbing unreservedly in his strong arms.

On the day that he hired him, that was the exact quality that Jerome had seen in Manny. Sometimes it is the little things that tell us the most. They were in a club called Pussyrama in downtown Kansas City. Jerome was negotiating with Sal Porcino, one of the hardest gangsters he had ever met. It was after hours and the club was closed. Sal ran his girls like a deputy would a Georgia chain gang. There was no softness in him at all. He had ordered one of the girls to stay after closing so he could fuck her later. He had been ordering her around to get them drinks. She had come over with a tray full of them. She was a little blond girl with outsized breasts and a narrow unhappy face. When she put the overloaded tray down on the table, one of the glasses tipped just a little bit and some of the drink spilled out onto Sal's hand, soaking a tiny portion of the cuff of his shiny, purple, satin shirt.

"What the fuck are you doing, you stupid cunt?" he yelled at her. "This is a \$200 shirt, you dumb cow!" He took the drink off the tray and threw its contents in her face. She gave out a cry and started to

tremble, the liquid flowing down her face all over her chest and breasts. Sal had made her take off her top for everyone's amusement earlier and it started dripping off of her nipples. "Wait till I get you later, you fucking pig! I'm going to ram my fist up your cunt and pull out your heart! Now get me another drink!"

She sobbed and, grabbing the glass, ran off. Manny gave Sal a sickened look, behind his back of course, and stepped over to the bar. He grabbed a towel from behind it and started to wipe the girl dry with it, saying something softly to her that Jerome couldn't hear. But he could see the look on the girl's face. She smiled at him and her eyes softened. He stroked her head and calmed her down. Right then he decided he wanted Manny to work for him.

When the negotiations were done, he got Sal's permission to hire him. Sal didn't give a shit. He thought Manny was a pussy and he said so. Right in front of him. Manny accepted the offer without a moment's hesitation.

He bought the girl too. Or rather, he convinced Sal to throw her in with the deal. He had Manny escort her to his car. She was relieved to get out of there and would have gone anywhere with him. He had intended to have her shipped to Reuther's but, in a gesture of magnanimity, he had his driver take her to her apartment. He gave her \$3,000 cash and told her to take the next bus out of town first thing in the morning. She nodded happily and ran off.

But sometimes, destiny is destiny. About six months later, out of curiosity, he had his people look her up. To his dismay, a pimp in Topeka had somehow got a hold of her. He ran his operation out of the basement of a warehouse in the meat packing district and kept the girls when they weren't working all chained up in a run-down, old meat locker. It was the kind of operation that made Jerome sick and he always tried to clean the streets of those kinds of punks whenever he could.

He sent in a security team who dumped the pimp and his three muscle-men into a hole somewhere and the entire crew of 7 worn out and emaciated girls was taken off to Reuther's. It took a good two weeks to get them filled out and healthy enough to be trainable as 'C' girls. He tried the little, big breasted, blond girl out once the staff had her up to par. They had done a good job on her and she was once again the appealing little strumpet she had been when he saw her in Kansas City.

She recognized him right away and was surprised to say the least. He enjoyed her. She had worked extra hard to please him. Afterwards, she begged him tearfully to give her another chance, but that was definitely not in the cards. She had already been marked anyway, so it would have been impossible. He had her punished for talking out of turn and then shipped her out as part of a package deal with a syndicate in Taiwan. He never had the heart to tell Manny.

Sal did get his, though. One night he brought a girl back from the bar to his Sicilian style mansion for a night of abuse. He had just got done beating her when she grabbed a vase and broke it over his head. Then she cut his throat with a kitchen knife. She gathered up all the cash she could find in the place, about \$35,000 and was never heard from again. Nobody made a squawk. Sal's partners were just as glad to see him go.

So it was not out of character for the big Polynesian to be comforting the girl. It was just who he was.

He continued to stroke her mangled hair and utter soothing words to her. Finally, when her sobs had subsided and she was calmed, he raised her up off of his shoulder. He took hold of her chin and gently forced open her mouth. He took from his pocket one of those blue rubber balls and popped it in past her teeth. Leaning down he disconnected her feet from the spreader bar and put it away. He brought back a wide, leather belt with rings on its sides and fastened it around her waist just below the halter. Then he released her arms from the halter, very slowly, so as not to strain them. He attached her wrist cuffs to the chains on the sides of the belt and then, releasing the chain that connected her halter to the ceiling, he connected it instead to the ring in the back of her collar. Then he unstrapped the halter and slipped it from her body.

It felt so good to have her arms lowered and to be off of the balls of her feet that the girl almost neglected to begin to worry about what was coming next. She had calmed down from her hysterical fit, but knew that the end of her abuse by the Pacific Island man was not the end of her troubles. He had attached her wrists as they were, dangling from her sides from about 8" of chain, for a reason. Everything that was done to her was for a reason. None of them so far had been good for her.

He ordered her to turn around. When she was facing the rear of the cell, he stepped over to the wall and rolled out the powder grey futon that had been sitting against the wall. It was thick and looked

comfortable to the girl. "Maybe they're going to let me sleep," she thought. She felt like she really needed it. But what she saw next, dispelled that notion.

She watched as the tannish man stripped off his sweat shirt. His chest was broad and strong looking. His tattoos, which she had seen only so far on his arms, continued across his body in a colorful diorama of greens and blues and reds. There was a huge tropical flower over his right breast, surrounded by flush, green leaves. A large orca whale crossed his rock hard belly in a sea of blue. On his left side were several markings that looked tribal in nature. The tattoos went up to his neck and carried over to his back.

She must have been stupefied from her ordeal, because she wondered why he was taking off his shirt. But when he pulled off the black sweat pants and tossed them aside, revealing a thick, rubbery cock and broad thighs, more tattoos all up and down them, she got it right away. "He's going to fuck me!" she said to herself unhappily. "He's going to fuck me!"

It felt like some moment of truth had been reached. She had been fearing this ever since those men had attached her to the wall at the bar. She had known right away that they weren't kidnapping her to play pinochle with her. Or to extort money from her middle class family. Or to give her a celebrity makeover for some TV show. No, it was so that she could be used as an article of commerce. And the only thing she had to sell were the various holes around her body. And those, as had been made clear to her, didn't belong to her anymore.

She swallowed the whine she felt coming up. She was learning. But she couldn't suppress the rapid vibrations of her heart in her chest or ignore the icy chill that went through her belly. Her body started to shake as he approached her. He released her collar from the dangling chain and, taking hold of the ring in the front, pulled her towards the bedding.

He made her turn around when they got there, only a step or two away really. Holding on to the ring in her collar, he told her to crouch down and then lean back. He held her up, slowing her descent as she lay on her back. The futon was soft and thick and her body eased into it. The man stepped up onto the futon and reached behind her head towards the wall. He pulled out a chain covered with thick vinyl. It was on a spring from the wall. He pulled it out an arm's length and then he clipped the end to the back of her collar. When he released it,



the excess rolled back up into the wall, creating a slight tension on the chain. She would still be affixed to the wall, but he would be able to move her about if he wanted at least to the length of the chain which, the girl was sure, didn't extend much past the edge of the bed.

"Spread your legs," he told her. He was still standing and he towered over her, seeming even bigger than he did before. His naked body seemed to gleam in the light. His muscles rippled when he moved, making them seem alive. His cock had already grown tumescent and he was stroking it softly, idly, with his right hand. She spread her legs, knowing full well the reason why and looked up at him unhappily.

"Now raise your knees about 4 inches," he instructed. She did as he said.

"When a master tells you to lie down on your back on a bed, this is how you do it," he said sternly.

"Another rule," she thought nervously. How would she remember them all? The point of the instruction was clear. This way, when a master deigned to join her, she would be all ready to fuck.

The man stepped away from her for a moment. He opened the little cabinet that was there and pulled out a plastic bottle of the drink the mean surfer guy had given her. Her throat was dry from fear and she looked forward to having some refreshment.

She was mistaken. It was not for her. He tilted the bottle back and began to pour it down his throat. He paused once or twice, but otherwise kept drinking until it was all gone. When he was done, he released a pleased sigh, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and tossed the empty into a little can there to join its mate. Then he turned to her.

As he approached, a lump formed in her throat and she felt her whole body go weak. He knelt down between her outstretched thighs and placed his heavy, hot hands on her legs, just above her bracelets. He looked at her appreciatively. The dim light made him seem ghost like. He had thick features and jet black hair. His grip on her legs was tight, as if he were establishing ownership and dominion over her. He moved forwards, sliding his hands up her legs, past her knees and over her thighs. He seemed so exotic with his foreign face and his beautifully colored body. When his hands neared her sex, she panicked. She knew that she wasn't ready down there, and the thought of him forcing his cock in her dry hole made her cringe with fear.

But that wasn't his idea. He leaned over and slid his hands slowly over her belly, up to her breasts, just brushing them, up over her shoulders and down her arms. His touch was soft. He did it again, a little more firmly this time. And then his hands came down again, over her belly, making it flinch, then down over her thighs and over her knees to the point of departure.

He had his hands do the rounds over her body a few more times. Each time, his hands seemed to be acting with more assertiveness. His hands were big and covered large swatches of her skin as they traversed her. And they were hot, transferring that heat to her wherever they went.

She didn't like the feeling she was getting, or, rather, she didn't like that her body liked it. Again and again he did it. Now, when his hands passed her breasts, they took hold of them for a few seconds, giving them delicate squeezes. His hands passed closer and closer to her hairless, defenseless mons, just skirting it, brushing up against her outer labia.

