

MARSHALING ASSETS

BOOK TWO

A KISS IS BUT A KISS

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CHAPTER ONE

It was a festive atmosphere at the Humbolt County Fair, as it is every year. The crowds were enthusiastic, as always. The rides, which rivaled the State Fair in Indianapolis, were dangerous and thrilling, especially the one that had been given the name the Hell Diver. Madly spinning the little capsule, it catapulted the daring riders about 130 feet in the air and descended at a dead drop, accelerating at a rate of 32 feet per second, per second. Just do the math. At the bottom, the screaming passengers were travelling at a little over 90 miles an hour.

Of course the ride was state certified and the capsule only travelled at 90 m.p.h. for a second. A braking system brought it gradually and safely to a halt. The line for the ride was the longest at the fair.

Not everyone was at the fair for the rides. There were the usual 4-H competitions. 16 year old Amber Drake won again in the hog contest, bringing in her porker at 476.4 lbs. There was a pie competition, a chili challenge, a balloon ride, the county horseshoe championship, singles and doubles, and a shooting demonstration by Lt. Stu Jarvis from the County Sheriff's Department demonstrating his astounding accuracy and quick draw techniques. A whole cluster of craft and specialty food tents presented their wares, as well as the regular hot dog, hamburger and sausage stands. The Belgian waffle tent was very popular.

An extended midway was populated with the normal so called games of skill where maybe one out of every five or six hundred contestants won the grand prize. There was a real, live Gypsy fortune teller who told fortunes for \$20.00.

For the bright and pretty girls lined up for interviews at tent no. 226 it might have been better if they had taken advantage of Madam Duchamps' services since for them the future was about to take a dark and dismal turn.

Marly and her all girl crew had set it up. They had rented the tent space almost a year in advance of the fair so that they could select the most favorable location. The tent needed to be large enough to satisfy their purposes, in an isolated portion of the fairgrounds, and close enough to the vendors' entrance so that they could make a quick and surreptitious getaway.

It was a ruse they had used on a smaller scale on several other occasions, but today was to be a big score. It was the fourth day of the

fair. They had conducted 275 interviews over the last three days. Today was for the second interview of the 'call backs', girls who had risen to the top of the rigorous selection requirements.

The Athena School of Modeling promised girls between the ages of 18 to 23, if selected, a sixteen week course in deportment, charm, cosmetics, poise and fashion. All expenses would be paid from a share of the girls' first year's modeling fees. So you knew that the offer was not just some rip-off designed to relieve starry eyed girls and their parents of their hard earned savings.

There were 35 girls who had made the grade. They had undergone thorough background checks to make sure that none of their near relatives were congressmen or police chiefs or the like. There was a psychological profile they had all been required to fill out prior to the interviews. Girls who had exhibited just a little too much wildness in their past had been excluded. Girls who would not stand up to the rigorous curricula of the training were weeded out. Intelligence was a definitive positive marker as was general health. Girls from wealthy families were excluded and girls from broken homes were preferred. A few of the girls were already out and on their own, having made hostile breaks with their families. These girls made it to the top of the list.

The other prequalified girls, about 150 in all, were all earmarked for later recruitment on a rolling schedule over the next 3 years. All of their information would be turned over to Bane Security which would contract out the actual work.

The girls had been given time slots in which to report, starting at around 8 p.m. when the fair was approaching its busiest and darkness had begun to settle. They were scheduled three at a time over a two hour period and had been told that the advanced interview and orientation would take a few hours and would involve some photography. They were encouraged to come alone, if possible, although some of the girls would still show up with girlfriends, sisters or mothers. If the girlfriend, sister or mother were appealing enough, and a good number of them would be, fruit generally not falling far from the tree and likes attracting likes, they would be directed to a special waiting area of the tent. During a lull they would be invited to come in for an interview and a free photo shoot too. The rest would be advised to go enjoy the carnival and return in a couple of hours.

A few boyfriends would come, but they would drift away as soon as their girlfriends entered the tent to go for beers, to the shooting

gallery or to go see the “exotic dancers” in tent no. 104 on the other side of the fairgrounds.

In the front reception area of the tent, where Cindy sat, there was a constantly running TV monitor displaying a video about modeling tips Marly had bought on Amazon. Its volume helped disguise any noise from startled or unhappy victims in the back. In each ‘room’ of the large tent hip dance music was being played from small speakers to keep the prey calm and to distract them from the proceedings.

Jerome had come by to see how the operation went, watching from a monitor in the rearmost section of the tent. The first 3 girls showed up early and their processing began right away. They were eager and attractive and had dressed their best. A reception desk had been set up and, one by one, the girls’ identities were confirmed. When that was done, and the girls had been closely questioned as to who had come with them and might be waiting, they were directed singly into the next tent where their pictures were to be taken. They had all been advised to wear their most revealing two piece bathing suits under their clothes. Once in the photo tent they were asked by one of Marly’s girls, Delia, a real charmer and well suited for her role, to strip down to their suits for a few elementary pictures.

Smiling, and a little nervous, the first girl, Kathy Miller, a beautiful, well endowed, blond haired, 19 year old home for summer vacation from freshman year at Ohio Wesleyan, slipped off the peacock blue miniskirt she had worn and the attractive, bright yellow, embroidered, sleeveless top to reveal a neon pink bikini. She had made up her face to match her idea of a beauty queen and was wearing high heeled brown leather sandals that pushed her breasts up deliciously high. She jumped up onto the photo stand and faced the camera nervously, but giving out a huge smile. She was asked to hold up a small cardboard sign in front of her with her ‘application’ number stenciled in black. Five pictures were taken, the first one with the identification number, a second frontal one without it, and one each of the back and sides. The whole thing took about two minutes.

The clothes were folded up neatly by Delia’s assistant while the girl watched and then tossed surreptitiously into a large barrel set up behind a panel.

When the girl stepped down from the stand, she was asked to hold out her arm and a stamp was used to print her application number lengthwise in bright blue 1” high digits on the outside of her right arm between her shoulder and elbow. The first number was [JM14364](#).

Kathy looked up quizzically at Linda, Delia's assistant, when she marked her, but Linda's winning smile convinced her that it was okay and she was easily guided to the next phase of the operation.

Here is where it got a little complicated. As soon as Kathy was in the next section of the tent, Aubrey, a svelte, elegant, black skinned woman, sprayed a misty solution in the girl's face. The natural reaction was to gasp in surprise and inhale just enough of the atomized liquid for her eyes to roll back, her knees to give out and to lose, temporarily, all muscle control. There were three teams of two for the next phase. The first team, Edie and Carlotta, were standing on either side of the entrance wearing surgical masks to reduce the chance of accidentally inhaling the solution. They grabbed the stumbling, wheezing, pale skinned Kathy by the arms and dragged her to the next portion of the tent.

While the next team, Suzanne and Tatiana, went forward to prepare for the next girl, Luz Ramirez, a dark haired, 20 year old Puerto Rican beauty who had left home three weeks ago and was living with her boyfriend in a trailer in Chattleysville, Edie and Carlotta forced poor Kathy, who was desperately trying to shake herself loose from her wooziness, to the floor of the tent on her belly and secured her arms palms in behind her back with a plastic, steel reinforced tie. While Edie did her feet, crossing them, affixing an identical tie around her ankles and then slipping off her sandals, Carlotta pushed a thick leather gag into Kathy's gasping mouth, fastened the straps to the back of her head and slipped a black cotton bag over it, pulling its drawstring tight around her neck.

Meanwhile, Paula Haber stood ready with a drug laced skin patch that had been especially developed for the project at Jerome's corporate laboratory in Houston. Paula, who actually worked upstairs in Administration at the mansion but who had been drafted to help out, wearing plastic gloves to insulate herself from contact with the medication, tore open a package and applied the 4" by 4" adhesive square to the girl's skin in the middle of her naked back, under the strap of her bikini top, where it had little likelihood of being scraped off in her struggles. That was the optimal position for the patch but it would be effective if attached to any portion of the body such as an arm, or a leg.

Paula had been pestering Jerome to get more involved in the operational side of things and Jerome thought that this would be a good introduction for her. She had worked out fine in the rehearsals.

The drug administered by the patch would take some time to build up to an effective level, but thereafter the subject would be overwhelmed by a continuous lassitude that would, consistent with Jerome's policy of not inflicting unnecessary pain and suffering, mollify the acute anxiety and terror of capture. Kathy would undergo 20 minutes or so of steadily declining fright and panic. The rest of the 18 hour ride to Reuthers' she would experience through a drug induced haze.

The solution that Kathy had inhaled, a type of oxidizing agent that actually sucked the oxygen right out of your lungs, lasted only a minute or so. By the time the girls had picked the squirming and protesting Kathy up and stuffed her head first into a top loading steel cage, the unfortunate, nearly naked college sophomore had already recovered. Her feet were pressed inside and the lid to the cage was quickly flipped down and clamped shut on 3 sides. The placard Kathy had held for her first picture was dropped into a slot on the outside.

Alison and Luanne, the heftiest of Marly's crew, while Marly and Jerome looked on with satisfaction, then carried the unhappy, bikinied girl and her cage out the back door of the tent and lifted it over the tailgate of a waiting truck while Edie and Carlotta took another cage from the stack piled up in the corner and placed it down where the first one had been. By that time the dark toned, sweet lipped Luz Ramirez was being bound and gagged and readied to be placed inside. 18 year old Lisa Campbell, a cute, petite, virginal 5'4" red head with slender hips and pert little breasts was next and having her pictures taken at that very moment.

The sexually inexperienced girl didn't know it of course, but she was destined, largely because of that trait and her cute, little girl size, to be one of the initial residents of the ladies only brothel being put together at an old, converted vacation lodge up in the Sierra Madres just off old Route 2 about an hour and a half outside LA., as were seven other comparably inexperienced but physically and ethnically diverse candidates. It was a pet project of Marsha Scrivani from Human Resources, who had personally made the selections after reviewing the girls' profiles and viewing video recordings of their initial interviews. If successful, the project would be a model for similar facilities in the 9 other major market areas around the country. It looked like success was not going to be a problem since the 50 \$250,000 charter memberships had already sold out. Plans for an

expansion were already in the works and sites were being considered in New York, Chicago and Miami.

They had set aside a special wing at Reuthers' for their training. If all went as planned Lisa and the other recruits, from this moment on, would have no contact, visual or aural, with any male human being or any human male likeness for the next 10 years or so when they would age out of the system and be designated for other use.

There was the chance that someone might pass by while the truck was being loaded, but there was little chance that anyone would see or hear anything untoward. The sides of the cages were made of a single sturdy but lightweight black steel sheet that had been appropriately bent by a special machine and then soldered closed and reinforced with a 6" wide steel plate on the outside. Small, nickel sized air holes had been drilled through the sides. No one could see what was in them and the padded interiors and small holes reduced dramatically the amount of noise that could emerge from a gagged and hooded female.

It had been thoroughly tested at Reuthers' by loading a newly acquired gagged and hooded class 'C' trainee inside and subjecting her pussy to a series of fierce electric shocks. You had to stand up really close to hear anything and her fervent screams barely registered on the sound meter at 15' away.

Two more of Marly's girls were inside the truck and they easily slid Kathy's cage down to the nose and locked its rubber wheels. The truck had a 28 foot box, big enough for 24 4'x3' cages double stacked with a narrow corridor between them for the circulation of air from the special fans that had been installed. There were two trucks, enough for 48 captures, slightly optimistic, but, as it turned out, just about enough to accommodate the newly acquired stock when the hangers on, sisters, girlfriends, etc. had been included.

Jerome watched until ten cages had been loaded. He had not been involved in the selection process, he had been tied up dealing with some staffing issues at their bordello outside of Portland, but what he had seen so far justified his faith in Marly's judgment. Each girl seemed to be more delectable than the last.

A break in the processing of the regular girls had to be taken to accommodate a somewhat heavysset, big boned, 50ish mother of one of the girls who somehow had gotten suspicious at what was going on. Jerome had to go out and sweet talk her, posing as the owner of the modeling school, and he invited her into the tent so she could see for herself that everything was on the up and up.

Jerome showed her where the photos were being taken, put her at ease by suggesting she pose for one herself, and then guided her to the next part of the tent. Aubrey was so surprised to see her that she almost forgot to give her a spritz. The woman's suspicions were suddenly reawakened. Callie and Janice had to grab her somewhat bulky arms to hold her still. Aubrey spritzed her and she was dragged to the next stage, bound, gagged and hooded and dropped into a cage. It took three of them to do it.

Oddly enough, after the first few weeks, Mrs. Henderson developed a keen enthusiasm for her new role in life and became very popular with the 'C' class training staff at Reuthers'. When they had dropped her weight about 35 pounds, under careful medical supervision of course, and after a little nip and tuck, she actually began to look quite attractive. But try as hard as he could, Jerome could not seem to get any of their customers interested in her. After her training he tried to unload her for three months without success. He finally, unhappily, agreed to ship her to Kinshasa, gratis, on the tail end of a deal for a brace of recycled 'C' girls.

Once the older woman had been caged, Jerome decided to go back to the waiting tent. He had seen someone that had interested him. She looked to be about 27 or 28, was about 5'8", slender and quite pretty. She was wearing a sleeveless denim dress that had a short, ruffled skirt. She was lightly brown skinned and wore her long, brown hair in a ponytail. On her feet were simple, flat, brown leather shoes. Over her shoulder was a small brown leather pocketbook on a long strap that brought it down to about her right hip. She was holding another pocketbook, somewhat larger in size, of red and black leather and covered with stickers from popular rock bands.

She was alone in the special waiting room. "Hi, I'm Tony Marino," he told her. "I'm the owner of the modeling school." He held out his hand.

The young woman put out her own and took his. They shook lightly. Her hand was soft and graceful. "Nice to meet you," the woman said. "My name's Penelope Marrero. Penny, for short."

"My pleasure, Penny," he replied. "That your sister's?" he asked, nodding at the black and red purse.

"Yes. I know they weren't supposed to bring them, but she never goes anywhere without it."

"I understand. It's not a problem as long as you hold on to it. What's your sister's name?"

“Jocelyn, but we call her Jo.”

“Is she excited?”

“Out of her mind,” she answered.

They both laughed. Jocelyn, of course, had already been packed and loaded and was undoubtedly ‘out of her mind’ at that very moment.

“It’s a great opportunity,” Jerome told her. He was watching the attractive young woman carefully, assessing her. She had a friendly, soft quality that he liked. She was poised and well balanced, elegant. And she was just about the right age.

“Well, Jo seems to think so. I’m not so sure. We want her to finish college. She’s very smart and energetic. I’m not sure she realizes what all this modeling stuff entails.”

“For the right girl, it can be a great opportunity. We encourage girls to stay in college while they model, at least part time. You don’t know how many successful models have launched themselves into successful businesses.”

“Oh, I’m sure that there are some,” Penny riposted. “But for the rest, there’s pressure and anxiety and being treated most times like cattle. And they have to starve themselves all the time. Jo’s a great athlete. I’d hate to see her become one of those skinny rails.”

“There’s a lot of modeling opportunities for the athletic type,” Jerome told her. She just smiled back at him. It was clear that she didn’t want to argue.

“What do you do?” he asked her.

“I’m a teacher.”

“What do you teach?”

“I’m the artist in residence at Humboldt County Community College. I teach art.”

“And what do you specialize in?”

“Oh, I do a lot of things. I’ve done some small sculptures, clay and stone, nothing too ambitious yet, some collage work, and I do oils and watercolors. I’m a little old fashioned. I really like doing portraits.”

Jerome spent the next twenty minutes talking to her. She had fine breasts that sort of just peaked out from the low cut bodice of her top. Her eyes were green, with little flecks of brown in them. Around her neck was a thin gold chain with a small crystal pendant in the shape of a teardrop. She was not wearing ear rings. Her lips were full, giving her face a sensuous quality. There was a slight lilt to her voice, a trace of a Hispanic accent. And she was just so pleasant and relaxing to talk

to. They talked a little about art. He told her that he was a minor collector. They moved on to literature and he discovered that she was a fanatic for South American literature, Marquez, Borges, Paz, Bolano, Vargas and that she played the piano and the cello. She lived alone with her sister and mother and he deduced from her lack of referral to him that she had no current boyfriend.

“Would you like to see our operation? You could listen in to one of the lectures. Interested?”

“Yes, that would be nice. But I don’t know what kind of lectures you could be giving.”

“Well, there’s nutrition, lifestyle issues, exercises. We try and give the girls some culture to so they know the difference between a Hemingway and an Armani.”

She laughed lightly. She had him 100%.

He guided her to the reception desk and the next eager, delightful young girl was asked to wait a moment. He brought her into the photo section and had Delia take her picture. She, at first, declined, but he was able to cajole her into it. They were still talking when he led her into the next tent. He let her go first. There was a spritz and a gasp and she was hustled away. He followed her into the next room and watched as she was bound and hooded. She shrieked and wailed as she was dropped into her cage, but her protests through her gag didn’t amount to much. Once the lid was closed you could hardly hear her.

As the specially marked cage was being loaded onto the tail of the truck, which was by this time almost out to the end, he turned to Marly. “Make sure this one goes directly to the mansion.”

He stayed and waited until the truck was loaded full up. The last two cages were difficult and he and Marly had to help lift them onto the second tier. They all jumped down and one of the girls pulled down the overhead door and padlocked it closed, cutting off the muted cacophony of screeches and wails coming from inside. A signal was given and the driver and an assistant, both members of Marly’s crew, pulled the truck away with 16 unhappy, squirming, bikini clad beauties aboard, three very attractive sisters and two friends of near perfect quality, two mothers, the battle-ax and a very comely, bleached blond woman in her mid to late thirties, and the aforesaid, unfortunate Penny Marrero. The second truck backed into its space as soon as it left. The door was rolled open and the first cage was loaded in.

They were a little behind schedule when the last girl was processed. Out of the 35 girls selected for processing, 31 had shown up. There had been only one glitch. Diana Collins, a ravishing, statuesque, black haired American history major from Chicago who had been on a visit to some friends and had come along for the ride, had somehow managed to close her mouth when she had been spritzed. She broke free and was almost out the far end of the tent when Marly tackled her. It took four of them to get her bound and gagged. Edie took a kick to the face and had her nose broken. Marly had to pitch in as one of the capture girls while Edie soaked her nose with an ice pack from their first aid kit. Edie took special note of Diana's stock number and made a promise to look her up once she had begun training.

15 delightful bikinied captives had been loaded into the second truck along with 6 beautiful sisters and girlfriends and one outstanding mother ideal for export. Jerome had just given word to begin to break down their operation when he heard a commotion coming from the front part of the tent. He gave Marly the nod to continue packing up.

Cindy had been operating the welcome desk and she was arguing with a pretty, young, voluptuous, black haired girl.

"I'm sorry, Dana," she said, "but I'm afraid you're too late. The program is already too far along for you to break in now. We'll keep your information on file and when we begin a new class, we'll call you."

Dana was inconsolable. "Please! Please! Please!" she begged desperately. "It's not my fault! Our car broke down. I had to hitchhike here! You don't know how much I've been counting on this!"

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do," Cindy replied.

Dana was accompanied by a stunning blond girl, maybe 22 or 23. She had a delicate face with angelic features. She was wearing a loose, white, lace fringed peasant's blouse and tight designer blue jeans. Her silken blond hair went down to her hips. She looked almost as forlorn as Dana. "It's all my fault," the girl said beseechingly. "It was my car. I don't know what's wrong with it. The engine just died. Please let her go in. You don't know how much this means to her."

"What's going on?" Jerome asked as he stepped further in, closing the tent flap behind him.

Cindy turned to him. She explained Dana's problem.

Jerome did the math. There were two empty spots on the truck. "Cindy, go on back and see if there's any way we can take Dana and

her friend. I'd hate to have them miss their opportunity because of some bad luck."

Cindy nodded. Jerome turned to the blond girl. "What's your name?" he asked her.

"My name's Amelia," she answered uncertainly. "But I'm not here to sign up."

"That's a pity," Jerome replied. "You're very beautiful. Maybe you could just sit for a picture or two and look in on one of our lectures. You might change your mind."

"No, thank you. I don't have any aspirations to be a model."

"Listen, nothing ventured, nothing gained. What have you got to lose?"

Amelia hesitated. Cindy came out from behind the flap. "It's okay Mr. M. They're all ready for them."

Dana patted her tears away with the sleeves of her blouse. "Thank you," she said, beaming.

She turned to Amelia. "I'll be out in a little while. Thanks for everything." The girls smiled at each other and then kissed. Cindy escorted Dana back into the main part of the tent.

Jerome turned to Amelia. "Are you certain I can't tempt you inside? You know, the hand of fate brought you here today and you should never mess around with fate."

"I'm certain, thank you," Amelia replied. She was getting a little annoyed.

"I tell you what," Jerome said to her. "I'll give you a hundred dollars just to sit in on one of our lectures. There's no obligation and you might learn something."

"Lectures? What kind of lectures?"

"Right now one of the instructors is giving a lecture on nutrition. That's a fairly neutral subject and you just might pick up something useful. And you'll get a chance to see that we're not just about teaching young women how to look pretty. You have to wait anyway. And when everything's done I'll have one of the staff give you a ride back to your car and help you get it to a gas station so it can be fixed."

Jerome could see that Amelia was tottering on the edge. He felt like a fisherman with a nibble on his hook. Some of the other mothers and friends of the girls who were already loaded and ready to go were milling around. There was no way they could just come out and snatch her. It was too bad because she had 3 star girl written all over her.

Marly came out. "Mr. Marino," she said nervously, looking all around, "we're ready for your presentation. The girls are all waiting."

Jerome knew that it was time to fish or cut bait. "What do you say, Amelia?" he asked. "This is your last chance. Did you ever hear the story of how Lana Turner was discovered while working at Schwab's Drug Store in Hollywood? You never know what might become of things."

Amelia looked at her watch. She shuffled her feet. She looked at Marly, who was smiling broadly at her, and then back at Jerome. She was holding her and Dana's pocketbooks and she clasped them tighter to her chest. It was clear she didn't feel comfortable about it at all, as if some deep down instinctive alarm was going off inside her. But something was tempting her. Suddenly, she made a decision.

"Can I get the hundred dollars before I go in?" she asked.

Jerome laughed. "Of course!" He reached into his pocket. He always had a small roll of hundreds on him. He took it out and peeled one off. Amelia shifted the handbags to one arm and took it. "Okay," she said. "But if I don't like it I can leave, right?"

"No problem," Jerome answered.

"Can I bring these things in with me?" she asked, motioning with the pocketbooks.

"Yes, of course," Jerome replied. "You can check them in the next tent. You just go along with Ms. Martin here and I'll be right behind you."

Cindy came out and gave Jerome a little nod. Dana was packed and loaded.

Amelia gave Jerome a nervous smile. Marly was holding the tent flap open for her. "Hurry up, honey," she said sweetly.

Amelia hesitated, looked at the hundred dollar bill still clenched in her hand, realizing, undoubtedly, that if she didn't go she would have to give it back. Then she stepped forward and passed Marly who followed her into the next section of the tent.

Cindy was beginning to make an announcement to the 20 or so people standing around. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, there were a few fathers there as well, "the girls will be out in about 45 minutes. Please be patient." She reset the one hour video at the beginning.

Jerome quickly stepped into the next portion of the tent. Cindy followed behind him. Amelia and Marly had already passed on. The photo equipment was all packed up with all the other supplies. Besides the furniture, which, like the tent, was all rented, all that was

left was the jabbering TV monitor, the little platform the girls had stood on to have their pictures taken, a large barrel of girls' clothes and, in the back room, a large pile of shoes and sandals.

They quickly passed through the section where Aubrey had given the girls their little spritzes and into the rear portion of the tent. Edie, who had recovered from her wound, and Carlotta were loading the squirming, whining Amelia into the last cage. Paula had cut her left pants leg up to her knee and attached a patch to the back of her shin.

Marly came up to him and handed him his hundred. She laughed. "I guess she won't be needing this," she said.

Jerome took it and slid it into his pocket. The lid to the cage was dropped down and locked. The cage was quickly lifted up to where Marly's girls were waiting for it. There was just one slot left, on the upper right. With some difficulty, standing on the back end of the truck, the girls lifted it up and slid it into place, right next to her friend, Dana. There was only a foot or so of space left between the cage and the door of the truck. While the load might slip a little during transport, it wouldn't move enough to make any difference. As long as the truck wasn't detained on the way, the girls would all be delivered safe and sound.

Provision had been made for that too. Special documents issued by the Dept. of Homeland Security had been given to the drivers. They were all stamped and embossed, official like. A special seal was placed on the lock to the back door. There was even a number to call in the real Dept. of Homeland Security where one of their friends would confirm the top secret priority of the contents and insist, invoking national security, that the truck be allowed to proceed unhindered and uninspected.

And just in case someone was able to give a description of the trucks to the police when it was discovered that the girls were gone, the trucks would stop at a small abandoned farm about 5 miles from the fairgrounds. There, in the rickety old barn, under a battery powered light, the markings on the sides, white with large blue letters that announced that they were leased from Nationwide Transport, Co., Cleveland, Ohio, would be peeled off to reveal new markings. The first would be transformed into a truck belonging to Garden City Farm Products from West Carlisle, Missouri. The design was red and black. The second would be from Atkinson Industries from Furranceville, Oklahoma and be marked green and white. The plates would be

changed too. It would only take a few minutes. And once the trucks were on their way again, they would take completely different routes.

Jerome watched the second truck pull away into the dark night. One of the girls set up a CD of a man leading an exercise session complete with the grunts, groans and chatter of his female students they had downloaded from the Internet. It was turned up way loud. All the photographic and other special equipment was loaded into a dark blue cargo van marked Randall Plumbing Supplies. The girls jumped into three dark colored minivans parked nearby in the vendors' parking lot. Marly carried the laptop with all their data on it. Jerome got into the front passenger seat of the last one out.

Ten minutes later, they were all at the farm. The photographic and other special equipment was unloaded and carried to a waiting plane. Once the truck carrying their prisoners was changed over and on its way, all of the other vehicles, Marly had picked them all up 2nd hand and registered them under false names, were left behind in the barn. If the cops found them there would be no great loss. All of the girls, and Jerome too, had been wearing clear, thin, skin tight fitting surgical gloves, so there would be no fingerprints. The girls dashed out to the plane and hopped aboard. Jerome and Marly got aboard last. The plane taxied to the adjacent, fallow cornfield and a minute later was in the air. It circled up past the fairgrounds and headed southwest. The fireworks had just started and the sky was filled with splendiferous, brilliant spheres of red, yellow, green and blue. Marly broke out the champagne amidst raucous laughter.

About a half hour later one of the girls' mother built up the nerve to go into the tent to see what was going on. A couple of other parents followed her. When she got to the last part of the tent she opened the flap and saw the plastic folding chair with the CD player on it and a pair of remote speakers. She turned to the other parents and announced, perplexed, "There's no one here!"

CHAPTER TWO

The girl who had been Nancy had been awake for a long time. She had woken slowly, groggily, and then eventually came to full alertness. In turn, that alertness morphed into a kind of hyperawareness in which every part of her body tingled with sensation. Her body and mind felt like they were whizzing along at a hundred miles an hour.

But she was not whizzing along at a hundred miles an hour or even one. She was bound up so firm that the most reaction she could get out of her body was a muscle twinge here and there. It was the world that was travelling at a hundred miles an hour and she was lying as still as if her soul had abandoned her body and left her lifeless flesh behind.

It was horrid to have to lie there, virtually unable to move a muscle, in total darkness, awaiting whatever her masters deigned for her to receive, with her mind racing madly, her heart pumping rapidly, her whole body feeling like she was filled with electricity. She had realized, since she had woken up this way more than a few times by now, that it had to do with the drug they gave her when they put her to sleep. Benny, her summertime fling from almost 2 years ago had given her a hit of speed one night and this felt like the same thing. It was all part of their program to fuck up her mind.

By now she had been strapped down like this more than a dozen times, much more than a dozen; she had lost count. Even still, she couldn't get used to being totally immobilized for long stretches of time. Every once in a while she would strain at her bonds, just for the comfort of knowing that she hadn't given up. After all these times, she knew it was useless. It was better, though, for at least those few moments, than lying there thinking, thinking, thinking and waiting, waiting, waiting. Anything was better than that.

The phrase that Tony had taught her, about being a whore with no name, kept running through her mind. It was days and days ago, she was sure of that, but she didn't know exactly how many, certainly more than a week, maybe two for all she knew. There seemed to be no real pattern to when they did things to her, fed her, showered her, put

her to sleep. And she had no idea how long she slept each time. She could generally judge whether it had been long or short, or at least she thought she could. But she could have been totally wrong about that. Because of the drugs they gave her she slept very deeply. She never seemingly stirred. And with the amphetamines they were giving her, she couldn't tell by how tired she was when she woke up since her mind and body would be racing like a speedboat.

She was a whore with no name. The whore part was becoming more and more true as time went on. She had never been so horny in her life. She couldn't understand it, unless it had something to do with that medicine they gave her from that bottle after her meals. Could they do that?

It wasn't so much that she lay about salivating for cocks. It was more like a buzzing in her loins that stirred up after a while. A needy feeling would come over her. Sometimes her nipples would stiffen and ache. And, as soon as one of them touched her, virtually any part of her, or even stood near her gazing at her naked body with full knowledge of their right to do anything they wanted to her, her lusts would come bursting forth.

The punishments had continued, although they had become less and less as she got better at obeying the many rules they had and in showing unrestrained passion and an untrammelled devotion to their pleasures. Her eagerness to deliver pleasure to whoever was using her constantly surprised her. It was like some kind of switch went off inside. She knew, because they had told her so, they were not coy about that, that she would not leave this hellish prison until she was adequately whorish, totally convinced of the futility of resistance and acclimated to her future life of abject and total obedience.

She was reminded of it constantly by her trainers; so far she had counted twelve different ones. As they used her or whipped her or bound her into contortionist shapes to be left silent and still for hours and hours and hours, they would mock her growing sluttishness, emphasize her loss of all selfhood, enforce and reinforce her need to be obedient and slavish.

And that man, the counselor or psychologist or whatever he was, it was like he saw deep into her mind when they talked. Bound into the squarish chair in his office, she would cry and wail and release all of her hurt. She had resisted him at first. Three times he had called in one of the trainers to mount her on the whipping stand in the corner of his office and give her five strokes of the cane as he had promised her on

that first day, and then sat her back down in her chair and asked her if she had learned her lesson.

She would fall apart in front of him, listening to his soft, calm voice, his urgings to get all of her feelings out, making her relate to him what she thought about as she was left alone bound or confined in her cage. He would patiently and deliberately reconstruct her, re-form her so that her conflicts were resolved, show her the way to organize her mind to achieve acceptance.

And the worse thing of all was that he was right. Once you conceded the fact that she had been, whether rightly or wrongly was irrelevant, deprived of all humanity, that she was facing a future full of callous exploitation of her body and that there was nothing she would ever, ever be able to do about it, everything else fell into place.

If that was her inevitable future, then it made sense that she do her best to adjust to it. It made sense to enjoy the sex when she could; she was going to get it anyway. It made sense to strive to deliver the maximum degree of pleasure to those who used her to avoid being beaten or other nefarious punishments. The way he described her future life, locked away in some whorehouse somewhere, it made it seem almost idyllic compared to what she was experiencing now. She would wear clothes. She would eat regular meals like a regular person rather than like a calf or a pig at some feeding station. She would be able to talk with her sister whores and even develop limited friendships with them. She would, at least while she was good, get to sleep in a regular bed and, although undoubtedly still chained, be able to turn and toss during her sleep, to curl up into a little ball and cry and cry and cry if she wanted.

All of those things were sufficient to encourage her to do her best to please her masters. But there was something else too. It was that psychologist guy who had done it. Of that she was sure. He planted the idea in her head and it grew and grew and grew. She had learned to take pride in the grunts and groans of those who used her. She had become eager to receive their invasions of her flesh as if being the receptacle of their lusts, their fluids, was her life's purpose. She hadn't known that she had been born to be a whore. But he had convinced her that her current fate had been lying in wait for her all along, mostly anyways, because there were times when she still resisted the idea, which was why, she supposed, she was still here. It seems, she had discovered, that the universe is a clockwork with predetermined destinies and that hers had caught up with her.

When you considered all the random events that had to happen to place her in that strip joint at that particular time, you had to concede that it seemed some hand had been at work. She could have gone to a different college. She had been accepted at four but had somehow felt compelled to select the one she finally chose. It had just felt so right. She could have taken that sabbatical from school she had thought about taking that year. She could have taken that waitress job at Granville's instead of doing go-go. She could have resisted the allure of the easy money. She could have obeyed that part of her that told her that what she was doing was shameful and wrong. She could have walked out of the place when she realized that she would have to degrade herself with that dirty dancing. They could have picked some other girl to kidnap, or shown up on another night or at another club. And this place where they were keeping her, a million things had to happen just right to make it exist at all.

So it was easy to think of her current sorrows as inevitable. And if she was meant to be a whore, then why shouldn't she be the best one that she could?

Yes, she had plenty to think about. And the time kept dragging on and on.

She tried not to cry. It only made things worse. And she fought desperately, despite all the poisons they were pouring into her mind, to maintain some kind of hope that she could escape the horrible fate they had in mind for her.

There was such a seeming normalcy to all of their attitudes. It was like they had been doing this for years and years and had no worry that anyone was ever going to catch them at it or that any girl was going to escape her fate. They were so confident that they were going to turn her into a lustful, enthusiastic whore and that they had every right to do it, that it scared her. It was like she was the abnormal one, she who had a skewed view of a universe in which things like this just didn't happen.

And then there was the fact that she had no idea where she was. She had decided that it couldn't be more than a half days' ride away from where she had been kidnapped. She had been drugged most of the time, but it couldn't have been much longer than that, could it? If measured by her hunger, 12 hours would have been just about right to how she felt at the end. But so what? You could go a long way in 12 hours of driving, over 700 miles if you averaged 60 miles an hour,

more if you went faster. And it could have been in any direction, north, south, east or west.

She knew that there was a world outside the stone walls that surrounded her, but was it a city or in the country? Were they below ground? Was it daylight outside now or dark? How long had she been asleep? How long would they make her lay here blind and bound? Why was this happening to her? What had she ever done to deserve this? How would she ever survive? How could this possibly be real?

It was at this point that she would break down and start crying again.

She felt so tiny. The men, practically all of them, were so big and strong-looking that she knew there wasn't a single hope that she would ever be able to fight them. Even Tony, who was not a bruiser himself like the other men, was strong and fit and it felt like he towered over her. He just exuded strength. And here she was, fastened down in a little corner of a little room, inside a big building of some kind. And outside, there was a huge universe. And she was just a tiny, little, powerless, itty bitsy piece of it. What hope did she have?

The answer, no matter how much she resisted it, if she was really honest with herself, was that she had none. The erosion of her hope for rescue or escape began that first time she had awoken like this, after the Polynesian man had used her and then bundled her up in the corner and put her to sleep.

Then, as now, she had awoken with her mind going a million miles an hour. At the time she had just put it down to fright and desperation, and not to any drug they were giving her. She lay there thinking, thinking, thinking, for the longest time. She tried not to think about where she was and what had been happening to her, but that was impossible. She would count the seconds going by, one thousand, two thousand, three thousand, and so on just to try and keep her mind off things, but each time, after she got to a hundred or so, her fear and sorrow and self pity would come rushing back. Her body would chill and ache and she would be overwhelmed with a feeling of rabid panic. She would shake and strain at her bindings, uselessly, of course, and then, once again, burst into tears. Then she would start the cycle again.

The time dragged on so slowly, it seemed an eternity later, or at least hours and hours that she heard the 'clang!' of the bolts to her cell being opened. Someone had come in. Now her dread turned from fear of maybe having to lie still and confined forever and ever and ever, to

what was going to happen next. Who was it that had come in and what was he going to do to her?

Whoever it was, he took his time. She could almost feel his eyes peering into her back, examining her naked buttocks, appreciating and savoring her helplessness. She heard him moving around. There was the unmistakable sound of him pissing into the little toilet they had there for her. She heard the toilet flush. She was so frightened, she didn't know whether to beg for him to free her or to go away and leave her alone, if she could have begged that is.

She sensed him coming closer and then crouching down beside her. Then his hands were on her and, one by one, he relieved her of her bonds and confinements. First her feet. Then he removed the confining, stiff mittens from her hands. Then he undid the straps that held her down so tight. The last one was the one around her neck which had kept her head forcefully turned towards the wall. Then she felt a hand tug at the back of her collar and heard a deep, knife edged voice tell her, "Get up, cunt."

She knew that voice. It was the voice of the black man who had promised her that he would see her sooner or later. At the time, his appearance and his gruff, assaultive interrogation had frightened her out of her wits. Now she was under his power! She resisted the urge to release a loud wail of unhappiness from behind her gagged lips, a wail that, even if it produced merely a barely audible squeak, would serve as the basis for more punishment.

The man pulled at her collar, choking her, until she was up on her knees. Then he pulled her to her feet. She was standing on the mattress and she wobbled unsteadily. He took a hard grasp of her arm and steadied her. His grip was so hard that it hurt. He gave her a rude yank and propelled her across the room. Then he made her turn and forced her to squat until she was sitting over the toilet.

"Piss, fuckbucket," he told her harshly.

She needed no further encouragement. She released a steady stream.

The man wiped her and then brought her to the middle of the room. She felt the chain that they kept there fastened to the back of her collar. The man ordered her to kneel. Once she was on her knees, he pulled the chain taut so that she was forced to kneel up straight as a rod. He gave the inside of her knees a not so gentle kick and told her to spread them wider. When she had complied, the chain from above was pulled even tighter causing her collar to put pressure on her throat. She withheld a whine.

The man's hands went to her head and she felt him releasing the straps to her hood. He turned the little valve on the front and the air hissed out of the gag. He pulled the hood off of her head and tossed it aside.

Light shone into her eyes for the first time in many hours. Even though the light was dim in her cell, giving everything a hazy appearance, it made

her blink a few times. She didn't know if she should look at the man so she kept her gaze straight ahead centered on the sign that said, 'OBEY!' She could see the man's bulk out of the corner of her eye and could sense his huge and ominous presence next to her.

"You have a punishment coming, whore," the man told her in his rough, deep, harsh voice. "It's for whining in the grooming room in your last cycle. I'm going to give you 5 lashes with a switch. But first we're going to have a little lesson. And then you're going to suck my cock."

Nancy quailed at the idea of another beating. And one from this man seemed to portend as especially brutal. Tears came to her eyes and an unhappy moan built up inside her but she didn't let it out.

The man stepped in front of her, far enough away so that she could gather in his full stature. He was broad shouldered and tall. His face was black as diesel oil and just as smooth and shiny. His chin jutted out like a prow to a pirate's galley. His lips were thick and his mouth broad. His eyes were fiery and telegraphed a cruelty that seemed to come deep from within him. He was holding a 4' long switch in his right hand. Nancy felt her body tremor and a chasm open up in her belly.

"So, slut," he said roughly, "what is the first duty of a slave?"

She knew this one, but she was so frightened that she had difficulty making her voice work. "Th-the first duty of a slave is f-full and c-complete honesty in all th-things, master," she managed to eke out, her voice cracking with fear.

"That's right, slut," he answered. "So tell me, slut, are you a slave?"

This required a moment's thought. She didn't want to be a slave. She didn't want to admit being a slave. But she had to agree that they had, at least for now, enslaved her. If the definition of a slave was someone who had no rights and whose body belonged to someone else, that fit her situation to a 'T'. So, yes, the answer was yes. She was a slave.

"Yes, master," she replied unhappily. Her cogitation had taken only a second or two. She knew that the man was trying to entrap her. Sooner or later she would fuck up. But she wanted to put that moment off as long as possible.

"Are you a whore?" he asked her.

Again, it was a question that required some thought. They had said that they were going to make her into a whore. But that didn't mean that she was one. If she said she was and didn't believe it, it would be a lie. And the last thing she wanted was to be caught in a lie.

"No, master, I'm not a whore," she answered attempting some dignity.

"What is a whore?" he asked her.

"A woman who goes to bed with men for money, master," she said quickly.

“That’s one definition,” he replied. “But isn’t another one a woman who will have sex with anyone who wants her? Don’t you call a woman like that a whore?”

That was true. That’s what people would call her. “Yes, master,” she answered.

“And isn’t it true that you’re going to have sex with me in a very little while in any form that I want it?”

That was a no brainer. “Yes, master,” she answered quickly.

“And if Master Chet or Eddie or Mistress Marylyn or Master Mike or anyone else came in that door behind me right now, isn’t it true that you would do anything that they asked, fuck them, suck them, lick them, anything that they wanted?”

Too late, Nancy saw where the man was going. Of course she would. She would do anything that they said. Anything! Without question. A chill went through her and her eyes began to brim with tears. Her face descended into a frown. She didn’t want to answer but she knew she had to. The only way she could save herself was to say no, but that would be a lie. Her lips began to tremble. She saw the impatience in the man’s harrowing eyes. She only had a split second to answer. “Y-yes, master,” she said finally, aware that she had just doomed herself.