His hands were so strong and his touch so authoritative, so completely at ease on her body that she felt herself, despite herself, starting to get into the rhythm of his movements. She kept watching him. His eyes followed his hands wherever they went as if he was trying to learn her body by rote, etch it into his memory, as if it were a phenomenon totally independent of who she was, like her body was some kind of instrument he was playing and whether she listened or not, took note or not, was completely irrelevant to his task.

This time, when his hands slipped up to her heavy, swelling breasts, leaving a path of sensitized, trilling skin in their wake, he paused there, kneading them ever so lightly, his thumbs and index fingers pulling delicately at her now stiffened teats. Then his hands took certain possession of them, massaging them firmly, working them, squeezing them, until the feeling of pleasure his hands were bringing her was too much for her resistance to quell. She issued a sigh and her body squirmed.

As soon as the sigh escaped her lips, she knew that she was lost. And so did he. He edged himself closer to her, sliding his knees under her thighs, lifting them slightly. He leaned over, placing his warm, soothing lips just above her right knee and then dragged his mouth slowly, slowly, slowly on a voyage upwards, traversing the tender inner skin and rising all the way to the crux.

He did the other thigh. It sent tendrils of pleasure all through her. His mouth hovered briefly over her sex and then slid along her lower belly, all over it and then upwards, his hands sliding gently back and forth over the territory he had already covered. When he leaned forwards again, his thighs forced hers wide apart and she felt his wide hips graze them. His soothing, hungry mouth passed up her torso, pausing briefly to suckle lightly on her nipples and then upwards over her bright red, leather collar and onto her neck under her chin.

His hands were on either side of her head, his chest was pressed against her breasts. His hardened cock was lying on her belly. A surge of lust went through her. She didn't want this. If she had to be fucked, well, then she had to lay here and let it happen. But she didn't want to be a co-conspirator to her debasement. She bit down on the ball in her mouth and closed her eyes tightly. "Please don't take me there! Please don't! Please don't!" she thought unhappily. But she could feel her fires growing stronger. He was so big on top of her, his tongue was so hot and insistent. He lay upon her lightly, just enough so that she could feel his power, his maleness. Her breasts were crushed just enough so that she could feel the heat of his chest on them.

Her hands pulled on the chains leading to her hips, making them taut. She didn't know whether she was trying to push him off or to grab him and bring him down hard against her feverish flesh. Whatever was going to happen, it was clear that it was going to be at his pace, on his time. She had no control. Her heat kept growing and she couldn't stop it. It was like someone had thrust her brain into a foreign body, one that had no connection to it, did not speak its language, but yet had the ability to communicate to it its approval of the man's loving-like attentions.

He slid back down her body. This time he suckled hard on her teats, one after the other, suckling and kissing and teasing them with his tongue until her body signaled the efficacy of his endeavors by releasing a long, impassioned moan.

Down his mouth went, in reverse, down to her belly again, over her mons, up and down her thighs. Then he raised his head, he pushed her legs wider. He looked up at her. She was looking back down at him. She knew what was coming and she dreaded it like you would an illness. His face was serene, as if he were dreaming her. A slight intimation of delight passed over his face. Then he leaned over,

sliding his hands back down her thighs until they reached the crux between her legs and her torso, and put his mouth to her sex.

He dragged his broadened tongue upwards along the line of her crevasse just heavy enough for her to feel its coarseness. He did it again. And again. And again, slowly, slowly, slowly. Then he made his tongue firm and pointed and he flicked it up and down that line, teasing her, teasing her up and down until she had to squirm her hips and groan.

Like before, he combined mastery of his subject, with delicacy. His tongue penetrated her divide, lapping, lapping, lapping and then tickling the bud at the top. Her labia had distended and her inner self was hot and moist and trilling to his touch. He was exquisitely skilled, taking his time, making her pussy purr. The pleasure was growing and growing. She closed her eyes and bit down on the gag, hoping against hope that she could mount some resistance to her body's rebellion. Her hands strained at their confines, her heels dragged up and down on the bed, her hips started doing little circles. Her hands were clenched. She moaned again, a moan mixed with an anguished whine as her resistance to the man's efforts was beginning to collapse.

He began to suckle her clit and her body's glee went right off the scale. "Oh, please don't do this! Please! Please!" she begged silently all the while knowing that if he stopped she would be left with a raging fire inside her begging for release.

But she needn't have worried. He wasn't going to stop.

He took his time, as if he were feeding off of her, savoring the taste like some fine wine too good to drink hurriedly. His hands, so big and so hot, were on their own journey, directed with such skill that there seemed to be two of him, one concentrating on disturbing and exhilarating her organ and the other roaming her body like sheep leisurely wandering to and fro across a meadow. Over her thighs, her belly, up to her breasts and down again, a chorus to the aria he was singing at her divide. Her hips squirmed. She had to arch her back, the trills of pleasure were so strong. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned.

She wanted to beg him to get on with it, to do his will, have his way. Her sense of helplessness and powerlessness were so acute that a sourness went through her almost as intense as the feelings of pleasure she was experiencing. She knew that hence they would always be mixed, one feeling calling up the other. Her mind was

filled with revulsion over her body's alliance with the man's use of her.

She saw here future laid out before her. They would use her how and when they wished. Use her. Use her. Use her. "Why am I here? Why is this happening to me? Can't it stop? Can't I go home? Don't you know this is wrong, so, so, so wrong? Please stop! Please! Please! Please!" her mind ranted. And then he took her love bud in his mouth and gave it a long, vibrant suckle, flicking it with the edge of his tongue. It was like someone had plugged her into a socket. A wave of ecstasy shot through her. She raised her knees, her eyes rolled back and she released a loud, anguished sounding moan. He went on and on, bringing her closer and closer to a moment of crises. "I'm going to come! I'm going to come! Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she thought madly.

And then, just as she was bordering the edge of convulsion, he relented, slipping his tongue back into her crevasse, lightly running it over and around her folds.

Her body shuddered. She cringed at the knowledge that her wonderful agony was going to continue. He lapped at her pussy several times, his tongue broadened and then he flicked his tongue over her little creature until the vibrations of ecstasy were too much to bear. She shrieked. Her body wound up into a tight knot. Her knees laid splayed open as far as they would go. "Here it comes! Here it comes! Here it comes!" she thought. And again, right to the edge he brought her, so close that she could look directly into the abyss of convulsive torment that lay before her.

And then he relented, letting her burn with need. Her mind was whirling so fast with disappointment and relief, two emotions that were swirling around like two creatures, each with the other's tail in its mouth. Her mind was so overwhelmed with passion and self-pity that she hardly noticed that he had edged himself forward again. Then she perceived that he had risen over her. She had jammed her eyes closed and now they popped open. His face was above her. He said something to her in his musical patois, something tender sounding and yet portentous. His hand was underneath him and she felt a hardness probing at her loins. All the diffusion that her lust had brought to her mind dissipated instantly. Her attention became riveted on one dismal, wrenching thought.

“He’s going to fuck me! He’s going to fuck me! He’s going to fuck me! Oh, please don’t do it! Please! Please! Please!” her mind screamed.

And then his thick, rigid pole found it. She felt its head probing at her hole. It was lodged there, just at the entrance. He leaned over her, his hands alleviating his weight on both sides of her. She looked up at him pleadingly. “Please don’t do it! Please don’t do it! Please don’t do it!” her eyes said, imploring him to abandon his intent. “Pleeeeeeeeeeease!”

And then she felt it moving forward. It was so big. It eased aside her flesh, filling her completely. He eased into her, slowly, slowly, slowly, as if relishing every millionth of a second. Her pussy vibrated and mind wracking sensations of pleasure shot through her. “Ohhhhhhh!” she moaned. “Ohhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhh!”

And then he sank down to his hilt, fully lodged in her, probing her very depths. “Oh, god! He’s in me! He’s in me! He’s in me!” her mind repeated again and again. She experienced an intense consciousness of the immediacy of the moment, as if everything in her life had been leading to it, that for the rest of her days her mind would come back to it again and again. “He’s in me! He’s in me! He’s in me!” Her mind ranted. Now they owned her, completely and utterly. They had taken everything. The space the man’s prick occupied, would be occupied again and again by hordes of others. Her pussy never had felt more like a thing, a remote part of her that could be used irrespective of the desire of the rest.

At the same time, her sensation of lust was so intense that she thought she might burst. She felt a swelling in her loins. A vibration of excitement. And she came.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” she called out as her tunnel convulsed around its intruder. He remained motionless, pinning her to the bed, while her whole body exploded in contortions around him. Her mind tried to reach out to her orgasm, trying to pull it in, like something that had gone over the edge of a cliff and you had only a split second to reach out and grab it. It slipped from her hands and was launched on its descent and her body went on and on and on in its delirious receipt of pleasure.

He waited until it passed. Her body relaxed, soothed by the release of her lust. And then she realized, “He’s still hard. He’s still hard and he’s inside me. It’s not over! Oh, please, please let it be over!”

And then he began his motion. Slowly at first, matching some rhythm in his mind. He gave her long, slow strokes. Each one drew her lust back from its escape incrementally. She could feel it building up in her again. His cock moved and moved and moved, delivering trills of pleasure to her on each traverse, up and down. Something seemed to snap in her and all thoughts of resistance fled. "Oh, yesssss! Oh, yesssss! Oh, yesssss!" her mind called out. "Oh, it feels so good! So good! So good!"

Her lusts started to overflow again. Her pussy was so sensitized that it was almost like she could feel each little ridge, each purple vein. Her body wanted to fuck back at him, but she was afraid to disturb his focused rhythm. She wanted to come so badly that her mind sought it out, dug into her consciousness to urge it on.

"Come on! Come on! Come on!" she urged it. His cock was like a force of nature, inexorable, unignorable, it just went on and on. She had closed her eyes again. She felt a tap on her cheek.

"Whores like you look their masters in the face when they're getting fucked," he said.

She whined at the appellation and looked him in the eyes. They were black as shark's eyes, determined upon its prey. "Whores like me. Whores like me. Whores like me," she repeated again and again. "I'm a whore now. A whore. A whore with no name." Fierce misery filled her. She bit down on the ball in her mouth. "Please stop this! Please stop this! Please stop this! I'm not a whore! I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!"

But the cock was making a liar out of her. It just kept going on and on and on and her brief protest was quickly overwhelmed by the thrilling sensation of its friction on her puss. She tried to push it away, push it away, push it away, but it wouldn't go away.

And then his movements seemed to shift gears. His hips started a mild rotation as his thrusts began to come faster. Still slow, but with more determination. All her troops fled the battle and she was left alone with the marvelous sensations he was bringing her. Her orgasm, put off briefly by her protest, began to loom over the horizon once again. "I'm not a whore," she thought again, as her body reveled in each single thrust. His face was determined, almost grim. "I'm not a whore," she wanted to tell him. "Please don't make me a whore, please! Please!" And then her lust slipped its insidious tendrils into her mind and the thought went away to be replaced by an enjoyment so intense that she had to moan, low and long.

It was coming. It was coming. She felt her whole body prepare for the onslaught. She wanted to close her eyes desperately, not to have to watch him watch her face as she lost all control and moaned and groaned and cried out. She was trying desperately to mount a defense, throwing up the barricades, tearing up the cobblestones to hurl them at her attacker. But the enemy swarmed over her wall, smashed her obstructions, disdained her feeble efforts at resistance. “No! Wait! Wait! Not yet! Not yet!” she begged as the man’s eyes bored into hers, his cock driving inside her. “I’m not ready! I’m not ready! Don’t do it yet! Not yet! Not yet! Let me think! Let me rest! Let me breath! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!”

And then she cried out through her filled mouth, “Omm! Omm! Omm! Omm! “Omm!” as her pussy began to convulse. She felt it grip its intruder and then release. Grip and release. Grip and release. Grip and release, in a rapid ebullition. Her hands were gripped tightly into fists. Her mouth opened. Her legs rose up and rubbed against his and she circled his shins with them, seeking, needing contact all over her body. And the cock kept going on and on, giving her no respite, no quarter. As soon as it had passed, another assemblage of lust arose to take its place. His thrusts were coming harder now, but in a rhythm strange and exotic like some tribal island dance.

Her orgasm was coming again. She feared it this time. It was too big. It had gathered too much mass. It was a force that could move mountains, shatter cities, lay civilizations to waste. She was looking at him, pleading with her eyes. “Please, no more! No more! No more!” She moaned, loudly, her pitch between a whine and a cry of help, modulating high and low, “Ohhhhhhooooouuuuuuummm! Ohhhhhhooooouuuuuuummm! Ohhhhhhooooouuuuuuummm!” the ball in her mouth the only obstacle to an out and out scream.

He answered her plea by moving his hand to her face and reaching into her mouth. He removed the ball and then lowered his lips to it. She felt his hot tongue slip in. A wave of passion tore through her as it began to dance and squirm and play with her own.

Her climax came hard and fast. She groaned into his mouth, “Urrrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrrrrh! Urrrrrrrrrgh!” as each contraction of her sex slammed home. “Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” her mind raced as she was consumed with raging lust. Her orgasm passed, but the man kept going. His thrusts were coming hard now, pounding at her loins. He reached his hands down, slid them under her thighs and lifted them, arching her body inwards,



riding on top of her and thrusting, thrusting, thrusting down into her. She felt as if she were going to be torn apart. His tongue, thick, hot and insistent in her mouth was driving her into a frenetic delirium. Her pussy was so energized that she felt its trilling all the way up her backbone, up her spine and directly into her brain.

“I can’t stand it! I can’t stand it! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!” her mind ranted. She had never fucked like this! Never, ever, ever, ever! “Oh, it’s coming again! It’s coming again! Oh, please, no, no, no!”

He broke their kiss and pushed his head past her neck. Her knees were touching her breasts. He was pounding, pounding, pounding! Her body convulsed with each hammer like contraction of her cunt.” Ohhhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhhhh!” she shouted into the room. He was grunting and groaning. His body shook and she felt a flood of heat in her roiling channel. “He’s coming in me! He’s coming in me! He’s coming in me!” she shouted inside as she shouted outside, “Ohhhhh! Ohhhhh! Ohhhhh! Ohhhhh!”

He gave a great groan, gave her three more mighty thrusts, pausing at the apogee of each one, and then he was done.

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Jerome had read for a while, listened to a couple more CD’s, trying, but not succeeding, in finding one that he and Julia had not listened to together. At about 11, he drifted down to his study. The girls were finishing up with the guests. After they washed, they would come out into the dining room and have their refreshments. There wouldn’t be much talking between them. They would all be tired and worn out from entertaining the guests. The ice cream would delight them, perhaps elevating their mood a little, but it was always a sad part of the day for them, having spent another day as whores. Tomorrow would be the same. But tomorrow was Sunday and a few of the guests would be leaving early giving some of them at least an evening’s respite. They would not know which ones. He never announced the selections until the morning. And, of course, the next day was Monday, their erstwhile day off.

He poured himself a couple of fingers of 50 year old cognac and lit one of the Cohiba cigars he kept in a humidor on his desk. His office was the only place indoors on the whole estate that anyone could smoke and he reserved that right to himself. He took a ceremonial puff and a sip of the cognac and leaned back in his chair.

It had been a great day. Maybe not so great for Julia or girl no. 9, but for him it was satisfying. He had made a decision on something he had been wrestling with for quite a while and he had corrected his mistake of selling off the new girl. He had taken steps to deal with Eleanor's problems and, hopefully, straightened out Angela, although he did still have to make a decision about putting her into the R22 trials at Reuther's. Dr. Carter was finally going to get his vacation and he had the opportunity to bring on staff a quite renowned psychologist, and an attractive one at that. It was a great day to be Jerome Marshall, as most of them were.

He leaned forward, activated the dormant computer and flicked through the displays for the cells below. Several of the girls were being used by trainers and he watched them for a while. He saw that Manny was getting ready to whip no. 9, and he watched that all the way through, appreciating Manny's technique. The girl was really special. Her breasts heaved and shook as she responded to the lash. Her face was piteous. He saw it cringe with misery as Manny announced that she had missed a count. He heard her desperate, muffled scream at the next blow. He had enjoyed whipping her earlier and would whip her again. Not tomorrow, perhaps, but after she had been through a couple more training cycles. Then he would fuck her, as Manny was undoubtedly going to do as soon as he was done with her punishment.

He flicked to no. 8. The computer found her right away. She was in one of the training rooms with 3 of the security guards. One had her on her knees, fucking her from behind, while the others sat watching, waiting their turns, drinks in their hands. It was in these group sessions that the girls really lost their inhibitions and learned to give all their energy to every fuck regardless of how tired or won out they got. Often, the lust in the room was contagious and as soon as she got through the group of men who were using her, the first would be ready again. They always kept a dispenser of lube handy in case the girl dried out. She would be graded when they were done with her and be punished according to how near she got to the points she was expected to earn.

No. 8 was one of the girls who were getting ready to graduate. He noted the energy she was devoting to her use. She was giving back as hard as she got and was moaning and groaning like she was in heat. Just then she achieved climax, they were never allowed to fake it, and she raised her head and started to call out in loud, staccato grunts.

This must have put the guy over the top because he started to pound away at her with relish and issued angry sounding grunts of his own. Jerome watched until the guy was done. He stepped away from her and another admirer got up from his chair to take his place. He slid right into the girl and started going to town. The girl responded appropriately.

He scrolled on. No. 7 was in her cage bound and hooded; no. 6 was sleeping.

When he switched to no. 5, the monitor displayed a photo of a happy, attractive, young brown haired girl wearing a bright yellow sundress with blue and white flowers on it. The legend underneath said, 'On Route'. She had heavy eyebrows, gleeful, brown eyes and full lips. She was olive skinned.

He scrolled through her other pictures. She was a nursing student from Cleveland. She was shown dancing at a bar, her short skirt flying and revealing her graceful legs high up on the thigh, at a party wearing a pair of tight denim shorts and a bikini top, smiling at the camera. Her breasts seemed round and heavy. A couple of the photos were street shots, probably taken with a telephoto lens. The quality was really good and the girl's pleasant demeanor and intelligence were clearly shown. There was one of her in her crisp, white nursing uniform, smiling proudly, showing some kind of certificate. And last, there was a shot of her nude from the waist up. Her hair was mussed and she had a forlorn, fearful look on her face. Large, meaty hands were on her upper arms, holding her in place and extending to unknown persons out of frame to her left and right. She had beautiful, 4" wide areolas and large, juicy nipples.

She had been picked up by a free lance professional team, Jim and Russell McCrae and Jim's wife, Judy. She was the one who probably took the picture. They were efficient and ruthless, did their research well and got the finest girls, about 15 a year, sometimes more. Jerome always paid them top dollar. They were regular folks and had a ranch in Idaho which was run by Russell's wife, Kate, and their three sons, and Russell, when he was home. When things were slow at the ranch, Kate often lent a hand. She had broken Billy, their eldest, into the business, teaching him how to troll working class bars for drunken 'B' and 'C' girls. He was getting pretty good at it. He and his girlfriend Lisa usually dropped one off at Reuther's every few weeks.