“Well, that makes you a whore, doesn’t it?” the man demanded.

“Y-yes, master,” Nancy eked out.

The man stepped back. His right arm drew back and shot out in a flash. The switch struck her across her breasts. It was as if a line of fire had erupted there. She screamed, “Ahhhhhhoowwwwwww! Ahhhhhoowwwwwww!” She burst into tears. The switch went back again and struck her across the belly. She screamed again, “Ahhhhhhoowwwwwww!” She looked up at him miserably. He crossed to her back and she felt a third blow tear across her buttocks. She screamed again.

The man resumed his position. Nancy was blubbering and sobbing. Her breasts, belly and buttocks all burned fiercely.

“That’s for telling a lie,” the man said.

Nancy continued to sob.

“Stop your blubbering or I’ll give you three more,” he told her. “We’re not done yet.”

Nancy looked at the man dismally. She tried desperately to pull herself together. A despair so virulent that it seemed to flow in her veins seized her. How was she ever going to survive all this? How?

She stopped crying, but her body was still shaking. Her eyes kept darting back and forth between the man’s angry face and the whip in his right hand.

“So, to continue,” the man said, “what’s the second most important duty of a slave?”

She knew this one. “T-to please her masters, master,” she answered. Tears were still flowing down her face, but she had stopped sobbing.

“And how does a slave like you please her masters?”

“By obeying them, master,” she replied.

“Good,” he said. “And what is the third most important duty of a slave girl like you, slut?”

He was towering over her. She could see him tighten his grip on his whip as if readying himself for her mistake. She tried desperately to think. What could it be? What could it be? To please them was the second one, so it couldn’t be that. And she knew by painful experience that it was not to obey them. In her panicked mind she couldn’t come up with a thing. She didn’t even have a guess.

There was a deadly silence in the room. And then the man said, smiling, “Time’s up, whore.”

He belabored her again, once, twice, three times, across her thighs, across her back, across her breasts. She howled and wailed. Ahhhhhooooowwwww! Ahhhhhooooowwwww!” It was so unfair! So unfair! No one had told her! Couldn’t they just tell her? Why did she have to be beaten?

She did her best to stifle her sobs as soon as she could. She could tell that the man was just itching for another reason to strike her. There was a fierce fire in his eyes.

“Learn this and learn this well, slut,” he told her, his voice as cold as ice, “a slave’s third duty to her masters is to serve their pleasures with all of her mind, body and soul. This may be the third most important duty, but it will be the hardest one for you to learn. But learn it you will. Believe me when I say that there is not a single iota of a chance that you won’t. One way or another you will learn it or you will die in the process. Do you believe me?”

A well of horror opened up in her. This man in front of her was the embodiment of all the whips and chains, the confinements, the very stones of her prison. This was the paradigm that would spell out her doom. Could they do it to her? Could they make her dedicate every fiber of her being to their service, to the thousands of cock that spread out into her future, the callous and hungry hands and lips? It would require a total conversion of her psyche. Could they do it? Could they turn her into a cock hungry slut? Everything that had happened to her so far said that they could and had with dozens if not hundreds of women before her. Was she different from them? Was she stronger, more resolute, more heroic than them? Did she prefer an undoubtedly painful and excruciating death to a transformation into a servile whore?

Tears were flowing down her face. Her body was shaking. Her belly was sour. A deadening chill went through her. She knew the answer. She was fighting it with all the strength she could muster. She knew if she said yes that that she would be, in effect, fulfilling the prophecy, guaranteeing the result. She was teetering on the edge of an abyss. Suddenly, a fierce determination came over her. She would fight them to the last! She wouldn't surrender, ever! She would fight and fight and fight until she was dead, no matter what happened!

The man was standing there expectantly. He looked as if he were ready to jump at her. "No!" she shouted. "No, I don't believe you. I'll never give in! Never! You'll have to kill me first!" She had tossed aside all protocol. She had failed to call him master. She had spoken out of turn. She had shown him her defiance. Everything had been thrown into the wind. Her rebellion burned bright. It felt so good to be human again!

The man just looked at her. She had expected him to answer her with a torrent of blows, but he just stood there. Each second that he failed to react seemed like an eternity. What would he do to her? What?

He smiled. "That's a lie and you know it," he said finally. "You will grovel and whine and cry out and beg to be allowed to serve us. You are no different than a thousand whores who have come before you. We have all the time in the world to break you and a hundred ways to do it. You think that you can suffer the worst that we can deal out? You know that you can't. Look at you even now! You're shaking and crying and sweating like a pig! You are a powerless little slut and nothing more! In a few moments you will be sucking my cock as if it were your most cherished destiny. That's how far your little rebellion will carry you!"

A vast chasm opened in her gut. He was right and she knew it. A moment ago she had mustered up the bravery of a martyr, but now, watching him finger the whip in his hands, looking at his fierce eyes, remembering her wails and howls of pain and shame and humiliation when he had whipped her less than a minute ago, all told her that she was wrong. She would cave in. She would do anything to avoid the pain they were capable of raining down on her. What had she been thinking? She had doomed herself. He was going to whip her! "No, please, please don't whip me!" she thought. "Please, please, please!"

"I'm sorry master!" she shouted out. "I'm sorry, master! Please don't whip me! Please! Please! I'll do whatever you want. I'll be good! I'll do like you say! I promise! I promise! Please! Please! Please!" she sobbed hysterically.

The man moved as fast as anyone she had ever seen. He lashed out at her breasts. He struck her thighs. He belabored her rear. He struck her back, the back of her legs and then all over again. It was like a hurricane of

blows. Nancy wailed and sobbed and cried. “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh, god! Pleeceeeeeease stop! Pleeceeeeeease! Pleeceeeeeease!”

And then he did stop. She sobbed and cried, relieved that her torment was temporarily at an end. He waited until she slowly recovered herself. Every part of her body burned. She looked at him forlornly. Why had she lied? Why? she asked herself miserably.

“Well,” he said finally, a satisfied smile on his face, “you’ve earned yourself a heap of punishments there. We’ll have to think up something really special for you.”

Nancy fought off the urge to issue a forlorn wail. What would they do? What would they do? She wouldn’t be able to stand it! Why! Why! Why was this happening to her? Why?

“So I’ll ask the question again,” he said. “Do you believe me? Do you believe that you are powerless to resist turning into whatever we want to make of you? Do you believe that we can mold you into the most whorish of all whores, the sluttiest of all sluts, the most abject, servile, eager to please slave in all the world? Do you believe me?”

“Yes, master!” she replied immediately. “Yes, master, I do believe! I do!”

“That’s good,” he returned. “We’re making some progress. Now you can show me what you’ve learned. You’re going to give me the best blow job you’ve ever given in your life. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master!” she cried out.

He tossed the whip aside. He unbuttoned the fly to his soft, black pants. He drew out a long, thick, tumescent cock. It was as black as night, as black as the man’s soul, as black as her utterly hopeless despair. He moved toward her and released the chain from her neck. “Okay,” he told her. “Show me what you’ve got.”

Nancy jumped to her task. She had to dip her head to capture the end of his seemingly endless cock. Even as it entered her mouth a well of self-hatred rose up inside her. “Why am I doing this? Why? I’m a fucking coward, that’s why! I’m a fucking coward who deserves whatever happens to me! Why can’t I stand up to them? Why? Why?”

The bulbous head of the black man’s cock filled her mouth. She closed her lips on the stem and caressed the head with her tongue. She pressed her head downwards, subsuming more of the hot, salty wand inside of her. She could feel it stiffening as she suckled it. She pressed her head down further until the head bumped up against the back of her throat and then she slowly, slowly, slowly retreated, keeping her lips firmly around its girth. She retreated until the head was just outside of her lips and then nibbled on it gently and then bringing it in until her lips were married to its underside. Then she swirled her tongue around it again several times and recommenced her descent.

All the while it was in her mouth she couldn't stop thinking of the hateful, evil man who stood at its end. He had the right, by dint of conquest, to enter her body in any way he wanted, at any time he wanted and as many times as he wanted. She had no right to refuse him even though the experience of him occupying her most personal space was turning her stomach sour and sending a viral like chill throughout her body.

She remembered what that man Tony had told her. She had to look her assailant in the face. She wanted desperately to close her eyes, to blot out what was happening to her, but that comfort was denied her. She strained her eyes to look upwards as her lips descended the steel hard pole. He was looking down at her. His lips were turned into a mocking smirk and his eyes were drinking in every moment of her humiliation.

"Why don't I just spit it out?" she thought forlornly. "I could refuse. Make them kill me. Make them torture me to death." But she knew she wouldn't do it. The memories of the man's whip were too fresh in her mind. She realized that she would do anything to avoid being whipped again. And anything meant, now, to grant this terrible, offensive wand of meat the greatest degree of pleasure she could bring to it.

She sucked and kissed and licked. She alternated long, languid caresses with firm, determined, rapid strokes. She pressed her face down as far as it would go, letting the head pop into her throat as Tony had taught her. She let the cock go free of her mouth and then licked its underside its full length until she reached the soft, taut sack beneath it. She subsumed his pouch into her mouth and suckled gently at his stones until he released a deep, pleased sigh. And then she came back again, licking the underside until she reached the tip and then pressed her lips around the shaft and slowly, slowly, slowly descended again until the cock was deep in her throat.

She went on and on. The man moaned and groaned. His hands rested gently on her head, caressing it as she worked him. It went on for a long time. From time to time, he would pull his hips back or thrust them forward to accentuate her efforts, or gently rock them in sympathy to her rhythms. When she looked up she saw that his eyes had closed into little slits and that his jaw had gone slack. To see him so happily exhibiting the evidence of the pleasure she was so slavishly giving him made her body sicken.

Suddenly, she realized that she was crying. She hated herself for crying. She didn't want to give them anything she didn't have to and crying just symbolized her powerlessness, her hopelessness, her defeat and her fear. She tried to stop, but she had to keep her mind concentrated on her task. And the misery she felt, her hands bound and denied her, her powerlessness, a fierce, evil man's unwanted cock in her mouth, the wounds on her flesh that still burned, all that had happened, all came crushing down on her and made the tears flow freely. Even the fact that she was crying caused her despair to deepen. But despaired or not, the man still

had the whip at his disposal and she knew that she couldn't falter or she would suffer it again.

Then, after an interminable time, she took her signal from him when he began to rock his hips back and forth with increased determination, she commenced the finale. She sucked him hard and then soft and then hard. She pistoned her head up and down his crank. His groans were getting louder, deeper, more insistent. His hands tightened on her head. "Faster! Faster! Faster!" she thought as she drew her head up and down in rapid succession. "Come! Come! Come! Give it to me you fucking bastard! Now! Now! Now! Come on! Come on you mother fucker! Give it up! Give it up!"

Her neck was straining, her jaw was aching, but she did not relent. "I'll show this mother fucker!" she thought madly. "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" she repeated again and again. The cock, so big, so long, so hot, so cruel, was like a force of evil within her. There was only one way to get it out. Her whole universe was focused on it. There was nothing but her mouth, her lips, her tongue and the poisonous probe within her. "Do it! Do it! Do it now!" she screamed inside.

The man's hips began to pound at her face. His fingers were intertwined deeply in her hair, gripping it with desperate force. The cock drove up against her throat again and again. He groaned loudly and she sensed his knees sagging. "Oh, please! Please! Please come now! Please!" she screamed inside.

And then a flood of hot jism filled her mouth. The cock began to throb and pulse. She tried to swallow it all, but he had taken control of her head now and was jamming it back and forth on his cock with rabid ferocity. She started to gag and choke. The cock kept going and going. She had never known anyone who had come so much. It spilled past her lips. His hand had circled around her jaw and he was keeping her mouth clamped hard against his cock and she was having difficulty breathing. She started mewling and whining in distress. Suddenly, he jammed his cock deep into her throat. He held it still there. She coughed and gurgled and whined and mewed, but he would not let go. Her lungs began to ache and her head began to swim. "Aaaaaauuuuuuuuuugh! Aaaaaauuuuuuuuuugh! Aaaaaauuuuuuuuuugh!" she screamed.

And then, just as suddenly, he released her. He pulled his cock from her mouth. She made a screeching sound as she drew in desperately needed air. He let her take three deep breaths and then he pushed his still swollen cock back in. She didn't need to be told what to do. She suckled and slurped and caressed the slick, salty, evil creature, coaxing out every last drop of the man's foul cum.

He released her. He pulled back. She looked up at him. Remorse, shame, self-pity, misery, hatred, anger, self-loathing filled her. He had

made her do it. She had put everything that she had into pleasuring him. She had devoted every ounce of her being into giving him pleasure. This callous, cruel, sadistic bastard had made her do it. She had been a slave for what, maybe a day? And they had broken her. They had stripped away everything but the slut in her.

The man's weapon dangled loosely outside of his pants, slimy and slick. She could feel where his cum had dribbled down her chin. She was breathing deeply as if she had run up a flight of stairs at top speed. He was smiling. He put his cock away.

"Not bad, whore," he told her. "You're going to make all the trainers very happy. Get used to having a cock in your mouth because you're going to be doing a lot of cock sucking. You must have had a lot of practice before you got here."

Nancy couldn't help the frown that appeared on her face. Yes, she had had a lot of practice, but that was different. Then she had done it out of love, or at least passion. Now she had done it out of earth shattering fear. And cum had never tasted so bitter.

"Okay, enough playing around. It's time for your punishment and then we'll go for a little walk. Get up!"

Her punishment! She had almost forgotten. Hadn't he whipped her enough? Didn't she prove she would be good, that she would obey? Why did she have to be whipped?

Miserably, Nancy shifted herself until she could push herself up to her feet. She stared to cry as the man connected the chain to the back of her collar and pulled it taut. He went over to the side of the room and came back. "Open your mouth," he snarled. "I've had enough of your noise for now."

She opened her mouth dutifully and he jammed one of those blue balls into it. She bit down on it miserably. He stepped away from her. "Okay," he said, "Here it comes."

Almost like magic, a split second later, fire erupted across her back. She let out a stifled howl. A second later it erupted across her buttocks. And then across the back of her shins. Then as she howled and wailed, it erupted across her belly and over her breasts. Five in all, just like he promised.

He let her dangle there for a few moments, sobbing and snorting. Then he stepped in front of her. "Do you remember what that punishment was for, fuckbucket?" he asked.

"...es, ..as-er!" she wailed.

"What was it for?"

"...or ...i-ing, ...as-er!" she replied sadly.

"Yes, for whining. And what did that teach you?"

"Eh ...a ...aye ...irl ...oulde-er ...ine, ...as-er!"

"That's right. A slave girl should never whine. Remember that!"

He put the whip back up on the rack on the wall and then went over to the iPad embedded in it. He keyed in his code and called up the girl's file. He entered in the punishment and other strokes, the training session, Lesson #2, and the blow job. He gave it a 7 out of 10 and added the comment, "Very enthusiastic mouth but needs to learn to swallow better. Not yet adjusted to throat fucking. Showed sign of rebellion. Needs to be whipped often."

He came back and released her hands from her belt at the back. He released the back of her collar from the chain and attached a leash.

"Get down," he said roughly.

She dropped to her knees and then her hands. She stared down at the floor. He gave her leash a little tug and brought her to the door. She kept her head down while he keyed in the code and put his palm on the reader. The bolts clanged open and he pushed the door just enough to let the girl squeeze through. He followed her, let the door swing shut. The locks clanged back into place.

No. 9 waited obediently for her trainer to follow her. The yellowish light in the hallway made everything seem hazy. The dark brown rug and walls seemed to close in on her. The man stepped past her and gave her leash a tug. She followed.

They seemed to make a circle and then a turn and then seemed somehow to be going the other way. She had promised herself that she would keep track of where they were headed, but she lost her way quickly. At one point she was startled to see, from the corner of her eye, them passing another trainer going the opposite direction. A girl was crawling next to him. It was protocol that the trainees be always kept to the right of the trainer when walking down the hall. This way if they passed another team, the contact between the females would be extremely limited. Nancy got no more than a glance of feminine hands and feet as they passed. For a second or two she was there and then she was gone.

For some reason, the sight of another young woman being held prisoner and being treated the way she was made things seem that much more awful. It added reality to the nightmare. It added to the feeling of hopelessness. And it added to her sense of the strength and power of the organization that was holding her prisoner. She felt tears coming again, but she fought them off.

The man led her to a doorway and he keyed and coded it open. He held the door for her and she entered. A quick, surreptitious glance up showed her that she was in the shower room where she had been marked. She had forgotten about that, but it came rushing back to her now. That woman, Marilyn. The mark on her left leg, the blue numbers on her foot. That burning salve they had put on her.

Jamar gave her leash a little pull, signaling her to stop. He crouched down next to her and, placing one hand on her lower back, placed the other on her lower belly. He pressed her belly in and kneaded it. "No," he said. "I didn't think so. We'll skip the enema for now. Stand up."

She rose to her feet. He pulled her over to the tiled portion of the floor and fastened her hands to the chain from the ceiling. He gave her a thorough washing. When done, he dried her off and brought her to the long table on the side of the room. No. 9 climbed up obediently and cooperated while he chained her hands up over her head and her legs, knees up and wide apart. He taped up her quim like the woman had done and applied the terrible ointment to her legs, belly and armpits. She tried not to call out, but it burned too much and she whined and cried. The blue ball stifled much of the sound. Jamar ignored her complaints. They were not punishable under the circumstances.

Jamar's tale was not what you would think. You would think from his harsh demeanor and cruelty that he was ghetto raised and a gangbanger. You couldn't be further from the truth. He grew up in a suburb of Detroit. He was from a middle class family. His father was an executive at Ford and his mother was a school teacher. He had two brothers and two sisters. He graduated high school near the top of his class and had been admitted to Michigan State. His A.P. scores were high enough for him to waive several freshman requirements.

He dated a lot; he really liked girls. Word of his thick, 9" long cock somehow got out and he practically had to fight the sisters off of him. He always kept a couple of them on the string though and liked to schedule a morning, afternoon and evening blow job when he could.

Everything was going good into his junior year. He was studying engineering and had interned with the Ford Design Department that summer, thanks to his dad. Although not a jock, he was in great shape. He had lifted weights and worked out since a sophomore in high school. He had hooked up with the mountaineering club and that had become his passion. And that became his downfall.

He had developed a thing for this woman in the club, a senior. She was beautiful and smart and had a free, liberated attitude. He hadn't dated her; for some reason he felt too intimidated by her. Maybe the fact that she was white had something to do with it, although he had fucked a bunch of white girls over the years. She had long, flowing, chestnut colored hair which she fixed up in a bun when they were climbing. Her skin was pale and pure. Her laugh was infectious and unselfconscious. And she knew cool things like literature and film and music. She had sweet, generous, well-proportioned breasts to match her 5'7" frame. She seemed perfect.

As stated, they had never dated, but the club, like other clubs on campus, tended to be an extended social group. They went to bars together,

partied at each other's flats, took some classes together and, of course, went on trips together. That summer they had climbed Mt. Rainier.

Her name was Claire.

In late October, the club sponsored a trip to a cliff a few miles outside of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. It was rated a little higher than Jamar was used to, but Claire was going. And, most importantly, Bruce, her boyfriend, was not. It wasn't often that you got a shot at a beauty like Claire. So, in spite of a mountain of homework, Jamar signed up.

They got there late on Friday. It was still warm enough for camping out, if you had the right equipment. There were ten members of the club that had gone. Climbing was strictly on the buddy system and Jamar had teamed up with a friend of his. Claire teamed up with one of her girlfriends.

The Saturday morning climb was just a tune up. Jamar talked his friend into getting Claire's girlfriend to team up with him in the afternoon. Jamar asked Claire if she would climb with him and, to his delight, she said okay.

They passed the first course without incident and took a break on an outhang. They cracked open some snacks and, for the first time, Jamar got to spend a little time alone with her. To his delight they really hit it off. The talk got real personal for some reason, it was probably something heavy on her mind, and Claire started talking about some problems she was having with Bruce and how she felt the relationship was wearing out. Jamar took this as a great sign. He did his best to charm her and left a little hint that maybe they could get together some time when they got back to school. Claire seemed to leave the door open.

They started the second course, the most difficult part of the climb. There were pitons lodged in the rock from previous climbs and Jamar was following Claire's lead. They were roped about 30' apart.

Everything was going well until they were about 200' up the almost sheer cliff face. The pitons were about 15' apart and they climbed them one at a time, each one waiting until the other was secure until moving on. Claire had just secured herself to a piton and signaled for him to advance. He edged himself up by the small cracks and crevices. He had just gotten to the piton one level lower than Claire. He held on to a crag with one hand, his feet solidly lodged in another while he freed his other hand to attach the climbing rope to the clip. He got it on and leaned back just a little. The piton must have been loose because it sprang free of the hole.

A chasm opened up in Jamar's belly. He held his balance for a second or two and then went flying off the cliff. He fell 15' in an instant. Claire had been watching and she immediately put all her weight on the rope and braced herself for the impact of Jamar's fall. He jerked violently on the end of the rope. Claire held him tight. His heart was pumping madly and an iciness had spread through his body. His hands groped for a hold on the side of the cliff, but he was having difficulty getting a grasp. His feet were swinging on empty air.

Finally, after a full minute or so of dangling, he got a grasp on a crevice and pulled himself close to the cliff. He found a resting place for his right foot and a grasp for his other hand. He knew that all he had to do was to boost himself up about 5' and a little to the right and he would be back on the path and be able to connect himself to a piton. But he just couldn't do it. He was terror stricken. He couldn't move a muscle. Claire called out to him several times, but he couldn't even look up. He just kept his eyes jammed shut and held on for dear life.

Well, other members of the team had to come to their help. Jack, one of the leaders of the group, rappelled from the top and helped Jamar move to the piton. Then he babysat him all the way down to the bottom.

Claire blithely soloed herself to the top.

That night, at their campsite Jamar was ashamed and withdrawn. He had hoped to spend some more time talking privately with Claire, but she sat down with her dinner next to Jack and started a conversation. About 9 o'clock, he watched as they paired off into Jack's tent.

In the morning, Jamar asked Claire if she would like to team up again. It was his mistake to ask her in front of the rest of the group. Claire laughed. "Sorry, Jamar," she said. "I'm not getting my ass hung out to dry again today. I'm going up with Jack."

Jack's partner had sprained an ankle. Claire's girlfriend, who had spent the night with his friend, paired off with him again. Which left Jamar no one to pair off with.

He seethed and seethed all day. They broke off early, about 2, and packed up for the ride home. They had rented a small bus and Claire and Jack sat together, of course. Jamar seethed all the way home. And he seethed all night. And all that week. And the next and the next.

He didn't tell a soul though. He went on as if nothing happened. He saw Claire at the meetings and said nothing to her. She had dumped Bruce and was now hooked up with Jack.

It took him all winter to plan it. He had a little money left over from working that summer and his student loan. He found an isolated cabin way off into the Michigan woods and leased it for a year. He got all the equipment he needed. He made sure that he became familiar with all of her habits and routines.

It was just before spring break. He knew that she would probably take off early on Friday, so he planned it for Thursday night. He knew she studied late on Thursdays at Fulton library with her study group. She always returned alone to her off campus apartment at about 11. He parked near where she always parked. The night before, at about 3 in the morning, he had climbed the light pole nearby and broken the bulb so it would be dark.

He saw her pull up into the lot about 10 after 11. For a while he had thought he had lost his chance, but a wonderful feeling came over him as he saw her dark blue Volkswagen Rabbit pull into her space. He was already out of the car. She got out of hers. She was holding some books and her pocketbook in one arm and had the keys in the other. She hit the beeper and locked the doors. Just as she was moving towards the apartment building, he moved swiftly and silently behind her. He called her name softly. She turned and looked at him. She smiled, having apparently forgotten all about her humiliation of him. But he hadn't forgotten. The memory was so clear he could taste it.

"I've got something for you," he said and held out his hand. She looked down at it. She saw what it was. Her eyes flew wide and a look of terror crossed her face. She dropped her books and her pocketbook and turned to run. The darts from the Taser struck her right in the back. She released a mild screech and fell to the ground writhing and contorting.

He was on her in a flash. He flipped her to her belly and handcuffed her. He had manacles for her ankles and he slapped them on. He took hold of her fine, beautiful, chestnut hair and raised her head. He jammed a large wedge of leather in her mouth and buckled it behind her.

She was starting to recover. He scooped her up. She was strong for a woman, but she was lithe. Jamar was big and she was as light as a feather. She writhed and contorted and moaned and tried to cry out. His car was no more than 20' away. He had left the trunk open and

had removed the light bulb. He tossed her in. She squirmed and fought him, but he was able to connect her ankle chain to the handcuffs. When she was immobile, he pulled a black bag over her head and gathered it around her neck. He put down the trunk lid but didn't close it. He went back and got her books and pocketbook. She had dropped her keys too and it took him a little bit to find them, but he got them. He brought everything over to the car and tossed them into the trunk. Claire was moaning and screaming and pulling at her bonds desperately. He smiled. You could barely hear her. He closed the lid quietly, walked to the driver's door and calmly drove away.

It took him three days to break her. She fought like a demon as he cut away all of her clothes. He had both ankle and wrist cuffs and he had a devil of a time getting them on her. A collar too, but that wasn't too hard. He whipped her and starved her. He kept her for hours in a wooden crate. He bound her and fucked her time and again. He kept her blindfolded and gagged most of the time.

Finally, on the third morning, she broke down and began to beg him to let her go. That was when he got the first blow job, her pale, unhappy white face looking up at him between his thick, jet black thighs, her mouth full of black cock. He promised her he would let her go when the week was done if she was good. He gave her some food to eat from a doggie bowl. He fucked her again and again, fore and aft. He licked her pussy until she screamed with unwanted pleasure. He made her keep his limp cock in her mouth until he got hard again, kneeling between his legs while he watched a movie on his Kindle Fire propped up on the kitchen table. He kept her hogtied and gagged when he wasn't using her and she spent a lot of time in the crate.

On Thursday, a little after dinner, she made a break for it. He had gotten careless and he forgot to chain her ankles when he was unchaining her wrists. There was a heavy cane he had beaten her with nearby. She slipped out of his grasp, seized it, and clobbered him on the head with all her well-developed athletic strength and leverage. It was quite a whack. He went down to the floor.

Luckily, he had changed the lock on the door to the cabin. It was the kind that you needed a key from both sides to open. The key was on the kitchen counter. She rushed to grab it, having planned everything thoroughly, and dashed to the door. He strained to rise. He knew that once outside, naked or not, he would never catch her.

She was standing at the door. She was so excited she was having trouble putting the key in the lock. She wailed and cried in frustration. The five seconds that it took her to sink it in was all he needed.

He leapt up and tackled her. They rolled around for a little bit. She screamed and fought and scratched and actually bit him a couple of times. But she was no match for him. He got her wrist bracelets locked together and he pulled her to her feet. He connected them to the overhead chain he had installed and brought her to her tippy toes. Then he got out the whip. The one he had been saving. It was a long lash with its end flayed an inch or so and soaked in vinegar.

She begged him not to whip her. She promised to be good. She cried and wailed and tried to reason with him. It was a divine moment. And when he whipped her she howled and danced and writhed and sobbed and wailed. The lash left deep, angry red marks on her. Blood trickled down her body.

When he was done, he made her blow him and then locked her back up into her crate for 4 hours. He had no more problems with her.

Sunday afternoon, he announced that they were leaving. He told her that he was going to drop her off somewhere remote where she could walk and get help and that he was going away, far away, out of the country so that the police would never catch him. He had bought some baggy sweat clothes to replace the ones he cut off of her and he let her dress. He apologized to her but told her that she would have to ride in the trunk until they got where they were going. She meekly got into it and allowed him to bind her. He didn't think that she would believe him when he said he was letting her go, but she was so desperate for some positive news that she seized upon it like a drowning woman.

Of course, he wasn't going to let her go. He had other plans for her. One of his friends in high school knew a guy who knew a guy. Jamar had gotten in touch with him and showed him some pictures of Claire he had taken off of her Facebook page. They had made a deal.

It took 6 hours to drive to Detroit. By then he assumed that Claire realized that he had been lying to her and would be terrified out of her wits. He drove up to an abandoned house in one of the virtually burnt out sections of the city. The guy and his guys were waiting there. They opened the garage door and Jamar drove the car right in. They helped him pull the hooded and bound girl from the trunk and they brought her into the house. They stripped her and took off her hood. They left the gag in. They freed her legs so they could spread them, but kept her hands locked behind her back.

"Man, what d'you do to this girl?" the leader asked. "Whooooowie!"

"She had it coming," Jamar replied.

The guy, his street name was J.K. That was the only name Jamar had for him. He took his time examining the girl's flesh. He squeezed her breasts and stroked her cunt. Claire's eyes darted around the room frantically. It was the living room of the house. Old torn up furniture sat here and there. It was lit by a battery powered lantern so everything looked spooky. J.K. was

heavy set and mean looking. He was black as night. His bros were too. Claire started to cry. Her whole body was shaking.

"My man," J.K. said. "This is damaged goods. She ain't worth no \$10,000. She be all marked up and shit. She be scarred for sure."

"\$10,000?" Jamar asked.

"I can't give you no more than \$7,500. And that's my last offer. She's cute and shit, but I got to let her heal up and stuff and break her in and all. \$7,500 tops."

Jamar had had no idea that he was going to get paid. He was just glad to get rid of her and to have the knowledge that she'd spend the rest of her life as a drugged up whore. \$7,500?

Jamar was no fool. He realized that if the guy had thought he would get her off of this stupid college kid for \$7,500, Claire was probably worth a lot more. He was getting ripped off. "Who said she was going for \$10,000?" Jamar said. "She's worth at least \$20,000, even all marked up like that. She's prime meat on the hoof. If you don't want her, I'll take her somewhere else."

Claire was beside herself. She was squealing and blubbering. J.K.'s boys were holding her by the arms, so despite her struggling she wasn't going anyplace. Jamar and J.K. just ignored her.

"No way, \$20,000, my man," J.K. said sharply. "And you ain't takin this cunt anywheres. We had a deal. And you don't look like you're in any position to bargain." He lifted his loose, oversized, red and white Detroit Redwings jersey and showed Jamar his Glock.

"No, you listen, my man," Jamar shot back. He had no idea where he got the courage from, or the idea, but it just seemed so right.

"You want to do some business with me, or not? I can have some fresh white meat here every couple of weeks if you want it. No problem. So if you want to pay me bullshit for this cunt, go ahead. I'll take my trade elsewhere."

J.K. thought for a moment. Then he said, "I tell you what, I'll give you \$12,000 for the girl. That's fair. And you bring me all the white meat you can get. I'll know what to do with 'em."

"\$15,000 and she's yours." Jamar said with finality.

J.K. smiled. "You're o.k., man," he said. "15 big ones it is. You'll have to wait a while while my fella goes and gets the rest of the cash."

"No problem," Jamar replied.

That was when Claire really started wailing. "...eeeeeeeeeeeeee! ...eeeeeeeeeeeeee! ...eeeeeeeeeeeeee!" she screamed.

J.K. pushed her down on the torn up, scroungy couch against the wall. "Shut the fuck up, bitch," he told her. And then to one of his guys, "Boomer, cook me up a shot. We gotta do somethin' with this noisy ho."

Boomer cooked up a spoon of horse in the kitchen by candlelight and loaded up a syringe. Claire was sobbing forlornly. She tried to get up several times, but J.K. just kept pushing her back down onto the couch. Boomer came over with the shot.

“Don’t give her too much now,” J.K. said. “She ain’t used to this shit.”

Boomer recorded his agreement. When he got close to her, Claire got up and tried to run away. Jamar and J.K. caught her and brought her back to the couch sobbing and wailing. They held her down while Boomer gave her a ‘popper’ in her buttocks. She calmed down right after that.

They took her into one of the bedrooms and Jamar watched as they all fucked her on a dirty, mangy mattress while she quietly moaned and cried. J.K.’s man came back with the rest of the money and they paid Jamar off. His last sight of Claire was when the guy who brought the money stripped down and got ready to take his turn. As her legs were lifted and spread apart, Claire looked over at him with foggy eyes, eyes that were pleading and begging not to be left behind. For Jamar, it put the whole world right.

He was very careful. Each job he did was well planned. He picked out only the best looking girls. He did one just about every six weeks. He spread out from the University campus and out over the state. He took the first couple of them up to the cabin for a few days, but that got to be too complicated. He needed to go to class after all. He didn’t want to flunk out. And he was still getting laid and blown pretty regular anyway. He degreed in both engineering and mathematics.

It was in the spring after his graduation that things took a change. Jerome had been buying girls from J.K. as fast as Jamar could bring them there. The problem was twofold. One was that J.K. and his boys couldn’t keep their hands off of the product. They would keep the girls around, putting them on the streets for a few months, and then call Jerome’s people and offload them. They were too traumatized to make it as “A” girls even though they would qualify in every other way. And since they had served time as whores, they could only be classified as “C” girls. Jerome’s policy was strict on this.

The second was the house that J.K.’s squad ran themselves. Jerome sent a man in from Banes to see if the rumors were true. The place was a hell hole. The girls were kept chained up most of the time and endured frequent merciless beatings. They were all strung out on heroin. Their house was in an abandoned apartment building. They had sealed off the two bottom floors and kept the girls in tiny cages in the dank, rat infested basement when they weren’t working. When they were used up, they gave the girl a ‘hotshot’ and dropped her body off somewhere.

There were several other houses in the area all being run pretty much the same. Jerome decided he would make an example of J.K.’s crib. The Bane people came in one night and rounded up J.K.’s crew. They were

never heard from again. The girls were shipped off to Reuthers' and his people did the best they could for them. They were able to rehab three of them into decent "C" girls, but the rest had to be shipped out. A Chinese gang that ran a specialty house in Manila took them all.

Jerome invited the leaders of the other houses in town to a meeting and straightened them out. Life got better for the whores, even though they were still ghetto whores and always would be. He also let it be known that he was always in the market for pristine African American girls both for the domestic and overseas markets. After that, he started to get a steady stream. One of the gangs had a Canadian connection. They lured good looking, gullible girls over the border on one pretext or another and they were made to disappear, sometimes 2 or 3 at a time. Jerome picked up on that too.

Jerome also made sure he made contact with Jamar. He upped the price and Jamar agreed that he would make sure he delivered all the girls untouched. Jamar was intrigued by Jerome's operation and he was given a tour at Reuthers'. Claire had somehow survived almost two years as one of J.K.'s ho's. She was too far gone to be much good though. Jamar spent an hour using her in one of the training rooms before she was shipped off to the Philippines. He expected her to beg and plead with him to help her get free, but she didn't say a word. The only sign of her unhappiness was when her eyes watered up as he left her there hogtied and gagged as per protocol. He felt a little bad about it, but it was nice to see her.

He decided then and there that he wanted to become a trainer. Jerome eventually agreed as long as Jamar agreed to keep his hand in the acquisition end. He always delivered primo product.

Jamar worked his way up to the mansion. He would work a month and then take a few weeks off to go on the hunt. But Jerome was thinking that he made a mistake promoting Jamar. He was just a little too harsh. When he reviewed the tape of no. 9's session with him though, he changed his mind. It was a picture perfect Lesson No. 2. He added it to their stock of training tapes.

CHAPTER THREE

The first truck arrived at Reuthers' right on time. Four two man teams were ready as well as a female team from the ladies only section. The cages were all unloaded at once. There was a ramp from the ground level to the staging area and as the cages were offloaded they were allowed to roll free down the ramp to an awaiting team. They were then stacked up in the freight elevator, 5 at a time, and brought down to Level 3 which had been cleared out for the new arrivals. The girls selected for the ladies' brothel got sent down to Pod C on Level Four. Five cages, including Ms. Marrero, were destined for the mansion and were delivered to a waiting van which pulled away as soon as they were loaded. Mrs. Henderson and the sultry, older blond woman were taken to Pod 4B to be mixed with the 'C' girls there already in training.

Each Level had three pods, capable of handling 10 girls each. There were 4 levels, capacity for 120 trainees, although they rarely had that many, and a subbasement with 10 special cells for the hard cases where what they called 'special processing' took place. Each pod had two training rooms, a large grooming room, which also served as the room to do markings on the new trainees, a room for special discipline and a small break room for the staff. The central area of each pod had a whipping stand and a feeding station. Each level had an infirmary and an administrative office/conference room. The kitchen was on the main floor along with administration, a cafeteria, an extra training room which also served as a display room for buyers, and quarters for the bachelor trainers and guests. There was also a large, well equipped maintenance room which housed the heating units and the electrical service panels. A barracks like building next door, connected by an underground tunnel, housed visiting staff and guys and gals from Banes who were there to help out and get a little R&R. Another outbuilding was for the groundskeeping crew and their supplies and equipment.

The cells were smaller than the cells at the mansion, about 10 by 12. They each contained a futon for the subjects to sleep and be used on, a toilet and sink and a very small cage built into the wall that could be closed off for isolation purposes. There were rings in the walls, ceiling and floor for tethering off the subject. When the futon was rolled up and placed in the corner, there was just enough room to swing a whip.

Usually though, except for very minor infractions, the girls were punished in the common area, affixed to the whipping stand. There were two reasons for this. First, and perhaps foremost, the whipping stand

offered the trainer a variety of positions and angles from which to administer strokes and the subject could be easily mounted in a variety of ways. Also, the girl's reactions could be observed, enjoyed and evaluated by the other trainers.

The second reason related to the effects that the screams and pleas of the transgressor had on the other residents. The doors to the cells were, of course, of solid steel. In the upper middle was a square of one way glass so that the occupant could be readily seen from the outside, but not vice versa. Above the door was a lintel consisting of heavy iron mesh. The common area of the pod was small enough so that the echoing cries and wails of the punished subject could be heard clearly through the grate above the door. Thus the screams and heartfelt pleas for mercy of the subject suffering punishment at the whipping stand had the salutary effect of creating a reverberation of terror and unhappiness affecting all of the pod's residents.

Jodi Matthews, aged 20, was the first girl to be released from her cage in Pod 3A. It had been a long and difficult journey for her. Like the other girls, she had screamed and wailed and struggled fiercely when she was first caged. The transformation from a delighted and excited model candidate to a harshly bound, caged prisoner had been accomplished so quickly that she had a hard time getting a handle on what had happened. It was like traveling from the normal to the bizarre in the blink of an eye.

Once she had been bound and gagged and hooded, a surreally terrifying process in itself, she had been lifted by what she was sure was feminine hands, turned upside down, and dropped into something. She had, after recovering her breath from whatever that woman had sprayed into her face, squirmed and protested and screamed as best as she could, but it didn't affect what was happening one iota. Space opened up underneath her head and she felt herself falling. Her body jolted as she landed on something hard. Before she could react to what was happening, she felt her feet being pressed down and her knees folding. The top of whatever they had put her in clanged closed above her, jamming the toes of her now bare feet. Moments later, she experienced the sensation of movement.

"Wait! Wait! What are you doing? What's happening?" she thought madly. She screamed to get the attention of whoever was doing this to her to record her objection to her treatment and the fear and uncertainty that had sprung up inside her. "I've got to get out of this! I've got to get out of this!" she screamed inside as she felt the thing she was in, all she could tell was that it was hard and small, being lifted and jerked and then put down and rolled a short distance. When she and her container came to a standstill, she could hear the muted whines and screams of other girls seemingly all around her. That's when she really got scared.

As her stomach soured and a deadly chill filled her, she twisted and contorted her body so that she was no longer resting on her head and

shoulders and then tried desperately to free her hands bound behind her. She pulled and yanked and twisted and turned her wrists with all her might, but they would not come loose. Her feet too, she tried to pry them apart with every ounce of her strength, but to no avail. And that thing in her mouth, it felt and tasted like something made of leather and filled it virtually completely. It deadened her screams and made the formation of any words impossible. She tried, nonetheless, to make as much noise as she could. She was being kidnapped, that she knew, but it was in the middle of this vast county fair! There were people all over, hundreds of them! Somebody had to hear her! Somebody! Anybody! Please! Please! Please!”

“Arrrrrrrrrrrgghhhmmm! Arrrrrrrrrrrgghhhmmm! Arrrrrrrrrrrgghhhmmm!” she screamed. She reared back her feet as far as she could and gave the top of her confinement a solid kick, or as much of one as she could given that she only had a couple of inches of space to play with. She kicked it one, two, three, four times as hard as she could manage, but it didn’t budge. Then she heard a rolling sound coming towards her. A second later there was a thump above her. She realized, unhappily, that another one of the containers, containing another unhappy young woman, had been placed on top of hers. There was no way now she could get it open now no matter how hard she tried! She issued a long, anguished wail and pleaded as loud as her muffled voice could make it, “Please! Please! Please! Don’t do this to me! Pleeeeeeeeeeeease! Pleeeeeeeeeeeease!”

Similar muffled sounds were erupting all around her. A little while later another container bumped up against hers. She could hear the muffled wails and screams of the girl inside. And a little while later, another container went on top of that one.