It was a family business. Jim and Russell's parents Betty and Larry had run a pretty rough place up in timber country for years with girls swept up off of the streets of Seattle and Portland. Whenever one was needed, Larry would head down and have a new girl up there within a couple of days. Lately, they had been swapping new, untrained acquisitions for 'C' girls from Reuther's knowing that they would be well trained and that with their disk implants they were easily secured and disciplined. There was also the fact that when they were used up there was always a secondary market for them overseas.

Jerome actually took a loss on the deals, but he didn't mind. He had known Betty and Larry for many years, from back in his college days when he was just breaking into the business. Larry had taught him a lot and he had spent many pleasant weeks at his place over the years. He had become good friends too with Jim and Russell and their sisters June and Carly. June worked now as a nurse at Reuther's and had just married Gary Ellison, a 'B' girl trainer. Carly was married with 3 kids, but sometimes worked as a decoy for an outfit out of Austin, Texas run by their cousin, Pete Galante, and his wife Marie.

Their other cousin, Lenny, was doing 30 years in Huntsville for a botched snatch in Laredo. Everyone else had gotten away clean, but the Texas Rangers had put Lenny in the bag. As a favor to Carly, Jerome had done a deal for Lenny and he would be out in a couple of months. Jerome's people had gotten their hands on the girl who testified against him and she was doing penance right now in their Reno club. It was really for her own good since Lenny, who was as mean as a junk yard dog, had threatened at the trial to skin her alive and cook her over a slow burning fire. Lenny had asked to spend a few days with her, but Jerome had told him no. The girl was actually kind of sweet and had become a good and obedient worker. Lenny said he was going to go to Mexico and work there. That was okay with everybody since he was the one who botched the job and nobody wanted to work the streets with him anymore anyway.

Betty and Larry were in their seventies now and Larry's son Brent, from his first marriage, was really running the place with his wife Tracy and her sister Carmine. But Larry still had what it takes and cruised Seattle every once in a while just to keep his hand in. Betty, a good natured woman with a great sense of humor, still did

the cooking and most of the discipline. She was very handy with a pony whip and had just the right touch.

The whole family got together for a week once a year at Jerome's facility outside Woods Hole for some skiing and night time entertainment.

Jerome made a note to himself to see the girl tomorrow after she arrived.

He switched the monitor display to see what was going on with girl no. 4. She was at the feeding station. Sammy was overwatching her. No. 3 was being whipped by Jamar with a little too much enthusiasm and Eddie was fucking no. 2.

No. 1 had been assigned to the Filipino girl. She was mounted in her halter, staring at the door as she was undoubtedly ordered to do. Her arms were up behind her and her legs were fixed spread wide. She was sobbing. He noted the deep red stripes that Jamar had almost certainly put there. He checked her schedule and saw that Glenn Chu was to be her next visitor. Maybe that would help her settle in a little bit. He noted that Dr. Carter had scheduled her for a long rest period, 8 hours. That would help too. He looked ahead and saw that she was open for a few hours tomorrow afternoon. The computer had her spending the time in her cage. He overrode the order and scheduled himself in. She looked cute and he might as well see what she was like.

By now, Bernard would have Angela down in the punishment room. He flicked it on to the screen and sure enough, he was hard at work on her. Bernard rarely gagged the girls when he whipped them. He seemed to like to hear them wail. He was at the voluptuous girl with a riding crop, giving her vicious blows. She was screaming and begging him to stop. He wouldn't, of course. Jerome watched them for a little while. Angela had her hands chained above her, but was free to dance and twist and gyrate around to try and avoid the blows, her fluffy breasts flowing back and forth and bobbing up and down. There was little chance of that as Bernard's hand was as fast as lightning and he almost never missed his target. He just wandered around her patiently, waiting for an opening. Then his arm would flash out and the poor girl would scream again.

Jerome never got tired of seeing women get whipped. His cock was getting hard. That was good news for Eleanor later.

He switched the computer to some reports he had to read. A bid had come in from the General Staff of the Burmese Army, which

ruled the place, for some 30 'C' girls, a large order. Rich Donohue from Acquisitions was working out a swap for some Burmese stock and some cash. The girls the Burmese were peddling were shown on the screen, apparently girls arrested in some protest since in some of the pictures they were shown in street demonstrations seemingly shouting slogans and carrying signs. The rest were taken either in prison garb or in the nude. Some had what looked like bruises on them. They were all sullen and unhappy. Jerome made a note in the file for Rich to get some kind of guarantee that the girls hadn't been used as army whores and to demand a \$25,000 premium for each girl traded. After all, their girls were already trained and the Burmese girls would be raw. Otherwise, they looked like 'A' material.

There were a few other deals in the hopper. Someone was pitching 3 sorority girls from Ohio State, Delta Kappa Deltas. There was always a lot of vicious infighting at college sororities and every once in a while there would be a coup and the senior officers would find themselves hogtied and naked in a remote farmhouse or barn waiting to be picked up.

The girls' pictures had been submitted. Two of them were very attractive. The shots were obviously from some pool party because the girls were all wearing bikinis and smiling and the pictures looked like they had been taken in somebody's back yard. There was a tall brunet, with long, graceful legs and a full rack. The other good looking girl was a blond. She was smaller, her data sheet said 5'6", but those were sometimes not wholly accurate. She had her top off and was laughing. Her breasts were more compact, a little larger than teacups. They sloped sweetly and came to a sharp tip with unusual, almost bloated nipples. They were definitely 'A' girls, maybe even good enough for the mansion. But he didn't like to have girls who knew each other at the mansion at the same time so there would have to be a decision. It would be a difficult choice. The brunette was more voluptuous, but he liked the idea that the blond had taken her top off at the party. And she had a saucy look to her face. Maybe he would make an exception.

The third girl was a little hefty. Her face was on the plain side. But she showed intelligence. Jerome assumed she was the current president of the chapter, the queen of the roost. With a little work she could pass as a 'B' girl. Six weeks of weight training would do her a lot of good. She had probably been trying to lose weight ever since

she was a freshman in high school. Well, now she would get her chance.

The new ruling clique to be was offering \$7,500 a head for the leaders of the executive committee to disappear. Jerome approved the deal at \$10,000. Delta Kappa was a very wealthy sorority. He was sure they would come up with it. Some of the 30 g's would be used to pay expenses and the balance put in the bonus fund. Afterwards, he would meet with the new ruling junta and make a proposition. Dozens of girls tried out for Delta Kappa every year at Ohio State. Across the country the number was in the thousands. Only about 10% of the girls made it. Out of the other 90% there had to be plenty of girls who were worthy of his training cells, both 'A's and 'B's, and who might disappear without too much trouble. It could become a new revenue stream for the sorority nationwide.

He switched to the views of the luxury girl cells. A couple of them were writing in the journals. Surita was all curled up on her bed, her arms around her knees as if in contemplation. Eleanor was reading. They were all naked, as they were required to be when in their cells. He could see the results of Mr. Johnson's handiwork on Eleanor's breasts and belly. It wasn't too bad and would probably be cleared by Monday.

When he switched to Dolores' cell, she was leaning back against the headboard, her legs spread and rubbing frantically at her pussy with her right hand. Her left was squeezing a breast. Her mouth was open, her eyes rolled back. He could see that she was just about to come. She had been with Mr. Black tonight. Jerome made a note to check the readouts from her disc to see if she got off with him during their session. If not, she would need some speaking to. It was okay for her to jill off; it was her own time after all. But she was not allowed to deprive the guest of the enjoyment of watching her come.

Dolores issued a great moan and then a series of frenetic grunts. She was alternating rubbing and slapping at her pussy. Her heavy breasts were jiggling and her face was frozen in seeming anguish. Her whole body tensed, her eyes rolled back and her body began to shudder. Her thighs began to twitch. She closed her mouth as if trying to suppress the noise and kept going, "Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm!" Then she gave up and opened it and went, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" She gave out one last, long, "Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" and her whole body relaxed. Her eyes took a moment or two to focus. Then she gave the camera above her in the

opposite corner a nervous look, as if she knew he was watching. A few moments later one of the stewards, Daoud, came in. He was Senegalese and black as night. His upper cheeks were covered with ritualistic, tribal scars, which made him look demonic. He had thick facial features.

He ordered Dolores to lie down on the bed. He affixed her wrist bracelets to the front of her collar with a small chain and then the back of her collar with a 30" long vinyl covered chain to the headboard of the bed. They used vinyl covered chains so that the girls wouldn't scratch themselves in their sleep. He then attached a longer chain, long enough so that she could roll over and toss and turn in her sleep if she had the need to, to her left ankle, the one towards the wall, but not so long that she could ever put her foot on the floor.

He ran his jet black hand up her leg, caressing it, and slipped it between her thighs. Dolores obediently spread her legs, staring unhappily up at him. He was apparently amused to find her wet, because he laughed. He said something to her that Jerome couldn't make out. Dolores answered him, whining, "Yes, master."

Daoud laughed again. He had picked Dolores for 3 Mondays running. It looked like he would pick her again this one coming up.

He dimmed the light and left.

Jerome watched him put all the girls to bed. He touched all of them one way or another, caressing a breast here, a thigh there, stroking a pussy, and then covering them with their thin, soft blankets. He wasn't really supposed to do it, but it was hard to be critical with so much fine flesh so fully available. He did Eleanor last. When he left Eleanor's cell, Jerome followed him out into the dim hallway using the camera there. One of the maids was waiting for him, a very pale, buxom, red headed girl, her arms fixed behind her back and a leash dangling from her collar. Daoud, who was thin and very tall, at least a foot taller than her, took hold of the leash with a long, boney hand and gave it a solid yank as he proceeded to the steward's quarters. The girl released a little sound of unhappiness as her body jerked, and quickly stumbled after him.

Jerome switched off the computer monitor and took a last puff of his cigar. Then, after finishing off the remnants of his cognac, he got up and left his office. Not long thereafter, he was at the door to Eleanor's cell. He coded himself in and the door closed behind him.

She looked up at him as soon as he came in. She was on her side with her back to the wall, her legs scrunched up. He didn't say



anything to her, just stripped off his clothes and got down on the bed next to her, on his left side, facing her. The bed was a double, with plenty of room for them both. He stripped off her blanket and moved it to the foot of the bed.

“Hello, Eleanor,” he said. “I’m here, like I promised.”

“Yes, master,” the girl replied meekly.

He ran his hand down over her hip and thigh and then up again. Then he moved his body closer, crushing her bound hands between their chests and, placing his hand behind her head, brought their lips together.

They had a long, soulful kiss. He ran his hand down her torso again, down to her thigh, caressing her skin delicately, and then back again. Her skin was as soft and smooth as a baby’s face. He pushed her to her back and moved his hand towards her crux. Obediently, she spread her legs and lifted her knees.

He played with her puss while they kissed. It didn’t take long to have the girl moaning. Her tongue was hot and playful. He leaned down towards her breasts. She moved her elbows and he was able to suckle them both until she moaned. Then he crossed her leg, got in between them and laid his body over her. He took hold of his now rigid cock and drew it up and down her plush gash a few times, covering it with her secretions, and then slipped himself in.

Her pussy was hot and tight. Eleanor had only been with two men before Jerome’s people grabbed her. One of them was her high school boyfriend. They had graduated together and then attended colleges only 60 miles apart so that they could still see each other. It worked for a while, almost two years. Eleanor was studying to be a school psychologist. She had done lots of babysitting during high school and worked from June to September every year as a counselor at her town’s summer camp for kids.

She and Jimmy had had a fight one night on the phone and they had both angrily agreed that they should begin to see other people. Eleanor, that wasn’t her name then, but we’ll use it for purposes of continuity, had a sociology professor that she was highly enamored of. That was what the fight with Jimmy had been about. She talked about him all the time and Jimmy was getting jealous.

So this night she decided to go out with some of her girlfriends. She rarely went out, especially to bars, but there were a couple in their campus town that didn’t look too closely at i.d.’s. Eleanor borrowed her roommate’s, who was 21.

The seven girls got a big table in a mildly raucous pub with a great jukebox and quickly finished off two pitchers of Iron City draft. A few boys that the girls knew came around and flirted with them, but the girls had taken an oath that night that they wouldn't hook up with anyone, but would stay together, loyal friends to the last. They all knew about Eleanor's breakup and they had pledged to help her drown her sorrows.

Professor McKenzie must have seen them, he was a little over 30, had a scruffy black beard, short, wildly curly black hair and was wearing a black and lavender Rolling Stones' Voodoo Lounge Tour t-shirt and scruffy jeans. He was lean, but clearly was no stranger to the gym. Two of the other girls besides Eleanor were in his sociology class. Everybody had a crush on him, even though they all knew he was married to a fiery, crazy hot professor in the English Department.

He came over to the table and said hello. Eleanor looked at him, thinking how great it would be to meet a guy like him instead of Jimmy who was studying business management. He looked at her and she got the impression that he had taken especial note of her. The idea of it made her happy.

Toni Cipriano told him what the party was all about. He expressed his condolences and offered to buy the seven slightly drunk girls, all pretty hot in their own right, a round of shots. They all agreed that that would be swell.

All in all, he bought them four rounds of shots. It was the special tequila from the back bar, very expensive and very smooth. Unfortunately for the girls, it was 110 proof.

The pledge to remain together didn't last long. Carrie McGowan went off with some guys she knew from Delta Chi. Mary Worthington started talking with this good looking black dude who said he was visiting from Swarthmore. They disappeared. Alicia Fernandez and Jennifer Burgess started dancing with each other and then got picked up by some guys at the bar. They hung out with them for a while and then they were gone too. Toni Cipriano and Dale Riley had been rumored at having a thing going, but they had been denying it. Toni dated a guy from the varsity football team and Dale had a boyfriend who was a budding artist. Well, after that night it was more than a rumor as practically everybody saw them making out in the corner of the bar and feeling each other up.

Eleanor had hardly noticed anything. She and Professor McKenzie were ensconced in a deep conversation. Eleanor was

telling him all about her hopes and dreams and why she just had to break up with Jimmy. Professor McKenzie told her to call him Ken and expressed appropriate sympathy while relating to her her need to spread her wings and fly to her destiny. Sometime during their intense, soul searching conversation, Ken had started creeping their chairs closer and closer and putting his hands on her, first her arm, then around her back and then, ultimately, her thigh. She wanted to ask him to take it off, but she was too afraid of offending him. Besides, it felt nice.

He was drinking daiquiris and bought a couple for Eleanor. She thought that they tasted great.

By 1:30, when the bar was getting ready to close down, all the girls were gone and with them, Eleanor's ride. She hadn't realized how buzzed she was until she got up to go to the bathroom. She went in and peed and the room spun around. When she came out, Ken was waiting. He offered to drive her home.

Here's what she remembered: They drove for a while. She fell asleep in his front seat. They stopped someplace and then he got out of the car for a little while. When he came back, he woke her up and they started kissing. He put his hand way down her jeans and petted her pussy until she moaned. Then he urged her out of the car. The next thing she recalled was sitting on a bed, a large double bed. The lights were really low. Her t-shirt was off and someone was drawing her bra down off of her arms.

Then they kissed some more. She remembered that. She remembered hands on her breasts. They were hot and insistent and made her swoon. She remembered being on the bed, on her back. Someone was drawing her jeans over her feet, taking her panties with them. She remembered trying to get up from the bed, realizing that something was wrong. The next thing she knew, she was on her back again and someone was fucking her. It wasn't Jimmy. Jimmy didn't fuck like that. She tried to lift him off, whoever it was, and started murmuring, "No,... no,... no...." Hands grabbed her wrists and brought them up above her head and held them in a vice-like grip. Lips smothered hers, a tongue slipped in, the cock went on and on. She started to come. And that's the last she remembered.

She woke up probably about 6 o'clock. Her head was pounding and she felt sick. She saw Professor McKenzie lying next to her, snoring. It took her a little bit to realize that they were in a motel room. She started to cry. It woke Professor McKenzie up. She asked

him to take her home. He tried to embrace her and she pushed him away. He got angry. He told her that he would give her a ride home, but she had to suck him off first, otherwise she would have to walk.

She refused, at first, but when he made a move to get up and get dressed, she relented. After all, she didn't even know where they were. It could've been miles and miles.

He laid back on the headboard and made her kneel between his thighs. He kept his hand on her head and made her go real slow. When he was getting ready to come, he told her that if she spit it out he would take all her clothes and leave her there tied up on the bed. When he came, he held her head down while he groaned and spurted his cum into her mouth. He wouldn't let her up until she had swallowed it and then lifted her head up by her hair and made her open her mouth and show him. Jimmy had never made her do that.

He dropped her off at her dorm around 8:30. She was too tired and upset to go to class. She went into her room and fell asleep in her bed. At about noon, she got up and took a bath. She hung around her room until dinner time, sleeping and crying, and then went to the dining hall where she ate part of a salad and drank a large glass of carrot juice. Then she went back to her dorm and went to bed.

The next day was sociology class. She attended, but stared at Professor McKenzie all the time, hating him. After class, he tried to get her to talk to him, but she walked out.

She was too ashamed to talk to anyone about it. The next time sociology class rolled around two days later, she was too depressed to go. Professor McKenzie had called her several times, but she didn't answer. Finally, that next Tuesday, she answered and agreed to meet him. They met at a coffee place on the edge of campus. She really didn't want anybody seeing her talking to him and apparently, neither did he. He was all smiles and apologetic, saying how drunk he was and how nice she was and how much he liked her. She told him straight out that she would not see him again. In fact, she said, he had raped her and she was thinking of reporting it.

He turned white. He promised her anything if she wouldn't, even money, which disgusted her. She told him that she didn't want her name dragged through the mud all over campus either, but that she couldn't go to his class any more. It was too painful to be in the same room with him. The deal would be, she told him, she would get an A minus for the course, that was about where her grade stood anyway, but she would not have to attend any more classes. He agreed. He

asked her to promise not to report him. She said she couldn't promise that, but she didn't think she would, but only for the reasons she had expressed.

And so it seemed settled. A week later, at about 9 in the evening, she was walking along Maple on her way to the Ackerman Library to study. Exams were coming up and it was too noisy in her dorm. Jimmy had called the day before and it looked like they were going to work things out. They were going to see each other Saturday. What had happened with Professor McKenzie had begun to fade in her mind.

It was dark. The college was on an austerity budget and every other street light had been turned off. She came to one of the darkest parts. A shiny, black van pulled up alongside of her, in the direction she was walking. There was a woman in the passenger seat. Another woman was driving. The passenger, a young, good looking girl with a hip hair cut, maybe about 25 or 27, gave her a friendly look, smiled and asked for directions. Eleanor stopped to explain how to get where they wanted to go. She was pointing towards the next corner, looking that way, when someone came up behind her. It only took a second to drag her over to the van. The door had been rolled open and someone pulled her in. Something went over her mouth. The next thing she knew she was bound, gagged and hooded and someone had stripped off all of her clothes. 24 hours later she was standing in a cell at the mansion, a blue ball in her mouth, her arms suspended above her, sobbing and screaming, experiencing her first whipping.