It was then that she understood the scale of what was happening. She had seen the dozens and dozens of girls filling out applications and sitting in for the brief interviews they conducted on Tuesday, two days ago. And she had seen the excited, sharply dressed girls who had arrived before her tonight disappear one by one into the tent. And she had seen the girls arriving after she did, happy and nervous, looking pretty and young and oblivious. They were kidnapping the whole bunch of them! Every girl who had been selected, based on beauty and charm and comeliness, the best of the huge crowd of girls who had applied, was being sprayed, bound, gagged and hooded and dropped into one of these little containers.

Who were these people? How could they get away with this? Where were they going to take them? What was really happening here? “How am I going to get free? Please, please, please, I’ve got to get free! I’ve got too!”

She kicked and squirmed and twisted and turned her limbs as fiercely as she could. It was so difficult, being all scrunched up and all. And everything was dark all around her. They had put something over her head. She could feel it on her face. It made everything black, black, black! It was

horrible! “Get it off! Get it off! Get it off!” she begged someone, anyone, in her mind.

Jodi had had a big argument with her mother that evening before she left for the fair. Her mother was a little tipsy, as usual, a prelude for her nightly drunk. They lived in a small apartment over a block of stores in Fort Wayne. There was a Subway sandwich shop, a drug store, a recently opened bodega and, conveniently for mom, a liquor store. There were four apartments above the stores, the Matthews apartment being the smallest and opening onto the back. Besides Jodi, there was her sister Samantha, 14, and her brother Tyler, 9. Jodi and Samantha shared a small bedroom which was the source of seemingly endless disputes between them. Tyler had a room of his own as did her mother.

Ever since high school Jodi had been trying to get out on her own. She had never been able to find a job that paid enough or had enough hours to save the nest egg she needed to put down a deposit. She had worked at Walmart for the last couple of years, but never got more than 32 hours per week. At \$7.75 an hour there wasn't much in her paycheck on Fridays after taxes. What money she had been able to save had gone into her car, a beige 1997 Dodge Duster with torn seats and a ravenous oil habit, and courses at Humboldt County Community College. She was, as of that June, only four courses away from her associate's degree. She was aiming for a degree in liberal arts and, ironically, had just this past semester taken an art class with Penny Marrero.

In fact, her only foray outside the Matthews household had been a few months after she graduated high school when she moved in with Don Beekman, a boy a couple years older than her. Don lived in a beat up old propane gas trailer in Clarion. It hadn't lasted long. Don, like Jodi's mom and her father too, who had moved to Oregon with her mom's best friend Betty Kruger when Jodi was 12, just after Tyler was born, and who they heard from maybe once or twice a year, was a booze hound. One night he got rip roaring drunk on Mad Dog 20/20 and ended the night by slapping her around a bit. She moved home the next day.

Jodi was not what you would call a classic beauty. She was young and fresh looking, with crystal blue eyes and thick, wavy strawberry blonde hair. But her face was a mite boyish rather than pretty, a little boney with high cheeks and a solid chin. She had a good figure though and had been modestly popular with boys in high school. When she had seen the ad for the Athena School of Modelling in the Humboldt County Gazette she had given some thought to going out to the County Fair and signing up. She had to do something to get free and that sounded perfect. It was only a momentary thought and she quickly discarded it. She had an idea that she was attractive, but she never thought of herself as beautiful. There was no way they would ever pick her.

On Tuesday, though, at work, a couple of the girls had said they were going out to the County Fair that night. Colleen Franklin invited her. There was nothing else to do except hang out in her crowded apartment with her mom and siblings watching one of those reality shows everyone else liked and so she said yes. When she was there, while wandering around the tents, she saw a flyer for the modeling school tryout. Colleen saw it too and, on a lark, they decided to apply.

When she got the call on Wednesday night that she had been selected as a finalist, she practically exploded with excitement. Thursday morning she used her employee discount at Walmart to buy a new yellow and green bikini and a nice blue and yellow sun dress. She got her hair cut and nails done at Annie's Beauty Parlor over on Wainscot Road. She borrowed a pair of her mother's leather sandals.

She was so nervous that night, getting ready to go, that she screwed up her lipstick twice. She finally had to ask Samantha to do it. Samantha was excited for her, but all she got from her mom was negativism. She nagged and nagged and nagged about how it was a stupid thing to do and how in the world she ever expected to compete with all those beautiful girls who didn't have a face like a prepubescent boy. Jodi had exploded and said some very nasty things before she left.

Marly had actually passed Jodi over in the first round of selections. Rich Donahue in Acquisitions, back at corporate, had been going over the dailies and spotted her. While her still photo made her look somewhat bland, she hadn't been wearing any makeup, the video of her interview showed a girl with a sparkling personality and a wide, open, friendly, appealing smile. She had, from what could be seen from the bulges in her t-shirt, a set of perfectly adequate breasts. Her Facebook page had a couple of bikini shots that confirmed that. And her background was ideal. Jodi's mother was unlikely to be able to scrape together a posse to go looking for her, and neither would her absent father who hadn't bothered to come and see her in eight years.

He shot a copy of her video over to a few of their regular customers and got two responses of interest in her right away. He showed the video to his assistant, Tammy Gleason, who was assigned to work with Bane Security on priorities for the follow up recruitments. She agreed with him whole heartedly. Rich got in touch with Marly who consented to take a second look at her. Ironically, Jodi's selection bumped out her friend Colleen. But her reprieve was only temporary since she was pretty hot in her own right. Rich instructed Tammy to put her on the list for the first round of recruitments in the fall.

Jodi had just about given up struggling as hopeless when she heard a loud rattling and then a loud sound like something heavy hitting something solid. Most of the girls around her were still whining and crying as loud as

they could under the circumstances, but the noise seemed to quiet everyone down. Something was happening!

About 15 seconds later, there was a loud rumbling. Jodi felt a vibration coming from underneath her. There was a loud revving noise, kind of like a big engine getting gas and then a hard jolt. Her container seemed to dip and rise suddenly. And then there was the definite sensation of moving. Whatever they were in was moving! It dawned on her, it was a truck! They were in a truck! And it was moving away from the tents! They were being taken somewhere!

A cacophony of moans and muffled screams erupted in the trailer. Jodi joined in. A deadening despair seized her. They were being kidnapped right under the nose of hundreds and hundreds of people!

She started to cry. Then she broke out into sobs. A wave of fierce energy passed through her and she renewed her struggles with ferocity. She pulled at her hands again; she twisted and turned her ankles. She bit down on the wad of leather in her mouth and screamed and screamed and screamed. She kicked at the top of her container again and again. The ride was bumpy, like they were going through a gravel parking lot. The trailer made a right hand turn; she could feel it as she swayed slightly to her left. And then the ride got smooth. The engine chained gears. They seemed to pick up speed. The gears changed again. They were on the road! They were being taken away! "No! No! No!" she screamed. "Please don't do this! Please! Please! Please!"

She gave up her struggles. She cried and whined. Her body felt sour. A huge hole had opened up in her belly. There was darkness all around her and she was scrunched up almost into a little ball. "Oh, please don't let this be happening! Please! Please! Please!" she thought forlornly.

And then, slowly, a torpor started coming over her. She couldn't pinpoint when it started, but she realized that her mind was starting to get fuzzy. It was almost like they had put a sleeping spell on her. She noticed that the other girls had mostly quieted down except for a little noise in the containers that had come in after her. Had they drugged her? How? She didn't remember getting a shot or anything. And they hadn't given her any pills. Were they giving them some kind of gas? She didn't smell anything peculiar. What was happening?

She realized that her mind had gone lost somewhere when she felt the trailer sway and rock like they were going over a bumpy road, snapping her back to alertness. It seemed to be going slowly. And then it stopped.

Had the police stopped them? Were they going to be saved? She tried to make as much noise as she could, but it was difficult. She heard the same muted noise all around her. After about 20 seconds, her mind wandered off of what she was doing and she became quiet once again. She tried to keep her ears tuned for the trailer door opening. It wasn't easy and she kept

forgetting what she was listening for. When she felt the vibrations of the engine revving up again, and the trailer recommence movement, her heart fell. The fog enveloped her.

It seemed they were driving along forever. She never seemed to actually fall asleep, but there were long stretches where she forgot what was happening and she just let the rhythms of the moving trailer soothe her. She must have nodded off somewhat because she kept having dreams. She was in trouble and she was running, running, running, but she couldn't seem to get anywhere. Or she was at home and everybody was around her but they seemed so distant and didn't take any notice of her when she tried to call out to them. And other stuff too, all heavily disconcerting. When she was able to arouse herself from them, she remembered where she was and what was happening to her and she would cry and cry and cry until she forgot what she was crying for.

And then she started having the peeing dreams. She had to go to the bathroom and there wasn't anywhere to go. She would stir herself conscious and realize that she had to pee. She tried to ignore it. It started getting crucial. If something didn't happen soon, she would have to pee right where she lay. All through her brand new bikini bottoms. And she would lie in it and stink and stink and stink. She started to cry again. She held on as long as she could and then she just had to let go. The warmth swelled all around her down there making her whine in misery. But when she was done, she did feel better. And then her mind drifted off again.

Jodi didn't know it, but the pad underneath her was designed to be absorbent and kill odors. Later, when she was safely ensconced in a cell, her cage and all the others would be sent up to maintenance where all the pads would all be ripped out and washed and the cages flushed out for reuse.

There had been several false stops along the way where Jodi thought that maybe they had reached the end of their journey, but it was just Marly's girls switching driving between them. They had come equipped with a cooler full of sandwiches and Diet Pepsi's and these little devices that let them pee sitting down. Jodi kept listening for the door to the trailer to be lifted but it never did and they just got started up again.

She didn't come to consciousness when the trailer pulled into the reception area at Reuthers'. Even the soft bump of the end of the trailer against the dock didn't stir her. But when she heard the clatter of the trailer door being opened, her brain engaged. "Oh my god! Oh my god! We're here! Wherever they are taking us, we're here!"

She heard the containers that had been loaded after her being rolled out of the trailer. Some of the girls had resumed their moaning and cries, but weakly, as if all of their energy had been expended. When the container directly in front of her was moved, Jodi's belly flipped over, conscious that

her turn was coming soon. When the container on top of her was taken, she began to whine and cry. She pulled and tugged at her bindings again, knowing it was hopeless, but in a desperate attempt to get free. When her container began rolling down the trailer to the dock, she became so frightened that, to her shame, she peed again.

Things happened quickly. Her container was rolled down the ramp to the freight elevator. It was lifted and stacked on top of another and she felt in her belly the sensation of the elevator descending. It was lifted and put on the ground again and rolled for some distance and brought to a halt.

Hers and four other containers had been rolled into Pod 3A. The men would process this batch and then receive 5 more containers from the second load. Three trainers had been in the pod waiting. They did a little eenie, meenie, minie, moe and selected Jodi's container first.

First it was tipped over on its side so that the lid, when opened, would lie on the floor. Jodi called out in shock and surprise when she felt herself being turned over. She heard the latches on the top being undone and she cringed with fear. She sensed the top being opened and she felt strong, very strong, male hands grasp her by her legs and pull her out. She was lying on a soft rug. She could sense men all around her. She squealed and contorted and twisted her body. Hands gripped her arms and she was pulled to her feet. She was dragged a short distance and stood up straight. Suddenly the binding on her ankles was released.

The men tried to stand her on her own two feet, but she was too weak and overwhelmed. Her body was shaking and she was resisting the urge to scream. Firm, authoritative hands took hold of her arms just below her elbows and she felt the binding around her wrists freed. Her hands became loose, relieving the stress on her shoulders. She tried to move her arms, but they were held firmly still. The men were so close to her that she could feel their bodies' heat. Something went around her wrists and was locked there and then her arms were lifted over her head. They were joined together and attached to something.

The men stepped back and she was left there standing, still blinded and gagged. She wavered on her feet for a moment and then regained her balance. Something cool and hard was under her feet, like tiles or something. Her hands were lifted just about a foot over her head, not enough to force her arms straight, but enough so that she could use whatever was holding them for balance. There was a pause as if the men were taking stock of her. Jodi's mind was still woozy and being jostled and handled so roughly hardly helped. One of the men, in a deep, frightening voice, said something that she didn't quite catch and the other men laughed. Jodi felt a coldness pass through her body; she gripped her small, delicate hands into fists and whined. "What's happening? What's happening?" she thought desperately. "What are they going to do to me?"

Hands went around her neck and loosened the black bag around it. It was lifted off. For the first time in many, many hours, she could see. The light was dim and yellowish, but still made her eyes squint. In front of her was a tall, bulky man. She was about 5'6" and he seemed at least a foot taller than her, maybe more. He had swarthy skin, black hair and brown, almost black eyes. He wore a short, black, full beard. He was so close to her that she could see the pores of his skin on his face. He was wearing a black t-shirt with a logo, *JM/R* on it over his heart. He was smiling.

His large hand rose to her face and tapped it solidly but not hurtfully on the cheek several times. "There, there, now my pretty," he said in a gruff, slightly accented voice, "we're going to wash you up a little bit, give you something to drink and then take you to your new home. If I were a pretty little girl like you, I would cooperate and remain absolutely, completely silent. There will be time enough for punishments, but I'd rather we got off on the right foot."

"Punishments? My new home?" Jodi thought madly, staring at him with a fiery intensity. "What are they going to do to me? Oh, god, help me please, please, please!"

"Are you going to be a good little girl?" the man asked, still patting her face. "Don't try and say anything, just nod your pretty little head."

Jodi was crying. Her body was shaking. She could sense the other men around her, but she dared not take her eyes off the man in front of her to look at them. "Punished? How would they punish her? What would they do?" She didn't want to be punished! She would be a good little girl! "Oh, please don't punish me! Please! Please!" she thought desperately. She nodded her head up and down rapidly. Her eyes were widened and her heart was thumping madly in her chest.

Later, Jodi's experiences with the trainers would be mostly one on one, except when she was designated for group activities or when some of the Bane security people came down for some fun. But right now, at her reception to the facility, it was important that she be overwhelmed with her helplessness and the power that could be brought to bear on her. It was a very effective technique and was having a very dramatic, appropriate impact on Jodi.

"Good girl," the man said, smiling.

She suddenly remembered that she was standing in front of the men in her bikini. Her brand new bikini that she had foolishly bought especially for what was supposed to be an orientation session. Through all her squirming, one of her breasts had come free. She became conscious of it when the man took hold of her nipple with his thumb and forefinger and gave it a little pinch. "We don't have time now," the man said, "but we'll get better acquainted later."

He nodded to the men behind her. A blade or something sharp tore through the tie to her bikini top behind her back and she felt it come loose. It cut through the shoulder straps and in a second it was gone. The same thing happened to her bikini bottom and it was whisked out between her legs. Something that had been fastened to her back by an adhesive of some kind that she hadn't even known was there was removed.

She was naked.

She whined through her gag. She was no fool. There could be little other reason to kidnap a passel of beautiful young women other than for some sexual purpose. That fact had gone round and round her head a thousand times during her trip. But losing her even scanty coverage brought that home to her in a vicious way. The man in front of her gave her nipple a harsh squeeze. "Remember, now," he said in a half snarl, "you promised to be good. That means no whining or moaning or any noise whatsoever. I'm not going to warn you again. Understand?"

Jodi nodded frantically. "I'll be quiet! I will! I will! I will!" she thought fervently, hoping that the message would get through to the man.

The man told her to spread her legs. She did as she was told and then his heavy foot kicked them a little wider. He took a small silver pan from a shelf and placed it under her pussy. "Pee, he told her.

A wave of shame went through her. She thought of the men behind her and the man in front of her. All their eyes were on her. They would all be watching. Staring at the ominous face before her, she decided that she had better obey. The problem was that she had just gone. She closed her eyes to block out the world and pressed down on her bladder as best she could. Nothing came out at first. She pushed and pushed and pushed until finally she felt something coming. When she felt it begin to flow, she just let loose. It was a minimal stream, all that she had left, but it was better than nothing.

The man examined the pan. "That's all you've got?" he asked.

She frowned and nodded her head dolefully.

"Okay," he said. "I guess that'll have to do." He stepped over to a little silver toilet against the wall, poured the contents of the pan in and flushed it. He put the pan aside.

Behind her, to her right, she heard the sound of water. She looked and one of the men had a nozzle in his hand that led to the tan tiled wall. He was running the water against one hand to make sure it was the right temperature. He was big too. His hair was sandy and long. His skin was white. His face had a friendly air to it, but his eyes were staring at her gleefully, no doubt assessing what fun it would be to use her.

When satisfied, the man brought the nozzle over to Jodi and began to wash her body from the breasts down. The water was just a shade hotter than warm. Jodi gave a little jump when it hit her, but she swallowed the

squeal she had been about to make. The man ran the nozzle all over her front, down her back, over her rear and down and between her legs.

When he was done, he stepped back. Another man, the one to her right, stepped up. He had a large, soft sponge. He was tall and wide too. His skin was a dark brown and he had short cut, black hair. His face had African-American features. He looked mean. Both he and the white guy were wearing the same t-shirt as the first man and also, like him, soft black sweat pants bearing the same logo. They had what looked like black sneakers on their feet.

The third man, the black man, held out the sponge and the blond haired guy wetted it. The black man squeezed some soap into the sponge from a plastic bottle which he then put down on a shelf. He then gave the sponge a squeeze until it was frothy. He brought it over to Jodi and began to wash her. She shook and trembled and gritted her teeth firmly against the gag in her mouth as he ran the sponge over her body. He ran the sponge over her naked breasts, her belly and her loins.

When her, for now, still blond hair shrouded pussy was all soaped up, he ran his oversized hand over it, maybe just a little bit longer than absolutely necessary, making sure that the soap covered every bit. Jodi looked at him in his face. He was smiling evilly. She felt humiliated and chagrined at her inability to prevent his access to her sex and the fact that the other men were watching him do it.

He did her back and her ass, running the sponge and then his hand along her gluteal divide and even running his soapy finger just inside her little ring there.

Jodi stood there helpless, crying. The first man had stepped back and he was enjoying the show. "Who are these men?" she thought unhappily. "What are they going to do to me?"

The black man ran the sponge up and down her legs. Don't get me wrong, Jodi was happy to be clean. The idea of her own urine smeared all across her body had nauseated her. But to be handled this way, like she had no rights to privacy, no right to do anything without permission was frightening.

When she had been soaped thoroughly, even between her toes and under her feet, the sandy haired guy rinsed her off. Jodi wondered briefly why they were only washing part of her, but she wasn't yet aware of the significance of the number that had been stenciled on her right upper arm. It wouldn't do to wash it away until she had been fully marked.

The first man had a large, fluffy towel and he dried her body all over where it had been washed. He, too, took the opportunity to stroke her pussy a few times and he gave her button at its apex a little tickle that sent an unwanted vibration through her body making her shudder. Her body stiffened. She bit down on her gag and shut her eyes, suppressing a whine.

“Oh, god! Oh, god!” she thought. “Please don’t let them do this!” All three of the men laughed.

When she was dried, the first man put aside the towel in a barrel and then took a shiny aluminum bottle off of a little rack. There were nine other bottles there matching it. It had a red label with words that Jodi couldn’t read. He gave it a good shake, screwed off the cap and broke the seal. He stepped up to her. “Now remember, no talking little girlie,” he said. He nodded to the other men and Jodi felt the straps that held her gag in her mouth loosening. When they were free, the large wedge of leather was pulled free. It felt good to have it out, but she was afraid of what was in the bottle. What were they going to give her? She didn’t want to drink it, but she knew that she would.

The man held the bottle up to her mouth. His left hand reached under her chin and squeezed her cheeks firmly, forcing her mouth to open, and holding her jaw in place and tilting her head backwards. The grip was harsh and insistent and made a chill run through her body.

“Drink every drop sweetie,” he said. “Don’t worry, it’s good for you.”

She kept her head still and let the bottle top enter her just beyond her lips. It rested on her lower teeth. The man began to pour and she began to swallow. She had been afraid that it would taste horrible, but it had a nice vanilla taste, kind of like a Frappuchino, but maybe a little thicker, and went down easily. She hadn’t realized how thirsty she had been or how hungry until that very moment. It only took a moment or two to drink it. The bottle held 16 ounces of Jerome’s special beginner’s formula. When the bottle was empty the man took it away and nodded to one of the other men. To Jodi’s unhappiness, the gag was again forced into her mouth and the straps buckled tightly behind her.

“That’s a good girl,” the first man said, smiling. “It looks like we’re going to get along just fine.”

Jodi felt bands being placed around her ankles. She looked down to see black leather bracelets with golden brass rings on them. They matched what had been put on her wrists. The sandy haired man came over with something and placed it around her neck. She heard it clicked closed. It was leather too and she could feel a ring dangling from it in the front and back. The black bag went back over her head and was tightened around her neck. She suppressed a whine.

There was a pause. Jodi had no way of knowing it, but the men took the time now to compare the stencil on her upper arm, [JM14379](#), to the placard that been on her container. Seeing that it matched, Santos stepped over to the iPad built into the wall and called up her file. There was a copy of her smiling, deluded face holding up the placard and the four other shots taken of her at the tent back at the County Fair. He entered in the number on the tag on her collar, no. 67, her temporary designation until given a new name

later down the line, noted her reception at Pod 3A and her assignment to cell no. 1.

Her hands were released from the chain over her head and she was pulled a few steps away from the tile onto the soft rug and told to get on her hands and knees. She did what she was told. Something was attached to the back of her collar and she felt a tug on it. She heard the black man say, "Come on, cunt."

Sobbing quietly, reduced again to darkness, Jodi allowed the man to lead her out of the room. She followed his lead on her hands and knees for about 50' to 60' and then he stopped her. She heard a loud, heavy, 'clang!' like the sound of a prison door and then she was pulled forward some more. She heard a door close behind her. She was led to something soft and long.

"Lie down on your belly," the man said.

She obeyed. The leash was removed from her collar. The man pulled her arms back and locked them together. She felt him fasten her ankles together too and then raise them until they met her bound hands. Something was attached to them and connected to her wrists. She pulled at her wrists and realized that she had been hogtied. She had read about and seen pictures of girls bound up like that before on the Internet, but she had never thought it would happen to her. Her shoulders were pulled back sharply. She whined softly and bit down on her gag. "Don't leave me like this! Please! Please! Please!" her mind begged. The man said nothing to her. A second later, she heard the loud 'clang!' that she had heard before, then the sound of the door opening and closing and that loud 'clang!' again. She realized that she was alone. She broke out into loud, mournful, irrepressible sobs.

The men outside worked their way through the next four canisters until the line of cells on Jodi's side of the pod was filled with four more, sobbing, naked, frightened and unhappy, hogtied young women. It was just in time because the second truck had arrived and the next five containers were brought in right afterwards. The empty canisters were rolled out to be sent up to maintenance.

They dealt with the second batch right away. Only one of the girls gave them any problem, Meg Harris, a 19 year old red headed beauty from Pleasantville. Santos had to force the girl's bottle of beginner's potion into her mouth while the other men held her still. He held her nose until she drank it all. Once she was regagged, Jesse, the black man, gave her five fierce lashes with the flogger while she screeched and wailed, as a punishment for her obstreperousness. Santos assured her that there would be more, later.

They had to drag her to her cell and force her to lie still and be hogtied. Santos made a note in her computer file, which had been opened on the day of her selection as a recruit. She was one probably destined for the

punishment cells down below at Level Five. Time would tell. There was always at least one in every batch. The men vacated her cell and closed the door.

Out in the common area, Santos and the others took a moment to scan the five ominous and silent steel doors that lined each side of the pod. Behind each was a rabidly frightened, firmly secured, desirable, naked young woman whose mind was desperately trying to grasp what had happened to her and speculating miserably about what was yet to come.

They had their work cut out for them in the next few weeks. They and the three other crews who worked Pod 3A. For now, though, it was time for a break. Leaving the silent, impregnable steel doors and their helpless, frantic occupants aside, they retired to the break room for some coffee and lunch. In an hour, beginning with girl no. 67, formerly Ms. Jodi Matthews of Fort Wayne, Indiana, they would commence markings and stock photos, initial disciplinary whippings and usage.

CHAPTER FOUR

Jamar let girl no. 9 cool off a bit. He waited, though, until she had suffered all of the pain and discomfort of the depilating salve before he applied the cooling ointment. It was just something he enjoyed. He then made her lay out straight on her back and applied the skin softening crème all over her. Nancy let herself relax as the strong hands manipulated her muscles. After all the stress she really needed it. She didn't even mind when he did her breasts, massaging and caressing them. She even let herself revel in the sensations when he leaned over and took her nipples in his mouth and suckled them. She felt like she had earned some respite from pain and fear.

When he finished doing her legs, he did her loins. Nancy just closed her eyes and let the pleasant feeling flow through her and she was actually pleased when he took the time to stroke and probe her pussy until she was lubricated and had initiated a steady humming there.

He flipped her over and did her back. She felt the tension leave her as he manipulated her spine and lower back muscles. He even did her ankles and her feet. When he was done he had her get up on her knees and he fixed them off wide. Her wrists were chained to a ring at the top of the table and she rested on her forearms. Jamar ran his right hand down over her buttocks and down her thighs and back up again. His left hand reached under her and took hold of a breast and began to massage and caress it. While his right hand danced up and down her thighs, over their back and their insides, he toyed with her nipples, pinching and pulling them and then caressing their soft spongy hosts.

Nancy was relaxed and primed for the man's touch. She knew what he was doing, what was coming. She knew that she had no power to stop it. A chill went through her as she was reminded again of where she was and what they were making of her. Any of the men could do this to her anytime they wanted.

She thought of home and a time when she had the right to control her own body, when she innocently didn't know what the future held for her. Before she had ever been chained or whipped or so closely confined. She had to hold on to that memory. She was a person once and not a slave. She was a woman once and not a whore. Men like this huge, cruel black man had no right to touch her if she forbade it, no right to force her to do anything. But now his hands were wandering her body, exciting her, training her. Yes that was what he was doing. He was training her to be a

responsive whore. And if she fought it, if she rebelled, if she stiffened her muscles and fought him he would whip her again and again until she surrendered.

His hands felt so good on her though. For a rough, callous man, brutal and cruel, he had a delicate touch. She could just feel the tips of his fingers running up and down the inside of her thighs. His caresses of her breasts were firm but delicate. When he squeezed her breasts a wave of warmth flowed through her. She wanted desperately for the hands to go away, to leave her some dignity and pride, but she knew they would not go away until they fulfilled their purpose.

Her eyes were closed and her breathing was deep. His fingers flitted over her mons, teasing it and she shuddered. He ran his left hand over her belly, up over her sides and all along her distended back. Her skin reverberated wherever his hand roamed. Meanwhile the right hand traced a finger along her divide, up and down, up and down. She could feel the finger getting slippery with her moisture. A tip of a finger flicked her little bud and she took in a deep breath as a tingling spread through her.

"There you go. There you go, my little whore," he said in his deep voice, its gruffness modulated into sweetness. "Relax and let it flow. Be a good little slave girl and let your passions grow."

He slipped a finger and then two into her chasm. He rode them back and forth, penetrating her deeply with his thick digits. His right hand had returned to her breasts and he was kneading and massaging them more firmly now, almost as if he were milking her.

"Yes, yes," she thought. "Let it flow, let it flow. You have no choice, you have no choice." The man slipped his thumb deep in her tunnel and his fingers began to caress and stroke her love button. "Ohhhhhhhh, yessssssss," she thought. "Ohhhhhhhhhh, that feels so good. Let it flow. Let it flow. Let it flow."

She issued a moan. The man took hold of a nipple and squeezed it hard. The pain caused an exquisite ache to flow through her. He pulled and twisted her nipples while his other hand continued its assault on her sex. A weakness came over her and she shuddered and moaned again.

"Good girl, good girl," the man said. "You're going to make a wonderful whore. You're such a slut already. You can't resist being touched and caressed. You've wanted to be treated like a whore all your life and now you're getting your wish." His voice was rhythmic and tantalizing. As he spoke his caresses went on and on making her hotter and hotter.

"Let all the guilt go," he continued. "You're a whore now and whores like to fuck. They live to fuck. You live to fuck. You've been waiting for an excuse to suck and fuck to your heart's delight and to come and come and come all day long. Now's your chance to live your dream. That's your whole purpose now. You have no other. Let the juices flow and come for

Jamar like a good little whore. Let me hear you moan and sigh and call out. Tell me you're a whore. Tell me."

Her need was growing stronger and stronger. Her hips had started to grind back at the hand that was tormenting her. The hand on her breasts kept caressing and kneading and pinching and pulling. She remembered Benny and how they fucked and fucked and fucked. Had she been a whore even then? Was the man right in what he was telling her? Is that what she wanted, cock after cock after cock and to come again and again? The way she felt now she did. She wanted it to go on and on and on. The feeling was so good, so right. She had heard him issue an order. Through her lustful fog it took a moment to register. "No! No! No! I don't want to be a whore!" she thought. "But oh, this feels so good! So good! So good!"

"...ah...m...a...ore," she whined obediently through her gagged mouth.

"Louder!" the man insisted.

"...ah...m...a...ore." she repeated louder.

"Louder! Louder!" he shouted. "Louder or I'll whip you until you are a bloody, burning mess! Say it again!"

The fingers were rubbing furiously on her clit. The thumb was pistoning in and out of her cunt. The other hand squeezed her breast harshly.

"...ah...m...a...ore!" she shouted back.

"Again!"

"...ah...m...a...ore!" she shouted again.

"Keep shouting! Don't stop until I tell you!"

A deep stab of shame and helplessness and sorrow flowed through her. "...ah ...m ...a ...ore!" she repeated. "...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore!" she repeated again and again and again. Her orgasm was rising, rising, rising. Her whole being wanted desperately to stop it. "I'm not a whore! I'm not a whore! I'm not a whore!" her mind shouted even as her mouth averred the opposite again and again and again as loud as she could.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" An engine was motoring faster and faster and harder and harder within her. There was no way to stop it. It was like a runaway train blasting through her. "...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore!" she shouted again and again. Each annunciation of her whorishness thrust a dagger into her heart. Each affirmation of her whoredom tore away a little more of her self-respect, her pride, her selfhood. The protestations of her mind, the countervailments of her vocalized professions, became weaker and weaker until they were overwhelmed by her lust, her need for completion, her yearning for the explosion of ecstasy that was rising, rising, rising within her.

"...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore!" she shouted.

The hands kept going on and on. She could feel herself cresting. A surge of need passed through her. She was at that point where her whole body vibrated in anticipation of what was to come. It was like she was tottering at the top of a mountain and about to topple over. It was the most exquisite, needy, aching, wanting feeling you could ever have. "A little more! A little more! A little more!" Her mind called out. "Just a little more! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

And then her pussy exploded. It convulsed into body wrenching contractions. Each one sent a shockwave of exquisite sensation through her. Again and again and again as the hand kept going and going, urging her on and on and on.

She groaned and moaned and called out as loud as she could, "...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore! ...ah...m...a...ore!" Each rabid pronouncement tore away a little more of her personhood, made what she was saying more real.

The hand slowed. Her contractions began to wind down. All energy seemed to pass out of her. She could no longer shout, but could only murmur, "...ah...m...a...ore. ...ah...m...a...ore. ...ah...m...a...ore." A wave of sorrow passed through her. Sorrow and humiliation and despair. She broke out into tears and began to sob, her mantra indecipherable. But she kept at it as best as she could. A master had ordered it. That man, Jamar he called himself, he had ordered it. And the worst of it all was that it seemed all too true. She was a whore. They had made her into one. They had discovered the true, whorish woman behind her former façade.

Jamar laughed. "Ok, you can stop now," he said.

His hands traversed her body lightly, caressing her energized skin, drawing out of her several post orgasmic contractions. He left her there, her sobs winding down while he went to the iPod on the wall and entered the fact of the girl's cleansing, the application of the depilating agent and her powerful orgasm. Under 'comments' he put, "Enjoys being humiliated."

He went back to her, released her from the table and attached a leash to her collar. "Get down," he said.

Nancy crawled off of the massage table and automatically dropped to her hands and knees. Jamar laughed again. "You're learning, whore," he told her. He ran his hand over her shortened, ragged hair playfully. "I'm going to like working with you. Now, come on. Let's go get something to eat."

She followed the tug on her collar, her vision pinned to the dark brown rug beneath her. The lighting everywhere in the place was so dim, it was beginning to have an effect on her. She yearned for someplace bright where she could see things clearly. It was like she was in some kind of capsule that had been shot into space and they needed the lights low to save energy.

And while pleasure could be experienced in it, and, for the trainers, at least, amusement, it was a place that would not harbor joy.

Joy needed light and clarity. There was a dearth of both in this place. It was a place of sorrow, of unhappiness, of discomfort and of malignancies. She remembered the room with the mirrors and how bright it had been in there. But it was a brightness of starkness, of aggression. All those visions of herself, the bindings, the red stripes from her beating, the sight of Tony's cock in her mouth, her eyes peering back at herself so forlornly. All hues washed out but the scarlet of her wounds. No, sunshine was what she wanted. Something that would bring back the colors of life. Something that would make her smile and feel warm. Would she ever see the sunlight again? Would she ever walk free again? "What's going to happen to me?" she thought dismally. "What's going to happen?"

She was hungry, she had to admit that, but the idea of being in that cage again made her belly go sour. And that glop that they fed her. She would have to eat it again and clean her bowl. That woman Marilyn had issued her a warning, or so she thought; she would find out different later. She was sure that this man, this Jamar, he would not issue her a warning. He would beat her and beat her and beat her. As he led her from the grooming room out into the hallway, she suppressed a sob.

They took a winding route to the feeding station. All of a sudden it appeared in front of them. Nancy swallowed a whine as Jamar opened the door and instructed her to get in. When the door closed behind her, she made her body as rigid as she could, held her head high and looked straight ahead. She had been taught.

Jamar entered her number on the iPad and ordered something for himself. While the cook made it up, he brought over the extension and brace and, after dropping the top part in the front, hooked them up to the front of the cage. He connected the girl's collar to the cage with a short chain. A minute later, the bell on the dumbwaiter rang and he retrieved his and the girl's meals. He set the doggie bowl full of whitish glop in front of her. She didn't look down, but stayed staring straight ahead like one of those guards at Westminster Palace. "She's smart," he told himself. To Jamar that just meant that her training had to be that much more harsh. The smart ones knew how to hide little pieces of themselves in deep dark places. Every little bit of that had to be cleaned out. She would be nothing else but what they were making of her.

Scouring away the niceties of culture and civility was the easy part. The smart ones, like girl no. 9, let that stuff go right away. But they buried deep that image of themselves as independent, self-actualizing, strong and resourceful. All of that had to be found, like excavating traces of a lost civilization, a kind of archeological project. That's why the training of the 3

star girls took so long. No one left until they had given up absolutely everything. No. 9 had a long way to go.

He ordered no. 9 to open her mouth and he removed the blue ball that had resided there since he had awoken her. She still didn't move. She was good. Strict obedience was really the first line of defense for the smart ones. They believed, or at least hoped, that by strict adherence to rules they would be able to convince their oppressors that their resistance was over, that they had surrendered, when just the opposite was true. No. 9 showed a bit of open rebellion earlier. He knew she wouldn't do that again. That was okay. They had broken hundreds of girls here at the mansion and thousands down at Reuthers'. They knew what to do.

"Eat," he told her curtly. He went over to the counter by the dumbwaiter where there was a tall stool. He sat on it and began to eat his lunch. He had ordered himself a bowl of veal stew. Luis, up in the kitchen, was really an excellent cook. The veal was moist and tender and the sauce was smoky and tasteful. He had ordered a tall glass of orange mango juice to go with his meal. He took a long drink and issued a sigh of delight.

He looked down at the girl. She was dismally mouthing her allotment. You could hardly call it a meal since it was so sour and gritty. Yes, Luis was a great cook. You had to be to make that almost tasteless mess and still hold in the vitamins and minerals that the girls needed. Jamar had tried it once and it had made him wretch. He shuddered at the memory of it.

No. 9 was slowly mouthing up her repast. Having Jamar watch her so closely was disconcerting, like having somebody watch you take a shit or something. She could smell what he was eating. It smelled delicious. Her glop was nauseating. It was like the most humiliating thing in the world to be forced to eat it like a dog. How many meals would she have to eat like this? How long would they keep her here? Somehow the act of eating, even eating something so god awful as they were feeding her, brought an element of reality to her predicament that was somehow evaded by everything else. It was the most direct reminder that everything she was going through was all too real. This normal function, one that most people did almost thoughtlessly three times a day, this necessary function reminded her that she was a human being at a particular place at a particular time, even though she didn't know what place or what time. It connected her to all the meals she had ever eaten and was a stark emphasis of the fact that her life had changed.

Jamar finished first. He patiently sipped his juice and waited for the girl to finish. It didn't do to rush them. It was good for them to endure every prolonged, agonizing, humiliating minute. And it helped to infantilize them. Like when they were a baby, someone else was in charge of when and what they ate and how much. And how many children in the world had been told that they were going to eat their supper, all of it, if they had to sit at the

table all night. It was just one more step in removing all choice from the trainees' minds. "Take your time, sweetie," he thought. "We've got all day."

When Nancy got to the bottom of the bowl she made extra sure that it was sparkling, shiny clean. It was hard getting to the part that was closest to her. She couldn't see it well and she had to drop her chin until it almost hit her chest to do it. If she could move the bowl around with her hands it would be a lot easier. But that woman had warned her of what would happen if she used her hands. She would be sorry she ever had them. Nancy believed that they would do something unimaginably cruel if she broke a rule like that. She never wanted to find out what it would be.

She finished, did the best she could, and hoped it was good enough. She looked up at her trainer, her master, expectantly. She didn't want to spend a single second longer in the cage than she had to. And Jamar was right. It did make her feel like a little girl. She had cleaned her plate and was waiting for permission to leave the table. "See, Daddy, it's all gone," she felt like saying. Only Daddy wouldn't beat her raw if she left a tiny little scrap on her plate.

Jamar got up and looked at the bowl. He lifted it and inspected it closely. The girl had done a good job. It was just what he had been saying. She was smart.

He put the bowl back on the tray and picked up the bottle of her potion. He saw a cloud pass over the girl's face as he unscrewed the top and removed the silver foil seal. She knew that there was something ominous about the supplement. He could tell. Well, it wouldn't do her any good. It would work all the same. If she thought she was responsive now, well, wait a week or so.

He ordered her to open her mouth. She complied obediently and even tipped her head backwards to ease the flow of the formula into her mouth. He saw a tear flow down from her right eye as she swallowed it. Yes, she knew all right. Somehow it made dosing her so much more exquisite.

He put the empty bottle back on the tray and sent it all back upstairs to the kitchen. He entered her meal and receipt of her formula on the computer. He restored the cage to its original state and opened the door. Before he ordered her out he made sure that he made her open her mouth and receive the blue ball. Then he leashed her.

Nancy fretted as she followed Jamar back down the hall. They were going back to one of those rooms. She had hoped that she would be free of the cruel, harsh black man once she ate like had happened last time. Mistress Marilyn had gone and that other man, the brown skinned man, had taken control of her. But it was apparently not going to happen. What torment would he subject her to when they got to her cell? What indignity would she have to suffer? Did she have a punishment coming? Would he

fuck her? Or would he leave her all grotesquely bound, staring at that word, that strict instruction, 'OBEY'?

They wound their way through the hallways. They didn't pass anybody. They stopped at a door and she heard the unmistakable 'clang!' of the locks opening. The man ushered her inside and made her wait on her hands and knees, head down, while the door closed and another 'clang!' signaled that she had been locked in.

He brought her over to the little steel toilet and made her pee. After wiping her, he brought her directly to the futon that abutted the back wall of the cell. He told her to lie down on her belly. He pulled the chain from the wall and attached it to her collar while removing the leash. He hung the leash on the wall and began to remove his clothes.

"He's going to fuck me! He's going to fuck me!" she thought unhappily. She heard him undressing behind her. A chill went through her. "This is the second man who is going to fuck me," she thought. How many more would there be? How long would it take for her to lose count? Would he make her come again and again and again like that last man? The thought of him in her body, his cock piercing her, filling her, made her stomach turn. She knew deep down in her heart that she would be fucked a thousand times by a thousand men in her new life. Would she ever lose the feelings of shame and remorse and revulsion at being used against her will? She hoped not. For then she would be truly lost.

"Roll over," he told her.

She rolled to her back and spread and lifted her knees like the other man had taught her. Her hands were planted on the futon on either side of her. Her head was lying flat and she could see the massive man towering over her. He was naked and he had his cock in his hand. He was stroking it. It was getting bigger and thicker while she watched.

"Make yourself wet for me," he told her.

"Make myself wet?" she thought. Did that mean what she thought it meant? She tried to move her hand to her loins, but it wouldn't budge. He wanted her to stroke herself, to play with herself. Right there in front of him! She knew she had to, that he would beat her if she didn't, but she couldn't move her hand. It was crossing a line, another line, another level of shame and humiliation. There would be no foreplay. She was just a receptacle for his cock. And the receptacle had to be ready to receive him.

He frowned at her. "You've just earned yourself another punishment," he told her sternly. "Do I need to get the whip out now?"

A vast chasm opened inside her. Another punishment! "...oh, ...ah-er!" she blurted out through her stuffed mouth. She moved her right hand towards her crux. She let it drift down her belly. Her fingers found her cleft. A river of self disgust flowed through her. She wanted to cry and cry and cry. But she wouldn't! She wouldn't give him that!

She closed her eyes, willing the evil presence that loomed above her away and began to drift her fingers up and down her slit. It was odd to feel it without its hairy accompaniment. It was so smooth. She tried to think of something that would make her aroused. Benny. Karl. Greg. No, that wouldn't work. She tried to think of movie actors, or rock stars, or guys she had had the hots for at one time or another and did nothing about. There was one. It was last year, just after she met Karl. He was tall and broad shouldered and good looking. What was his name? What was his name?

Her hand drifted up and down. She tickled her special spot at her pussy's apex and went down again. She slipped her fingers between her outer labia and caressed the inner folds. Damien! That was his name! Damien Jordon! He was so hot! He was in her European History class. He had long hair and a light brown beard. He was trim and fit. All the girls flirted with him. She imagined his face, his smile. She imagined him touching her, caressing her coosh. Kissing her.

"Don't close your eyes," she heard suddenly. "Always look at your master when you play with yourself," Jamar told her. "That's another punishment right there."

Nancy's face broke into a frown. Her eyes popped open. She held back the sob that demanded to come out. A chill went through her and her belly went sour. "Another punishment!" It was so unfair! Nobody had told her that? How was she supposed to know that? She wanted desperately to protest the man's callous pronouncement but she knew what would happen if she did.

Her hand had become frozen in place and her vision of the handsome Damien Jorden had disappeared like a vanishing ghost. Tears were flowing from her eyes.

"Why did you stop playing with your pussy?" Jamar demanded. "Did I tell you to stop playing with your pussy?"

"...oh, ...ah-er!" Nancy whined.

"That's three punishments you've earned in the space of a single minute," he told her. "And that doesn't even count the punishment for earlier. Do you like being punished? Is that it?"

Nancy wanted to break out into woeful sobs, but was fighting it with all her might. Her body was shaking. She could barely get an answer out to him. "...oh, ...ah-er," she whined miserably.

"I'm beginning to think that you do, whore," Jamar replied. "Now get back to work! I don't like standing around waiting to get my cock wet!"

She bit hard down on the ball in her mouth. She dragged her shaking fingers over her mound. She didn't know if she could do it. She was too scared, too nervous. Her eyes flitted down to the man's hand as it laconically stroked his now rampant cock. "He's going to fuck me!" she

thought miserably. "That bastard's going to fuck me! And then he's going to whip me! Oh, god! Oh, god! Please, please help me!"

She lifted her eyes again to his. They seemed to burn into her. Her hand was jiggling her pussy frantically. "It's not him, it's Damien!" she thought. "It's Damien! It's Damien! He going to fuck me and I want it! I want it! Kiss me, Damien! Kiss me and fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Somehow, despite her fear, her misery, her revulsion at the idea of the man possessing her, it began to work. She could feel her moisture starting to flow. She dipped her finger into her slit and felt its slickness. She knew that it was only the beginning though. Her eyes flitted back to the man's monster cock and she knew that she needed to be loose for it to fit without tearing at her pussy's walls.

She looked back at Jamar's face. "Come on, Damien! Come and get it! Come and get my pussy! My pussy's crying out to you! I want our cock in me! Fuck me, Damien! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

She rubbed and flitted at her little nubbin again and again. She could feel the juices flowing. She ran her fingers into her crevasse and found her pussy soft and hot. Oh, thank god!" she thought. "Aheh-ee, ...ah-er!" she told Jamar.

"You're ready?" Jamar asked.

"...es, ...ah-er!" she replied, her hand still busily at work.

"Get on your hands and knees," Jamar ordered curtly.

Nancy quickly flipped over and lifted her body up. She spread her legs and arched her back without being told. She felt the man get down behind her. His hand took possession of her pussy and he plunged his fingers into it. "Yeah, you're ready, whore," he said. "Put your forehead down on the futon and stretch out your arms," he ordered.

She did as she was told. She felt his thighs brush up against the back of hers. She felt the head of his cock brush along her sex, up and down, up and down several times. "Oh, he's going to fuck me! He's going to fuck me! He's going to fuck me!" she thought unhappily. She wanted to build a wall around her pussy, to deny him entry. She wanted to reach back and grab his cock and hold it firmly in her grasp to prevent its invasion. She used all the power of her mind to wish it away, to wish everything away. "Don't do it! Don't do it! Don't do it, please, please, please!" she thought madly.

She felt the head of his prick lodging in the opening of her tunnel. "Oh, please don't do this!" her mind screamed one more time. "Pllllleeeeeeeeeeease! Pllllleeeeeeeeeeease!"

And then the head began to move forward. She felt it pushing aside her pussy's walls. It came on slowly, slowly, slowly. It was filling her like she had never been filled before. It went on and on and on as if there was no end to it. She felt so stretched and so full! "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Finally his belly came to rest against

her buttocks. He was fully seated. It was like nothing she had ever experienced. "Oh my god! He's in me! He's in me! He's in me!" she called out to herself. Her hands were gripped into little fists and her heart was pumping madly. She felt like the cock had gone all the way up into her stomach. She couldn't imagine where it ended. She never knew there was so much room in there.

He started off by giving her long, slow strokes, strokes that accentuated his length and girth. His hands were on her hips, holding her in place, holding her tightly, his hands strong and large. Benny used to like to fuck like this. It had driven her wild. His cock just seemed to drag across her clit in a way that didn't happen in other positions. It was happening now. Each time the black man's member traversed her canal it abraded her button and sent a chill of pleasure through her. She didn't want it to. She wanted to be able to somehow grasp the slowly pistoning rod and hold it still. Or better yet, by some trick of anatomy, spew it out. But she couldn't do either. It was filling her and each stroke reminded her that she was now a slave, a person on whom anything could be imposed.

"Get it out! Get it out! Get it out!" she demanded in her mind. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" she yearned to cry out. It kept just rubbing and rubbing and rubbing her clit. Her pussy seemed to be burning. It seemed so unfair that men could use you so easily against your will. They just projected themselves inside you and you had no way to stop it. It was like some huge design flaw in the universe, some divine error. Why couldn't women be stronger and men be weaker? In the scheme of things it was the women who were more important. You could populate the planet with a tenth of the amount of men compared to women, even less. Why shouldn't women rule and men be subservient, made to perform at the command of their feminine masters, instead of the other way around? Or why couldn't they be somehow equal and some other method of propagation be created, like a handshake or a smile?

These thoughts passed fleetingly across her distressed mind and the man fucked and fucked and fucked her. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned in frustration and misery more than passion. "Why is this happening to me? Why? Why? Why?" she lamented.

His thrusts were beginning to pick up in tempo. The buzzing in her loins was becoming more insistent. Her trilling sex began to crowd out her miseries. "Go away! Go away!" she told the feelings. "Stop! Stop! Stop!" And then, like some line had been crossed, a stream of need and want and desire began to flow through her. It was like she was being slowly but surely conquered, like her forces of resistance had been scattered by the man's relentless, powerful assault, and the survivors were fleeing madly from the slaughter. "Don't go! Don't go!" she yelled at them. "Help me! Help me! Pllleeeeeeease! Pllleeeeeeease!"

But they would not hear her. The man's forces were overrunning her defenses, occupying all her central points, suffusing her with his version of reality, his rules, his desires. "Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned again. "Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" And this time the genesis of her moans was undeniably the lust and desire he was instilling in her. A wave of passion passed through her and her mind seemed to suffer a short circuit, making her lose the train of her conscious thought.

When she recovered, she discovered that she was thrusting her hips back at him now, her body reveling in his powerful strokes. They were coming harder now and faster. Her passions were building higher and higher. Having her face turned away from him, not being able to see the man who was using her with such callous freedom, made him seem more like a force of nature than a mere man. He was fucking her, but it was like they all were fucking her. It could be any one of those men. And, she knew, sooner or later, it would be all of those men. They would each use her and fuck her and fuck her and fuck her and do anything they wanted to her.

The need to reach apotheosis soon washed all those thoughts away. "Oh, god! Don't stop! Don't stop! Don't stop!" she pleaded as the need began to become monstrous. She could feel her orgasm building higher and higher. His cock continued to roger her relentlessly.

Then, suddenly, he stopped. Nancy issued a low moan and her body shuddered. She made a move to keep fucking him by shifting her hips back and forth, but his hands gripped her hips hard and forced her to halt. She could still feel him in her, thick and long and hard. She couldn't help but think that he was imposing a new form of torture on her, to bring her to the edge of orgasm and make her suffer as her whole body craved completion.

They remained still for a moment. Then she felt his fingers breach her anal ring. She felt a tug on the little black plug they kept in there and it came out. There was a couple seconds delay and his fingers returned. She felt them slipping in and out of her rear and she felt something cool and slippery being applied like some kind of lubricant. Her heart grew dark as she realized the implication.

"No, please don't do that! Please don't do that!" she thought madly. The thought of his massive girth and her little brown hole made her quail. He was spreading something on her ring, something to ease his entrance.

She knew that sooner or later they would use rear portal, but the idea of it still filled her with dread and shame. To her, the idea of being used this way was the negation of femininity. It was like her pussy was being spurned and abandoned for a more darker pleasure, a pleasure that was for the man only. "See, you're just a convenience for my prick," it seemed to say. And while one might say the same of the use of her mouth, that was something that she had enjoyed. She had enjoyed the power it granted her over the man, the ability to tease and him, to skillfully force him to moan

and sigh and crave completion, but to deny it to him until she was ready to grant it.

But the use of her this way was just the opposite. The man would be in control of his own pleasures without consideration of hers. And it was dirty and perverse. And this man was going to do it to her! “Pleeeeeeeeeease, don’t do it! Pleeeeeeeeeease!” she called out in her mind.

His hand left her and she felt his cock sliding out of her sex. Before she had tried to use her mental powers to keep it out, but now she was using them to try and keep it in. She squeezed her pussy’s walls as best as she was able, but it made no difference. When it exited her she moaned again, a moan that turned into a whine, a whine she could not prevent. The man pressed down on her rear, lowering it. She felt his hands part her rear cheeks. Her hands were gripped into fists tightly and she bit down hard on the intruder in her mouth. When she felt the head of his cock address her tiny aperture a coldness went through her and her belly grew sour. All thoughts of her orgasm had passed. All that she could think of was the pain that it would cause and the horrible unfairness of it, the unfairness of everything that had been done to her, the unfairness of all that they would ever do to her. She started to cry and, as the cock began a gentle pressure on her opening, her body stiffened in fear and revulsion.

“I’m going to fuck you there whether you like it or not, whore,” the man said to her in his deep, fearful voice. “I recommend that you try and relax. Getting all tense and bothered about it will only make it harder on you. You better get used to butt fucking because as far as your masters are concerned that path of pleasure is, by right, as open to them as any other. I’m going to wait for a few seconds. If I were you, I’d use that time wisely. I’m going to count to 5, and then I’m going to pierce you. So get ready.”

She heard his words and knew that he was telling her the truth. Despite all her feelings, she had to somehow make herself accepting of his cock. It was coming no matter what she did. She heard him begin, “One.... Two.... Three....” He was counting slowly. She was trying desperately to calm herself, to shed her revulsion and dread, to forget the terrible injustice of it. “Four...,” he said. And then, “...Five.”

“Oh, god! Oh, god! Please help me! Please! Please!” she prayed silently.

True to his word, he began to press forward. She felt her opening expand just a little, and then a little more and then a little more. And then the head of his monstrosity began to enter her. It caused a sourness to spread all through her. And then came the pain.

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!” she cried out. It was as if someone had started a fire back there. “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” she moaned. “It hurts! It hurts! It hurts!” she cried out inside. And the

feeling was strange and wrong and humiliating. He kept coming and coming. She began to feel a horrifying fullness. She started to sob as the pain and the shame and the gross injustice of it all ravaged her brain.

And then she felt his belly press up against her rear globes. She knew that he was in all the way. Her ring ached and burned and she felt like she had never felt before. The mental image she had of his long, rigid rod buried deep within her made her feel a terrible woe. He was in her. A strange, cruel man had done something to her that she would never have allowed anyone. And worse, he had opened up a pathway that would now be free for all to use. Her body was filled with an intensity of remorse and bitterness, remorse at her powerlessness and stupidity for being caught by Tony and his men, bitterness because of her hatred of the men who now had power over her. "Please don't do this! Please! Please!" she begged no one.

And then he began his strokes. It was just like when he had begun fucking her. He slowly drew himself back, going on and on and on, and then, just as slowly pushed himself forward. She could feel her ring gripping his tool tightly. He went back and forth, back and forth. Each moment of his occupation seemed like an eternity of dismality.

But as he went on and on, something strange happened. The burning of her little ring, now not so little, had subsided. There was a freakish trilling that seemed to go through her as his instrument abraded the circle of sensitive flesh. It wasn't actually pleasure. It was too strange and unfamiliar to be called that. But the trill it seemed to pass through her body was doing something to her. He was gliding back and forth faster now. Faster, but still not hurried, as if he had all the time in the world to occupy her.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm," she heard him moan. "That's nice, whore," he told her. "Very nice. Your ass is hot and so nice and tight. I could do this all day. So how does it feel? Does it feel good yet, whore?"

Did it feel good? She didn't want it to feel good. She hated the thought of it feeling good. She hated the idea that the man would learn that she could feel pleasure this way. But she couldn't lie. The man had an ability to see into her mind. And he had probably fucked a hundred women this way. And they had told him exactly what they were feeling, what she was feeling now. She had earned three more punishments already. But then, it was not exactly bringing her pleasure. It was a feeling that she could not yet classify. It was maybe part pleasure and part unpleasure. It was undermining her inner revulsion of what was happening. There were two forces at work within her at the same time.

All this flashed through her in an instant. Meanwhile he kept stroking, stroking stroking and the feeling was getting stronger and stronger and stronger. She decided to equivocate.

"...ah ...ih-el ...ih, ...ah-her," she answered miserably.

Jamar laughed. "A little bit? Only a little bit? Well, we'll have to take care of that. We're going to teach you to love butt fucking, whore," he told her. "I want you to reach your hand down between your legs and I want you to start playing with your pussy. I'm not going to quit fucking you until you bring yourself off. And don't try to fake it. I'll be able to feel it when you come. And if you try to fake it, I'll cut your flesh to ribbons. Do you understand?"

"...eh, ...ah-her," she replied dolefully.

She snuck her right hand beneath her belly and stretched it out until she could touch her sex. She ran two fingers down the length of her crevasse. Her pussy was still moist and loose. Almost instantly it began to buzz. She gathered some moisture and brought it up over her love button and commenced to rub it fervently.

The cock went on and on. The feeling back there grew in intensity with every stroke. She tried to concentrate on the pleasure that her fingers could bring her, but the trill that the cock was sending her was like a steady buzzing that seemed to interweave with the feelings of her cunt's transmissions. She rubbed and rubbed as the cock went on and on. She placed a finger on her nubbin and rubbed it in little circles. She slipped her fingers into her gash and drew them back and forth. She spread the slick discharge over her pleasure button and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed it.

Despite her fear, despite her revulsion and shame, she could feel her need rising. The cock was going on and on and it was getting difficult to tell the difference between the two pleasures she was experiencing. There were like the tendrils on a vine that had met and started to intertwine. Or like two voices in harmony. One feeling, the feeling her pussy was bringing her, was alto, deep and smoky and sultry, and the other, that strange trilling that kept growing larger and larger from behind her, was soprano, a vibrato that at once pleased and strained the ears.

She started to moan. Her hand picked up its tempo. The rigid log that was traversing her anal ring seemed instinctively to match it. Something was building inside her, something that every cell in her body seemed to desire. Part of her was shamed and dismayed at her body's obedience to the man. But another part was thrilling at the exquisiteness of the growing sensations.

Then it was there. She was inches away from it. She urged it forward with all of her mental might. "Come on! Come on! Come on!" she told it. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, fuck! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, fuck! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, fuck!" she yelled despite herself, sounding more like, "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, ...uk! "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, ...uk! "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, ...uk!"

"Come on, whore!" Jamar shouted. "Do it! Do it! Make yourself come! Make yourself come! Do it! Do it!"

His encouragement was all she needed. Her pussy exploded. Deep, ravaging contractions sent potent pulses of pleasure all through her. And the feeling from behind intermingled with them, accentuating them, accelerating them, reinforcing them.

And the cock kept going and going. He was going faster and faster. “Don’t stop!” he yelled at her. “Keep rubbing your pussy! Make yourself keep coming!”

She needed little encouragement. She kept rubbing and rubbing and rubbing. Another orgasm was building quickly. The man was pounding at her rear. He had hold of her hips and was thrusting himself in and out with brutal force. She heard him groan. “Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!” he shouted. And then he groaned again loudly, again and again. “Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrrrrrgh!” She knew he was pumping his slimy seed into her and the thought of it sent her over the top again. She moaned “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

The man’s hands tightened on her hips like vices and he gave out one more anguished sounding groan. After that, his grip relaxed. His pistoning cock commenced to slow. The convulsions of her pussy began to wane.

Finally, he came to a halt. His body seemed to sag over hers. She kept playing with her pussy, he had not told her to stop, but her caresses became desultory, almost idle, as several weakening aftershocks caused her pussy to jump.

She felt his hands grab her arms. He pulled them to her back and connected her wrists. Then he slowly slid his softening prick from her bowels. She sensed him rise and a moment later she heard the water in the small sink in the corner running. She realized that he was washing himself. Her whole body hummed with the afterglow of her orgasms but her mind was flooded with shame and remorse.

He had told her that they would teach her to love to butt fuck. If someone had asked her fifteen minutes before whether that was possible, she would have given a resounding no. But now she saw that she would have been wrong. They would teach her to love it. Her interlude with the callous black man was another step on the road to her complete degradation. A totally responsive whore. That’s what they were making. And that’s what she would be. She bit into the ball in her mouth and started to cry.

He went over to the cabinet where they kept their toys and then he came back to her. Without saying anything to her, he pressed something cool and hard against her shrinking rear aperture and then she felt something slide in. It was thick and long. His hand grabbed her hair at the back of her head and he pulled on it until she was kneeling. “Kneel up,” he told her curtly.

She instantly obeyed. He pulled something between her legs and brought it up to her pussy. Something hard probed against it, just like behind her, and then she felt something wide and long enter her. He pushed it in until it would go no further. It was connected to a belt which he wrapped around her waist and buckled off in the back. He connected the intruder in her rear to it and pulled it tight. The thing in her rear seemed to go deeper.

She knew what he had put inside her and a wave of nausea swept through her. It was some kind of dildo belt. He was going to make her wear it as a reminder of what he had done to her. Her pussy and her little brown star would be hereafter intimately connected.

“Turn around,” he ordered. Miserable, she moved herself on her knees until she was facing the door to her cell. Her collar was still connected to the wall behind her. The man moved to the side of the cell. He took hold of the cage that had sat against the wall, an ominous but still unused threat to her. She had wondered when they would use it, dreaded when they would use it. That moment had seemed to arrive.

It was on wheels and Jamar rolled it to the center of the cell. She thought that he was going to order her into it, but instead he went back to the cabinet of horrors. When he returned he was carrying something that looked like a jumble of straps. He shook it out in front of her and she saw that it was a gag. The gag was in the shape of a thick cock. It was attached to a shield of leather.

“Open your mouth,” he told her. She suppressed a whine and obeyed. His fingers reached in and he withdrew the blue ball that was lodged there. He tossed the ball aside and he presented the gag to her mouth. Her lips trembled and he slid it in. It was rigid but had a soft exterior, just like the stiffened form of the appendage that it was modelled after. She could feel what seemed like bulging veins on it. The head was bulbous and fleshy. In all respects it matched her mouth’s memory of the dozen or so pricks she had sucked in her short life.

He crouched down in front of her and attached the straps to the gag behind her head. Two other straps came up from the corners of the gag and met above her nose. They were joined to another strap that went over her head and was attached to the straps behind it. The shield to the gag was rounded and her chin fit right into it. Straps at the lower corners connected to the straps that went behind her head. The man made a couple of adjustments and her jaw was pulled closed, collapsing her mouth around the gag so that it would be as if she was giving the prong inside a good suckle, making a soft, warm, wet place for it.

Tears were flowing down her face. All of her orifices were filled. All of her paths of pleasure were occupied. They didn’t belong to her anymore and they could do anything they wanted to them. Jamar, his tasks

completed, leaned back and smiled. He patted her cheek playfully. "Very pretty," he said.

He disconnected her collar from the wall. The plastic covered chain flowed back into it. He then stood up and opened the rear of the cage. "Get in," he spat at her. With waves of unhappiness flowing through her, she advanced towards what would be her home for hours and hours and hours. The cage was longer than it was tall. She had to crouch down to get into it. Her knees were pressed into her breasts and it became difficult to advance. Suddenly she felt the man give her rear cheek a mighty slap. "Get the fuck in, whore!" he yelled at her.

Crying, sobbing, she strained and strained until she was fully in. She could just barely lift her head inside. Her bound arms brushed against the underside of the top. She felt the back of the cage close behind her. He came around the front and crouched down. There was a ring in the front of the shield over her mouth. He reached into the cage and, using a little clip, attached it to the bar in front of her. Now she would have to keep her head up.

He rose and she heard the sounds of him getting dressed behind her. He went over to the iPad on the wall and made some entries. He entered the punishments she had earned and what they had done together. His comment read, "Trainee adapted well to initial anal use. Came twice."

When he was done he came back to the front of the cage and turned to her. She looked up at him dolefully, tears pouring down her face.

"Well, whore," he said, "it's been fun playing with you. I'll be seeing you again soon. I'm going to fuck you every chance I get, don't you worry." He laughed.

He turned to the wall, entered the code on the pad and pressed his palm to the reader. The locks clanged open. He pushed on the door, swinging it out and, without looking back, left. The door swung shut and the locks clanged back into place. Girl no. 9 sobbed and sobbed.

On her computer file displayed on the iPad just outside her door the notation said, "ISOLATION PERIOD- FOUR HOURS. DO NOT DISTURB." A counter under it read, "3:59:48, 3:59:47, 3:59:46, 3:59:45....."

CHAPTER FIVE

Nancy knew that eventually someone would come and release her from her tiny little cage, but that knowledge did not make the minutes and hours run by any faster. Forced to stare at the remorseless steel door in front of her, the sign that said, “OBEY”, she imagined people moving about on the other side of it, callously passing it by. She wanted to call out to them, to stop them and make them think about how cruel and callous they were being to her and grant her mercy. But that, of course, was just a fantasy.

She thought of what the black man had done to her and the things he had placed in her body. She couldn't help think of the penis-like thing in her mouth every time she swallowed or tried to move her head, or closed her eyes and tried to pretend that everything was normal. It was always absolutely 100% there all the time and there was no ignoring it, its taste, its texture, its largeness and the fact that her jaw was clamped so firmly around it. It occupied all the space that was left in her mouth. She yearned and yearned and yearned to cast it out, but it stayed just where it had been put. At times her body sickened and she felt herself on the edge of madness. “Oh, please! Please! Please take it out!” she would beg the world forlornly.

There was no better way for the black man to demonstrate to her that her orifices, the entry and exit points of her body, did not belong to her any more. They belonged to them, the masters, and they could deign to occupy them, or not, as they saw fit. And, even when they had no use for them they could torment them any way that they wanted.

While the gag in her mouth was the most humiliating and degrading of the intruders that man Jamar had left behind, the one in her rear portal was the one that felt the most strange and bizarre. It was like the tender tissues of her entranceway were on a constant shimmer. She kept on having the urge to squeeze her anal muscles in an attempt to expel it, and, from time to time, despite her knowledge that it was impossible, she found herself doing just that. It felt odd that she could not even move it though she knew the reason why. She kept visualizing that long shaft buried deep into her bowel.

The intruder in her pussy created a strange kind of arousal. It wasn't that it was driving her to lust. There was nothing sexy about it. It was rude and upsetting and degrading. It was just that it created a feeling that suggested the possibility of lust. She half expected the prong to start moving of its own accord, brushing up against her love button, causing her passions unwillingly to grow. It made her feel like her pussy was on a hair trigger and that the slightest caress or movement within it would set it off.

She tried not to cry and went long periods, or what felt like long periods not doing so even though the woe she experienced from her predicament did not fade as time passed. The problem with not knowing how long a particular torment will last is you never knew when you were past the half-way point. Before that point, everything was uphill and the end seemed interminably away. Once you reached it, you knew that it was only a matter of duplicating the time you already spent. If you could take it for that long, you could do it again.

But that wasn't the case for her. For all she knew, she could have crossed the half-way point a long time ago and her time of torment was just about over. Or, it could have been ten minutes ago, or ten minutes from now, or an hour from now, or an hour ago.

When she was a child, she remembered her mother giving her time outs. She would holler, "Ten minutes!" and park her in a chair or even, when she was really a brat, in a corner. She had learned early how to count and how many counts were in a minute, and she remembered counting them off in her head. It made the time go by fast and made the time easier to bear. The point being that you could measure your progress. But now, she couldn't measure her progress. Due to the extremities of her confinement and the distress it caused her mind, she kept losing count every time she tried it. And it may be one thing to count to 60 ten times, but it was a wholly different thing to count to it a hundred times. Or two hundred. Or three.

And being squeezed into such a tiny space was awful. There was an ocean of space all around her, but she was limited to the space within her steel cage. It was another reminder, this time of the fact that the things of the world, the enjoyment of the things of the world, were, to her, no longer an innate right. She was allowed only as much space as her masters deigned to give her. Their right to restrict her ability to partake of the world was limited only by the actual physical size of her body. Unless they decided to chop parts off, and she guessed that they could do that too if it pleased them for one reason or

another, they had to allow her at least the space needed to accommodate her body. But that was all. And, right now, she was limited to just about the smallest space they could force her into.

At times, she had the urge to break out into pleas and wails, to beg for someone to free her, to promise obedience, subservience, anything that they wanted. She would glance up at the camera on the ceiling by the door and know that at any given time someone could be watching. Was it possible that she might prick someone's conscience? Provoke someone to kindness? Move someone to mercy?

Everything that she had seen so far told her that those things were not possible, or if they were possible, that she could somehow provoke those responses in someone, that person still had to decide to do something about it. If the men and their allied women were so brutal to her, and the other women captives, where they had never done anything wrong, had committed no sin other than the sin of existing and being female, what would they do to one of their own who deviated from their methods, tried to temper their cruelties. It would be like a traitor in their midst and, like a pack of voracious predators they would devour him.

When the locks to her door suddenly, finally clanged open, hours and hours later, she was shocked. All at once, the strength that she had been using to hold back her dire unhappiness dissolved. When she saw the man enter, the big, surfer looking guy who had dealt with her before, she broke down into heartfelt sobs. She wanted to beg and plead with him to release her, was desperately frightened that for some reason he wouldn't, that he had just come in to add to her torment somehow.

The door slammed shut behind him and the locks clanged closed. He stood there looking at her for a while, absorbing her piteous wailing. He crouched down in front of her. He had an amused look on his face. "Poor little slave girl," he said. "Are you ready to come out?"

"...es, ...ah-er! ...eeese, ..ah-er! ...eeese!" she shouted as loud as she could.

"Okay, okay," he said nonchalantly. "Hold your horses."

He unclipped her gag from the front of the cage and then came around to the back. She felt the vibration of the door behind her opening. She wanted desperately to begin the process of backing herself out, but she knew that she had to await the proper order. She felt his hand on her rear cheeks, rubbing them.

“You have a nice ass, slave girl,” he told her. “I see that Jamar busted its cherry earlier. When I get the chance, I’ll give it a good fucking. Now come on and back out like a good little girl.”

Nancy swallowed a sob at the order. She tried to shuffle her knees to move herself backwards, but it was more difficult than you’d think. It was so difficult, with her muscles all cramped up and all that, for a moment she began to think that she was stuck in there, that she’d never get out. She burst into sobs again, but kept trying. Finally, she seemed to be moving. First her feet, then her shins, then her knees, and then her head. A wave of relief flooded her. She was out! She was out! It was so wonderful to be out!

She kept herself scrunched down as best as she could though. The surfer man hadn’t given her any other orders. All he said was for her to get out and that’s all she was going to do until he told her otherwise.

He took hold of the cage and rolled it back where it had come from. He turned back and looked at her. “Okay, let’s get you up in presentation position,” he said.

Nancy slowly raised her torso. Her muscles strained. When she was straight up, she edged her knees apart. Then she stiffened her back and thrust out her breasts.

“Good girl,” the man said. He stepped up to her and, pulling down the overhead chain, attached it to the back of her collar. Then he released the straps to her gag and pulled it from her mouth. “I’ll do your ass another time,” he told her. “For now, I’ll settle for your mouth. Open it up.”

Nancy made a wide ‘O’ of her lips. Her hands were still locked behind her back. The man fished into his pants and slipped out his cock. It was soft and long and thick. He gave it a few pulls and then stepped closer to her. “Okay,” he said, “go to work.”

She leaned forward and captured his cock in her mouth. She ignored the queasiness of her stomach as it lay flaccid on her tongue and she began to suckle gently at it. It didn’t take long to grow to hardness. She pumped her head back and forth, suckling the stiff wand. He gave out a little sigh and placed his hand on her head.

It was like experiencing the gag all over again. The cock was in the same shape and form. The only difference seemed to be that it was warm. “This is cock number three,” she said to herself unhappily.

Her back was still sore from its confined position, but she ignored the aches and pains and continued to give the man a pleasant suckle.

She remembered Jamar's whip and the third rule of slavery that he had taught her. To please her masters with all of her heart, body and soul. She really wanted to get it over with as fast as possible, but she took her time, licking, suckling, kissing, moving the head down to the edge of her throat and back, keeping her lips tightly ensconced around his pole. After a while he began to groan. She was tired and it was difficult to move, but she prayed he was pleased with her efforts. She dreaded earning another punishment. She had earned so many! She had lost count. It had to be more than a dozen! "Oh, god, please let me please him! Please!" she thought desperately.

He was going to fuck her in the ass. The cock she was pleasuring with her mouth and tongue and lips would be in her ass. A chill went through her when she thought of it. How long were they going to keep her prisoner here? How many men would she have to fuck, she worried frantically. But then she put all that out of her mind. She had a job to do and she needed all of her concentration to do it properly.

He groaned again and his hips started to buck back at her. She drew her head back and placed her lips around his knob and suckled it while teasing his little opening with her tongue. He seemed to like this and he released a hiss of appreciation.

Then she went to town. She began pistoning her head faster and faster. He started to rock his hips again, meeting each stroke of her lips with a concomitant thrust. His hand took hold of a clump of her hair and twisted itself into it. He was groaning now again and again. He started pumping wildly and it was her turn to match his rhythm.

"Ahhhhhhh, suck it! Suck it! Suck it, whore!" he called out. "Ahhhhhhhhhhh, yes, yes, yes! Come on! Faster! Harder! Suck me like a fucking slut, you fucking cunt!" he yelled.

Nancy tried not to hear the man's callous words. She tried not to think about the involuntary nature of her act, not to allow her revulsion at the foul invader between her lips to overwhelm her, not to let the unfairness and injustice of it all interfere with her duty. She just went faster and faster and faster, as fast as she could. She banged his cock against the back of her throat and kept her lips compressed tightly along his shaft.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, yes! A little more! A little more! A little more!" he called out. And then, "Arrrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrrrgh!"

His spume exploded into her mouth. She swallowed it dutifully, even hungrily. She didn't relent on her rhythm. She just kept going

and going and going, letting the hot, stiff, thick rod pass over and over and over her lips.

He gave a great sigh when he was done. Nancy took this as a signal to ease her motions. As he relaxed and the tension passed out of him, she continued to suckle the softening wand of meat. He gave a few little jumps as his cock experienced secondary spasms. Then he pushed her head back and slipped it from her mouth.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh, that felt good, whore,” he said. “You’re a quick learner. It seems your time in the cage did you a little good. I wonder how much better you’ll get if we put you back?”

A chill went through her. Her eyes filled with tears. She bit her lip. “Oh, please don’t do that,” she begged in her mind. “Please! Please! Please!”

He laughed. “Don’t worry, whore, I’m not going to put you back. We’re going for a little walk.” He rubbed her head playfully.

He still had the penis gag in his hand. He presented it to her now. “Come on, whore,” he said merrily, “open up.”

She swallowed a frown as he pushed the thick protuberance past her lips. He affixed the straps around her head and drew them tight, clamping her mouth firmly on its invader.

When he was done, he leaned back and took a look at her. She was obviously distressed. He patted her on the head. “Poor little slave girl,” he said, amused. “You see, slave girl, you used to think that the primary purpose of your mouth was talking and eating. But that’s not true anymore. The primary purpose of your mouth now is to suck cocks. It’s going to take a little bit of effort for us to really get that set in your pretty little head, so keeping a cock in it as much as possible will remind you of that. If we could feed you through your ears, we would, so your mouth would always have a cock in it. You’d better get used to it.”

Nancy received his information dolefully. The faux cock filled her mouth. It felt just like the real one that had been in it a moment ago. She captured a little sob before it could escape. But she couldn’t prevent the tear that flowed down her cheek.

He went over to the wall to get her leash. Suddenly, what had been an aching concern while in her cage came even stronger to the fore. She had been in her cage for such a long, long time. She desperately had to pee. She had hoped that he would take her over to the toilet, but he hadn’t.

He came back and released her collar from the overhead chain and fastened on the leash. He freed her hands from behind her back. "Get down," he told her.

She did what she was told but then looked up at him. Her bladder felt ready to burst. She didn't want to speak out of turn, but she didn't want to piss on the floor either.

"...eeeeese, ...ah-er," she said through her gag. "...ah ...ah ...u ...eeee!"

He looked at her with wonderment in his eyes. "What did you say?" he asked.

"...eeeeese, ...ah-er," she said through her gag. "...ah ...ah ...u ...eeee!" she repeated.

"You have to pee?" he asked her incredulously.

"...es, ...ah-er," she mumbled again.

"You stupid fucking cunt," he said angrily. "Who told you you could speak? Eh? What made you think you could speak without permission?"

Terror passed through her. She had made a major error.

"...o-uh, ...ah-er," she murmured miserably.

"That's right, no one!" he yelled at her. "And after I just got done telling you that your mouth wasn't for talking anymore! It's for fucking, you stupid cunt! I can't believe it! It's the most simple, easy rule you could ever make! No talking! Are you mentally disabled somehow?"

He had pulled her leash taut and her collar was biting into her neck.

"...o, ...ah-er," she whined.

"Why did you do it?"

"...eh ...ih-en ...ahn ... u ... ah eh ah-i-en!" she sobbed.

"You didn't want to have an accident? Is that your excuse?"

"...eh, ...ah-er!" she whined again.

He removed the whippy stick from his belt. He swung it down on her in a big arc. It landed against her back with a loud, 'crack!'. She howled into her gag. He hit her again and again and again. She howled and cried. She was trying desperately to hold on to her water, knowing that if she released it the man would go atomic.

Finally he stopped. She was bent over and sobbing. He yanked on her leash until she was up on her knees again.

"Listen, you cunt!" he told her. "You're not going to have an accident because you don't have permission to have an accident! You

don't have the right to pee without permission! You don't have the right to do anything without permission! And if you peed without permission, you would be a very, very unhappy slave girl! Do you understand?"

"...es, ...ah-er," she whined dolefully.

"And it seems that you don't know how to keep yourself quiet! Well, we have a very special punishment for stupid fucking cunts like you who don't know how to keep quiet! Just wait and see!"

A wave of misery passed through her.

"Now we're going for a walk and I don't want to see your eyes do anything but pin themselves to the floor. Got it!"

"...es, ...ah-er," she whined.

"Okay then, let's go," he ordered.

She followed his lead to the door and then, once it was open, into the hall. She kept her eyes focused intently on the floor below her. She didn't even dare cast any sideways glances. As he brought her along the hallway she wondered unhappily where he was taking her and, miserably, what kind of special punishment she had earned.

She had to pee desperately. She tremored at what would happen if she peed without permission, but she didn't know how much longer she could hold it. As she crawled along the thick prongs in her nether regions moved and shifted. One or both of them must have been bumping up against her bladder since each time she moved she felt a chill go through her belly and the need to eliminate her water got worse and worse.

Her whole body was sour as they finally stopped after a number of twists and turns. She heard the mechanism of the door open and then followed the man in. The rug on the floor turned into white tile. The room was bright, as bright as the mirror room she had been in before. There seemed to be some kind of equipment all around it, but she dared not look up to see what they were.

"You're a little late, Mike," she heard a woman's voice announce.

"Yeah, well, we took time for a little blow job," the man said.

"That's all well and good on your time," the woman said. "But I've got a job to do too."

"Okay, okay," the man returned.

"Well, let's see what she looks like," the woman said.

Nancy felt a tug on her leash. "Present," the order came. She shifted herself back and up. She drew her hands behind her back and spread her knees. She looked straight ahead. Her bladder complained

bitterly at her movements. She felt like she was about to burst into tears.

She could see the woman. She had short, curly blond hair with darkened roots, and was wearing a white nurse's uniform, white pants, white shoes and a white blouse with her name, Arlen, stitched on the pocket in pink letters. She looked to be middle aged, maybe 47 or 48. She was just a little hefty and stood about 5'8". Her face was pleasant, almost amused looking. Her lips were either *au natural* or she had put some neutral lipstick on them. Her eyebrows were unplucked.

"Very pretty," the woman announced. "But I don't see why you guys insist on marking them up like that. Look at all those red stripes!"

"It wasn't me, it was Jamar," Mike the Surfer said. "Besides, what difference does it make? If Jamar whipped her it was because she deserved it."

"That's true, but you can generate just as much unhappiness with a flogger or even a baton which only leaves black and blue."

"To each his own," Mike replied. "You going to take custody of her or what?"

"Okay, okay. Let me have the leash," the woman said. She stepped forward and took it from the surfer dude. He turned and left. When he stepped into the hall, he logged girl no. 9 into the infirmary and put in motion the special procedure she was to receive to cure her bad habit of talking out of turn.

"Well, honey, it's just you and me," the woman said. She stepped back to take another look at her charge. "Very nice tits," she said. "But it looks like you lost a little weight since your intake picture. We'll have to get you a little plumper. With your frame, you'll look better just a little more voluptuous."

Nancy was staring straight ahead. It was humiliating to be in front of another woman with all those implements in her body. It didn't seem to faze the woman though. It was like she saw it every day, which was probably the case or close to it. She saw the examination table in the middle of the room and it was fitted with all kinds of straps. There was a chair with ankle and wrist restraints that she didn't want to know what it was for. An x-ray machine sat in the corner of the room with a long table underneath it and there was a machine that looked like an ultrasound. Bright white cabinets lined the walls along with counters underneath them. There was a scale and what looked like a treadmill with an ominous leather harness and chain hanging

above it. Various medical instruments were scattered over the counters and there was a cabinet with a glass door that looked like it held bottles and vials of drugs.

She was restraining the most pitiful whine. She didn't think she could hold her water one more minute. She wondered desperately if the woman would be more understanding if she begged to let her pee. But what she had said about floggers and batons was not comforting.

Like she was reading her mind, the woman said, "I'll bet you have to piss like a racehorse. Well, we'll take care of that right away. You're here to get a complete physical and I need a urine sample. So come on over here to the drain we use."

She led her by the leash to a corner of the room where there was a stainless steel bidet. When they got close to it, the woman made her stop and attached the end of the leash to a hook on the wall.

"Let's get this thing off of you," she said as she bent over her. She loosened the strap that was connected to the prong in her rear and unhooked the belt. She slowly eased both of the prongs out. When they were out of her, Nancy didn't know whether to cry at how she had been treated or to sigh with relief. The woman hung the belt and its appurtenances on a hook. She went to one of the cabinets and pulled out a lidded plastic cup. She brought it over to where the girl stood on all fours.

"Okay, maneuver yourself over the bidet," she said, "and squat over it. Get a good stream going and I'll get a sample."

She moved herself to the bidet. She looked up at the nurse. She looked back.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" the woman asked her.

"...or ...er-i-on ...ou ...iss, ...is-riss," she replied sadly through her gag.

The woman laughed. "Okay, okay!" she said. "You have my permission." She laughed again.

Nancy tried to control the urge to sob at her obsequiousness. She hated the idea of the woman watching her vacate her bladder, but there was really no choice. It only took a second for the lemon colored water to flow. It emerged as if it were shooting out of a hose.

"Whoa!" the woman said. "You really did have to piss. Now just hold it steady while I get a cupful."

There was little chance of her running out of urine soon. It felt so good flowing from her. It gave her pussy a little tingle. The nurse

slipped the cup under the stream and it filled up in no time. She pulled it away quickly.

“Just finish up while I put this aside,” she said. She put the lid on the container and then washed its outside in the sink. She placed it on the counter and grabbed a tissue from a box. Nancy was just finishing. Her body felt so good. She actually felt a little faint. Her belly no longer felt like it was going to explode.