Jerome moved back and forth along her steamy channel. Cathy Evens had taught the girl well how to use her muscles down there and she had become really good at it. Her pussy clamped hard on his cock every time it retreated, opening up and softening every time he descended. They were kissing madly. Jerome had his elbows and forearms on the bed on either side of her head. Her legs were wrapped around his thighs. Their grunts and groans filled the small room.

Suddenly, Jerome broke their kiss and slid himself from her cunt. He made her get over on her belly and then raised her hips until she was kneeling, her forehead on the mattress. The chain from the headboard grew taut.

She released little whining sounds as he took a dollop of lubricant from the dispenser on the table next to the bed. He smeared it over his cock and in and around her small entrance. She groaned as he

entered her. She had been taught how to relax herself and he easily descended to his hilt. As she was trained to do, she tightened her little ring and began to push her hips back and forth as he fucked her there. Her hole was so nice and tight; it felt like sturdy, pouting lips around his cock. Her insides were warm and murky. He gave her long, enthusiastic strokes.

It was not long before she was moaning and whining. She hated to come this way, but she had to get used to it. He was thinking of closing up her pussy for a month or two so that she would get over her reticence about it, although it was a pleasure to hear her whines of unhappiness as you fucked her there. So maybe he wouldn't.

She came almost right away. It was thrilling to ride her while she moaned and shook and fucked him back as hard as she could. He kept on fucking her, running his cock in and out, exhilarated at the pleasure. She came again, giving out wild cries that echoed off of the walls. He was determined to make her come one more time before he unloaded within her. The moment he felt her ring pulsing around his prick and heard her groans of ecstasy, his cock began to jerk and throb, spurting his cum into her depths.

When he was done, he collapsed on top of her. "That was great," he thought. No one ass fucked better than Eleanor. She should thank him. If she hadn't been kidnapped, Professor McKenzie was the son of a major client, she would never have learned how much pleasure butt fucking could be.

Marly Taylor and her all girl crew had picked her up. They were ideal for jobs like that. Marly and her girls were due for a visit in a couple of weeks and he had promised them they could have Eleanor for a few days. They had thought she was really cute. In exchange for Jerome's help, Professor McKenzie had sent him pictures and bios on the other girls that were there that night. Marly's crew would pick them all up over the next few months when they went home for the summer. Tori Cipriano would go first. She was the hottest of the group and the West Palm Beach club had already put in a bid for her.

Jerome got up from the bed and washed his cock. He returned right away. Eleanor was still moaning lowly, more like humming or purring. She had not moved after Jerome had withdrawn from her. He got on the bed and maneuvered her so that she was lying down on her side next to him. He circled his arm behind her head and pulled her in to his shoulder. He gave her a kiss. "Thank you, Eleanor, that was a wonderful fuck," he said softly and warmly. "You're a very good

whore and you should be proud of yourself.” He noted a little glisten of a tear in her eye.

“Thank you, master,” she replied in a whisper, her voice modulating as if she were about to burst into sobs. He knew that she was thanking him for the tone of his words and not their content. That was okay. It was sufficient that she said it. His left arm was under her neck and he used his right hand to give each of her wonderful breasts a caress and then ran his hand down her belly and to her sex. She lifted her left leg immediately, obediently, exposing her crevasse and he caressed her pussy several times, asserting his dominion over it.

“We’ll fuck again tomorrow night,” he told her as he ran his hand back up her belly to her breasts, moving her bound hands aside, “and maybe, if your guest leaves early, you can come into my den with me in the afternoon and you can suck me off while we listen to some nice music. Would you like that?”

“Yes, master,” she replied just a little unconvincingly.

“Monday, in the afternoon, I’m going to have a big surprise for you. I think you will like it very much. Ok?”

“Yes, master,” she answered a little hesitatingly. “Can you tell me what it is?” she asked nervously.

“No, then it wouldn’t be a surprise. Don’t worry. You’ll like it, I promise.”

“Yes, master,” she said quietly.

“Now give me one more kiss and we’ll go to sleep,” he told her. She lifted her face and he kissed her softly. He pulled her towards him and she nestled her head into the crux of his shoulder. They lay there quietly for a while. Then, all on her own, she raised her head and kissed him on the chest. “Thank you, master, for sleeping with me,” she said. She was crying. Then she laid her head back down again. In a few minutes, she was asleep.

He let her succumb to a deep somnolence. Her breathing became slow, long and steady. At one point she snuggled up against him and turned so that she was laying half on him and had crossed her leg over his. He lay there for a half hour or more, just enjoying the soft touch of her body, her wonderful aromas and her utter helplessness and dependence on him. At one point her eyes began to flutter and she groaned. She spoke. The first few words were just mumbled and he couldn’t catch them, but then she said very distinctly, “I’ll call you, Jimmy. I’ll call you. As soon as I can, I promise.”

He couldn't punish her for her dreams. But it did reveal the real source of her problems. She hadn't given up the past yet. For some girls it took longer than others. That's why having Cathy spend some gentle, quiet time with her was such a good idea. If she could be maneuvered into transferring some of her emotional life to Cathy, then Jimmy and the past might not seem as important to her. He would have to watch their relationship carefully, though, so that it didn't get out of hand. Love had little place in the scheme of things at the mansion.

When he was satisfied that she was deeply asleep, he gently lifted himself off the bed, sliding out from under her. He paused for a moment to admire her beauteous form, her sweet face, her bound hands, her graceful thighs, the jet black collar and bracelets that surrounded her neck and limbs and the chain that held her left leg confined. It was a pretty picture. Beauty imprisoned, like a bright flame captured in solid glass.

After he dressed, he left the room quietly. When he closed the door, it cranked closed with a metallic thud. He hoped that it did not wake her up.

The lights in the hallways had been turned down. It made the place seem dreamlike, serene. He wandered back to his bedroom. Someone had installed barracks girl no. 31, the one from his den, in the alcove opposite his bedroom door. Whoever it was had been reading his mind. She was not chained or bound in any way. She would not move from her placement, under threat of dire punishment, even if the building caught on fire. The firemen would find her bones in a little pile right where she stood. But her hands were demurely crossed behind her back and her eyes were directed at the floor in front of her. He told her to follow him.

Once in the bedroom, he ordered her up on the bed. He locked her hands to the ring of her collar and the collar to the headboard. He connected her ankle to a chain from its foot, just like the one that confined Eleanor and the other luxury girls. She had the blue ball still in her mouth. He drew a black cotton bag over her head and closed it around her neck. As he pulled it down, her eyes looked up at him fearfully. Then they were gone.

He undressed and went into the bathroom. He performed his ablutions and came back out. He went over to the small desk he kept there and, out of curiosity, flicked the screen on the monitor on the desk to Angela's room. It was just as he figured it. Bernard was in



between the poor girl's legs on the bed and he was fucking her with abandon. She was screeching, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" as loud as she possibly could. Her legs were up over Bernard's shoulders and her hands were bound to the headboard. They must have been at it for the last 40 minutes or so, Jerome thought. It was no wonder that Angela was so unhappy at having become the center of his attentions. There was a shrill sound to her voice, almost like she was in pain. Her face was all slack and her eyes were rolled back.

Bernard was grunting with each stroke, "Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!" He pulled out of her suddenly. "Roll over, whore!" he shouted at her. His cock jutted out from his loins like a ramming pole. Angela was slow to respond and he slapped her breasts viciously. "I said, 'Turn over, whore,'" he shouted sharply in his deep, melodious voice. "Roll over now or I'll get out the whip!"

Angela cried out at the stroke to her breasts and quickly pulled down her legs and turned around. She apparently knew what he wanted, they had been fucking like this for weeks, and she placed her head on the mattress and knelt there, her legs spread, her ass raised. Her hands were extended by the chain above her. Bernard put his massive hands on her thighs, rolling aside her flesh and pressed his cock up against her exposed and dilated pussy lips. He thrust himself in to the hilt, placed his hands on her hips and started fucking again.

Within a few seconds the excited duet they had been singing resumed, with poor Angela crying out as loud as she could, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" and Bernard going, "Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!"

It was a remarkable display. Optimally, Bernard should have finished with the girl by now. She would be all wrung out in the morning. But he couldn't blame him. There was nothing like a whipping to get your passions burning and Bernard was no different than the next guy, only more so. And who else should be the recipient of his viral passions but the one who provoked them? Besides, in the end, Angela was just a whore and what happened to her really didn't matter. Bernard was a good man and he deserved to have his fun.

The volume of Bernard's grunts grew and his thrusts against the back of Angela's thighs became more violent. Angela's voice rose too and she started crying and sobbing.

Bernard shouted, "Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!"

Angela wailed, “Ouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu! Ouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu! Ouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!”

Finally, Bernard collapsed. He was bent over the girl’s back. His breath was coming hard. The girl’s moans had stopped, but she was still sobbing softly.

Jerome was about to turn the screen off, when he saw Bernard slip off of the girl’s back. He reached above her and loosened her wrists from the headboard and then fastened them behind her back. He took hold of her head by her hair and pulled her up and turned her around. He lay back against the wall and spread his legs, pushing her face down to his limp cock.

“Get me hard again, whore! I’m not finished yet!” he snarled.