The woman went behind her and reached underneath, giving her pussy a good wipe. Then she tossed the tissue in a plastic lined garbage can and washed her hands. When they were dry, she took the leash from the wall.

“Come on over here to the table,” she told the girl. Nancy crept over to the examining table. “Up you go,” the woman said.

Nancy cautiously brought herself to her feet and then climbed up on the table. When she was sitting in place, the woman attached a chain in its base to her right ankle and removed the leash. The woman was standing between her legs and their faces were about 10” apart. Nancy blanched at the appearance she knew she was making, the leather shield across half of her face, the fact that she was sure the woman knew what she had in her mouth, her mouth that was not for talking anymore, but for sucking. ‘I’m not a slave! I’m not a slave! I don’t want to be a slave,’ she thought unhappily.

The woman ran her hands over the tops of her thighs and then up her sides to her breasts. “Very nice,” she commented. She squeezed them like she was testing melons and then took hold of her nipples. She used them to shake her breasts playfully. “You’re a very nice package, little girlie,” she said. “I’ll bet you’re going to make a fine whore. But it’s my job to make sure you’re all healthy. We wouldn’t want to pawn off bad goods on anyone.”

Nancy cringed at this. She had been a prisoner for 2 days, or maybe 3, it was hard to tell, and she already was pining to get her training over with so that she could live as a human being again. It was easy to forget, in her anxiousness to escape her environs, that a cruel and more permanent fate awaited her when they felt that she had become sufficiently whorish. She would be sold, like a head of cattle, and forced to sleep with multiple men every day under the cruelest conditions. The woman had just reminded her of that and it made her deep, dismal mood even deeper. Maybe, not too far into the future, she would look upon her time here as the good old days.

The nurse released her breasts and proceeded with the examination. She picked up a little clip board from the counter. There was a preprinted form on it. "Let me see your foot, honey," she ordered. She tapped Nancy's right leg. Nancy dolefully raised it so the woman could read the 1" high blue numbers on it. She compared it with the numbers on her forms. They matched.

"I see your tattoo took very well," she said. "Let me see your other leg."

Nancy lifted it as much as the chain would allow. "Good, good," the woman said as she looked at the trademark '**JM**'. "No signs of infection. Good clean color and lines. Excellent placement. Looks like Marylyn's work. She always does a good job."

She took her blood pressure, her pulse and her temperature. The latter she took in her armpit so she didn't have to remove her gag. She listened to her lungs while Nancy breathed as deeply as she could with her nose. She made her lie down on the table with her rear end raised so that she could inspect her there. Nancy cringed as she, after donning a rubber glove, placed her finger inside and felt all around for any sign of a polyp or other indicia of pathology. She put in a second finger, which made Nancy feel like whining, and then a third which stretched her all over again and caused her discomfort. "You're a little bit too tight back here, honey," she said. "If you don't learn to relax, you're going to have a lot of trouble."

She threw away the glove, released her ankle chain, attached her wrists to the ring at the top of the table and had her lie down on her back. The table had stirrup-like attachments and Nurse Arlen took the opportunity for a full examination of her quim, speculum and all. Before inserting the cold, steel implement, she tickled Nancy's pussy just a little longer than necessary to get her lubricated. When she was good and wet, and her hips had started to squirm, she gave her a little, wry smile and continued with the examination.

She made sure all of her joints worked properly and had a full range of motion. She inspected her scalp. She massaged her breasts, looking for lumps, and found none. She drew several small vials of blood and placed the preprinted labels on them. She had her get off the table and took her to that chair that looked fiendish. After she strapped her in, she removed the gag and then took x-rays of her teeth. "We'll send these to the dentist," she said. "If he sees anything that needs fixing he'll take care of it when he comes around." She gave her teeth a full cleaning and polishing saying, "I'm a jack of all trades

around here.” She inspected her eyes, nose, throat and ears with a little instrument that had a light on it. Everything checked out. She put the penis gag back in.

When she took her weight and height, she remarked, “You’ve lost almost 5 pounds since coming in, honey. Like I said, we’ve got to fatten you up a bit so you’re nice and cuddly.”

She led her to the treadmill and taped some monitors on her chest. She strapped her into the leather harness that hung from the ceiling and fixed her hands behind her back. “Listen honey,” she told her before she started the machine, “you can dog this if you want, but I’d hate to be you if I believed you were doing it. I want you to run on this thing until you’re ready to drop and then a little bit more. Otherwise the test won’t be no good. Got it?”

“...es, ...ih-ress,” Nancy whined unhappily. So far, it had been a very unhappy experience. It was good, in a general sense, to have such a thorough physical and all that, but she knew that it was all being done for the purpose of making sure she was salable. And that made her miserable.

She started her out slow. As Nancy walked along the rubber tread, she wondered what punishment the nurse would work out for her if she believed that she wasn’t giving her best. It would probably be something medieval considering all the implements she had at her disposal. She decided that she didn’t want to find out.

The machine went faster and faster. Her breath became labored. Her legs became sore. On the one hand it felt so good to be moving on her feet like a normal person, but it was virtually bizarre to be running gagged and with her hands behind her back. As her strides became longer and faster, she reveled in the illusion of liberty it gave her. “I’m a woman, not a slave! I’m a woman, not a slave. I’m a woman, not a slave,” she kept repeating in her head.

On the other hand, she knew she had to push herself beyond her endurance or she would risk punishment at the hands of a woman who probably knew a dozen or so ways to produce excruciating pain.

The woman kept turning up the speed of the treadmill. Breathing became painful as she struggled to draw through her nose vast amounts of air, air that her lungs were screaming for. She started to whine and moan. She didn’t know how long she had been running, maybe ten minutes or more. Her legs were getting tired and were beginning to feel that they had lead in them. Her lungs were painful and she was screeching and blubbering for breath. “Please stop!

Please stop! Please stop!” she was begging. Her heart was pounding in her chest. She glanced at the woman and she was nonchalantly looking at a paper readout coming from the machine. Then she looked up at girl no. 9. “Another minute, honey. Just one minute more. Keep it up and then you can stop.”

“A minute! A minute!” she thought madly. She felt like she couldn’t go on another second. She started to stumble, but the harness held her in place.

“Stop now and I’ll whip you girly!” the woman called out angrily.

She pumped her legs frantically. She began to feel dizzy. She tried to count seconds, but her mind wouldn’t stay still long enough. “Aiiiiieeeee! Aiiiiieeeee! Aiiiiieeeee!” she screamed. “Aiiiiieeeee! Aiiiiieeeee! Aiiiiieeeee!”

“Okay, honey,” Nurse Arlen announced, “you can slow down now.”

She felt the treadmill slowing. She lost her ability to match her pace with its speed and she stumbled again. It took her a while to get her feet untangled. By then the never ending road beneath her feet had slowed considerably. When it slowed to a walk, Nancy fell in her harness and was unable to get up. She was hyperventilating. She wheezed loudly as she drew in air.

When it stopped, the woman let her hang there for a couple of minutes. Her breath was returning to normal. She broke out into sobs.

“Have yourself a good cry, dearie,” the woman said. She reached over and removed the monitoring pads off of her chest. “You actually did pretty good, better than most. You should have seen it when we had that marathoner here last year. I kept her sprinting for almost 30 minutes. She was kind of scrawny. I don’t know who picked her, but she didn’t look like 3 star material to me. We had her fattened up though before she left. She looked a lot better.”

The woman was absent mindedly talking as she wrapped up the leads to the machine and put them away in a drawer. Girl no. 9’s sobbing had subsided and she had pushed herself back to her feet. She was covered with sweat and her body felt like she had been through a marathon of her own. Her legs were throbbing and she couldn’t lose the sensation of having them in motion.

Nurse Arlen removed her from the harness and brought her over to an area with a drain and a hose. She proceeded to rinse her with tepid water and then she soaped her whole body up. She rinsed off the soap and then towed her dry. Nancy felt so weak that she was finding it

hard to stand. The woman gave her a little water from a paper cup, but just a small mouthful. "Not too much now," she told her.

"Need a little rest, honey?" she asked her afterwards.

"...ess, ...is-ress," Nancy answered weakly.

"Of course you do," the woman said. "That's why we always leave this to last."

She brought her over to the examining table and she had her climb up and lay on her belly. Nancy was grateful for the chance to get off her feet. It felt so good to lie down.

The woman fiddled with something at the top end of the table and Nancy heard something snap into place.

"Here, scoot yourself up, dearie," the nurse said, "and rest your head on this."

Nancy didn't want to move, she was so exhausted, but she feared punishment more. She kind of squirreled her body forward until her head was over the edge of the table. There was a padded frame there and she lowered her head into it. She felt pads pushed loosely against the sides of her head. The ring at the front of her gag was connected to something.

"Now keep still, honey," the woman said as she moved down the table. She started at her ankles. A strap was pulled around them and the ends were fixed off on either side. The same thing was done just above her knees. By now, Nancy was used to being anchored in place and so didn't think that anything was out of the ordinary, at least ordinary for this strange hell she had found herself in.

A belt went around her middle, under her bound arms, and that was strapped down too. None of the straps were pulled too tight, just enough for them to keep her still. It was when the woman went around the horn again that she started to get worried. This time, she made sure everything was very tight. The pads held her head irremediably still and covered it almost like a helmet. Now she was beginning to become afraid. She tried to move her ankles, but it was too late as the woman pulled their bindings tight. Then her knees and then her waist. She felt straps being wound around her upper arms and then connected to the sides of the table, cementing her torso down and squishing her breasts under her. The woman went around cinching the straps, making double sure that they were as tight as could be. When done, she slapped her playfully on her rear and said, "That's the good girl."

Nancy couldn't move a muscle. There had to be some evil, cruel reason the woman had bound her up like this, she just knew it. Her stomach became icy and she trembled. When the woman came back to her and she felt her shaving away the little hairs on the back of her neck, just above her backbone she became frantic. She wanted to scream out, "What are you doing? What are you doing?" but she knew she would be punished if she did.

The woman went away again and she heard her washing her hands in the sink. Then she came back and Nancy felt her applying some kind of cool liquid to the back of her neck. It smelled antiseptic.

"Oh my god! Oh my god!" she thought madly. "What are they going to do? Please! Please! Don't do it! Please! Please!"

She started to sob. She squirmed and tried to twist her body, but she was tied down too tight. She couldn't help herself and she released a desperate, forlorn whine.

"There, there, honey," the woman said soothingly. "Don't worry. Nothing bad's going to happen to you. The doctor is going to be here in a little while and he has a little procedure to perform. It'll be all over before you know it."

The woman went away again and returned. She felt her drape something like a cloth over her neck where it had been shaved.

Nancy sobbed and sobbed. She lost all sense of what was permitted and she screamed behind her gag and continued to try and twist and turn. But she was held irremediably still. She could twitch herself a little bit, but that was it. Her head she could not move at all.

After half a minute, she gave it up. Like everything else, she figured whatever they were going to do to her they had probably done a hundred times. Their methods were tried and true. She tried to assuage her terror by the thought that she was a valuable commodity and that they wouldn't do anything that would hurt her marketability. But what were they going to do? Was it some mind control thing? She had seen a science fiction movie once where the aliens who had secretly come to conquer the Earth planted these devices in the back of the people's necks. Was it going to be something like that? Was she going to be mind controlled? Were they going to make her a helpless automaton?

Nurse Arlen began walking around the room gathering the tools that would be needed for the operation. She rolled a sparkly clean aluminum tray stand near the table, adjusted its height and placed a clean, light green cloth over it. She laid upon it a couple of utensils

sealed in plastic, a scalpel, two tiny, little drill bits, a very small pair of tweezers and a nickel sized electronic device with a tiny screw built into the middle of it. The electronic wafer had 1 ½” long, steel, medium gauge wire tendril running from it. She also placed down a small squeeze bottle filled with brown Betadine solution, some gauze pads and sponges and a pair of forceps, all in their own plastic bags, a shiny, brand new state of the art microsurgical drill and a pair of goggles with magnifying lenses, also in a plastic bag. She wiped the drill down with a pad of alcohol, especially down by its business end and its handle.

She had a pair of small surgical scissors and cut an opening on each plastic bag so that its contents could be removed more easily. She set up another cloth lined tray on the other side of the girl’s head with more gauze pads and sponges, a pair of forceps a small kidney shaped white porcelain pan and a small plastic bottle filled with distilled water with a two inch long tube on its end, also wrapped in plastic. She cut those as well.

Nancy listened to the sounds of the woman’s preparations with trepidation. She couldn’t see what was being placed on the trays, but the sound of the woman’s activities sent a cold shiver through her. She wanted to beg the woman, “Please don’t do anything to me! Please! Please! Please!” but she remained silent except for the occasional, barely audible whine of unhappiness.

The woman went around the room putting things away. Nancy heard the sound of a coffee machine at work. The aroma of fresh brewed coffee wafted around her. A little while later she heard the sound of a cup of coffee being poured and then the sound of the woman sitting down in a chair nearby with a satisfied sigh.

The room was quiet except for the occasional sound of a page being turned, the woman was apparently reading a book or something, the sound of a coffee cup being picked up and placed down on a counter and the woman’s occasional sigh or movement as she adjusted herself in the chair.

Nancy knew that there were two classes of people in the world, one class consisting of people who were held in cruel bondage that you could do anything you wanted to, and all the rest, who were free to drink coffee, read magazines or books and things, and sit about casually with nary a care in the world. She occasionally tried again to twist and turn in her bonds, but it was hopeless. She was deeply terrified about what they were going to do to her and all kinds of wild

things went through her head. Every once in a while the terror and sorrow became too much for her and she would release a sob or issue a whine.

Finally, the woman spoke up. "Listen, honey," she said coldly, "I've put up with enough of your whining and crying. If you don't cut it out I'm going to make you a very sorry little girl. And I don't need to put you in for a punishment. We'll take care of that right here as soon as the doctor's through with you. Understand?"

"...es, ...is-ress," Nancy replied woefully.

It took a long time for the doctor to appear. Nancy tried to make herself relax. Her vision was of the white tile floor. She tried keeping her eyes closed so she wouldn't have to stare at the same spot for god knew how long, but her frantic dismalness kept popping them open. She could see a shadow move on the floor of the nurse's legs as she crossed or uncrossed them. She got up a couple of times, fiddled with a few things, washed out her empty coffee cup and then returned to her seat and her reading. Nancy actually dozed off once or twice, being so tired from her workout. And then she would spring to attention, remember where she was and what she was waiting for and she would have to suppress her natural instinct to cry and whine.

The 'clang!' from the door made her jump when the doctor finally got there. She heard his voice when he came in. He didn't say good morning or good afternoon to the nurse as a normal person might do. The staff had strict instructions never to mention the actual time of day. What he did say was, "Sorry I'm a little late. How's our patient?"

He had a warm, friendly voice. He sounded young, maybe in his thirties. It was hard to tell. Nancy felt him come up close to her on the table.

"She's ready when you are, doctor," Nurse Arlen replied.

The doctor gave Nancy a friendly slap on her rear. "Mmmmmmm," he said. "She's nice piece of work. Nice and soft." He ran his hand down the back of her thighs. "Let me get changed and then we'll get started right away."

She heard him walk past her and then the sound of him removing his shirt. He was wearing the standard black sweatshirt and pants that the trainers wore. He pulled a nice, clean bluish green scrub shirt from one of the cabinets and put it on. He changed his pants too.

While the doctor washed his hands, the nurse took the iPad off of the wall and brought it to the counter just opposite girl no. 9's head. She wiped it with an alcohol laden gauze pad and mounted it in a little

stand on the opposite side of the room from where the doctor would stand so that it could be viewed by her during the procedure and then opened it to no. 9's file.

When the doctor had washed up, she helped him don his surgical gloves. Above the examining table was a light on a retracting cord connected to the ceiling. She pulled it down and shined it on the area of girl no. 9's neck that had been prepared. It was placed a little towards the top of her head so that the doctor's shadow would not fall over the area they had to operate on. Then she washed up herself, donned light green surgical scrubs and surgical gloves of her own with the doctor's help. They donned surgical caps. She took the goggles from the tray and put them on the doctor's head resting on his forehead just above his eyes. She tied on his light green surgical mask and then did her own.

They approached the table.

Nancy had been listening to the preparations with intense anxiety. She gave a few desultory twists and turns of her body, just to do something and bit down hard on the long, thick gag in her mouth to prevent herself from whining or sobbing. Her body was shaking all over. When the light was turned on it cast a dark shadow under her head but brightly illuminated the white tile floor all around it.

She felt the cloth lifted from her neck and then replaced. The doctor went to the foot of the table, to the left side facing the door. He looked down on her right foot. "Do you have the chart?" he asked the nurse.

"Yes, doctor," Nurse Arlen replied.

"I just want to confirm the number. JM14275. Is that what you've got?"

"Yes, doctor," the nurse answered.

"Bring me the chart so I can confirm it for myself," he instructed her.

She brought it around for him. He looked at it. "JM14275," he said. Then he looked at the girl's foot once again. "JM14275. Check. Agreed?"

"Agreed, doctor."

"We wouldn't want to make a mistake."

"No, doctor," Nurse Arlen answered.

He came back to the head of the table on the left hand side. "Very good," Nancy heard the doctor say. She could see his light green pants legs and a pair of dark blue and white New Balance running shoes. On

the other side were the green legs of the nurse over her bright white nurse's shoes.

More Betadine was applied to her neck and rubbed into her skin with a gauze pad. There was a pause.

"Can you hear me girlie?" the doctor asked.

Although she wished she couldn't, Nancy answered, meekly, "...es, ...ah-er."

"I'm going to perform a little medical procedure on you. I cannot use any anesthetic for reasons that will become clear later. So when you feel pain, feel free to scream or whine, or whatever you want to do. I suggest that you bite down on your gag. But don't, I repeat don't, try to move or squirm. It's a very sensitive operation and any movement could cause very serious consequences. Do you understand?"

"...es, ...ah-er," Nancy returned fearfully.

"So put your big girl pants on and buck up. Okay?"

Nancy released a sob. She was shaking all over. She tried to respond, but couldn't get her voice to work. Finally, she just went, "Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

"And let me say this just once. If you start squirming and fighting me, I'll hurt you like you've never been hurt before. Clear?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" Nancy murmured again. Her stomach was in a knot. The fact that she had never even seen the face of the man who was going to torture her made everything seem all that more worse. That plus the idea that he had never seen hers but was willing to perform some sort of odious procedure on her. She was just an object, a commodity that needed to be processed. His voice had sounded so soft and warm and yet he was willing to cause her grievous hurt without a single moral or ethical qualm. In her history, doctors had all been people who had helped her. She was now confirmed in her suspicions that they were all cold bastards at heart.

"Okay then," the doctor said.

A second later, she felt the doctor lean over her. There was a tug on her skin at the base of her neck near her spine and then burning pain. She whined. "Sponge," the doctor said.

The nurse sponged up the blood from the wound. The doctor placed the forceps in the slit and widened it. "Sponges," he repeated. Nurse Arlen slipped two very small sponges into the gap, one on each side.

The doctor placed aside the scalpel and pushed the goggles down over his eyes. He looked into the gap. "Good," he said. "All the way down to the bone."

Nancy didn't like the sound of that, but she was more focused on the pain. It burned like someone had placed a hot coal over her neck. She tried not to make a sound, bit down hard on her gag, but couldn't help releasing a long, deep, forlorn wail. Remembering the doctor's warnings, she remained, though, completely still.

"That's a good girl," the doctor said.

He pushed the goggles back onto his forehead and then ripped open the package for the drill bit and placed it in the bit end of the drill, screwing it tightly in. He tested it and it made a high pitched whine. It was geared very low and the shiny, stainless steel bit turned at a torpidly slow pace.

"Okay, here we go," he said. "Now be absolutely still, whore," he said curtly. "If I fuck this up you will have a whole world of problems. Understand?"

She released a piteous whine in response. He pushed the goggles back over his eyes, picked up the drill and leaned on her back to steady himself. He held the drill at a very slight angle and brought his head right over it. The drill was constructed so that he could easily look down at the tip of the drill bit. It had a light on it and it shined directly down on the incision. The light made everything as bright as the middle of the day, brighter. He could see the piece of bone clearly. He placed the tip of the bit against its precise middle and then levered the drill so that it was completely vertical. He was scrunched over it, all of his weight on Nancy's back. She was biting down as hard as she could on her gag, suppressing a scream. "What are they doing? What are they doing? What are they doing? What are they doing?" she thought madly.

The doctor pulled slowly on the drill's trigger. There was a distinct whine and the bit began to turn slowly.

"Ahhmmmmmm!" Nancy screamed. "Ahhmmmmmmmm!" She couldn't help herself. What the doctor was doing now didn't hurt, but she was so terrified about what he was doing that she couldn't hold it in.

It was all over in a few seconds. The drill stopped and the doctor lifted the drill out. "Perfect," he said. "Did you see that little jump she gave?" he asked the nurse.

"Yes, doctor," she replied.

“That’s how you know you’re in. It’s the core of the central nervous system and the slightest disturbance produces a body wide reaction.”

“Yes, doctor,” the nurse answered. All these young doctors were alike. They liked to show off their knowledge and expertise. Dr. Killian wasn’t the regular doctor but only filled in when Dr. Cooke couldn’t make it. Dr. Cooke was all business and didn’t gab.

He put the drill down and picked up the tweezers. He was able to remove most of the minute shavings that the drill had caused. He instructed Nurse Arlen to irrigate the wound and then he sponged up whatever was left. He examined it carefully for a long time. He saw another lone little piece and he got it with the tweezers.

He pulled back and lifted the goggles.

“So far so good,” he observed.

He opened the package with the electronic device. There was a little paper tag attached to it with some numbers on it. He looked at the tag. Nurse Arlen went over to the iPad and scrolled up the appropriate window.

“CD19477361,” the doctor read slowly.

“CD19477361,” the nurse repeated. She tapped it into the screen.

“Read it back to me,” the doctor ordered.

She read it off of the iPad. “CD19477361.” CD stood for control device. The number reflected the register number of the microfrequency it would be on, different from the thousands of others that had been installed in thousands of other unfortunate girls.

“Correct. Now let me see it.”

She brought it over to him so he could see it. “CD19477361,” he said. Then he looked at the paper again. “CD19477361,” he repeated.

Nurse Arlen looked at the iPad again. “Check,” she said.

“You know, when I first started doing this I got one digit wrong one time. We had to go back in and take the unit out. It was a pain in the ass.”

“I understand, doctor,” the nurse replied.

“That’s why I triple check.”

“I know,” she answered. “I agree completely. Check twice, nail once,” she said.

“Precisely,” the doctor answered.

“Now comes the tricky part.” he said.

Nancy didn't like that at all. She whined and cried and her body shook. She had felt her body tremor too. "What are they doing?" she thought miserably.

The doctor picked up the nickel sized device with the tweezers. There was a little green tag sticking out of the side. He used his gloved hand to slide it out. "Battery is activated," he said. "See if we have a readout on the screen."

Nurse Arlen looked at the iPad. "Strong and clear," she said.

"Good," the doctor answered.

He leaned over the girl again. He brought the goggles down over his eyes. He took his time. Nancy shivered. After a while, the doctor said, "Fuck!" He rose up. "It's tough getting this little wire down that little hole," he said to no one.

He leaned over again. Nancy bit down on her gag and sobbed. He was crushing her breasts beneath her. His elbow was against her backbone. There was about a ten second delay. Then the doctor announced, "Got it!"

He pushed the device down. The wire sank slowly into the hole. Nancy felt a fierce jolt go through her. It was like someone had connected her to an electric outlet. She screamed, "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

She squirmed and whined.

"Stop squirming!" the doctor ordered angrily.

She stopped, but the feeling went on and on. And then it stopped.

"All the way in," Dr. Killian announced.

He leaned back. "Let's test this thing before I screw it down," he said.

Nurse Arlen handed him what looked like a TV remote control.

"All set?" he asked.

"All set," she replied.

"Okay, I'm going to set it on 1," he told her.

All of a sudden Nancy felt a distinct sourness spread through her body. It was mild, but definitely there. She was too astounded at what had happened to make any noise.

"How's it going?" the doctor asked. "Is it registering?"

"Perfect," Nurse Arlen replied, looking at the iPad. "No. 1 exactly."

"Okay, I'm going to do 3 now." He pressed a button on the remote. It was pointed at Nancy.

The sourness intensified all over her body. It was like the worst case of flue she had ever had. She whined and closed her eyes and bit into her gag. "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" she announced.

"Check at no. 3," the nurse stated.

"Okay, here's 5." The doctor pushed the button.

"Arrrrrrrrrrgh!" Nancy yelled. "Oh ...od! Oh, ...od! Oh, ...od!" she cried out. "...eeeees ...op! ...eeeeese ...op! ...eeeeese ...op!" she screamed. Her body felt like someone had turned it into a knot. It broke out into violent tremors. "Ouuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!" she moaned.

"5 registers perfectly," Nurse Arlen said.

"What about her reaction?" Killian asked. "About normal?"

Nurse Arlen looked at the girl. "I'd say so," she replied.

"Okay, here comes 7."

"No! No! No! No!" Nancy shouted in her mind. "No more! No More! Please! Please! Please!" She shouted out loud, "...eeeeese! ...eeeeeeese! ...eeeeeeese!"

It was like someone had hit her with a sledgehammer. The pain and sourness and discomfort were virtually paralyzing. She tried to scream, but she couldn't get anything out. She was biting down so hard on her gag that she was in danger of cracking her teeth. She had never known that a body could feel this way. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she went in her mind. The feeling was so intense, so powerful that she couldn't even form a word.

"Okay on 7?" Killian asked.

"Yes, doctor, 7 checks out fine."

"Okay, let's take it up to 10."

"Dr. Cooke never takes it up to 10, doctor! He never goes past 7!"

"Well I'm not Dr. Cooke," Killian replied. "It's my job to make sure the device is working properly and has the appropriate response in the subject. Now get ready for 10. I'll only keep it there for a few seconds."

He punched 10. Nancy's body immediately jerked in her confinements. Her mind froze over. The sounds "Aarrrrch! Aarrrrch! Aarrrrch! Aarrrrch!" were coming out of her mouth. Nurse Arlen looked on with dismay. Killian kept staring at the patient. There was something in his eyes. They went way past a few seconds.

"Doctor!" Nurse Arlen called out. He didn't respond.

"Doctor!" she called out louder. He didn't pay any attention.

Finally, "Doctor!" she shouted.

He looked at her. Then back at girl no. 9. He imagined fucking her. She was still going, "Aarrrrch! Aarrrrch! Aarrrrch!"

Finally, he relented. He turned the remote off. Nancy's body sagged immediately. She issued a loud, plaintive wail and began to sob uncontrollably.

"I'm going to report this to Dr. Cooke!" Nurse Arlen said. "That was outrageous!"

"Don't get all excited," Killian said. "Did you at least check the reading?"

"Of course I checked the reading, doctor!" she replied. She actually hadn't but was not going to tell Killian that. He would just want to do it again. In any case, you could tell the girl was at level 10. If she wasn't then level 10 would certainly kill her or ruin her for life.

Nancy just kept sobbing and sobbing. She didn't know what they had done to her, at least not what all the technology was, but she knew they had done something horrible. Now anyone could cause her virtually atomic pain anytime they wanted at the touch of a button.

Level 10 was rarely, if ever, used directly on a girl. It was used at entrances and exits to the girls' dormitories and the functional portions of the brothels outside of which the girls were not allowed to stray. So even if a door for some reason was left unlocked or a guard wandered away from his station, the girl would be unable to take advantage of it. The levels of intensity grew as you approached them and the girl would give up long before she reached level 10. For obvious reasons; she would be virtually disabled before she even got there.

Mostly the lower levels were used, 5 and below. Level 5 was about the most a girl could tolerate for an extended length of time. Level 1 was very useful. A small burst of level one was used to remind the girls when their customers' time was coming to a close. It was most effective and obviated the need for a rude knock on the door announcing, "Time!" A repeated burst of level two meant that the girl was supposed to drop whatever she was doing and report to her supervising steward on the double.

Dr. Killian took a deep breath. No. 9 would be no good for fucking for a while. He would stop by the break room and see if one of the trainers could set up one of the other girls for him. Preferably someone who needed a whipping.

He removed the bit from the drill and attached another. It was a tiny flathead screwdriver. He leaned over the still crying girl and

eased the blade of the bit into the flathead screw in the middle of the nickel sized wafer. He tilted the drill up 100% vertical and slowly screwed it in. When he felt a little bit of resistance and the girl gave another little jump, he stopped. He looked to ensure that it was fully recessed. Satisfied, he straightened up, put down the drill and removed the goggles.

All that was left was the sewing up. Dr. Killian was very careful here because he knew that he would be judged by the scar that was left. He had a tiny needle and filament thin thread. Nurse Arlen removed the sponges and the gauze. Dr. Killian removed the forceps, but not before Nurse Arlen irrigated the wound once more and mopped the water up with a sponge.

“Make sure the computer has her registered properly,” he told the nurse. “See if it shows her in the infirmary.”

Nurse Arlen moved to the proper screen and checked. Everything was working fine. Now there would be no need to register her when going room to room or different parts of the training area. The computer would pick her up automatically.

When the incision was all sewn up, Dr. Killian tore off his surgical gloves. The rest would be the nurse’s problem.

Dr. Killian redonned his sweats while the nurse starting cleaning up. He passed her on the way out.

He stopped before he left.

“Listen, nurse,” he said, emphasizing the latter word, “You can report me if you want. But remember, nurses are a dime a dozen. I don’t care that you’ve been here for over 10 years. Surgeons who do what I do don’t grow on trees. And there’s always the chance that someone upstairs will think that Dr. Cooke is getting lazy and sentimental in his old age. If he doesn’t test to level 10, that’s his business, but from where I stand, he’s not doing his job.

“I’m scheduled for two more procedures today. Make sure you’re ready when I get here. No running around and doing things at the last minute. I want to be in and out. Understand? I’m due at Reuthers’ tomorrow to help process a whole new batch and I don’t want to miss my flight.”

“Yes, doctor,” Nurse Arlen replied bitterly. “Anything you say, doctor,” she said, giving dramatic emphasis to the last word.

Dr. Killian turned and left.

CHAPTER SIX

Jerome was sitting in the middle of a long 'U' shaped conference table on the second floor of the mansion. The large, well-appointed conference room was adjacent to the dormitory for the guests who were usually there to enjoy Jerome's special ladies upstairs. It was the quarterly meeting of senior management and all the big guns were there.

The remains of lunch were just being taken away by the four beautiful, naked barracks girls who had served as their waitresses. To his right sat Marsha Scrivani and Steve Perry, Vice Presidents of Human Resources and Operations, Raul Mendoza from the International Division, Paul Jackson from Standards and Marketing, Rich Donahue from Acquisitions and his assistant, Tammy Gleason. It was Tammy's first high level corporate meeting and she seemed thrilled to be there.

Marly Taylor was there as a guest representing herself and her crew of lesbian lovelies. On his left sat Sherrie Frost from Accounting, Sandra Hernandez from Bane Security, Melissa Kim from Corporate Relations, Bill Cooper, Senior Vice President in charge of Development and Jim Latham from Legal. To Jerome's immediate left was the comely Dr. Vinaya Saijwani, Dr. Carter's vacation replacement and Dr. Carter, himself, next to her. At the far end, on the right, was Virginia Bryant representing Reuthers'. On the far end on the left was Joyce Maraziti from Franchise Management.

After several carafes of coffee were delivered to the table by the barracks girls together with small platefuls of cookies and pastries from the kitchen, Jerome called the meeting to order. The girls, ushered by one of the stewards, retreated into their alcoves opposite the table where their arms were confined behind them and they were then chained in by the rings in the back of their collars. They had been all been fitted with earplugs that emitted a constant stream of white noise insuring the confidentiality of the proceedings, not that they would ever be able to tell anyone that mattered anyway. Once the beauteous and submissive, naked girls, adornments redolent of the

principal mission of this division of Jerome's empire, had been secured and gagged, the stewards retreated from the room.

"First of all," Jerome started, "for those who haven't met her, I'd like to introduce Marly Taylor who was in charge of the recent Indiana operation. I think she deserves a nice round of applause for her good work in pulling the whole thing off."

Marly had short, black, curly hair and was wearing a pair of shiny, tight, black leather pants and a sheer white blouse that showed off her fancy, lacy fire engine red bra beneath it. On her feet were knee high black leather boots with 4" heels. Between her partially revealed breasts, dangling from a thick golden chain, she wore a thick 2" square, golden *M* emblem studded with diamonds.

A polite round of applause followed.

"Marly has been doing some great work for us lately. I have a little something for her in recognition of her accomplishments." He picked up an envelope from an embossed, burgundy colored leather valise. "It's a bonus check for \$25,000, above and beyond her commission, for delivering 44 first class new units for processing together with several fine candidates for export. Thank you, Marley, and give my thanks to your crew. I've given them the run of the carriage house for the week and the use of one of my special girls, Eleanor, who they recruited a few months back."

Another round of polite applause followed.

"Which brings me to the first item on our agenda. Steve, what's the fallout so far from the Indiana job?"

Steve Perry was an older man, in his late fifties, with grayish black hair. He presented rather stiffly, but was very amiable when you got to know him. He had been at the head of the Operations Division for the last seven years and was always on top of things. He was a former special ops coordinator with the National Security Agency. He was wearing a grey suit with very narrow powder blue pinstripes.

"Thank you, Mr. Marshall," he started. "The missing girls hit statewide news about 6 a.m. the morning after the operation. We can thank our local man in the County Sheriff's Department for delaying the reports for 9 hours. The story remained on the front page of the statewide papers for three days and then moved to the local news sections. For the past two days there has been no mention of it."

"What about national?" Jerome asked.

"The story was picked up by a couple of the wire services, but our people were able to kill it almost right away. It's been featured on a

couple of blogs, but, with some gentle persuasion from the Bane people, except for one, was dropped pretty quickly. The one exception has been a blog called Traffic Watch run by a woman named Christina Styles. She's been flogging the story every day."

Jerome turned to Sandra Hernandez from Bane.

"Do we have a file on her?"

"Yes, we do," Sandra answered. Sandra was Cuban by descent but had been born here. She was a strikingly attractive 40 year old woman with coffee colored skin and plump lips. Bane had recruited her from the FBI a few years ago. She was wearing a tight, knee length, aqua blue skirt with black pumps and a white blouse under a dark blue Bane Security blazer. The Bane logo was on the left front pocket. She had shoulder length black hair.

"We've been following her for about a year. She's run some stories on our operations on a regular basis. She has tagged Marshall Industries as the number one supplier of trafficked women in the United States." She raised her head and smiled. "Kudos to us," she said. There was a smattering of light laughter.

"She has a pretty good outline of our operations," Sandra continued, "and has i.d.'d several of our franchise brothels. She also has written about our central processing facility, but she has not been able to pinpoint its location or name. All in all, she's pretty much of a pain in the ass."

"How did we let her go on so long?" Jerome asked. "Why haven't I heard of her before?"

"We did a report on her last year," Sandra replied. "You'll find it in the December Security Summary. The answer as to why we haven't picked her up is that she has family connections to a Congressman, Jim Pasko from Missouri, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. We've jammed her website several times, but she keeps popping back up. She's had a couple of warnings, but she won't back off."

"Isn't Congressman Pasko being investigated for campaign fraud and bribery?" Bill Cooper asked.

"That's right," Sandra replied. "The word is that they have him by the balls."

"Who's running the investigation?" Jerome asked.

It was Jim Latham, Senior Corporate Counsel's turn to reply. "It's being run by the Missouri U.S. Attorney's Office," he said.

"Don't we have someone in that office?" Jerome asked Bill.

“As a matter of fact, Duncan Schacter, the U.S. Attorney himself, is one of our people. He’s a regular at the St. Louis club.”

“Well, I want this Styles woman taken care of. Jim, I want you to call Schacter and get him to play ball with us. Let Congressman Pasko know that he can retire in good standing due to health reasons and he can keep whatever he’s got left in his campaign treasury. But he’s got to understand that Styles is ours.”

“No problem,” Jim replied.

“And if he gives you a hard time, tell him that the criminal investigation is just the start of his problems.”

“Of course,” Jim answered.

“How soon can we pick this Styles woman up?”

“We have a daily tag on her,” Sandra replied. “We can pick her up any time.”

“What’s she like?”

“She’s 35 years old, single and quite a looker. She lives alone and has been known to bat lefty from time to time.”

Jerome turned to Raul Mendoza from the International Division.

“Raul, I want her buried deep.”

Raul had black hair and a black moustache. He was a dapper dresser and in his late forties.

“Thailand?” Raul proffered.

“I’m thinking Tajikistan or Kyrgyzstan.”

“Okay,” Raul replied. “We haven’t dealt with them for a while, but I’ll see what I can do.”

“They’re completely land locked and I’m betting that they think due process is some kind of a hairstyle.”

There was laughter around the table.

“Anyway, I want her picked up yesterday. When she gets to Reuthers’ have her sent down to Level 5 and forget about her for a while.”

Sandra Hernandez nodded her acknowledgment and made a little note. Virginia Bryant, from Reuthers’, put in her notes, “C.S, due ASAP- special procedures, indefinite.” She underlined it twice.

“Anything else?” Jerome asked.

Steve Perry said, “The Bane people confirm that the assembly point is still clear and we’ve made arrangements to pick up all the vehicles that were left behind in a couple of days. That’s another plus for our man in the Sheriff’s Department who will give us the word when it’s time.”

“That’s great. The fewer loose ends the better,” Jerome commented.

“I got a call from Governor Sackette. He was as hot as a two dollar pistol,” Jim Latham contributed. “I reminded him that this was an election year and that he could expect \$500,000 in campaign contributions from our company overall as per our other in-state interests and that calmed him down. I advised him that we wanted no grandstanding on this and that he should let the issue die.”

“We’ve fed some of the news outlets with our story about it being a terrorist plot. So far nobody’s bought it,” Steve Perry added, “but we’ll keep on hitting that angle on the blogs we run every time the story comes up. Sooner or later it’ll stick.”

“That’s good,” Jerome replied. “What we really need to know is if this can be a permanent model for recruitments or is it a one off. Let’s see if the story dies off quick. If so, we can plan another one next year say in Kansas or Nebraska.

“The next item on the agenda is the corporate retreat arrangement with Devron Financial. That’s your baby, Melissa,” Jerome said. “I have to say that I was completely blindsided by this.”

“I apologize, Mr. Marshall,” Melissa said. “It was really a misunderstanding. I thought that Bill Cooper had approved it.”

“I approved picking up the girl who was giving the CEO trouble,” Bill interjected. “Not this corporate retreat thing.”

Melissa was an up and comer at 32. She was half Korean. She had an elegant mien and was very shapely. She was also a bit of an empire builder and Jerome was sure that she knew all the while that Bill Cooper had not okayed the concept but was pushing it as a way to expand her turf and authority. He had no problem with aggressive executives, but he decided that he would have a private chat with her after the meeting.

“Well, I’ve given it some thought and I’m thinking that it’s a niche that needs to be filled,” he announced. “The problem is how to cost it out and how to structure it. I don’t want valuable product leaving our hands and going into the hands of incompetents. I’m concerned about quality control and security. Also, if we get into this you can expect a host of Fortune 500 companies wanting one.”

“I’ve done some modeling,” Melissa said. “My thought is that the retreats could be run on a kind of time share arrangement. Companies can buy weeks on a temporary or permanent basis. We do all the

staffing and quality control. This would solve the security issue as well. Stock could be rotated on a regular basis.”

“But we’re pretty stretched as far as ‘A’ girls go now.” This was from Rich Donahue, head of Acquisitions. “Marly’s operation notwithstanding. We have a six month waiting list for ‘A’ girls already. It’s three months on ‘B’ girls. And I’m betting that these corporate guys are not going to be satisfied with ‘B’ girls.”

“That’s true, but....” Melissa started to say.

“I don’t think that the thing will fly if word gets out that we’re pawning off 2nd tier girls,” Paul Jackson interjected. Paul was from Standards and Marketing, those issues being closely related. His department maintained a direct liaison with Reuthers’ and did their quality control.

Here Marsha Scrivani chimed in. Jerome had been watching her from the corner of his eye. Marsha was about as tall as they came, a little over 6’2”, and built like an Amazon, well toned muscles, more than ample breasts, a very nice shape. Her face was of model quality. At 39 years of age she was a knockout. She was wearing a beige colored suit with maroon piping along the lapels, and a lemon yellow blouse that had the top three buttons open. She had a head full of thick, blond hair. Her makeup was perfect.

Jerome had watched a couple of her sessions with pretty young things at their Memphis club and had been impressed with her balance of harsh command and tenderness. And she wielded a fierce whip. While some might consider Jerome’s viewing of the videos an invasion of Marsha’s privacy, everyone knew that the sessions at the clubs were all recorded and Jerome made sure that proper releases were signed by all concerned, it being understood that the tapes were mostly for quality control purposes. And who would be more concerned about quality than Jerome?