Angela released a piteous whine which was quickly muffled as she obediently subsumed his limp but still tumescent cock into her mouth. She went to work, his bear like fist lodged tightly in her hair.

Jerome gave a laugh. Poor little Angela. Maybe he would figure a way to give her the afternoon off. She wouldn’t be worth much anyway. But as to the morning, she had a date with Mr. Brown and if she wasn’t up to snuff in every little way, it would be back to the punishment room with her. And this time he would whip her.

Bernard’s cock had gotten hard again already, the guy was really a wonder, and he was pushing Angela’s face down on it hard, making her gurgle and sob. “Poor little Angela,” he thought, smiling. Then he switched off the screen.

He went to the bed. The faceless girl was lying there still. He crept into the bed, pulling the covers over them. He rubbed his hand over her belly and breasts, pausing to give her cunt several firm, possessive strokes. Then he rolled over.

Later that night, at about 3:30, he awoke, fucked her leisurely for half an hour, came inside her, and then rolled over and went back to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Manny and girl no. 9 lay entwined for a long time. Her mind swirled with thoughts. Fucking the big, tattooed, Polynesian man had been like fucking Benny only a hundred times more so. But Benny had never been so much interested in the preliminaries and her pussy

had never felt this way. It actually felt tired. She knew it was all moist and sticky from the man's cum.

Was she a whore? Had they somehow discovered her deep, dark secret and claimed her? Would the other men fuck her like this?

It had felt awful to have the man's cock in there against her will. It was one of the most horrible feelings she had ever felt, for some reason far worse than when Tony had taken her mouth. It was sickening, revolting, debilitating and shamefully humiliating, and the ecstatic and mind numbing pleasures that it had produced were like an indictment against her, a bill of particulars from an *auto-da-fé*: she was vile and corrupt, a slattern, a trollop, a slut and a whore! It was like her cunt was just a mindless, greedy, salacious hole eager for anyone to use it. And they would use it again and again. Every man she had seen so far, six or seven of them, would use it. And Tony too! She dreaded fucking him the most, the man who had degraded her, who had tricked her, had stolen her. He seemed now the cruelest man she had ever known, or ever had the idea of ever knowing.

The Polynesian man's weight was on her. He was heavy and it was making her breathing hard. Her legs were still splayed open wide and he was between them. She dared not move to try and slip out from under him. He had whipped her before and he would whip her again without even thinking about it. She had never fucked a man as big as him before. It made her seem so small. All the men were big, except for Tony and that other guy. It was like she had been captured by aliens and they were fucking her to create some strange, new race. And then she thought of the big man's spume lying pooled inside her, creeping, seeping into her cells and began to weep. She felt like she had been polluted.

She closed her eyes and suppressed a sob. "I don't want to be a whore! I don't! I don't! I don't! Somebody's got to help me! Please! Please! Please!" she thought miserably.

She felt the man stir. It sent a chill up her spine. She prayed that he would not fuck her again. He rose from her, pushing himself up with his mighty arms until he was on his knees. Then he rose to his feet. He stretched and gave out a groan. He stepped over to the cabinet and pulled out another bottle of yellow vitamin water or whatever it was. She looked on unhappily as she watched him start to drink it. He looked over at her. A stab of fear went through her.

“What is he thinking? What is he going to do?” she thought unhappily.

He came over to her. She was just as he had left her; she hadn’t moved a muscle. “Thank god!” she thought. Then he spoke to her.

“Present!” he told her curtly.

She scrambled to her knees, spread them wide and knelt up, keeping her buttocks on her heels. She couldn’t put her hands behind her back and so she just left them where they were, dangling from her sides. She could feel the tension on the chain that connected her to the wall. She looked straight ahead, past the man. She could see the sign on the door: **‘OBEY’**. Her heart was pounding.

He stepped over to her. “Open your mouth and look up,” he told her.

Once she had complied, he brought the bottle to her lips and let a small stream flow into her mouth. She drank it greedily. He only let her have a little bit, just enough to wet her throat, and he pulled it away. He stepped closer to her.

“Clean my cock,” he ordered.

Suppressing a sob, the girl leaned over and took his cock in her mouth. She pressed her lips firmly against the softened tool and swirled her tongue around it, drawing her head slowly back and forth. She kept thinking of her own fluids on it. It tasted salty and was very warm. To her dismay, it started to get hard.

“Okay, that’s enough,” he told her to her relief. She pulled back her head and knelt straight again. He stepped past her, leaned over like he was picking something up and he rose.

“Open your mouth,” he instructed.

She opened it and the blue ball passed over her lips. A sour, empty feeling went through her stomach. They were inside her mouth again. She was beginning to hate the little blue ball with a passion. She was trying not to cry.

He released the chain to her collar and she heard it retreating into the wall behind her. Then he stepped away from her, toward the center of the room and tapped his bare foot on the floor. “Get down. Over here,” he ordered.

The girl shuffled herself off of the futon and to where the man stood the best that she could. Then she put her forehead to the floor and spread her knees. The man pulled down the chain that ran from the ceiling and connected it to the back of her collar.

Then he was fiddling around behind her. She heard the slither of clothes having a body put into them. She was humiliated and shamed at how slavishly she obeyed his every order. She knew that she had no choice, but cursed herself nonetheless for her cowardice.

She heard him rolling up the futon. Then he stepped over to the side of the room and came back to her. She felt him standing over her, looming, like a force of nature about to be unleashed. He spoke.

“Present!”

She snapped up, jumping into position, her eyes focused again on that terrible sign. He crouched down in front of her. He raised something to her lips.

“Open your mouth!” he told her curtly.

She opened it and he reached his thick fingers into her cavity and pulled the little blue ball out. As he put it away in his pocket, she cast her eyes down for a second. He had that hood, that hood they had been putting on her. She didn’t want to wear that again! A spark of a thought ran through her grieving mind to close her lips and resist its implantation, but by the time the thought had come to its completion, he had rammed the gag portion in.

Tears welled up in her eyes as he pulled all the complicated straps closed. Her jaw was pulled up tightly. Those rings went over her eyes. The sides of her head were covered. She had seen, a little while ago, what she looked like wearing the thing, not even really like a person anymore, more like some strange subhuman creature captured for their study and amusement.

When it was fully strapped on, the man pumped the rubber bladder in her mouth full. It was so horrible to have it in her, her whole body went sick.

He made her stand up. He released her wrists from the little chains at her sides and connected her bracelets to rings on the belt she was wearing, just past her hips, around in the back, palms out. Her fingers were touching each other. The vision of her standing there, watching the letters in that awful sign for hours and hours until they began to dance in front of her, a macabre dance bespeaking great evil, ran through her mind. She could see her face in the mirror, or, rather, the place where her face had been.

“Please don’t leave me like this again!” she whined inside. “Please!”

He stepped away from her and she heard him doing something in the corner behind her, near where the thin cotton pallet was. He came

back a few moments later and she felt him disconnect the chain from the back of her collar. He pulled on the ring there, making her stumble backwards, and he propelled her to the corner of the cell. The pallet was about four inches thick and almost 7' long. It was covered with very thin red, white and blue stripes running lengthways. It looked like something you might find in a convict's cell. There were black straps folded out along it, running under its surface and out again about 12" later, and surrounding enough space for a body to lay in.

He told her to kneel on it. She obeyed, uncertain what was in store for her and filled with trepidation that it presaged another round in her torture.

Holding on to the ring in the back of her collar, he commanded her to lean forward, and lie down on her belly. She leaned forwards. Her fall was slowed by his grip on her. When she was lying flat, wholly on the pallet, he let her go. He went to her feet and joined her bracelets together. Then she felt a strap tightening around her legs just under her knees. Then one around her thighs, high up, jamming them together. After that, he applied a wide strap around her waist, cinching it tight. The next strap went over her back, running under her arms. It was pulled so tight that her body crushed her breasts beneath her.

The girl's body grew ill as he secured her in place. She couldn't move anything. It was like being in a cocoon. He was going to leave her like this, she just knew it. She whined in unhappiness, but the sound did not escape the obstruction in her mouth. He was at her head. She had her chin on the mattress, looking forward. His hands went over her hood just above her eyes and he brought down the little flaps there. In a second, she was locked into darkness, but for a little dab of light in the corner of her right eye. He pressed the pads down so that they were secure. The dab of light went away. She felt his hands on her head again and he turned it gently so that her face was pointed to the wall. A strap went around her neck, locking her head in place.

She could hardly move a muscle. Only her fingers could move. She wiggled them desperately, trying to return an estimation of humanity to herself. She felt him take hold of her right hand, the nearest to the wall. Something slipped over it. It was some kind of mitten. But a mitten with a glove inside it, because her fingers all slid into narrow, little slots, separating them and isolating them from one

another. He did the same with the other. Each finger slot had a hard board in it, keeping them from flexing. She felt the mittens tightened around her wrists.

Now she couldn't move anything, except maybe her toes. Then something went over her feet, separating her toes and holding the foot rigid against it. It was strapped around her instep. She tried to wriggle her ankle or curl her toes, but they would not respond. Another strap went around, just below her ankle bracelets. He pulled it down tight so that her feet could not move. Then the man stepped away again.

"Oh, he's going to leave me like this!" she thought, terrified. "I can't move a muscle. I'll be lying here forever and ever,"

Her eyes, just like on her other terrible trip into activity, flipped up and down, but she could only see darkness. She wanted desperately to move and shake her head, but she could not raise it even an inch. She tried to contort and shake her body, but achieved only the slightest movement. Then she felt the man's hands on her rear cheeks his large, strong, conscienceless hands. The plug, that horrid black plug they had put there, twisted and turned and he pulled it out of her.