“I concede the attractiveness of the proposal, but we’re pretty much stretched personnel wise at Reuthers’. Even though we have some excess capacity, where would the trainers come from? And we have a hard time getting enough cock over there to make sure the units all get a good workout as it is.” Marsha was in charge of human resources and no fan of Melissa Kim’s. They saw each other as natural rivals.

“And there’s the women’s clubs to be considered. LA is scheduled to open in about 8 weeks. It sold out in a month. I have women clamoring for clubs in New York, Miami, Chicago. These women will

pay top dollar for their pleasures and since the clubs will be directly owned by Marshall Industries, the profit margin is very high.”

The ladies only clubs were a pet project of Marsha’s even though jurisdiction over them really belonged to Bill Cooper in Development. It was another example of empire building. Marsha clearly wanted Bill’s job. Bill was just a little too old school for the company and Jerome had been thinking of giving him a golden parachute for a while now. Marsha, with a shark’s instinct, had apparently sussed this out and was getting ready to make her move. No way did she want Melissa to score big with the corporate retreat proposal. She saw Melissa as her chief competitor for the job.

“I understand the resources issue,” Jerome replied. “But I don’t want to give up this field to our competitors or to have these companies try and set these things up on their own.” He turned to Virginia Bryant from Reuthers’. “How about it Ginny?” he asked. “Do we have the staff to expand Reuthers’ to full production? Can we streamline operations?”

“Staffing is a recurrent problem,” Virginia replied. She was tall and thin and very elegant. She was African American, with dark chocolate skin. At 27 she was not experienced enough for a top level management position, but would be looking to replace either Marsha or Melissa if they moved up. Jerome was wondering who she had hooked her star to.

“We’ve upped our staff recruiting efforts with some success. Dr. Carter has given us a good profile for candidates and that’s really helped. As far as supplementary assets, the Bane people are fairly stretched. They have a staff of over 700 people, and we have about 7% of them at Reuthers’ at any one time for R&R, but that just about fills our needs.”

“What about streamlining production? Can we move the girls along the line any quicker?”

“I have a comment on that,” Dr. Carter offered up. “The counseling program I’ve designed could shave off some processing time, but I wouldn’t count on any significant improvement in that area. Where it will help out is in reducing outliers and washouts. But that’s only maybe 3 or 4 units a month. The main point is quality not quantity. It will also help with regard to returns. Returns for retraining are about 5 or 6 a month. I think we can cut that number in half.”

“What about our deal with Delta Chi, the Ohio State sorority? I have a meeting with the new president and some people from the

national board next week. I think we could pull 50 to 100 or so units from their reject list a year, at least,” Jerome said. “And they would be a good source for staffing too.”

Melissa Kim picked up on this. “I think that’s an excellent idea. Women trainers are grossly underrepresented at Reuthers’. Dr. Carter’s study of the female trainers at the mansion has shown that they are particularly efficacious. Women have a sixth sense when it comes to other women. And, I might add, can be particularly ruthless in imposing discipline. There’s nothing more dismaying to a subject than to know that their so called sisters are co-conspirators, so to speak, in their subjugation.”

Rich Donahue from Acquisitions piped up. “I sure would like to get a look at their lists,” he said. “And there’s the other sororities to think about. I’d bet we could cull 3 or 4 hundred units a year from the sorority castoffs alone.”

“But what about quality?” Marsha asked. “Wouldn’t they be mostly ‘B’ and ‘C’ girls?”

“No, I think that there’d be a good number of ‘A’ girls too,” Melissa returned. “I was in a sorority at Southern Cal and we rejected quite a number of smart, good looking girls. They just didn’t fit our profile for one reason or another.”

“But that still doesn’t solve the capacity issue,” Marsha returned. “Like Rich said, there’s a six month waiting list for ‘A’ girls as it is.”

Melissa was prepared for her.

“Listen, we’re talking about phasing in about 10 units per facility over the next year for the corporate retreats. If we started today, we couldn’t have a new ladies’ facility up for another 18 months. We haven’t even done any site selection. I have my eye on three separate sites spread around the country for corporate retreats. I’m just waiting for the ok to ink the deals. According to my plan, which you will see in your packets, each facility could service 8 business entities giving them each a full week 6 times a year. We would shut down twice a year for a week to do restaffing and general maintenance. With the 3 facilities I have sited for development, Honolulu, Lake Tahoe and Palm Beach, that makes room for 24 entities. They could be up and running in 9 months. As far as profits go, price is not an object for these people. And, unlike the regular bordellos, assuming bookings are full, which is a good assumption based on the interest I’ve seen, there’s a report on that in your packets too, there would be no slow

times or dead times except for maybe Christmas week, when we would be closed anyway.”

Jerome looked over and saw that Tammy Gleason, Rich Donohue’s young assistant was tentatively raising her hand. She was a sweet young thing, thin and ethereal. She didn’t look to be over 5’5” and maybe all of 24 years old. She was wearing a white blouse with small pink and yellow flowers on it and a short, pleated yellow skirt. She had sparkly blue eyes and very thin, willowy blond hair that went below her shoulders. When Jerome had first seen her he wondered what a nice girl like that was doing in a place like this. By the way she continued to surreptitiously eye the beautiful, naked serving maids standing opposite, it was clear that, apart from her office work, she hadn’t had much contact with the actual work they did. She didn’t look the type that would be into acquisitions at all.

“Yes, Tammy,” Jerome asked.

“I have been thinking about the problem of staffing at the proposed corporate retreats,” she said loudly. Her voice was strained as if she was forcing herself to speak up and with as much assurance she could project.

“Yes, Tammy?” Jerome repeated.

“Well,” she continued, “the ‘A’ class is on 6 months backorder and pulling 30 more units out of that stream over the next year will be a strain. And the clients will be unhappy if we try and pawn off ‘B’ girls on them. So, I was thinking, why not create a new class, say of the better ‘B’ girls. Call it corporate class, or something like that, like they do on the airlines. Instead of stars, you could mark them with some kind of logo.”

There was silence around the room. Tammy looked around nervously. She looked like a schoolgirl who had just farted in class. Then Melissa Kim spoke up.

“That’s not a bad idea,” she said. “The customers don’t have to know that they are just from the upper level of ‘B’ girls. I’d bet that there isn’t much difference between a really good ‘B’ girl and an ‘A’ girl at the bottom of her group.”

It was Dr. Carter’s turn.

“With my new program, we’ve projected maybe moving 5 or 6 ‘C’ girls a month into the ‘B’ class. It’s really mostly a matter of motivation. That could help prevent adding to the current backlog in that category.”

Jerome turned to Paul Jackson from Marketing. "What do you think, Paul," he asked.

"I think it could work," he replied. "Corporate class. Not bad."

Jerome turned back to Tammy who was grinning widely. Her mentor, Rich Donohue was beaming.

"Tammy, it looks like you may have solved our problem. Great work. I understand that you are set to work with Bane on the follow up to the Indiana operation."

"Yes, Mr. Marshall," she replied.

"I wonder if there is somebody you could hand that off to. I'd like you to come with me to the Delta Chi meeting. That's going to require a lot of work if it pans out. And it looks like it will. I think the Delta Chi people would like working with a younger woman, someone near their ages. You'd be in charge of doing the preliminary review of candidates, sort of separating the wheat from the chaff. You'd also be working with the Bane people on prioritizing recruitment and identifying sorority members who might be appropriate for staffing at Reuthers'. Your recommendations would be submitted to Mr. Donahue for his review and to Marsha and the Reuthers' people as well as to me. How does that sound to you?"

"That sounds fine, Mr. Marshall," Tammy beamed.

"We'll talk about it some more after the meeting," he said.

"Is there anything else pressing?"

Raul Mendoza spoke up. "I talked to Mario Savio last week from Sicily. As you know, he's taken control of the old Perelli family operations and he's very interested in us assuming responsibility for their trafficking network. He's invited you for a tour of their facilities next week. I was there about a month ago and they're about as dismal as you could imagine."

"But what's in it for us?" Jerome demanded.

"Well, for starters, greater access to the European, Middle Eastern and North African markets. And, I was thinking, that if we ran the training operations, we could train our acquisitions in situ, so to speak, and ship them here fully trained and ready for marketing. That could help ease the pressure on Reuthers'. And then there's the fact that if we don't do it, somebody else will. I know you are big on quality control and living conditions for the units. There's nobody else out there who would do as good a job as us, not to mention the fact that anybody else could cut off our access to those markets or double or treble pricing."

“I don’t know,” Jerome mused. “It would take a lot of my attention away from domestic operations. And those North African girls, most of them have their clitorises removed by their mothers when they’re very young. I’m not interested in a girl without a clitoris.”

“Mario’s people have interests in several orphanages across North Africa, in Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco. They’ve made special arrangements to make sure that the girls there remain intact. The girls graduate when they’re 18 and he gets the pick of the crop. Old man Perelli set the whole thing up about 20 years ago. And there’s a lot of middle class girls, university types and all that whose families consider themselves modern and have left them whole. They’re easy to check. Once the local crews take them, if there’s no button, they sell them off to the Saudi’s or to one of the Emirates, or keep them local. There’s a good market for those dark eyed Levantine girls and I’m sure that those corporate guys would love them.”

Joyce Maraziti from Franchise Management had been silent up to now, but now she spoke up. Joyce was a little over 50, with short black hair and a kind of bulldog face. She was heavyset and wore thick glasses. She looked like a matron at a woman’s prison. She managed the franchises with an iron fist. They were held to strict accounting standards and the use of the management techniques perfected by Jerome over the last 20 years or so. She was in a battle right now with the Dallas franchise and had issued them a 90 day notice on a number of violations. If they didn’t shape up, she would proceed with delicensing. All the stock would revert to Marshall Industries and be shipped back to Reuthers’. And they would have to vacate the building.

“Frankly, there will be complaints from some of our operators, the ones in whose franchise areas the facilities are located. I think, though, that we’re well covered on that in the agreements since the facilities won’t be open to the general public. And the fact that the residents won’t be ‘A’ class or 3 star girls will assuage them a bit. As to the Sicily operation, our people are always clamoring for more diversity in our offerings so I have to side with Raul on this one.”

“But what would be our investment?” Jerome wanted to know. “I mean, how much will startup cost us? Sherrie, do you have any numbers on this?”

Sherrie Frost was a number one numbers cruncher with a degree from the Wharton School of Business. She did all the income and cost projections. While Reuthers’ was usually well in the black, the

mansion was almost always in the red. The key to profitability was the income from the franchises, which was considerable. She had mousy brown hair and a thin, almost pinched face. She wore wire rimmed glasses and was always attired in a very conservative brown or grey business suit. Her deep dark secret was her addiction to pussy. She was a regular at the Memphis brothel.

“I’ve seen the numbers, Mr. Marshall, and although I think they’re shaky in a couple of areas, I think the projections for a \$2 million startup cost is pretty much right on the money. There will be considerable staff training and software costs in installing our programming. There will be a significant management piece as well. This is all assuming, of course, that all capital costs would be borne by Mr. Savio’s group. The good news is that, based on the charges and fees that Raul’s people have projected, we could probably make that back in about 9 months. And that’s net, not gross.”

“That sounds doable,” Jerome replied. “I’m still not sold on it though. What’s the consensus? Anybody see any down sides?”

“I see a couple right off the bat,” Jim Latham stated. “Here, we are masters of our own fate. We more or less control the politicians and law enforcement. We have a handle on the media. And we pretty much, with one or two exceptions, have good working relationships with Cosa Nostra and other organized crime groups operating in North America. But, once we put our foot on Italian soil the whole thing changes. We’ll be relying on Mr. Savio’s juice. I’ve seen a few of those old line Mafia groups go down over the past twenty years or so. From a legal standpoint, it’s a big risk. As to security issues, we have no resources in Italy, and not much elsewhere on the continent. I know that Bane has a small office in London and in Berlin, but in Italy, nothing. And Mr. Savio’s relations with other working groups have not always been the best. There’s a lot of hard feelings about what happened to old man Perelli.”

“Those are pretty good points, Jim,” Jerome noted. “What do you say to that, Raul?”

“From what I can see, Mr. Savio has made his peace with the other families. It cost him a bundle, but he satisfied everybody’s concerns. There’s still a few hotheads, but Savio has those guys on the run. As to the Italian Government, I won’t say that he has it in his pocket, but the Perellis have been running this operation for over 50 years, since right after World War Two. They have a special facility right in Rome for use of cabinet ministers and other high level members of the

Italian Senate. The prime minister and the head of the Carabinieri are regular patrons.”

“But what about Savio?” Latham asked. “Can we really trust him? Suppose we get this thing all up and working, what’s to stop him from just easing us out? I mean, what could we do about it if he did? We’ve kept our mob connections here to a minimum for precisely that reason.”

“All I can say is that he’s got a reputation as a straight shooter. All the other capos respect him. In the end though, it’s Mr. Marshall’s call. That’s why I want him to go there and meet with him. Mr. Marshall has a good sense for these things.”

“What do you say, Sandra?” Jerome asked. “What assets can Bane supply us with in Italy, never mind Sicily?”

“When I saw Raul’s proposal on paper I had this issue kicked around our office. There are a lot of independent groups working the dark side in Italy. We’ve had occasion to do business with a few of them. I think that we could cause Mr. Savio a nice bit of trouble. It would not be a good business decision for him to go to war with us.”

“How about on the numbers side? Can we be sure he won’t cheat us?”

“Well, that’s up to Sherrie’s people to work out,” Raul replied.

“This issue seems as clear as mud,” Jerome said. “But I guess it’s at least worth a trip. If nothing more, maybe I can convince Savio to upgrade his operation on his own. We could work out a consulting arrangement or something. Ginny, I’d like you or somebody else at least from Reuthers’ to come. And Sandra, I’d like you there with me too.”

“Should I make arrangements as well?” Raul asked.

Jerome gave this some thought. He had already decided to have the Bane people look into whether Raul was feathering his nest with gratuities from the Perelli people. If so, he would have to arrange a long walk off a short pier. Raul had been with him for 15 years and was well compensated, so he doubted it. Besides, he had a beautiful wife and three daughters in their late teens to early twenties. It was unlikely he would risk their fates for a little bit of cash, but you never know.

“I think I’d like to look at this with fresh eyes,” Jerome answered. “I’d like you along though, Jim. You can be the one to ask all the pointed questions and I’d like your assessment of Savio too.”

“Ok, Mr. Marshall,” Latham replied. “I’ll rearrange my schedule.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes,” Latham said. “We continue to get peppered with requests from the Morales Cartel in Mexico to use our resources to help them move narcotics into the U.S. As per our standing policy I’ve turned aside all the feelers we’ve been getting, but they’re pretty hot on the issue and they could make a lot of trouble for us.”

“Sandra?” Jerome asked.

“Jim’s right. They could make a lot of trouble, especially down in the Southwest, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico. Even Southern California.”

“Any recommendations?”

“It’s really up to you, Mr. Marshall. We have the facilities, but once we start doing business with them, well, I wouldn’t want them as partners.”

“Steve?” Jerome asked.

“Operationally, it would be very little problem, but again, as Sandra says, if you lie down with dogs you’ll get fleas.”

“I’m of the same mind,” Jerome said. “Jim, let them know as politely as you can that their offer is not in our business model.”

“Okay,” Latham replied. Jim Latham was pretty much Jerome’s right hand man. Tall and good looking, he managed all their political connections and relationships with other organizations. At 62, he was as much of a father figure as Jerome still had. They often vacationed together. Jim was a big fisherman and he had a great little cabin in Montana, up in the Missouri Breaks. Jerome was not so much into fishing as he was into getting away from it all from time to time. It was as close to heaven as you could get.

“So, is that all the regular business?”

Bill Cooper, from Development, spoke up. “I’ve given everybody a list of future development proposals. I’d like you all to look at them and be ready to comment at our next meeting. Pittsburgh, as everybody knows, is well on its way and will be ready next year. Construction starts next week. We have bids from outfits in Sacramento, Birmingham and Atlantic City. I think that Atlantic City is the most natural for our next project, but I’m willing to listen to ideas. A group in the Bahamas wants to start a club, but I’m not too hot on it. Some of the same objections as are on the table for the Sicily deal would pertain to that. Marsha’s people have floated an idea about moving into our own line of ‘B’ brothels, but I’m not too hot on that

idea either, for staffing and product issues. I would think that running 'B' clubs might tarnish our brand."

Rich Donahue was next. "I have an idea that this sorority thing may really take off. If so, we really need to think about expansion of training and outlets for product."

"I'm with Rich on this," Melissa said.

"Anything from Reuthers'?" Jerome asked Virginia.

"As I said before, we've been doing better on staffing issues, but an influx of good female trainers would be a big help, especially if the ladies' clubs concept has legs like Marsha says and we get this sorority thing. And, for the good news, it looks like we'll top off at about 750 units for this fiscal year, another record."

The group gave Virginia a round of applause on that.

For the Marketing Group, Paul Jackson added, "Sales are up all across the board. There's a lot of interest in the Asian market, especially for 'C' level girls for middle class brothels. China is really opening up for the upper level girls. I think I could double sales there overnight if we had the product."

"On the franchise level," Joyce interjected, "sales are up across the board as well. Some of the seasonal clubs could use some help, Vail, Tahoe, Ft. Lauderdale, but I've been talking to Paul and he has some ideas. "

"Sherrie, what do the numbers tell us?"

"I don't like to be overoptimistic on profitability projections, but we're running well ahead of last year. I've put aside some development money for Marsha's and Melissa's projects. Expenses are up in some areas, particularly in 'gratuities' to our friends, but it's not out of hand. The bulk of that fund is from the other divisions of Marshall Industries, raw materials, manufacturing, banking, so it doesn't have too much of an impact on our bottom line."

"That's good," Jerome replied. "It's too early to talk about bonuses yet, but you can tell your people that we'll almost certainly be doing something at the end of the year like always." There were smiles around the room.

"Now, I have a few things of my own," Jerome added.

"As you might have guessed, I've decided to go ahead with Dr. Carter's new programs at Reuthers'. I expect that he'll be moving over there in a few months, after he gets back from a well-deserved vacation. I'd like you to meet Dr. Vinaya Saijwani, who will be taking things over at the mansion. We toured the training areas together this

morning and I'm convinced that she'll do a great job. We worked through a sample session with a couple of the girls and Dr. Saijwani had them pissing in their pants, so to speak."

This brought more laughter.

"Dr. Saijwani, is there anything you'd like to say?"

She was smiling. "Yes, Mr. Marshall, thank you." She stood up. Her voice was soft and warm.

"I have to say that I am very impressed with the quality and foresight of your organization. I've often, in my past experience, had thoughts about entering this kind of work. Listening to you all here today has confirmed all my good thoughts. It's such a pleasure to see such a group of capable and creative people all working towards the same goal. It will be my goal to maintain the high standard for the mansion girls that has been established with the help of Dr. Carter. And I have a few ideas for recruitment possibilities and marketing that I would like to share with the group at a later time when they are more developed. With Mr. Marshall's permission of course. And, perhaps out of bit of native chauvinism, I'd like the group to consider being more involved in the Indian market, both as a source of raw materials and for overseas sales. India is one of the world's fastest growing economies and has a very rich tradition of producing beautiful, compliant courtesans. After all, it is the birthplace of the Kama Sutra."

There was more light laughter.

"Thank you, doctor," Jerome said. "I'm happy to have you aboard."

Turning to the group, he said, "Okay, that just about does it for now. I invite you all to retire to your rooms for some R&R. We'll get back together at 4 o'clock. Dr. Carter will review his new program with you. Also, I've decided to appoint Marly as a permanent liaison with Bane to work with them in relations with the independent recruiters. As you know, we still depend on them for a sizable slice of our intakes. We've had a few near fiascos in the last year or so with crews fumbling recruitments and some general sloppiness. I think Marly will be a big help in developing with some training for those crews to avoid some of the most obvious pitfalls and enforcing policy. She'll enlighten you with some of her ideas.

"Finally, I'm concerned that our training facilities will be outpaced by market demands in the next few years. This sorority thing is one example. We have the room at Reuthers' for more development. I'd like to kick around ideas on this in our afternoon session. So, for now,

enjoy yourselves for a couple of hours and we'll get back together at 4. Afterwards there will be a resplendent dinner planned for everybody by my head chef and so I want you all to work up a good appetite." More laughter.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Tammy kind of surreptitiously slipped out of the conference room and headed to the bedroom that had been assigned to her. Her heart was still beating heavily from the tension she had felt when she dared to put her two cents in and having Mr. Marshall's attention focused so intensely on her. She was thrilled about what was in effect a promotion, to be working directly with the President and sole owner of the company and to be reporting to so many important people. But the very idea of the commitment she had made brought her heart to her throat.

Jerome had been mostly right when he supposed that she was an unlikely person to have become involved in what was essentially a slaving operation. There was nothing about her background or her outward character or experience that would have been a predictor about her now chosen field.

It had all happened by a strange quirk of fate. She had graduated from the University of Rhode Island with a degree in American Literature about 4 years ago. Her first job had been as a file clerk for a plumbing supply company located in Cranston, a few miles outside of Providence. She had pretty much topped off her ability to obtain student loans and so graduate school was for now out of the question. She had sent resumes to all the publishing houses she could find on the Internet and through other sources, but she had gotten only a few responses from the 125 letters she had sent out and they were all negative.

Her boyfriend at the time had graduated from Brown with a business degree about a year after she finished URI. He had kicked around a little during his college years and had graduated after Tammy even though he was two years older than her. Dwight was really interested in the music business and he sent some resumes to music companies all over the country. A small label in Memphis had bitten and he was hired as an assistant to the business manager.

It was a moment of great crisis for Tammy. She had grown up in the tiny state of Rhode Island and had never ventured much from its borders, and those being mostly trips to Boston to visit its museums

and one week she had spent out on the Cape with Dwight. She was a middle child of a large family and was particularly close to her parents. The idea of being a thousand or more miles away from them produced an ache in her that was heartbreaking.

Her love for Dwight won out though and three years ago she had moved out to Memphis with him. Her parents were opposed to the move, arguing that if they were so committed to each other wasn't it better that they get married? Tammy, if Dwight had asked, would have agreed in a minute, but he had not asked and had made it clear that he thought people should get married only if they were going to have kids. And he wasn't interested in kids, at least not yet.

Once they arrived in Memphis, Dwight went to work almost right away and Tammy started looking for a job. She was determined to move up in the world from a file clerk to a plumbing supply company. The problem was that she didn't have too many business skills. She was competent and smart, but when employers saw the B.A. in literature her resume usually went to the bottom of the pile.

On an offhand chance she sent a resume to Marshall Industries, which had its corporate headquarters about 10 miles outside of Memphis. To her surprise, she got a call asking her if she would come in for an interview. The job was in the public relations department for the Industrial and Mining Division. She was given the job of culling from all the news sources she could find all over the country any mention of Marshall Industries and writing up summaries. Her boss, Mike Cavanaugh, had the job of initiating strategy for countering anything negative and spreading word of anything that was positive.

It was quite an education. She had no idea that any one company could have so many interests. Naturally, while culling media for news about the Industrial and Mining Division, Tammy was exposed to just about everything that was written about it. The amount of bad things that were said made her very uncomfortable. On the other hand, the press releases and other information that was sent out by Mr. Cavanaugh seemed to balance the bad things out. And, in almost every case, sooner or later some important politician would come down on the side of Marshall Industries and the company would get what it wanted or lawsuits would be dismissed, or the issue would just die out.

About 8 months into the job, Mr. Cavanaugh was promoted to another position. Tammy hoped that he would bring her with him, but he did not. At about the same time, things started going bad between

Dwight and her. In the beginning, he would invite her to all the concerts and press parties and everything that the music company sponsored. There seemed to so many of them that, eventually, Tammy started declining some of them, especially those during the middle of the week when she had work the next day. But then she noticed that she was not getting invited anymore. Dwight would announce on a Saturday or late on a Friday that he had a concert to go to that night and that the company had only given him one ticket, or he would announce the fact that he had to attend a party and the spouses and significant others were not invited.

Finally, Dwight came home one night and announced that he had taken a job with another label that was based in Los Angeles. He further announced that he had fallen in love with a promoter from the Memphis company and that she had gotten a job in LA as well. They would be moving in together.

Tammy cried and cried, but it did no good. Dwight was nice enough about it though. He let her keep all the furniture, housewares and minor appliances they had accumulated and he promised to pay his part of the rent and carrying expenses for the apartment for four months, that is, until the end of their lease.

For the first couple months, Tammy just went along in a daze. She missed Dwight terribly. Her problems were made worse by the fact that her new boss was a jerk. He was rude and demeaned her and made all kinds of comments about how she dressed. He even asked her out for drinks a few times, but she always refused. Afterwards he would be meaner than ever.

After two months of the four that Dwight had promised to subsidize her living expenses, Tammy decided that she had to do something about her job. She wanted to get away from her new boss and she needed to make more money. She looked around in the papers and in Monster.com but didn't find anything promising. She considered moving back home, but she didn't want to admit that the world had beaten her or hear from her parents that they had told her so.

As a result, Tammy went down to personnel and went through the job notices. Marshall had a reputation for hiring from within. Most of the jobs were below her current level, but there was one job, for what was called a facilitator, that paid about twice her salary. There didn't seem to be anything about the essential qualifications that would exclude her, so she applied. The job was with another division called

the Services Division. She hadn't heard much about it and had never read anything in the paper. All she knew was that it occupied its own little building on the corporate campus and that the people there pretty much kept to themselves. The job notice stated that all candidates had to undergo psychological screening and sign a confidentiality agreement.

About two weeks after she filed her application she got a notice advising her to call to make an appointment to take the psychological exam. It was to be done at the offices of a company called Bane Security. When she showed up for it, there were a lot of documents to sign, including permission for a full scale security investigation. Tammy balked at this a little bit, but then she considered that the job paid virtually double what she was making. She imagined that the Division performed some secret government work and that the high pay was in compensation for the special clearances and need for confidentiality that was required.

A few weeks after that, just when she had given up hope, she got a call to arrange a personal interview. She walked down the pathway to the Service Division building with some trepidation. It was an ominous looking building with narrow little windows. It had its own 24 hour security gate. She had to sit in the reception area for about a half an hour before she was called for her interview. Several people came and went past her while she was sitting there and they all gave her disdainful and suspicious looks.

She was interviewed by an older woman, maybe in her late 40's. She was as serious as an undertaker. She asked a few questions about her past. She was surprised at how much the woman knew. She knew stuff about who she had dated and for how long, her friends in college and high school. Her relationship with Dwight. She was shocked. An important theme of the interview was her ability to maintain confidences and her willingness to maintain secrecy regardless of the subject matter of the material she was exposed to. And those were the words the woman used, "exposed to".

She had the distinct, creepy feeling that the interview was being recorded.

Tammy left quite shaken. She began to think that maybe she was making a big mistake. There was only 6 weeks left on her lease though and things were soon going to be in crisis mode. She had looked at a couple of places to move to, but the ones she could afford

were all in pretty scary parts of town. The prospect of moving back home to Rhode Island, defeated and ashamed, loomed.

The other thing that bothered her was that one night she had come home from work and when she entered her apartment she had the distinct impression that someone had been there. Nothing looked out of place, or not so that she would notice. There was just an eerie smell in the air, like somebody's perspiration. The refrigerator door was not closed all the way, and was open a little crack. You had to slam it hard to make sure it closed completely. She went to her computer desk and had the feeling that some papers had been moved ever so slightly, but she couldn't be sure. One of the drawers to her dresser was slightly open, but she couldn't be sure she didn't leave it that way. It took her a long while that night to get comfortable and when she went to bed that night, she left the bathroom light on and the door to her bedroom open.

The next week, while at home, after work, on Wednesday night, there was a knock on her door. She had been home for a couple of hours and had changed over into comfortable clothes, a pullover shirt and baggy, pink sweat pants. She had removed her stockings, she hated pantyhose, and her bra, and had donned a pair of heavy, white socks.

Now, Tammy had made a few friends since moving to Memphis, but no one who would be likely to come over to see her without calling first. She peered through the little viewer in the door and saw a man and a woman dressed somewhat casually in the hallway. They had sharp, alert, white faces and held themselves with a certain assurance that reminded Tammy of cops. They both wore loose fitting jackets and Tammy imagined she saw bulges under their arms.

She was frightened out of her wits. Who could they be? She opened the door an inch or two, to the extent permitted by the chain lock and asked them that very question. The woman spoke and indicated that they were from Bane Security. She said that there was something important they had to discuss with her.

Her heart thumping, her hands shaking, her mouth dry, Tammy shut the door and took off the chain. She figured that if she didn't let the people in they would probably stalk her until she was in some vulnerable situation and force her to speak with them. So it was better to get the whole thing over with. Besides, she hadn't done anything wrong. Not that she could think of.

The couple waited until the door was opened widely before coming in. When they stepped into her living room, the man, about 30 or so, with a very terse, business like look, walked around her apartment and looked in to each room as if he was looking for someone. The woman, attractive, a little bit older perhaps, stood in the living room with Tammy waiting for him to complete his task. It only took him a few seconds. He came back and said to the woman, "Clear."

The woman pulled a leather case out of her jacket pocket and waived it at Tammy. It had her picture on it and was embossed in gold with the words "Bane Security." The man showed her something similar except that his was not embossed.

"C-can I get you something to drink? Some coffee maybe, or soda?" Tammy asked nervously.

"No thanks," the woman answered.

"I-is this about the job?" Tammy asked.

The woman was staring at her as if measuring her. She didn't answer right away. Tammy began to fidget and her stomach was turning sour.

"Can you keep a promise, Ms. Gleason?" she asked pointedly.

"A-a promise?" Tammy replied.

"Yes. A promise. It's a simple enough question. If you promise something do you feel compelled to abide by that promise regardless of circumstances or anything that might occur later?"

"I-I guess so," Tammy answered.

"I think we need a more definitive answer than that, Ms. Gleason," the woman responded. The man and the woman were kind of encircling her, the woman just a little to her right and the man a little to her left. She looked at them both nervously.

She realized why they were asking the question. It had to do with the secrecy of the work of the Service Division. She knew that if she wanted the job, she had to answer the question affirmatively with no reservations. And, she decided right then and there, she definitely wanted the job.

"Absolutely," she answered.

"And if you knew that there would be the most serious repercussions if you broke that promise, would you be willing to make such a promise without knowing what you were making the promise about?"

Tammy paused a moment. Her hands were sweaty. She felt like she was passing over the bridge of no return.

“Y-yes,” she replied. “I would.”

The woman paused again. She was looking Tammy straight in the eyes. And then she spoke again. “Report to the Service Division building tomorrow morning at 9 o’clock. Don’t worry about your things at your old desk. They will be moved over for you. I’ll be checking in with you from time to time, Ms. Gleason. Please always keep that in mind.”

“Okay,” Tammy replied weakly.

Then they left.

The next morning Tammy was assigned to her new desk. Her new boss was a 40 year old African American man, Terrence Browning. She wasn’t sure exactly what he did. Her job was to monitor orders and deliveries of supplies to various locations around the country. Toilet paper, soap, female products, food, light bulbs, just about anything you could think of. The names of the locations that deliveries were made to sounded like code names, NYC1030 Corp., LA775 Corp., Miami334 Corp. Cincinnati213 Corp. She would get calls from people at these places complaining of shortages or late deliveries, or quality problems, and she would have to straighten them out.

It was kind of a fun job. It made her feel important. The people she dealt with were usually friendly. She didn’t know what all these places were, they were all over the country, but she figured that it was better that she not know, remembering the little meeting she had with the woman from Bane.

Then, one day, a new facility was added to her list. It was in Omaha, Nebraska. She was given a list of things that a start-up facility would need, which was just about everything from floor cleaner to china. As she was going down the list and contacting suppliers, one order sheet stopped her cold. The order was to a police supply house in Texas. The order called for 25 sets of hand cuffs, 25 sets of ankle manacles, 25 sets of restraint jackets, 10 heavy duty batons, and a host of similar things. Another order went to a company called Ramapo Leather Goods. The order was for 25 leather hoods, 25 leather gags, ten floggers, ten leather encased, steel whips, and other strange stuff. Bills kept coming in, for 35 secure steel doors, 64 steel window shields, stuff like that, just like they were building some kind of medieval prison.

The strangest was a confirmation from a place called Reuthers’ guaranteeing the delivery of 17 class ‘A’ units and 5 ‘Three Star units’

in five weeks. On the confirmation was a series of coded numbers, JM13866, JM13891, JM13897, JM13913....”

She went home that night shaken. She couldn't sleep. Now Tammy was pretty smart. She remembered all those feminine products that she had been shipping. There had been bulk orders for silk stockings, a variety of woman's lingerie. Even high heels. Put these together with the prison like construction that was going on and it could mean only one thing. They were building a prison for women. But why would they need lingerie and high heels in a prison? Unless it wasn't a prison at all. And what were the 'units'? Could they be women?

A few days before the delivery date in the confirmation from Reuthers' a memorandum was issued from Reuthers' to Omaha552 Corp. She was apparently copied by mistake. It noted that Unit JM13922 was temporarily unavailable due to the need for 'special procedures', and that JM13942 was being substituted. A picture was included. It was of a young woman, maybe 20 or 21. She was naked and quite beautiful. It showed her from the front, sides and back. She was wearing black leather bracelets around her ankles and wrists and a collar around her neck. She didn't look very happy.

Tammy was stunned. Her suspicions were confirmed. The memo had a notation that Unit JM13942's full details and, if JM13942 was unacceptable, other available units could be reviewed at a website that was given. The memo had a security code that it said was good for 72 hours.

Tammy reduced the website and pass code to memory. When she got home that night, after a very nervous dinner, she looked up the website. It was innocuous enough. It didn't mention the name Reuthers' anywhere. All it had was a place to enter the username and password.

“Shit!” Tammy cursed. The memo didn't have the username on it. On a hunch, she entered Omaha552 and the pass code. It worked!

What she saw stupefied her. There were pictures of women, young, beautiful women, just like the picture she had seen. When you clicked on them, a whole file opened up on each one. There were pictures of them gagged, tied up, having sex with mountain sized men. There were several videos of each one, two or three minutes long, showing them being whipped, or giving blow jobs or being fucked or being cross examined about the duties of a slave. The scenes were complete with audio, and Tammy cringed as she heard them scream and whine and plead for forbearance. There was a link to their training history

and comments by the men, and, to Tammy's shock, the women, who had used them. But there was one thing that was missing. None of the files contained anyone's names.

She looked up the file for JM13922. The commentary indicated a great degree of resistance to training. There were many records of punishments. The last notation indicated that JM13922 was being remanded to the punishment cells. There was a picture of the young woman staring out of a tiny, little enclosure. The opening was about 4' by 4' and there was a steel door swung open on hinges. A man stood next to it with his hand on it as if getting ready to close it. The girl was wearing a gag that covered her whole lower face. Her eyes were as distressed as any she had ever seen. The notation said, "Special Procedures Ordered. Five days."

Tammy was horrified. But there was something else that she felt. She felt a compulsion to look at picture after picture after picture. She didn't know when she began to get aroused, but she noticed herself clamping her thighs together. Her nipples were taut and she felt a buzzing in her loins.

Sex had been rather an okay thing for Tammy. She liked the closeness of it and she usually had no problem coming. It was just not like the explosive thing she had read about in books and had heard about from girlfriends. Sex with Dwight was good. He wanted it a lot more than she did. And although she didn't mind sucking him off, she really didn't get a big thrill out of it.

She never felt about sex the way she was feeling now looking at the pictures. "Oh my god!" she thought. "Oh my god!"

She had been at it for about 2 ½ hours when she heard the buzzing at her door. It was about 10 o'clock. She knew immediately who it was. A chill went through her. She realized that she had come upon forbidden information. And more than that, she had taken the information home and was using it on her own computer. She couldn't believe that she had been so stupid.

She was dressed pretty much the same way as the last time they had come. She panicked. She thought of jumping out a window, but she was 4 stories up and she would probably break a leg or something worse. She thought of not answering the door, but she knew that they would probably break in. Her cell phone was next to her on the computer. She thought of calling the police, but when she tried to get a line out, there was a message that her service was temporarily

suspended. She went to try and send an email, but her server was down.

She was sobbing when she opened the door. It was the same lady as last time, but the man was different. He was a little younger than the last guy and had skin as black as coal. Again, the lady stood in the living room staring at her while the man went around and checked the rooms. He went into her bedroom where her computer was and he came out carrying it.

“Turn around,” the woman said. Her voice was cold and hard. Tammy wanted to beg and plead and ask for forgiveness, but she was too afraid to speak. She turned around and she felt the woman take hold of her right arm. Something cold and hard clamped over her wrist. Then the other arm was brought back and it was locked in too. She was blubbing when the wad of leather was pressed against her mouth. She dutifully spread her lips and received it. Then a black cloth bag went over her head and everything went dark.

They took her out to the hallway and down the elevator. They dragged her out the front door like they had nothing to fear from anyone who might see. They put her in the back seat of a car and strapped her in. The car drove for about an hour, maybe more. The man and the woman didn’t say anything. They didn’t even play the radio.

When the car stopped, they brought her out. She was led down a concrete pathway. She heard a buzzer going off and then they led her through a door. Somebody greeted them and they stood still for a few moments, like they were taking the time to sign her in or something. Her hood was pulled off for a minute, but she couldn’t see anything because of a bright light in her eyes. She heard the snap of a camera and the hood was restored. They were buzzed through another door. Then she was brought down a hall.

They stopped and she heard a loud, ‘clang!’ like a cell door being opened. Holding her firmly by the arms, they brought her down another hallway. Their steps echoed off of the walls. They stopped, there was another loud, ‘clang!’ and a door opened. She was led into what she sensed was a small room. She was pushed and she found herself sitting on what felt like a cot or something. The bag was pulled from over her head. The man and woman were standing in front of her, looking at her. There was a particular sadness coming from the woman’s eyes. It made Tammy scared. A second later, they walked

out. The door slammed shut and there was that clanging noise again. Then silence.

She was in a little cell. It was about 10' by 8'. There was no outside window. The door was made of steel and there was a little window on it that reflected back at her like one way glass. Just beyond the cot were a small steel sink and a toilet.

Tammy lay down on the bed on her side and sobbed. "What have I got myself into?" she asked herself woefully. "What are they going to do to me?" She remembered the woman's question when she had first seen her, "Can you keep a promise?"

"Yes! Yes! I'll never tell anyone! Ever! Ever! Ever! I promise! I promise! I promise!" she thought madly.

She was in the cell for a long time. The walls were dark yellow. There was a single bulb set in the ceiling in a little cage and it had to be of low wattage because the light in the cell was very dim.

She had stopped crying a long while before when she heard the 'clang!' of the door opening. She had been lying on her side and she sat up quickly. Her belly did a flip flop and her body went cold all over.

A man came in. He was in his late 30's. He had black hair, curly and cut short. He was wearing a blue and red sports shirt and jeans with running shoes on his feet. The door closed and clanged after he came in. He had brought in a metal folding chair with him. He looked at her sadly and then put the chair down in front of her and sat down.

"Hello, Tammy," he said.

Tammy didn't say anything. She was too scared and besides, her mouth was still gagged. She looked at him. His voice was low, but not unkind. She had a glimmer of hope.

"You are a very lucky girl, Tammy, whether you know it or not. You're lucky that I was on standby duty tonight and not somebody else. If it were somebody else, you'd be on your way to Reuthers' by now. And I guess you know what that means, don't you?"

She nodded her head frantically.

"My name is Rich Donahue," he told her. "I'm the head of Acquisitions. I guess you can figure out what that means too. You don't work for me, you work in Franchise Management, but I saw your resume and your other info when you applied and I was one of the ones who approved you. Do you want to know why I approved you, Tammy?"

She nodded her head.

“I did it because your psychological testing revealed two things. The first was that you had a preference for women over men. You may not have discovered that yet. It was mild, but definitely there. Now, that alone wouldn’t have made a bit of difference without the next piece. That is that you were shown to have very strong but latent compulsions towards bondage and domination, specifically towards women. The fact that you were bright and pretty, frankly kind of topped it off for me.

“Ever since then, I’ve kept my eye on you. You’ve had very good reports. Your psych test showed very strong loyalty traits. Now most people who work for us, or I should say, virtually all, come to realize eventually what we’re all about. So sooner or later you would have come to the same conclusions that you reached sometime this afternoon. Most people would have been too scared to do anything about it. Some people might have called the police, to their great disadvantage, I might add. But you took the password home and looked at the files for over 2 hours. That shows a very compulsive nature. Did the pictures get you excited?”

Tammy nodded her head.

“I’m not surprised. Anyway, that was the easy part. The second part is that I don’t have the authority to set you free. Only Mr. Marshall can do that. I’ve put in a call to him and I’ll make the best case for you that I can, but it’s his decision. Do you understand?”

Tammy released a sob, her eyes watered again and she nodded, yes.

“If I fail, they’ll come and get you and take you to Reuthers’. No one who knows you will ever see you again. All I can advise you is to cooperate as much as you can. There will be no escape for you or any reprieve. That decision will be permanent. But if Mr. Marshall okays it, I’d like you to come and work for me. All right?”