"What's he going to do? What's he going to do?" she thought desperately. She became so frantic that the need to contort and shake her body became overwhelming. It was hopeless, of course; these methods were tried and true, perfected over the last 20 years or so. The inability to physically express her explosive rage and fear and self hatred for her vulnerability virtually short circuited her mind and she began to scream and sob and roar through her gag, which produced only a series of just audible murmurs. From the outside, where Manny was standing, watching her body tremor and strain, like dough beginning to rise in the oven, enjoying the powerlessness he had imposed on her, the sound was not unlike the sputtering of a small motor running out of gas.

The answer to the girl's question of what the man was going to do came a few seconds later. Something cool and large and oblong was inserted within her. It was one of those pills! It slid right in. "What's he doing? What's he doing?" she thought frantically.

And then the plug was reinstalled. She groaned as she felt it going in, spreading the little circle again and then popping inside. She could feel its presence, expanding her. She had almost forgotten about it. She had worn it all day, or what seemed like a day but had been

about 9 hours, and the feeling of its intrusion had become almost natural. His adjustments to it, pulling it out and allowing her anal ring to return to its natural size and shape, only to be expanded and distended again moments later, renewed her dismal distress at its presence.

Then she realized he had drugged her! Just like before, when she had first arrived! She didn't want to be drugged. She didn't want to get all woozy and dizzy again. She might be a prisoner and subject to all their cruel attentions, but she wanted her mind to be her own, needed her mind to be her own. It was the only thing she had left.

She remembered what Tony had said: not even her thoughts belonged to her anymore. They owned them. And, it seemed, that paradigm would include whether she had them at all.

"No! No! No!" she cried out inside. She whined and shook her body again, but all the straps kept her close confined. Virtually nothing could move. She couldn't even move her tongue. It was pressed against the floor of her mouth by the gag. Her eyes could move, her eyelids even, but they produced no change in her relation to the world. All she saw was a sea of black.

In her mind, she had a vision of that thing, that cool, long thing, melting inside her, discharging its fluids, being absorbed into her bloodstream by her intestine. Her whole being was concentrated on its insidious presence. It was like they had turned her own body against her, her own heat providing the engine for their domination. There was an evil, corrupting, soul stealing object inside her and she could do nothing to expel it. The ease with which they imposed their will on her made her feel so small and helpless that a river of self pity ran through her, making her whole body feel sick.

She knew that the thing wouldn't take long to have an effect. Its toxic product was almost certainly already leaking into her pores as it melted inside her. Her mind was going to melt away too! "No! No! No! No!" she screamed inside the bell jar that was her mind. She shook her body as best she could and she started to sob.

Manny tidied up. He tossed the wrapper for the suppository into the garbage can. While the girl was unconscious someone from the service staff would come by and empty it. The rug would be vacuumed and everything dusted. The drink cabinet would be restocked. The toilet cleaned. The mirror would be wiped so that its reflection would remain clear and smudge free. The futon would be wiped clean and rolled up again neatly. The little air freshener



plugged into a barely visible outlet would be checked to see if it needed replacement. It kept the air in the room from getting musty. They had tried several scents. Everybody had liked Alpine the best, but Jerome had dictated a more neutral odor, Desert Flower.

Everything would be meticulously checked to be sure it was in its proper place. Each cell was kept identical to the rest down to the smallest iota. The girls would never be able to tell which one they were in. Even the whips were checked for wear and tear and hung back perfectly in place.

The previous suppository given the girl was a mild one, just to ensure her continued cooperation. This one, a number 4, would put her right out. It was good for about 4 hours. It was designed so that the outer coating was a depressant. That would put her to sleep. Once that melted away, in about four hours, the rest of the suppository was a mild dose of amphetamine. Then the girl would awaken. She would be forced to lie inexorably still and silent, her mind alert and spinning wildly for an hour or two, depending on the girl and what the computer assigned to her as part of the randomizing algorithm developed and refined by Jerome's IT people. This time, no. 9's interlude of dismal, wakeful immobility would last 2 hours. Her next training cycle would then commence.

Manny entered the data from his session with the girl into the computer. He had really enjoyed fucking her. She had been especially responsive. He noted that in her record. He noted how many times she came and added some general comments. He saw the comment that Marylyn had left. "Wild, hot pussy!" He laughed. He would agree. His was, "Loves to be fucked!" She was definitely 3 star material!

He checked on his next assignment. It was time to wake girl no. 6, the Asian girl. He was to bath and feed her, make her come, and then take her down to training room 3 for a session with several of the security guys. He noted that she was scheduled to be graduated at the beginning of her next cycle, about 10 tomorrow morning. The San Francisco club had picked her up. She would be packed and shipped by noon and arrive at the San Francisco club by 2 p.m. their time. After a few days of orientation, she would be put to work.

Since he wouldn't see her again, he decided to throw a blow job into the mix, which was well within his discretion. He would make her do it after she ate, as a kind of dessert, while imprisoned in the feeding cage. His testosterone levels would be fully restored by then.

Tomorrow, the next no. 6 was due to arrive at about 4 in the afternoon. She was a beautiful, young Cuban ballet dancer. She had been sold to them by the man who she had paid all of her life savings to to smuggle her out. There were a few pictures of her from her performances. She looked sweet and graceful. One of them was of her with a mile wide smile, a bouquet of flowers in her left arm, her other hand waving at a presumably ecstatic crowd of admirers. She had lively eyes, long, jet black hair and shiny, butternut skin. He couldn't wait to see her in person.

He checked on the girl. Her bound, mittened hands were perched like little black wings on her back. The little black plug winked out from her behind. She was still whining and struggling. There would be no punishment. Most of the girls reacted this way the first time they were put to sleep. She would get over it. It wouldn't take long for her to get used to the control of every aspect of her existence. Awaiting orders and then frenetically obeying them would quickly become second nature.

He went to the door, keyed and palmed it open and left.

Girl no. 9 heard the door clang locked. "Don't leave me like this! Please! Please! Please!" she screamed inwardly. She knew it would be of no use even if she could express her entreaties orally. And he was gone anyway. But she needed to do something. Her need to escape the gasp of the creature that had seemingly seized her and was holding her irremediably silent and still was so intent that her body seemed to vibrate.

She tried to calm herself. "I'm Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!" she thought. "I'll find a way out of this! I have to! I have to! It can't be impossible! It can't! It can't!" But everything that had happened so far told her that she was wrong. It was like being locked inside the most secure prison in the world. Even worse, because, she was sure, those prisoners weren't constantly bound and chained all the time like she had been. She hadn't had even a single second where she had even an iota of ability to make a choice about where and how she would sit or stand or lie.

They were taking everything away from her. She knew she had to somehow maintain the connection with who she was before they had captured her. She could never let go of that or she would be doomed. But it was so hard! Even in the short while she had been their prisoner she felt that her selfhood was eroding away rapidly. It was as if she was holding on with one hand to a lifeline to her past amidst a

terrible, terrible storm, and the rope had starting slipping, slipping, slipping from her grasp.

The drug was beginning to have an effect on her. Her thoughts were starting to become confused. She bit down hard on the intruder in her mouth and tried to shake her mind awake. "I've got to fight it! I've got to fight it! I can't let them take control of me!" she thought determinedly. But the thought just kept melting away, like butter on a hot biscuit, or like that insidious object inside her.

Her body, which had been tense and vibrating and rigid like a contracted muscle, started to relax. It was becoming loose and distant from her mind. She tried to move her fingers and her toes, but her brain had seemingly forgotten how to get the message to her digits. A fuzziness was creeping into her thoughts. It would take her a few seconds to notice it. Alarmed, she would form a grim determination in her mind to stay alert, but it would dissipate quickly, like sand running through an hourglass, and she would be left wondering why she couldn't move and why everything had gone black. She couldn't tell whether her eyes were open or not. Her mind was becoming duller and duller. She was slipping away, her rage spent, the wave of self pity and shame at her helplessness waning. She would give her mind a stir, imagining a big stick inserted into it, swirling everything around, waking it up. But the stick would dissolve and a torpid fog would be restored, stronger and more difficult to fight every time.

It got to the point that all she could remember was her pledge to stay awake. But even that battle was being lost.

"I won't fall sleep," she murmured to herself again and again as her mind began to slow to a crawl. Her consciousness was seeping away rapidly, like water down a drain. Each second brought her closer to a simulacrum of death. "I won't fall asleep! I won't fall asleep! I won't fall asleep!" She kept thinking. But each time the thought seemed more difficult to form. Her thoughts were coming slower and slower, approaching a terrible and frightening stasis. "I wown fall asleep," she murmured slowly and softly. "I... wownnn... full... asleep..... I... wownnn... fllll... asliiiiip..... I... wownnn... sliiii..... I..... wownnn..... I..... wo....." And then she was gone.

The camera over the implacable door that kept the girl confined was recording the inside of the cell. Off in the corner was the motionless body of girl no. 9. The room was utterly silent but for the barely recordable hum of the air freshener and the very slight, low

level hiss of the cool air that was being circulated into the cell through the duct in the ceiling.

Randy Coleman in security saw the view of the cell flash on his monitor for 15 seconds as the system routinely rotated through the many cameras that fed into it. He noted the bound and naked body of a girl in the corner of the room on her pallet. Then the lights went out, plunging the cell into utter darkness. The infrared lens kicked in, showing now a glowing, yellow and red image of a supine body there. The view clicked off. Randy yawned and then popped another candy into his mouth. All was well.