Tammy nodded sadly, yes.

“Okay then,” he said. He got up from his chair and picked it up. He went over to the door and knocked on it 3 times. It clanged open, he passed through it and it clanged closed. Tammy laid back and cried.

It seemed like hours later when the ‘clang!’ of the door opening resounded in the cell again. It was the woman who had more or less arrested her, and the young black man who had been with her. They didn’t say anything to her. The black man pulled out a black cloth bag and he put it over her head. They lifted her arms from the cot and dragged her out of the cell.

Tammy couldn't stand. She was sobbing and blubbering. Visions of herself nude and chained and whipped and subject to all kinds of callous use ran through her head. Her whole body felt cold and sour and heavy.

They dragged her in reverse of when they brought her in. When they had passed through the last steel door, they halted. Tammy imagined the woman signing her out. Next stop Reuters'. A flood of woe filled her. She imagined what her family would feel when they learned that she had disappeared. She imagined a future in which she never saw them again.

Then, she felt one of them fumbling with her handcuffs. In a flash, her hands were free. A second later, the bag came off of her head. She looked around frantically. She was in the middle of a well-appointed, corporate-like foyer. There was a shield on the wall that said "BANE SECURITY". She had been there before for her psychological testing. The woman was in front of her. The man was behind her and he was loosening her gag. There was a very polite looking young woman behind the desk wearing a Bane Securities blazer. Tammy didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"Okay, Ms. Gleason," the woman agent said. "I'm going to take you home now. You are one lucky lady."

She took Tammy by the arm and escorted her from the building. A car was parked a little bit away from the door in a spot that had a sign on it that said, "Security Vehicles Only". The car, a nondescript, late model sedan, had a cardboard sign in the windshield that said, "On Duty".

The woman brought her to the front passenger side door and opened it for her. Tammy, still sniffing and wiping her runny nose with the sleeve of her sweatshirt, got in. The lady got in the other side.

They didn't speak all the way to her apartment. It looked to be about 5 or 6 in the morning and the sun was just coming up. There was hardly any traffic yet. When they got to her apartment, the lady got out and walked Tammy into the building. She took the elevator up to her floor and walked her to her door. She took a key from her pocket, a key that Tammy didn't recognize, and opened the door. "Don't ever change the locks without notifying your supervisor," she said. Tammy nodded a frantic affirmation.

She walked into the apartment with Tammy. Tammy felt exhilarated to be in her own place, a place that she thought she would never see again.

In her living room, the woman spoke to her. "Ms. Gleason, I trust that you will govern yourself with more discretion from now on."

"Yes, ma'm," Tammy said quickly.

"I'm sure we will meet again," she continued. "Let's hope that it is on happier terms than last night. I'll be dropping in from time to time, so be smart. Understood?"

"Understood," Tammy replied.

"Mr. Donahue said for you to come in around noon. So try and get a little sleep."

"Okay," Tammy whispered.

The woman gave her a nod and left.

When she arrived at work, after a few hours of wonderful sleep, she was notified to go directly to Mr. Donahue's office. He was in a meeting and she waited outside for a little while. She imagined that everybody knew about her *faux pas* and was very embarrassed.

Donahue came out around 12:15 and took her to lunch in the company cafeteria. They sat in the special room reserved for higher executives. He outlined to her what her new job function would be. He told her that it would involve a raise. He told her that he expected she would dress sharper, not provocatively, but more stylish, since her appearance would reflect upon him. Tammy agreed right away.

Her new job was to help process the dozen or so tips they got on prospective recruits each week, to prioritize them and eliminating the inappropriate or inadvisable, and to present the list to him for discussion every Friday. It was up to her to order the background checks on the girls, prepare a short profile and to keep track of acquisitions. She was to coordinate with a counterpart in the International Division and to try and match resources with needs as came from Franchise Management.

Pictures of young, innocent, beautiful girls passed over her desk every week. She took time to imagine them in chains, subject to the whip, or performing scurrilous, non-consensual acts. Her job did not give her access to the Reuthers' files, but she did get a set of post acquisition pictures for each girl recruited.

She reveled in the immense power that she had over the girls' lives. Sometimes she lingered over girls' files, ruminating over which one she would like to see picked. She opened with excitement the emails that came in confirming capture and attaching capture pictures, the girl's eyes wide with terror, her mouth turned downwards in disabling dismay. She enjoyed seeing their naked bodies and

imagining what it would be like to caress their breasts, to feel their sexes, to have the heat of their subjugated bodies next to hers.

After about 6 months, she finally got the nerve to ask Mr. Donahue for a special favor. He laughed and approved it. Two weeks later, the girl who Dwight had moved out to California with was picked up. Tammy kept a copy of her capture photos in her My Pictures files on her computer and enjoyed looking at them from time to time, imagining the ordeals she had condemned her to.

A couple of times Mr. Donahue invited her to go to their Memphis brothel and pick out a girl to fuck. But after her first couple of declinations he stopped asking. First of all, she had never had sex with a woman. She had always been attracted to women's bodies, the swells, the curves, the softness. But she had never done anything about it or even thought of it as sexual attraction, although she now recognized it as such.

Second of all, she didn't know if she had the callousness to actually use a woman who had been stolen from her life, forced to endure a harrowing course of training, and was now converted to an abject sex slave. She couldn't imagine herself putting her hands on a woman like that, ordering her around, telling her what she wanted her to do to her. It was one thing to view pictures or videos, but it would be another thing to interact with one in real life. At night, she would imagine it and she would caress herself to violent orgasms, sometimes more than one. And once in a while, at work, her libido would go critical and she would have to go to the ladies' room to jill off. Frankly, she wasn't the only one.

That was why, when she had arrived with Mr. Donahue at the mansion this morning and she had seen the brochure with the selection of barracks girls available for reservation, she had not filled anything out. Which made her very, very surprised when she opened the door to her room to see a beautiful, naked, coffee skinned young woman lying on her broad, luxurious, king sized bed.

She sat up when Tammy opened the door and then rose to her knees. She had dark black hair, almost waist long, and golden bracelets on her ankles and wrists and a golden collar around her neck. She was wearing large, glistening diamond earrings and a more medium sized one in her left nostril. Her breasts were a little larger than tea cup sized, just plump enough for a handful and her nipples seemed to come to points. Her belly was flat, but there was enough flesh on her so that her hips formed enticing curves. Her pudenda

were hairless and dainty, smooth, clean lines concealing the treasure within. Her lips were painted red, her eyelids a kind of burnt orange that blended well with the tone of her skin.

She had rested her hands on her thighs, and her red tipped fingers reflected the light from the chandelier overhead. Her face exhibited one of the warmest, most inviting smiles that Tammy had ever seen. She was a beautiful, beautiful woman who exuded grace and warmth. Tammy didn't believe she had ever been in the presence of a woman who was more alluring and whose sexuality was so enticingly displayed.

She closed the door quickly. "Who are you?" she asked nervously.

"I have been given permission to use the name Surita, mistress," she replied. Her voice was like honey. Her eyes peered back at Tammy totally unabashed at her own nakedness or her subservience. Tammy noted that a long plastic covered chain connected her left ankle to the foot of the bed.

The room was large and well appointed. The bed frame was made of dark oak, with tall spindles at the corners. There was a matching armoire and a dresser. The rug was light blue, soft and heavy. Deep blue curtains sluiced down the sides of the barred window. An elegant, powder blue easy chair sat in the corner with a floor lamp and small table next to it. The ceiling, painted white, was low, giving the room a cozy feeling. Large, soft, overstuffed pillows sat on the bed which was covered with glossy, pale blue satin sheets. The floral, hand sown bedspread and the top sheet were pulled down to the foot of the bed.

"Who...why...how come... I mean what are you doing here?"

"Mr. Marshall instructed me to make myself available for your pleasure, mistress," she replied.

"You're one of his luxury girls." It was a question and a statement.

"Yes, mistress," the woman replied.

"But I didn't want anyone sent to me. I mean, I decided that I wanted to be alone. So I could get my rest. You know." Tammy cursed herself inwardly. She was making excuses to a slave girl. What could be more ridiculous than that?

"Do I not please you, mistress?" Surita asked. The very question mandated the answer. From where Tammy stood, she bet that the woman could please a saint.

Her eyes couldn't help to continue to scan the beauty of the woman's naked body. There was an undeniable tug in her loins. And

there was fear, fear about the thing that she had been avoiding, the 800 pound gorilla that had been following her around ever since that night when she had reviewed the files from Reuthers'.

She had gotten so hot that night. She sometimes still imagined it in her head, tried to recapture the scenes she had viewed, the beautiful, forlorn girls who had been depicted, the sounds of their unhappiness and their pleasure. And here it was, right before her, no more than 10' away. The chains on her were real. Her subservience was real. Her availability to satisfy any and all of her fantasies was real.

Tammy was frozen in place. Any move into the room would take her closer to the bed. The woman was chained to it. She couldn't just ask her to leave. And what would Mr. Marshall say? What would Mr. Donohue say? What would she think of herself? She would think that she was a coward. They all would. She was going to be in charge of helping to select maybe hundreds of young girls to be kidnapped and turned into whores, but she didn't have the courage to partake of what seemed to her to be one of the most inviting women in the world?

Then, the woman's body started into motion. It was like watching a swan float across a pond. She slipped a leg out from under herself gracefully and then put both feet on the floor. She walked slowly to where Tammy stood. The chain on her ankle was just long enough for her to approach the door but not touch it. Her hands floated down and took hold of one of Tammy's. Her hands were soft and warm and touched her with a tenderness so sweet that Tammy didn't dare pull her hand away. She gave Tammy's hand a little tug.

"Please, come sit by me, mistress," she said softly. "It will please you, you'll see."

Tammy, her mind scrambled with a dozen emotions, let herself be guided to the bed. The woman was young, younger than her, but she carried herself with a maturity and confidence well beyond her years. Tammy kept staring at her face, a face that promised pleasures she had only dreamed of.

When they got to the bed, Surita guided her down to a sitting position. Her hands still had Tammy's right hand clasped between them, and now one, her right hand, the one closest to Tammy, glided up and down her arm. Tammy's blouse was long sleeved, but the warmth of the hand came right through it. Her mouth was dry and her heart was beating heavily. It felt like she was in a dream, a dream where anything could happen.

The left hand that had held her own in place rose up and slipped up to her head. It landed there softly and then descended. It brushed over her shoulder and then lightly, lightly, lightly, came down her front, flowing over her breast and then down her belly, across her lap and over her thigh. It sent a chill through Tammy's body. The hand rose again. The woman's smile was so serene and beautiful that Tammy couldn't keep her eyes off of it.

"Your hair is beautiful, mistress," Surita said softly as she stroked it. "It's so soft, it feels like gossamer. May I smell it, mistress?"

The question seemed to emerge from a dense fog that was surrounding her. It took a second or two for her mind to fully interpret it. The thought of the woman's naked body so close to hers made her loins begin to burn.

"Y-yes," Tammy murmured. Surita's smile got brighter and she leaned forward. Her naked breasts pressed up against Tammy's upper arm. She placed her face near Tammy's hair and breathed in deeply. "What a sweet smell, mistress," she cooed. Her left hand was resting on Tammy's thigh. Her right hand had slid across her back. Tammy took a deep breath herself. The woman smelled wonderful. She had on a perfume that titillated her senses. It was, somehow, mixed with the woman's natural scent, a scent of flesh and desire and pleasure.

Her left hand slipped upwards, over her belly, up over her breast, her fingers flitting over it lightly, and then across her chest. Surita slipped her head down and nestled her lips against Tammy's neck, placing a light, sweet kiss there, while her left hand slid down her right arm, across her right thigh and down to her left knee, gently nudging her knees apart.

Surita lingered there for a moment, kissing Tammy's tender flesh softly again and again, then her mouth slid down over her chin, breathing on it heavily. Her lips moved upwards and brushed against Tammy's. A wave of pleasure flowed through her as she tasted the girl's hot breath. Her hand came up from Tammy's knee, across her belly again and gently took hold of her right breast. Cupping it delicately, squeezing it gently.

Tammy shivered. She suddenly had the urge to get up from the bed, to escape the alluring woman's enticements. She was so scared that she trembled. But the scent of the woman was so exhilarating, the feel of her naked breasts pressed against her arm so delicious, the hand on her breast so pleasurable, that the urge to rise seemed to just dissipate. Surita pressed her lips more firmly against hers now. She

squeezed her breast just a little bit harder. Her right hand was rubbing slowly, slowly, slowly, so softly up and down her back.

Then her head pulled back. Her hand abandoned Tammy's breast and went to the top buttoned button on her blouse. She fingered it delicately and whispered in Tammy's ear, "May I unbutton your blouse, mistress?"

Tammy knew that this was the point of no return. If she said yes, she would soon be naked, as naked as Surita and she would be committed to an almost surreal bout of passion with the beautiful, sensual woman. If she said no, then the spell would break, her opportunity to smash through the barrier that prevented her from giving fulfillment to her lusts, her fantasies, her imaginings would be lost.

Perhaps forever. She would never get an opportunity to slide so dreamily into passion again. She would curse herself afterwards, castigate herself for her lack of courage, and mourn what might have been. It was now or never. She had to decide! She tried to speak, but the words just wouldn't come out. Her left hand had risen seemingly of its own accord and was planted on the woman's soft, round hip. Her heat and softness seemed just so right. Why couldn't she speak? Why couldn't she act? Why? Why? Why?

And then, she felt the button slip from its hole. Surita kissed her again. Her hand slipped down to the next button. She whispered again, "May I unbutton you, mistress? Please say yes. Let me bring you pleasure you have only dreamed about."

Pleasure that she had only dreamed about. Oh, yes, yes, yes! She wanted it so badly! A vibration emerged from deep within her. She felt like a hot sirocco wind had enveloped her soul and was carrying her to some wonderful, wonderful place. She took a deep breath. It would only take a word, one simple, little word. She had uttered it a thousand thousand times. Where was that word now, when she needed it so desperately?

Finally, she heard the sound of it before she knew that it had even escaped. "Yesssssssssss," she sighed. "Yesssssssssssss."

Surita's hand expertly and gently released the remaining buttons from her blouse. Meanwhile she was kissing her neck again, kissing her chin, kissing her lips. Small, delicate little kisses that felt like a butterfly's wings had traversed her skin. When the last button was undone, the woman's hand slipped between the folds of her blouse and ran itself over her belly. It moved up again and flitted across her

breasts. It returned to her belly and then drifted down her thighs and across her knees.

Tammy could feel her heart pounding in her chest. Her loins burned with desire. She was being subsumed with it. It was as if the woman's hand was a graceful little spider weaving a web of passion all over her.

Surita paused and leaned back. She took Tammy's right hand in hers and released the button at the cuff. Smiling at her, she reached out to the other hand and did the same. Then she slowly and gracefully, pulled her blouse off of her shoulders, slipped its tails out from inside her canary yellow, pleated skirt, and then drew her arms out of it. Taking advantage of the spell she had cast over the mesmerized girl, as any seducer knows, you must strike when the iron is hot, she didn't wait for permission, she reached her right hand behind Tammy and expertly unclasped her bra. It was a mauve colored, lacey thing, with half cups that barely covered the young woman's wide areolas. Surita pulled the garment down Tammy's arms and tossed it away.

"How pretty," Surita cooed as she let her eyes drink in Tammy's orbs. Tammy's breasts weren't oversized, but they were ample and heavy for her frame. Surita used her right hand to stroke Tammy's head softly while she cupped her left breast with the other. "Very nice," she said. "May I kiss it, mistress?" she asked.

The question was purely rhetorical. Any observer would have known that by now Tammy could refuse the beautiful young woman nothing. All Tammy could do was issue a little hum, "HMMMMMMMM," and release a sigh. Surita bent her head over and brought her lips to Tammy's left teat. Her hand held the orb steady while her lips engulfed the stiffened nipple.

Tammy sighed deeply. She felt like she was going to faint. The sensation of the hot lips, the delicate, knowledgeable tongue on her teat was almost unbearable. She draped her left arm over the naked woman's back. Her left hand alighted softly on her head, mingling with her long, shiny, dark black hair. Surita suckled her long and tenderly. Tammy could feel the sensation pulling at her loins. The woman shifted breasts and the fresh assault made Tammy renew her sigh.

Surita lifted her head. "Oh, mistress, you are so beautiful," she said. She raised her hands and placed them on either side of Tammy's face. She stared for a moment deeply into Tammy's eyes. Her smile

was wry and gentle and teasing and comforting all at the same time. She moved her head forward. She placed her lips upon Tammy's. Using them gently to pry Tammy's apart, she slipped her tongue into Tammy's mouth.

A fierce rush of need gushed through her. She felt herself being propelled backwards. A moment later she was lying on the bed and Surita's torso was on top of her. She could feel their breasts pressing against each others. The tongue was hot and gentle and mesmerizing. She clutched her arms around the entrancing brown skinned woman and pulled her into herself. They kissed and kissed and kissed. She felt a hand slide down to her left breast and squeeze it firmly. It released another wave of passion through her. "Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!" Tammy thought madly. Surita broke their kiss and urged Tammy further up on the bed. She reached down and pulled off her stylish, low heeled, yellow shoes, flipping them off. Kissing her belly, she released the catch and slid the zipper down the side of Tammy's skirt. When she pulled it off Tammy raised her hips to grant it passage and was happy when she realized that the skillful whore and taken with it the silken, mauve panties that matched her bra.

All that was left were her sheer, beige, self-supporting stockings. Smiling at her lasciviously, Surita drew them down first one leg and then the other, slowly, slowly, slowly, her fingers brushing against Tammy's electrified skin. As they came off, she tossed them aside. When she was naked, she slipped her wondrous body between Tammy's legs and covered her body with her own.

Tammy was on fire. But Surita was driving the bus. She kissed her lips, kissed her face, suckled her breasts and returned again. She pressed their chests together, exchanging their heat. She rose and, while driving her tongue deeply into her mistress's mouth, seized her breasts and massaged and kneaded and caressed them until Tammy released a moan that seemed to come from her very depths.

She slowly, slowly, slowly shifted her kisses from Tammy's lips, to her chin, then her neck and chest. She kissed and suckled each breast in turn. Tammy's fingers entwined themselves in the woman's silky hair. She raised her knees and her heels dragged across the soft and yielding mattress. She moaned and sighed. When she felt Surita's kisses traverse her belly, her hands running down the insides of her thighs, she knew where she was going. She knew where the woman's lips were headed.

She knew that the skillful whore would draw out every ounce of her lust, would make her sigh and moan and call out. Part of her feared it. She feared to abandon herself to untrammelled lust at the hands of this woman who a short while ago had been a complete stranger to her. Her conscience pulled at her, knowing that she was a slave, compelled to do her master's bidding at the point of a whip. She knew that the skills and dedication and devotion to her pleasure that the woman was enflaming her with were purchased with chains and whips and harsh, brutal regimens.

But at the same time, the knowledge that the woman was hers to do what she would with, the recollection of the stark reality of the chain that led from her ankle to the foot of the bed, the bracelets, the golden collar that adorned her neck, served to stoke her lusts. She knew that she had no right to the beautiful woman's ministrations, that there was no measure of equity that would allow her to conclude that she had earned or deserved the woman's favors. But they were hers for the taking. They were hers to command. She knew it wasn't right, but it felt so. It felt like the universe had always been askew, out of balance, out of tune, but that now, finally, it had been put aright.

Surita let her hands drift down Tammy's thighs. She let her tongue drag across her lower belly. She crept down the bed backwards, sidling herself into position. She ran her arms under Tammy's knees and lifted them. She lowered her lips to her pudenda planted them upon it and dragged her tongue slowly, slowly, slowly from the very bottom to the very top.

Tammy groaned. As the tongue and lips worked her, her hips shifted and ground. Her head was back, her eyes closed to slits. Her one hand, her left, lay atop her assailant's head, while the other took hold of her own breast and squeezed it, pulling and twisting at her teat. When Surita took her clit between her lips and suckled it long and slow, Tammy called out and groaned and groaned and groaned.

The young woman's sensitive hands roamed her belly, her breasts, her thighs. They were constantly in graceful, tantalizing motion. Her tongue burrowed deeply into her gorge, caressing the insides, stroking the roof. She lapped at her love button again and again. She held it in her teeth and pressed on it gently until Tammy screamed.

She brought her to the top several times, each time precariously close to the edge of explosion, but then eased up her ministrations, forcing Tammy's forces to retreat from victory, only to build them up even stronger.

And then, Tammy knew it was time. The young woman's tongue flitted over her clit again and again and again, *rapidimento*. Tammy could feel a tidal wave of lust building up inside her. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, god!" she cried out. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh, god! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" She knew that she was seconds away from the explosion of her passions. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried.

And then it came. Her pussy clenched almost viciously. It contracted again and again and again, each contraction sending a missile of ecstasy all through her. Her hips bucked, her heels ground into the mattress, her hands gripped tightly the head between her thighs. She arched her back and cried out, "Auuuuuuuuuugggghh! Auuuuuuuuuugggghh! Auuuuuuuuuugggghh! Auuuuuuuuuugggghh!"

Her orgasm didn't really stop. I mean that her mind couldn't register when one ended and the other began. There just seemed to be a dip, just time enough for her to catch a little of her breath, when the monster began to grow again, suddenly, like a balloon being filled rapidly, and then her cunt once again erupted into convulsions and contortions that made her mind reel.

It was difficult, later, to recall how many orgasms she had had. Surita finally relented her oral caresses and, after giving her pussy's length several slow, deep licks, drawing out several body shuddering aftershocks, she raised her head. She moved up and covered her mistress's body with her own, hugging her tightly, cooing in her ear. Tammy's body felt soft and warm and tired. She had never come like that. There was something about the smell and feel of the woman's body, the smallness and the sensitivity of her hands, the softness and smoothness of her skin that made the whole experience so much more thrilling than what she had experienced with any man. She clutched Surita's body to herself and cried.

When she awoke, it was a quarter to four. "Oh my god! The meeting!" she exclaimed. She hopped up from the bed and gathered her clothes. She ran into the bathroom and started the shower. She washed herself hurriedly, resisting the allure of the plentiful hot water. She touched up her face quickly and brushed her hair. She brushed her teeth and applied some cologne. She ran out back into the bedroom looking for her shoes.

When she saw Surita laying there languorously across the bed, her ankle chained to the footboard, a wave of renewed lust went through her. Would she be here when she returned? She had to be! She just had to be! She would make Mr. Marshall promise!"

She had seen some things in a bookcase on the other side of the room. She ran and got what she wanted. She ordered Surita to lie on her belly. She clasped her wrist bracelets together and her ankles. Then she presented the object to her and told her to open her mouth. She slid the thick prong of the penis gag right in and buckled it behind the beautiful woman's head. "When I come back, I'm going to whip you," she said breathlessly. "And then I'll lick your pussy until you scream." She rushed to the door, opened it and dashed out into the hall.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Lying there, waiting, waiting, waiting, the memory of the so called 'procedure' she had undergone made Nancy shiver. The sensation of anguish and soul crushing ache she had experienced when the doctor had put the device on maximum seemed as fresh as when it happened. The idea that such a device was buried in her, and located in a spot that she couldn't see and could barely reach, that is that she could barely reach if her hands had ever been left free, which they never were, at least not when any of the masters or mistresses were absent, drove her into deep despair. It was the height of insidiousness. They had told her that her body was no longer her own and she had come to believe and understand that, at least in a figurative sense. The device made it technically true as well. She was literally, in every sense, under their control.

They hadn't used it on her since the operation, at least not directly. Master Eddie, though, one time when he was taking her to the feeder had brought her within range of the door which she surmised, rightly, was the exit to her hellish prison, that she had seen the trainers come in and out of. As soon as she got fifteen feet away from it, that sourness broke out all over her body. When she got even closer it got worse, geometrically worse. When she was a few feet away from it, the feeling became so intense that she collapsed and began to wail. No amount of cajoling or threats could get her to move any closer and, despite all the training she had gotten by that time about blind obedience, she had actually tried to pull away from the master, sobbing and wailing all the while.

Master Eddie relented after a few moments and drew her away from the door. He crouched down next to her as she knelt on the floor, her head on her arms, crying inconsolably, and comforted her, stroking her head and telling her that it was just so she could know what would happen if she got too close to the door and that he wouldn't force her to do it again. He made her get up into presentation position and waited until she calmed down. After he had fed her in the cage and given her her medicine to drink, he gave her as a kind of consolation a small piece of the brownie he had gotten from the

kitchen with his lunch, all the while looking up and down the hall to make sure no one could see him. It tasted like heaven to her and it was the first time she had come close to smiling since she was captured.

Actually, it was picked up by Jim Kreiser, the Head Trainer, during a routine review of the daily tapes. Eddie was severely reprimanded. As a consequence he was detailed to give the girl her next three punishments. There was nothing wrong with demonstrating occasional sympathy to a subject, but it was to be done in accordance with strict protocols. Rewards were strictly verboten.

Sympathy is exactly what Nurse Arlen had shown her once Dr. Killian had left. Even before she had placed an anesthetic salve on her wound and a bandage to cover it, Nurse Arlen stood by girl no. 9, stroking and petting her while whispering soothingly in her ear.

“There, there, honey,” she had said. “It’s all over now. You were very brave. Go ahead and have yourself a good cry. It’s all for the better, you know. This way you’ll know right away if you go someplace you’re not supposed to and as a punishment it’s much better than being whipped. All the girls have one. You’ll get used to it.”

She was still cleaning up when one of the trainers came to get her. It was Paul Mallory. Paul was about 6’5” tall. He had a high, boney forehead and a wide, brutish jaw. He wasn’t pumped up muscular like most of the other male trainers, but was broad shouldered and heavy. His hands were quite large, oversized for even his huge frame. He spoke very deeply and very slow. He was fairly new to the mansion, only having been promoted from Reuthers’ a couple of weeks before. Jerome and Jim Kreiser had gone over a few videos of his sessions with the trainees and were satisfied with what they saw so far. Jerome had some concern about his rather deadpan demeanor which had the tendency to lower the emotional tension of the sessions with the girls. Jim thought that he just needed some time to develop his own particular style. Dr. Carter had some preliminary reports from interviews with the girls and the consensus seemed to be that they all thought him terrifying. One of them compared him to the Arnold Schwarzenegger character in The Terminator.

Nurse Arlen unbound Nancy from the examining table and released her hands from her back. .

“Get up on all fours, honey,” she said. “We’ve got to get you all outfitted and then Master Paul is going to take you back to a cell for a long rest.”

Nancy's motions were slow and unsteady. She had to raise her head first and it made the incision on her neck burn. When she was on her hands and knees, Nurse Arlen connected her collar to the ring in the front of the table and went off to get the harness she had been wearing. Nancy had her head down; she was too worn out to care about what was going on around her. She didn't see Nurse Arlen remove the anal plug from the belt and replace it with another one. She also didn't see her grease both of the prongs up.

Nancy suppressed a whine when the belt went around her waist. The prong for her pussy went in first. It was a little slow going in, but the lubrication was a big help. When she was about to slide the anal probe in, Nurse Arlen said to her, "I've made the back one a little bigger, honey. You need to stretch out back there."

Nancy's eyes popped open when the woman started to push the anal probe forwards. She cried out as it stretched her anal ring and she gave a deep moan when it began to slide in. There was no question that this probe was bigger than the last one. It felt twice as big! She gave another whine and started to cry when she felt the straps pulled tight and the prongs penetrate her even more deeply.

"Now you have to stop all that whining and moaning, girly," the nurse told her. "I've been letting you get away with murder in here, but don't think you won't earn any more punishments if you keep it up. Don't think you're going to get any special treatment because of what you've been through. All the girls go through the same thing, so don't think that you're something special. Understand?"

"...ess, ...is-ress," Nancy replied despondently.

Nurse Arlen released the chain from her collar and helped her get off of the table and down on her hands and knees. She had brought over her leash when she had returned with her harness and now attached it to the back of her collar.

"Okay, Lurch," she said to Paul. "She's all yours."

"The name's Paul."

Nurse Arlen laughed. "Okay, okay! It's Paul."

Paul was not a happy camper as he led girl no. 9 to her cell. She was moving slow and he had to yank hard on her collar several times to keep her moving properly. Finally, he just ordered her, "Down!" and proceeded to give her several hard whacks of his whippy stick across her rear. She issued little, forlorn wails at each one.

"Get the message, whore?" he spat out.

"...ess, ...ah-er," the girl whined.

Nancy did her best to keep up after that. The cut on her neck stung with each movement. She couldn't believe the horrible thing they had done to her and was more than mildly forlorn at the restoration of the plugs that Jamar had installed. Like everything else, it seemed like the trainer's whims ruled her and that she would never know how long each torment would last. Would she have to wear the harness and its evil protuberances all the time now, or was it just to teach her another evil lesson? She had no way of telling and couldn't ask.

They finally reached a cell. The Lurch-like trainer led her in. He brought her to the middle of the room, released her leash and attached the chain from the ceiling to her collar. He undid her gag, tossing it on the floor carelessly and went over to the cabinet on the side of the room. He returned with a plastic bottle of yellow water. He cracked the top and put it to Nancy's lips.

She drank the lemon flavored water greedily. The sensation of it flowing down her throat was heavenly. When she was finished, he tossed the bottle at the small wastebasket that was there. It hit the top edge, bounced up and then fell into the can. Nancy and the man had both been watching it and when the bottle fell into the can, they both looked at each other as if to remark on the lucky shot.

Then the man stepped towards her and fished his prick out from his pants. A sourness went through Nancy as she realized what she was going to have to do. Her lips curled downwards and she swallowed a whine. The man was so big! He had a cruel, brutish face. This was the sixth or seventh trainer she had seen. The man who had first beat her, Eddie they called him, the Polynesian man who had fucked her, the two men who had been talking to each other when she had been in her cage, Jamar, of course, Marylyn, who had mouthed her to orgasm three times, the surfer looking man, Mike, and now him. And of course, Tony, the man who had led her into this, who had captured her and condemned her to hell. She would have to fuck them all. Many times over. And suck them and let them have their ways with her body. And be whipped by them. They were her masters. Were there more? How many men were there? How many women were they holding prisoner? Why am I here? Why is this happening to me? How will I ever get free?

His cock was inches from her face. It was long and thick, reddish and veiny. She knew she should move forward and seize it with her lips, but she hesitated. "This is number 4," she thought miserably. She

looked up at the man. "Please don't make me do this," she thought dolefully.

His hand moved like lightening. There was a loud, 'crack!' as he struck her across the face. She would have keeled over except that the chain to her collar held her up. She issued a loud howl. Tears cascaded down her face. The man was still standing there. He seemed to her like a towering mass of evil. His prick was still out. He was holding it with his left hand. He stared down on her as if daring her to hesitate in her duty for one more second. Girl no. 9 quickly cast her eyes on at his awaiting cock. Her lips trembling, tears flowing down her cheeks, she took possession of the man's instrument.

Crying, miserable, her body sour, her stomach in a knot, she worked the long wand of meat dutifully. She knew that if she flagged in her task the man would not hesitate to visit more hell on her. His cock was an infernal presence in her mouth, an invader, an occupier. It was the fulcrum of their dominance of her, a totem of her enforced subservience.

"Don't think about it! Don't think about it!" she tried to tell herself. "Just do it! It's your job now, your *raison d'être*. Your function." As the thick, meaty pole slid over her lips and tongue, as she suckled it, kissed it, licked its tip, drove its head deep into her throat, she thought over and over and over about what Jamar had told her. This was her mouth's function now. She thought of the drink the man had given her. If he could have he would have poured it in through her ears so her mouth would always have a cock in it. And how many before she was through, a hundred? Five hundred? A thousand? Ten thousand?

The man placed his hand on her head. It covered it almost completely. She felt like a miniature person in front of him, a captive from another race. His thick fingers took hold of her hair and he took over the momentum of her mouth's caresses. He pushed and pulled her head harshly. He mashed her face down on his loins until she coughed and whined and brought her back up. He made her go fast, so fast that she thought her brain would shake loose, and then slowed her down, forcing her to give him long, languorous suckles. Throughout, she concentrated on maintaining a soft, hot, narrow corridor for his cock, maximizing his pleasure.

"What is the third duty of a slave?" she thought. "What I'm doing now!" she answered herself. "I am a slave! It's true! It's true! And

there's nothing I can do about it! Oh, god please help me! Please! Please! Please!"

He sped up again and she prayed he was reaching his crescendo. He growled and groaned. His body tensed and his grip suddenly became stronger, fiercer. Then his voice rose and a flood of his jism filled her mouth. He was pushing and pulling her head too fast for her to swallow and his come came flooding up into her nose. She screeched and opened her mouth so that some could escape. The man's response was to bury himself deep in her throat, pressing his belly against her face. He held her there while his forces expended themselves.

When he released her, she gasped desperately for air. He let her take two deep breaths and then he slipped his still hard instrument back in. "Suck it clean, whore," he growled.

Nancy slurped and licked at his member. She was grateful when she felt it softening. She had been afraid that the man had a fierce stamina and would want to go again. Finally he pulled his softening snake from between her lips and put it away. She looked up at him fearfully. "What's he going to do now?" she thought unhappily. She could feel the remnants of his discharge over her chin and her upper lip. He gave her an evil grin. He took his giant sized hand and scooped up his spume and wiped it all over her face. "You better get better at swallowing cum, whore," he told her. "You do that again and I'll whip you good. Understand?"

Nancy felt the sticky remnants of the man's pleasure all over her face. She was on the verge of breaking out into sobs. "Yes, master," she managed to croak out.

He leaned over and scooped up the head harness and gag that he had dropped on the floor. He stood right in front of her, about a foot away. "What's your mouth for, cunt?" he asked her.

Nancy shuddered and held back a sob. "For sucking cock, master," she answered tearfully.

"Damn straight," he muttered. "Now open it up."

Nancy spread her lips. The penis-like gag was rammed home harshly. He pulled all the straps of the harness very tight, which jammed her mouth down hard on its intruder and forced the prong deeper into her mouth, almost into her throat. He disconnected her collar from the overhead chain. "Get over on the mattress, whore, on your belly."

Nancy turned and knee walked slowly over to the mattress in the corner. When she was on it, she eased herself down. She sobbed as he strapped her into immobility. When he had her neck strapped down, her face towards the wall, he put a black cotton bag over her head and drew it tight around her neck, sealing her into darkness.

He went away and came back. She felt him loosen the prong in her rear from the belt and slide it out. She felt her little ring relax. It felt good for it to be free. Then she felt an object inserted into her rear. The prong went back in, pushing it deeper. It was rehooked to her belt.

The clanging of the door signaled its opening. Then it clanged again, signaling the man's departure. She knew that she had been drugged. That it was now time to sleep. Last time she had fought it, determined to preserve some vestige of her dignity and humanity. This time, she welcomed it. She closed her eyes, eyes that could only see darkness anyway. Her mind reached out for symptoms of the drug's insidious workings. As her mind became woozy, as her body became limp and remote, she blessed its coming. She would do anything to escape this hell she had been condemned to, even if it was only for a little while. "Please help me. Please help me. Please help me," she kept repeating and then her mind mercifully dissolved.

* * * * *

Nancy awoke many hours later. It was all dark, of course. She had been dreaming about being back in high school and all kinds of weird things kept happening to her. The strange thing was that Karl, her boyfriend, was there. He kept telling her something that she couldn't understand. It made him very mad. And then he dissolved and there was that guy, Tony. He had an unctuous, evil smile. She ran and ran and ran from him, but everywhere she turned, he was right in front of her. Then she was lying somewhere, on a bed or on the ground, or some kind of rug, she couldn't tell, maybe it was all three. She kept trying to get up but she couldn't move. Tony was there and he was naked and approaching her. She knew that she had to get up or he would capture her. She tried and tried and tried, but it was no use! And then, when he was right on top of her, was about to seize her, his giant cock jutting out from his loins, she came awake.

Her heart was beating wildly and she was sweating. At first, she was relieved to be free of her nightmare. But then, realizing that she

was in fact tied down, that she was subject to Tony's depredations or anyone else's who wandered into her cell, unhappiness flooded her mind and her body turned sour.

Outside of her cell, the iPad on the wall that displayed the occupant's status denoted her wakefulness. Now that she had been implanted with her control device, her condition was displayed automatically. Her heart rate told the computer that her sleep period was over. It had lasted six hours. The suppository she had been given had only induced initial somnolence. The rest had been natural sleep in accordance with the needs of her natural rhythms and the product of her stress.

It was a free period. Nothing was scheduled for her for another two hours and, unlike the last time she had awoken, no period of isolation was mandated. Several of the trainers passed by without notice, their minds necessarily focused on their next scheduled task. It was about 40 minutes after she had come to consciousness that a heavysset, ambling trainer with a rigid, hardened face and a dirty blond crewcut wandered by. His name was Sergei Kalenkov. He just happened to take note of the blinking green light on the display.

Sergei had just finished off with girl no. 5, the nursing student who had been recruited a few days ago and arrived at the mansion about six hours prior. He had just given her a whipping and even though he had given her a round fucking afterwards he was still a little on edge. The memory of the black haired girl's screams and howls were still fresh in his mind. Her skin was all milky and her breasts, he had left them all red as a beet from his application of the flogger, were fluffy and had swayed and jerked marvelously as the girl danced and twisted to avoid the blows.

Sergei was an associate of a Russian mob which operated out of Brighton Beach in Brooklyn. They ran a few houses around the borough staffed mostly by gullible Russian and Ukrainian girls who had thought they were coming to the States to become hotel maids or waitresses. They also ran some gambling and protection rackets, wholesaled dope to a string of dealers around the Borough and were a conduit for smuggled computer technology back to the home country.

Their organization ran out of Smolensk. Most of them had done hard time at one time or another, graduates of a penal system which drew its habits and customs from the Gulag era. Cruelty and hardness was natural to them.

Jerome had started doing business with them about 2 years ago. They had no necessity of buying girls from him. The supply of naïve, hopeful Russian and Ukrainian girls seemed never ending. But Dimitri Gorki, who headed the Brighton Beach operation, had become familiar with Jerome's system and was interested in qualifying one or more of his bordellos as a class 'A' operation. Jerome had toured a few of their facilities and had been dismayed at the conditions he had found. Most of the girls worked 16 hour days. They lasted only a couple of years before they were good for only street work. The staff that ran the places was extremely brutal. The girls only left their little cubicles where they performed their business to eat and shower. Most of the girls Jerome saw on his tour were battered and bruised, sullen and dispirited.

The Russian outfit was too powerful and ruthless for Jerome to use the Bane people to sweep up their operations as he might have done with a solo operator like J.K. in Detroit. But he was chagrined at the unnecessary waste of resources. On the other hand, Dimitri's organization held out the prospect of a steady supply of fresh, malleable product. It was quite a conundrum.

At the end of his tour, Dimitri, a thick, heavy man in his late fifties, with steely eyes, close shaven grey hair and a porcine face, treated Jerome to a sumptuous dinner at his gaudy mansion. It was staffed by some of the girls who had been lucky enough, for the time being, to have avoided the gang's system of harsh bordellos. But the cowed and frantic nature of their demeanors and the bruises and whip marks they displayed, they were naked and wore heavy steel collars around their throats, told the story of their experiences which, all in all, were probably not much better.

Afterwards, Dimitri took him downstairs to the basement where the new girls were held until they could be broken in and meted out to their facilities. It was poorly lit and musty. They went through a warren of corridors and entered a big room. Jerome could hear the cries of distress of a woman from a long way down the hall. The room was a little better lit. It was about 50' wide and long. A naked, long haired, well endowed blond girl was lying on her back on a ratty double sized mattress and one of Dimitri's goons was in the process of mounting her to the delight of several other of his men. The girl was sobbing and struggling. The man leaned up and gave her a vicious blow across the face with his open hand, shouting something cruel sounding in Russian. The girl released a howl, but stopped her

struggles. The man lifted her knees so that her rear end came up off the mattress, guided his erect cock to her down laden divide and pushed himself in while the unhappy girl squealed and moaned. The other men laughed.

The girl's clothes, a pair of jeans, a sparkly gold pullover shirt, a pair of pink and white Rheboks and her white cotton bra and panties were lying in a little pile on the floor. The girl was still wearing her white cotton ankle length socks with pink and yellow trim.

There was a large, rough, wooden table on one side of the room. Upon it was a liter sized bottle of vodka, half consumed, a brace of small 6 oz. glasses and a large ashtray containing a pile of crushed out stogies and cigarette butts. Next to the bottle was a thick length of rope, about four feet long with two large, tight knots on one end that looked like they had been soaked in brackish water. The other end had a handle made up of worn black electrical tape that had been wound around it a dozen or so times. The knout looked well used. A chain dangled from the ceiling in the corner with a pair of manacles on its end. One coarse looking man with several days' worth of black beard sat on one of the chairs and was lifting a glass of vodka to his lips. When he saw Dimitri, he leapt to his feet.

All the men came to attention, including the man who had been fucking the girl. He stood up, naked from the waist down, his thick, reddish cock jutting out. Dmitri said something to him and all the men laughed. The girl, given a momentary respite, curled herself up into a little ball and continued to sob quietly.

Across from the mattress, along the far wall, were a series of ten long, thin cages that went up to the ceiling. Each one had a small cot in it, a small plastic portable toilet and an opaque plastic jug with a cock sized nipple on it filled with water. Four of the cages contained naked young women. Their bodies were bruised and they looked like they hadn't had the benefit of a shower in quite a while. They wore thick steel collars around their necks and their wrists were chained to a ring in the front. They gazed out morosely, sitting on their beds.

In three of the cages sat pretty, smartly dressed young women. Their faces were stained with tears, their faces fearful. They looked quite shaken. One girl had dark black hair going straight down to her shoulders. Her eyes were dark and she looked tall and shapely. The other two were blonds with matching straw colored hair that went down to the middle of their backs. Their skin was fresh and pink.

Their faces were similar enough to be sisters. Each girl had her arms tied behind her back and was wearing a bright red ball gag.

On a long wooden table against another wall sat four empty purses with their contents all spilled out of them. Brightly colored wallets sat on the table next to them and they had been pillaged and emptied as well. Four empty suitcases, red, green, black and brown, were lying on the floor, piles of clothes next to them. A large wad of cash, some bank cards and a mound of bright and shiny jewelry, watches, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, sat on the table next to four bright green Russian passports and four shiny, new smart phones. The backs were open and the batteries had been removed.

Dimitri approached the cages where the three dressed women sat. He issued them a sharp command and they all rose to their feet, approaching the doors. One of the blond haired girls started to cry.

He turned to Jerome. "You see, three beautiful untouched cunts. Direct from Kennedy Airport just today. Pick of the litter. Here, let me show them to you."

He issued a command to one of the guards and he came over to the cages and unlocked the doors. He ordered the women out. Slowly, fearfully, their eyes shifting back and forth, looking somewhere, anywhere for aid or sympathy, the girls crept out. They looked no more than 19 or 20. When they were standing outside the doors, the guard went behind them and untied their hands. When he was finished he spat out an order to them. All of the girls now began to cry. They hesitated and the guard went over to the table and picked up the knout. He came over and banged it fiercely on one of the cages, shouting out something angrily and making the girls jump.

They all started immediately to strip. Their blouses came first. Two of them were wearing blouses that buttoned up the front and their hands were shaking as they worked them free. The third, one of the blond girls, the one who had been crying earlier, was wearing a blue and white jersey and she pulled it over her head. As the tops came off, the guard snatched them from them and tossed them aside. The two blond girls, with pleasantly sized breasts, were wearing bras and they proceeded to discard them. The black haired girl, whose breasts were more modest, plump little teacups with sharp points, was not. She was wearing a pair of shiny, black high heels and she flipped them off and proceeded to unbuckle her belt and remove her jeans. The blond girls quickly caught up with her.

It was when the panties came off that the girls really began to sob. The blond girl on the end, the one who had started off all the crying, was the worst and the guard made to strike her with the knout, lifting it up over his shoulder. Dmitri caught his arm and said something soft to the man. The man, reluctantly, lowered the weapon. One of the other men gathered the rest of the girls' clothing and threw it over on the pile by the suitcases. The first man shouted something at the girls. They all raised their arms and placed their hands behind their heads. The guard made them straighten their backs and spread their legs.

"You see?" Dmitri said proudly. "Beautiful. A couple of days with my men and they'll be all ready for fucking."

They were beautiful, Jerome had to admit it. It seemed like such a waste. In a year they would be haggard and spent.

"You want to fuck one?" Dmitri asked.

Jerome politely declined.

"I tell you what," Dmitri said. "I give them to you. A gift for our friendship. We make good partnership, eh?"

Jerome had explained to Dmitri, reluctantly, over lunch, that he would work with him if he established a first class facility where the girls would be treated right. Dmitri would supply the girls. For every three girls turned over, Jerome would get to keep two; the other, fully trained, would be returned to Dmitri. Dmitri would keep her for 18 months and then she would be returned to Reuthers' for recycling. All the girls would be guaranteed top quality. Dmitri promised him six girls a month.

Additional first class girls would be sold to Jerome for \$12,500 a piece, a substantial discount.

The new facility where the girls would work was constructed in Park Slope. The girls whom Jerome trained for him were kept in the barracks at the mansion until it was ready. Jerome's people were consulted on design and operations. It was understood that the place would be run under Jerome's strict standards. Jerome was also guaranteed five 'B' class girls every month of which Jerome would keep three. The others would go to the Russian's other facilities, which Dmitri promised to upgrade. Jerome reserved the right to make the selections.

So far the deal had worked out all right. The haggard and worn out workers in Dmitri's facilities were weeded out and jobbed off to their street operations. Three of his facilities had been upgraded with two more to go. The 'A' facility had been in operation for a little over a

year and Dmitri's men had complied with all the requirements that Jerome had set down. The flow of girls back and forth had remained steady, as promised. Dmitri was immensely satisfied. He was generous and appreciative and threw in one or two girls gratis now and then. He never seemed to run out of them.

Dmitri had reserved the right to deal with the other girls who came in as he pleased, selling them to other local operations or shipping them off to other Russian mobs around the country.

Jerome had the three unhappy girls he had been gifted by Dmitri rebound and gagged and packed into the trunk of his late model, black Lincoln Continental. They had to be tightly jammed in to fit all three. He dropped them off at the Manhattan club for transshipment to Reuthers'. The fourth, the one on the mattress, had not been offered to him and so, unfortunately, was left to her fate.

Part of the deal was that Jerome would train some of Dmitri's people on the proper handling of the girls. Sergei was the latest. He had spent three months at Reuthers' and had been at the mansion for four weeks. In a few days he was going to Jerome's Denver brothel to work as a steward and observe their operations. After a month there he was slated to take over a house that Dmitri ran in Canarsie that had just been upgraded.

Sergei went up to the iPad outside of girl no. 9's cell. He scrolled his way through her pictures and the comments that had been entered on her so far. He lifted his fingers to his nose. The scent of girl no. 5's pussy was still on them. It made his loins stir. "Why not," he thought.

Nancy jumped when she heard the 'clang' of her cell door opening. She had been lying there awake and immobile for a while. She had been fretting about the device that had been planted in her neck. Part of her unhappiness about it was how cruel and callous it was. It made her feel more like just a cog in a machine, or a pet which needed to be controlled, like an unruly dog. But the stronger emotion was about how final it made her enslavement seem. Not content to whip her and confine her in all manner of callous, cruel ways, now they could reach deep inside her and make her body revolt against her. Every time she thought of it it made her belly sour.

As she heard her visitor step over to where she lay, her body ran cold. She knew that she had many punishments coming and the likelihood was that whoever had come in would administer one before he, or she, got around to using her in some new and grotesque fashion.

Sergei looked down at the bound girl. He played with the idea of getting her up from her position and getting her to suck him off, but he was getting off duty in a little while and he wanted to watch the hockey game that was on that evening, Rangers vs. Blackhawks. The Rangers had a new Russian player and he was tearing up the league. He had a bet with one of the other trainers. He checked his watch. It was a quarter after seven. The game came on at eight. He would want to shower and have something to eat. "Maybe I should skip it," he thought. He could, and probably would, fuck one of the barracks girls later. There was one he was quite enamored of, a little, dainty black haired girl from Odessa who would be one of his girls when the Carnarsie club was ready. Ordering her around in Russian made him feel like home.

He thought for a moment. The girl was delectable. Maybe he could come and fuck her tomorrow when he came back on duty. The problem was that his schedule would probably be filled up with tasks with the other girls and this one might not have a free time that was coextensive with his.

Nancy felt the man standing over her. The fact that he was taking so long was frightening her. She sensed an implacable evil coming from him, whoever he was. It made her body run cold. Fear welled up in her. She bit down on her gag and suppressed a whine. She squirmed unconsciously. It was that that did her in.

Sergei saw the slight twitch of the girl's hips. Her smooth, plump ass seemed to quiver. His cock stirred. He made up his mind. He would skip the shower.

Nancy felt the man's hands at her belt. She felt a tug on it and a few seconds later she felt the thick prong in her rear slide out. The prong had been a constant presence in her mind. It was so thick and it made her bowel feel so full. She gave a little sigh as it exited, happy that the constant pressure there had been relieved. She was unhappy at the thought that she was going to be put to sleep again and wondered why.

But then nothing happened. She heard movement next to her, a sound like someone disrobing. A few seconds later, she felt the heat of a body as it came near. The man was mounting her. His knees were on either side of her thighs. And then she realized what was happening.

"No! Don't do it! Please! Please! Please!" she thought frantically. She tried to squirm her body. She tried to force her anal opening

closed. She bit down on her gag and whined and moaned. "Please don't do this! Please! Please! Please!" she called out inwardly.

She felt the head of the man's cock pressed up against her ring. The man adjusted himself as if improving his angle of penetration. Then, slowly, slowly, slowly, she felt the hot protuberance slide inside her.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned. She tried to shake her hips, to swing her buttocks side to side in order to dislodge the man, but she couldn't move them more than an inch either way and he just kept pressing downwards. There was no pain; her opening was nice and loose. But a coldness flowed through her like a knife. Some man, some man she had never seen, whose face would be forever unknown to her, was penetrating her, using her as if her body was nothing more than the hole he was sinking into.

When he was fully in, the man released a satisfied sigh. His soft belly was crushing her hands underneath it. His bare chest was up against her arms, pressing them into her. His thighs were against hers, pushing them in tightly. And then he began to move.

Girl no. 9 cried and wailed as he possessed her. His cock was like a thick rod of hot steel. He kept pulling himself out as far as he could while keeping his cock's head within her and then slowly, slowly, slowly, easing himself all the way in again as if relishing the tight squeeze of her anal ring along its length. His weight was on her and her breasts were pressed down hard on the mattress. His thighs kept up their pressure on hers. He kept sighing and softly moaning, sure evidence of his enjoyment. His face was near her shrouded head and he kept whispering things in her ear, things that sounded harsh and were incomprehensible. All she could think of was that someone she would never know was using her. And, she knew, all she could hope was that he would be done quickly.

That had been Sergei's intent, but the murky warmth of the girl's bowel was suffusing him with pleasure. He kept running his cock in and out, pausing for a few seconds at the apogee and then at the perigee, and then moving again so that the dainty ring scraped along his shaft. The girl's muffled squeaks and moans were a sweet accompaniment to his pleasure. "*Ahhhhh, that's a good little whore,*" he cooed to her in Russian. "*You're ass is so hot. I could fuck you all night long. Let me hear you squeal nice and loud. Give it up for Uncle Sergei.*" And on and on.

Sergei had grown up hard on the Smolensk streets. He had been orphaned at thirteen and had had to make his own way, fighting and clawing for food and warmth. Many a freezing night he had wandered the streets looking for a morsel to eat and a warm place to rest for a while. He had joined a gang early on. His father had died first. When Sergei was seven he had fallen down into a ditch coming home shitfaced one night and had frozen to death. His mother had struggled to feed and clothe her five children, Sergei being the oldest. She had worked in a garment factory, but the money she made was barely enough to feed the household. She tried to make up for it with a series of abusive boyfriends who often erupted into drunken rages which ended with his mother bloody and beaten and then dragged into her bedroom for a violent fuck.

One of them had killed her. The children awoke one morning and came into her bedroom to discover her lifeless body, a cord around her neck, her face blue. They had all been packed off to an orphanage, but after a few beatings by both the proctors and the older boys who ran the place like a Gulag, Sergei had escaped.

Two years later, he had just turned 15, he was in the process of stealing a radio from a big, black Mercedes when he was grabbed by the scruff of the neck and hauled out of the car. Two big, mean looking men were holding him. One had a knife out that was as long as his forearm. There was a third man, elegantly dressed in a heavy, black topcoat with a large fur collar. He was laughing as the other men slapped Sergei around and shook him, promising all kinds of dastardly deeds. Sergei was frightened beyond his wits, but he had the presence of mind to swing his foot high and kick one of the men in the chin. The man dropped the knife to the ground. Sergei swung his elbow around and hit the other man on the nose. It burst into a fountain of blood and the man dropped him. Sergei scrambled for the knife. He picked it up and swung it around as the two enraged men began to encircle him.

“Fuck you! Fuck you, you cocksuckers!” Sergei yelled at them. “I’ll cut you all up, you motherfuckers! Come and get it, you pigs!”

The first man advanced to his left and Sergei swung the knife towards him. Then the second one stepped forward, as quick as a cat, and grabbed his arm. He twisted it and the knife fell onto the pavement. The man picked it up and, grabbing Sergei by his shirt, put it to his neck. He turned to his boss.

“You want me to kill him here?” he asked.

The well-dressed man laughed. "No! No!" he exclaimed. "He's a real tiger! Maybe we can use him. Hey boy," the man said to Sergei. "How would you like to come to work for me, eh? Are you a tough enough motherfucker, eh?"

Sergei went to work for him. First they brought him to a restaurant and fed him until he was addled. Then they took him to one of their clubs where they let him sleep it off in the back room.

He began as a runner, running drugs around the city on a little motor scooter. One night a gang of youths intercepted him and stole all the money and drugs. Sergei went back to the club the gang was operating out of and slipped a Makarov out of the coat of one of the enforcers who was fucking a girl upstairs. He drove around all night. He finally found the gang of boys in a remote park. There were five of them. Two of them had a girl on the ground and a third one was between her legs pulling down her jeans. The girl's shrieks and cries covered his approach. He snuck up behind the leader, put the Makarov to the back of his head and demanded the return of the money and drugs. One of the other boys had it. Sergei had him place them on the ground near his scooter.

The gang leader was shaking. He begged Sergei not to kill him. Sergei had all the boys stand up where he could see them. The girl was still lying on the ground, crying and moaning. Sergei hadn't thought of killing the boy. He was actually at a loss at what to do next. He made up his mind as he saw one of the other boys sliding his hand into his pocket.

The first shot blew the front of the gang leader's head clear off. He pushed the lifeless body away from him and then eased off four more shots. Three of the boys went down and one began to run away. Sergio knelt on one knee and held the gun out with two hands like he had seen the men do in the movies. He squeezed off another shot. The fifth boy went down.

Sergei helped the girl back to her feet. She was older, a little over 19. She was crying and blubbering. He had her get on the back of the scooter. As they drove off, she hugged him tightly, crying and sobbing, thanking him, blessing him for helping her. He drove her back to the club where he turned her over to the manager. When he told his tale, the men all cheered him and slapped him on the back. They fed him shot after shot of vodka until he passed out.

The next day in the papers the story described the five young toughs who had been found shot in the park later that night. Three

were dead at the scene and one died on the way to the hospital. The other one lived. Sergei tried to look him up when he got out of the hospital to finish up the job, but the boy had moved to Moscow. After the girl had been broken in they let Sergei fuck her twice a week, usually on Tuesdays and Thursdays after the lunch crowd had left. Six months later they tossed her in as a sweetener on a deal for three ounces of uncut Turkish heroin with a pair of hard boiled Aberdijani hoods who had taken a liking to her.

Sergei's stock rose high. By the time he was 18, he was running his own crew. He did most of the enforcement himself. He was arrested here and there on petty beefs, but he was always released soon after. It was when he had turned 25 that he got into a mess that even his boss couldn't get him out of. He had been sent to collect a gambling debt from some playboy motherfucker. When he was dangling by his foot from the balcony of his 15th floor apartment the guy slipped out of his hands. It turned out that he was the son of a very powerful politician. Sergei was sentenced to 15 years.

He spent 8 years in the worst hellholes imaginable. He was 6'2" tall and about three feet wide and so very few of the assholes in the prison, except for the guards, who were as mean as junkyard dogs, fucked with him. He acquired a plethora of tattoos, all inky and smudged, all emblems of his fierceness.

His parole came when the politician ran afoul of an even bigger mob from Moscow. It was decided that Smolensk was too hot for him and so they sent him to Brighton Beach to work for the gang there. He did a lot of the enforcement work and ran one of Dmitri's scurvy whorehouses.

Sergei had been skeptical when Dmitri had announced that he was upgrading all of their houses. Sergei knew only one way to run a whorehouse and that was through liberal use of the knout, which had the benefit of not marking the girls all up. But he had been impressed with the strict discipline they were able to inculcate in the girls at Reuthers' and even more impressed with the results at the mansion.

The little control devices, which he had made fun of when he had first heard of them, he saw now as an ideal solution to questions of security. He had heard from Dmitri how when one Ukrainian girl had escaped from their refurbished facility in Bushwick she been picked up by Bane Security a few hours later at Penn Station in Newark getting out of a taxi. It had been an inside job. She had been released by one of the guards who had fallen in love with her. He had given her

money and clothes and instructions on how to hail a cab and where to go. An hour after her capture she was back in her cell in Bushwick, naked and bound, undergoing five hours of level 5 punishment and wailing her repentance. They shut down the facility for an hour or so and played it over the central sound system so all the whores could hear. The guard, who the girl gave up almost immediately, met the fate of all traitors.

“We’re in America,” Dmitri had said. “Now we do things like Americans. Nice and clean, no fuck ups. We have first class girls and they fuck and suck with smiles on their faces. It’s good, Sergei, believe me.”

Sergei was a believer. As he eased his cock up and down in the girl’s bowel, he expressed his gratitude to the fates for landing him in such a sweet setup. The pleasures that were flowing through him were wonderful. He didn’t need to see the girl’s face. Who she was didn’t matter to Sergei. Just knowing that she was a subservient bitch was enough. And soon he would have a bevy of subservient bitches at his disposal. He would be able to fuck them on clean sheets in a sumptuous bed, not like those ratty cubicles they had used before. And any girl who failed to please would spend agonizing hours ruing her deficiency locked in her own little cell and he wouldn’t even have to lift a finger.

Nancy’s mind screamed in protest as the man continued his depredations. “Go away! Go away!” she shouted inwards. And not just at the man. Despite her revulsion at the man’s use of her, that tingling had come back, that undefinable feeling. It was connected directly to her pussy. The longer the man went on, the stronger the feeling got and the weaker her mental resistance.

Each time he traversed her little ring it sent another disturbing trill through her body. She didn’t want the feeling. She had tried to negate it with feelings of hate and anger at the unknown man who was using her, at everybody who had used or abused her, at Tony and Bob and that girl, that bartender at the club where she had been taken, her self-satisfied look when she saw her all trussed up and naked. It didn’t do any good. The feeling kept growing stronger and stronger.

She stiffened her body, she made frantic efforts to buck and weave, she screamed and screamed, but none of it had any effect. The cock just went on and on and on.

The man’s whispered encouragements curdled her stomach. The language was strange, Russian or Serbian or something. She didn’t

know what he was saying, but she imagined it as something coarse and degrading. The man's body was heavy and overpowering and squeezing out her breath. But the strongest sensation was that trilling feeling she received each time his cock arose from or descended into her bowel.

Then the man began to pick up his pace. His breathing became heavy. He began to grunt and moan. "Do it! Do it! Do it!" Nancy screamed, urging the man's crisis on. If she could have she would have, like a good whore, matched each one of his thrusts so as to hurry him.

The problem was, and she was trying to deny it, that the sensation of being totally dominated by an irresistible force, of being used without consideration of her needs or wants, of having been converted to a mere object of lust, was itself igniting a feeling of want and need in her. Jamar had said it. A good whore wants cock all day long. She wants to be penetrated, used, defiled, have her orifices filled with spunk. As the man's thrusts increased and his lusts began to drive him past mere enjoyment, her resentment against being used against her will was morphing into a resentment at not being able to play with her pussy, as Jamar had taught her, so that she could achieve maximum benefit from the man's invasion. Her pussy felt empty and ignored. Couldn't she just raise her hips a little bit and sneak her hand down there, or rise to her knees and gain the benefit of his cock inside her love channel, if only once or twice?

The man let out a great roar. His thrusts were coming madly. He growled and groaned and pounded down onto her. She thought of him pumping his spunk into her and it made her stomach curdle. Then he shouted. He pounded his belly into her five, six, seven, eight times, groaning like a madman. She felt like she was being nailed into the mattress. And then he gave out a loud growl and came to rest.

Nancy felt a sudden sadness that the trilling of her ring had come to an end. Despite her revulsion, the act had stoked her need, a need that she now knew would be left lingering. The man just lay there, catching his breath. He was still inside her and it didn't feel like his cock had diminished at all. Her sadness over being denied completion was displaced, now that her passion was waning, now that that strange, unfamiliar and despite herself pleasing feeling had stopped, by feelings of remorse and shame that she had allowed herself to feel anything but anger and hate and revulsion over what was being done

to her. His thick cock was still spreading her seemingly elastic ring. It felt insulting and dirty and foul.

Everything around her was still all black, and she knew that the man couldn't see her face, but she fought off the tears that wanted to flow nonetheless. She knew that she needed to become harder, stronger. Somehow she had to preserve a kernel of who she was or at least had been. Every time she cried and sobbed a little bit of that was washed away. Her effort to remain tearless became even more difficult when she felt the man slide out of her and he rose from her body. He gave her a little pat on the ass and said something to her, perhaps an expression of his satisfaction with the use of her orifice or, perhaps, just a final insult.

Sergei was, in fact, very satisfied. His balls felt pleasant and warm. When he rose to his feet he checked his watch by pressing the little button on it and he saw that he had about 20 minutes before the game started. He was already thinking about that little Odessan bitch and what he was going to do to her afterwards.

He walked over to the sink and washed off his prick. He towed it dry and then put back on his regulation black sweats. He was about to leave when he remembered that he had forgotten something. He went back over to the bound and hooded girl. He picked up the probe that had been in her when he came in. He crouched down, spread her plump, pale rear cheeks with one hand and slid the probe in until its base was against her anal ring. He strapped it to the belt. He patted her on the ass again. *"Thanks for the fuck, whore,"* he said in Russian.

A wave of unhappiness flowed through girl no. 9 as she felt the probe seated home again. She bit down on the gag so as to staunch her tears. When she heard the 'clang!' of the cell door indicating the man had left she couldn't hold it in anymore and broke down into sobs.

Time went by. Eventually, her tears dried out. She squirmed several times in her bonds, just for the net effect of having done something, to remind herself that sooner or later she would be freed of them. She couldn't stop thinking of the probe in her rear entrance. It was like the man had left his cock behind.

She had more or less dozed off again when she heard again the tell-tale 'clang' of the steel door to her cell. This time her guest addressed the removal of her bonds with only a moment or two's hesitation. When she was free, he gave her buttocks a smarting slap and ordered her to rise to her hands and knees. He had not removed the hood over her head. When she was up, as instructed, he took hold

of the ring at the back of her collar and guided her to the middle of the room. He left her chained there for a moment as he stepped over to the cabinet. When he returned he ordered her into presentation position. He pushed her head down into a bent angle. She felt the bandage on her wound being removed.

“Very nice job,” the man said. His voice was smooth and warm. It was one she had not heard before. “Nice and clean,” he added. She felt him apply a salve to the heeling incision and replace the bandage. He stepped away for a moment and then returned. She felt him unbuckling the belt that was around her waist and then he slowly eased out her twin invaders. He stepped away and hung the belt on a hook on the wall. When he came back he unhooked her from the chain and led her to the side of the room. He had her turn around and move herself back until her feet were against the wall. “Okay now,” he told her. “Piss.”

As she obediently released her water, it was becoming easier and easier to pee in the presence of her oppressors, she heard it strike the steel bowl beneath her. She had been trying to ignore her growing need for a while and was grateful that she would not have to hold it until it became agonizing again. When she was done, he wiped her and brought her back to the middle of the room. She heard the sound of the flushing bidet.

He had her stand and then attached her hands behind her back. He fastened the end of the chain that dangled from the ceiling to her joined wrists and pulled the chain tight so that her wrists were lifted slightly, not uncomfortably, but enough so that she knew that they were confined. He ordered her to spread her legs. “A little wider. A little wider,” he told her. “Good girl.” he said when she had complied and then he attached her ankles to rings in the floor.

When the bag was pulled free of her head, she saw a handsome man with short black hair. His face was pleasant and, at rest, had a natural, friendly grin. His eyes were blue. He stood tall, like the other men, and wide, but his bulk was not ominous and threatening like the others. He reached behind her head, pressing her breasts down with his chest, and removed the gag she had been wearing for hours and hours and hours. When he pulled it out he tapped her face lightly with his hand, smiled, and said, “What a pretty little girl.”

He hung the gag on a hook on the wall next to her belt and returned with a bottle of the yellowish drink they had been feeding her. He opened it and slowly poured it into her obedient mouth. It felt

like heaven going down and as she swallowed it Nancy realized that she was hungry. She wondered how much time had passed since she had been strapped into her bed. She felt like she had been asleep for a long time and she had laid awake for what seemed like two hours or so.

The man tossed the bottle in the wastebasket when she was done and then returned and resumed his position in front of her.

“Did you have a nice nap?” he asked her pleasantly.

“Yes, master,” she replied. It was almost odd to be able to move her mouth and tongue without the oppressive gag in it. There was something nice about the man that assuaged her anxiety a bit about what he was about to do to her. She remembered that he had been one of the men who she had seen talking the first time she had been in the feeding cage. “Yesterday? The day before?” she wondered. How much time had passed? She had no way to tell other than by the emptiness in her belly, assuaged somewhat by the drink he had given her.

“My name is Master David,” he told her. “You’re a very pretty slave girl. From what the other masters are saying, you’re going to make a very good whore. What do you think? Do you think that you’re going to make a very good whore?”

Nancy didn’t want to answer that question. It was bizarre the way the men and women talked to her. It was as if there was no question about what she now was and what fate held in store for her. She kept on trying to hold on to her ideas of eventual escape or redemption or of somehow waking up from this horrible dream. But it was getting harder and harder. They seemed so confident at their success in her transformation. What had Jamar said? Yes, that hundreds of girls had been through what she was enduring and that they had never failed in breaking them to their will. If that was true, it was foolish for her to think of herself as an exception. But she had to cling to that thought.

She knew what the man wanted to hear. He wanted her to say yes. “Yes, master, I’ll make a very good whore,” he wanted her to say. “I’ll be the best whore that I could possibly be.” Would they go easier on her if she told them what they wanted to hear, or would they just beat her for lying? Or would she be lying? Her natural pride told her that whatever she set her mind on she could do well. She had proven that to herself a hundred times in her past life. Deep down inside she knew that if she truly was to become a whore, I mean committed to it with her whole heart and soul as they wanted, that she would want to

be among the best. But was she ready to make that jump? Was she ready to devote herself wholly and without reservation to her new, enforced profession? No, she wasn't ready for that. Yet. For she also knew that if she didn't struggle against her fate with all her heart, that if she didn't fight to preserve her integrity, her humanity, her selfhood for as long as she possibly could, later, if what they were saying became true, she would never be able to forgive herself. It would be like she had made a deal with the devil himself to spare her the pain and humiliation and degradation she was experiencing. It would be like she was damning herself.

On the other hand, there was, by now, even after her short time in their power, no doubt in her mind that they had the power to do what they said. What was it that the man had said, that skinny man she had met in the hallway when Mistress Marylyn was taking her to the feeding cage? He said that they were there to help her get over her reservations, her hesitancy at surrendering to her fate. Yes, they could do it. But did that make it inevitable? She wasn't ready to confess that yet. She had to fight it. She had to!

The master needed an answer. He was standing there expectantly, a slight grin on his face as if he knew the bedevilment his question was stirring up in her. But of course he knew. This is what they did. They planted that doubt in your brain and it ate away at you like some kind of virus. She couldn't say yes, for she wanted so desperately for it not to be true. But she couldn't say no without lying because they were so strong and remorseless and had a well and tried system for making it true. So there was only one answer, an answer that, while true, in fact damned her as much as if she had said yes, because it revealed that very doubt that they were counting so much on. The man knew the answer she would give even before he asked it.

"I don't know, master," she finally replied unhappily.

"But you'll at least try, won't you?" the man asked. "I mean you agree to be obedient, don't you?"

Oh yes! She agreed to be obedient! She had told herself a thousand times that she would do whatever they said. "Yes, master," she replied, almost too quickly, as if he was already holding the whip in his hand.

"So if I told you that I wanted you to try and be the best whore you could be, then you would have to obey me, wouldn't you?"

Yes, she would. She would have to obey. It was clear where the man was going. There was only one more step to go. "Yes, master," she admitted.

His grin broadened. "That's all we want," he continued. "We want you to try and be the best whore that you can be. And, in our experience, if you try hard enough, you will make it true. So then you'll try, won't you? You'll be a good little slave girl and try your very hardest to become the very best whore that you can be, won't you?"

The trap was closed. If she said no, then her promise to be obedient would be a lie. She would be punished. It would be added to the long list of punishments she had already earned. It would be an act of rebellion and she knew from her session with Jamar how easily her rebellion could be crushed. Eventually, be it this time, or the next time, or the time after that that the question was asked, for she had no doubt they would ask it again and again as if it were some kind of protocol they were following, eventually she would say yes. She knew it and the smiling, seemingly gracious man in front of her knew it. There was only one answer that was possible. "Yes, master," she said meekly.

His grin broadened again. Girl no. 9 had just passed lesson no. 3. He tapped her cheek softly. "Good girl," he said again. "That's a very good girl. You're such a pretty little slave girl. You're going to make all the trainers very happy. And to show you how pleased I am, I'm going to give you a very special orgasm. You like having orgasms, don't you?"

"Yes, master," she answered somewhat dolefully.

"That's a good little slave girl," the man replied warmly.

He stepped back and removed his top, tossing it aside. His chest was broad and hairless. His skin looked smooth and soft. He came back up next to her. He placed his hand behind her neck and urged her forward, pressing her breasts against his chest. It felt warm and comforting. He kissed her softly just behind her ear and then moved his lips down her chin, covering it with his warm, moist breath. He circled over and did the other side. His touch was so gentle that it almost made Nancy cry. Her body was shaking. Her psyche was being torn in two. She did not want to orgasm, at least her brain did not. But her body did and so did her heart. Her body yearned for the grip of passion to seize it, for her mind to be overborne with lust, for the wonderful, wrenching experience of a climax. And her heart, her heart

just wanted someone to be kind to her, to touch her gently, to bring her his or her warmth, to ease her oppression, even if only for a short while.

When his lips covered hers, he paused there, letting her taste his hot breath. She drank it in hungrily. His tongue softly, gently eased itself into her mouth. A rush of warmth flooded her body. Their tongues intermingled.

He worked her over as if he were her most devoted lover. He kissed and caressed her breasts; he ran his hot hands down her torso and across her belly. He put his arms around her and crushed her breasts into his chest, kissing her deeply for the longest time. Her lust grew exponentially. Her mind had all but given up resistance. Her body and her heart outnumbered it. Overwhelmed it. "But it's wrong! It's wrong!" her mind shouted even as it was enveloped in a misty haze of lust and need. "It's so good! So good!" her body sang. "Oh, it's wonderful!" her heart echoed. "Wonderful!"

His hand slid down her naked back, down her joined arms and over her useless hands. He intertwined their fingers and gripped them hard as his tongue generated wave after wave of warm pleasure all through her. Her fingers gripped back, wanting, needing this elementary token of affection, of kindness, of humanity. He ungripped her and his hand slid down her torso. While one hand caressed her head and neck and breasts, the other flitted over her mons. It was almost as if a breeze had sprung up in her cell and wafted its way across her sex. The hand caressed her belly, then her thighs, dribbling over them ever so lightly. Then it returned to her fulcrum, drifting over it this time with a little more assurance, a little more determination. The sensation drove a moan from her, a moan released directly into her ersatz lover's mouth.

He rewarded it with another caress. This time as his hand drifted up her mons a thick finger pressed deftly between her labia. Her body shuddered. When it met her already rigid button, it lingered over it, circling it softly, flicking it ever so lightly.

Nancy's body swayed and swooned, held up only by her lover's arm which had snaked around her waist. She yearned to move her hands, to shift her legs, to respond freely and willfully to the man's caresses. There was something about the fact that she could not that made to wonderful thrills that were passing through her flesh so much more piquant.

The hand kept up its caresses of her sex. Its fingers slid easily along her divide, lubricated by her discharge. Two thick fingers sank

into her tunnel, flowing in and out and in and out until she groaned. The fingers slid over her nubbin, pressing down harder on it now, rubbing back and forth on it, giving it solid, almost painful flicks that sent a surge of pleasure through her. His tongue vacated her mouth. His lips washed across her chin. His hand abandoned its post. It rose and seized a breast, squeezing it hard, pulling and twisting at its nipple. His tongue and lips followed it, halting momentarily to suckle and kiss it. Then his hands flowed down over her hips and the outside of her spread apart thighs. His tongue traced a path down her belly to her loins. The man crouched down between her legs. His lips and tongue found her pulsing trigger and he began to suckle and lick it energetically.

Nancy released a gasp. Her knees felt weak. It took all her effort not to collapse. It was as if her whole body was teetering on the edge of a precipice. Wave after wave of delight passed through her. "Stop! No, don't stop! Stop! No, don't stop! Stop! No, please, please, please don't stop," her mind cried out. "I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'm a whore!" her mind repeated again and again. "This man, this evil man is forcing this pleasure on me. I have no ability to refuse it. I'm a helpless prisoner, enslaved, beaten, humiliated, tortured and yet I can succumb so easily to a strange man's caresses, a man who is the agent and servant of the unknown force that has stolen me from myself. What else am I but a whore? Jamar had said it. I would have given myself to anyone who had walked in through that door, that implacable, remorseless door which contains the only instruction I need to know, 'OBEY!'"

Girl no. 9 moaned again. She tried to grind her loins against the tongue and lips that were tormenting her. Her need was building monumentally.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Make me come! Make me come! Make me come!" she thought desperately. But it seemed that every time she was about to reach her pinnacle, the mouth and tongue relented, washing her labial lips, tickling her entranceway, running up and down the crease between her torso and her thighs.

Finally, after the third time the man made her passions rise and fall, he gave her clitoris a long hard suckle. She groaned with need. Then he rose and his hand replaced his lips. He grabbed the back of her head with his free hand and pressed their lips together harshly. His thick, hungry tongue invaded her mouth. She received it with joy. The hand at her loins was rubbing her love button furiously, slipping down

again and again to draw her moisture upwards and then rubbing the oily nubbin frantically.

She groaned in his mouth. Her body shuddered. A wave of lust and need and passion and animal-like ferocity seized her. It felt as if her pussy was the lips of a fuming volcano creeping relentlessly toward its eruption. All of the villagers were fleeing madly away, running for their lives. She felt a rumble deep in her belly. She experienced a moment so sublime, so beatific, so portentous that she didn't know if she could survive it.

And then it came. Her pussy convulsed and contorted within her. A locomotive like force spread all through her. Her body shook and spasmed. She groaned forcefully into the man's mouth. The heat of his tongue, its frantic activity, its fullness, its forcefulness accentuated and magnified each pulse of pleasure streaming through her. She lost her balance and would have fallen but for the man's firm arm around her waist. His chest was pressed up hard against her breasts, transferring its strength and heat to them. She groaned, "Urlpf, urlph, urlph, urlph, urlph, urlph," her noise distorted and muffled by the man's mouth and tongue.

And then the hand slowed. Her pussy's spasms waned. Her body lost its tenseness. Her drumming heart began to slow. The hand gave her clitoris one last flick that made her jump and then rose up over her hip, up her arm and across her chest. The man broke off their kiss and leaned back. He caressed and squeezed each of her breasts, ran across her belly and then up again. He gave her one deep, last kiss and then stood away.

"Did that feel good, little slave girl?" the man asked.

"Yessssssss, master," she hissed. She looked at him. He appeared almost like he was in a fog.

"You see," he said, "you have the makings of a really fine whore. It's like your lust lies just beneath the surface of your psyche, just begging to be released. Isn't that so?"

Yes, it seemed so. It seemed like all the men had to do was touch her and her passions came bursting forth. She felt ashamed and remorseful. No one had ever made her come like that. What was wrong with her? Her body still trilled with the residual energy of her climax. Her loins felt heavy and wet and warm. Yes, not far beneath the surface of the veneer she had held out to the world all her short adult life lay a monstrous need for pleasure, a veneer that could be

stripped away by the slightest administration of shame and humiliation. Yes, it was so! It was so!

“Yes, master,” she admitted. Her body was covered with sweat and she was swaying. The man patted her cheek softly, smiling.

“I’m glad that you enjoyed that, slave girl,” he said. “It was fun. But I’m afraid that our playtime is over and now it’s time to pay the piper. You spoke without permission when Master Mike came to get you earlier and you have to be punished.”

A wave of dread passed through her. Her belly turned sour and her body turned cold. “Please don’t! Please don’t! Please don’t!” her mind called out. She pressed her lips together hard, fighting off the urgent need to vocalize her pleas.

The man tapped her cheek again. “I’m sorry, little slave girl,” he said, “but you’ve got to learn to stay quiet. You were warned a number of times. Did you think that the masters and mistresses were fooling around?”

“Noooooooo, master!” Nancy wailed.

“Did you think there was an exception just for you?”

“Noooooooo, master!” Nancy wailed again.

“Was there any part of the rule that you didn’t understand?”

“Noooooooooooo, master!” she sobbed.

“Is there any reason in the world why we shouldn’t punish you?”

“Yes, master! Yes, master!” she cried out. “I won’t ever do it again! I promise! I promise! Please! Please! Don’t punish me, please!”

The man laughed. “Do you think that we can believe a slave girl’s promise? Do you think we we’re stupid?” His voice was rising now, anger seeping out of every word. “Do you think we keep you all locked up in chains because we trust you? Do you think we keep you all locked up in a cell because we believe that you’ll be good? Do you think we confine you in cages and bind you, gag you, whip you and treat you like the miserable low being that you are because we believe you when you say you’ll be good, that you’ll obey, that you’ll follow the very least of our commands as if they were the words of God?”

“No, master! No! No! But please don’t punish me! Please! Please! Please! I promise to be good! I will! I will!” Fierce panic had broken out inside her. A few moments ago she was reveling in the waves of ecstasy flowing through her and now she was cowering like the most miserable creature on earth.

“There you go again, slave girl,” the man said. “I asked you a simple question and you went on and on and on. You’ve just proven my whole point. It’s our job to instill in you a fear that’s so rabid, so intense that the idea of breaking a rule will be snuffed out in you even before it begins. And that means that when you break a rule, especially so basic a rule as this one, a rule you were given in the first moments of your arrival here, you must be punished and punished severely. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master!” she sobbed. Tears were flowing down her face. Her lips were trembling. She couldn’t imagine what he was going to do to her, but she knew it would be something horrific. Her knees were so weak that, for a moment, she lost her balance. The chain binding her wrists pulled them up painfully. She looked at the pleasant, handsome face of Master David and wondered woefully where he found the ability to be so cruel, to shift from giving pleasure to giving pain in a virtual instant. Why had God ever let this happen to her? How was she ever going to survive? What was he going to do to her?

He patted her on the cheek again. “Good girl,” he said. “I knew you’d understand.”

He walked away from her, around behind her. She heard him opening something. It sounded like some kind of case. He must have brought it in with him while she was lying on her mattress. That’s why he kept her hooded until her back was to it.

He came back a few seconds later. He was holding a big, heavy, shiny metallic helmet. It had some kind of projection in the front where the mouth would be. Her blood curled when she saw it. It looked medieval. He was going to do something terrible to her, she just knew it.

There were levers on the sides of the helmet and he released them. It divided into two pieces. “Now let me say this, slave girl,” he said sharply, “if you don’t cooperate things will go much worse for you. This instrument is designed to bring you pain, humiliation and discomfort. It’s particularly appropriate to your transgressions. One way or another you’re going to wear it. We have a hundred other ways of inflicting on you with the most excruciating punishments. If you don’t cooperate, you will experience one or more of them. And then you’ll wear the helmet anyway. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master,” Nancy whined.

“Good girl,” he said. He pulled the pieces apart and approached her. First he brought the back part of the helmet to the back of her

head and pushed it forward. It covered her head up to the middle of her ears. Then, with the other hand, he guided the front part forward. Nancy felt like screaming she was so afraid. Her whole body was trembling.

“You see that slot by your mouth?” the man asked.

“Yes, master” she answered tearfully.

“Slip your tongue inside it and push it out as far as you can.”

Nancy released a sigh of woe, but she obeyed. As soon as her tongue was in it he slipped the front of the helmet forward. It seemed to catch on part of the rear portion. A mouthpiece passed by her lips. He stepped to the side of her and started pushing the two halves together. When the steel was jammed up against her face and the back of her head, he pulled down the leavers on either side, one on top and one on bottom. The helmet was sealed shut.

It was all dark inside. There were just two little dime sized holes for her eyes. There was an indentation for her nose. The mouthpiece, made from rubberized plastic, was seated in her mouth. Her tongue was extended outside. The helmet was heavy and made her neck wobble. “Oh, please don’t do this!” she whined inside.

“Now stretch out your tongue as far as it will go,” he ordered her.

She pushed it out.

“Further!” he snarled.

She pushed harder.

“Further!” he barked.

She gave a great groan and stretched it until the inside of her mouth was strained.

“Good girl,” the man said. An instant later a clamp closed around the base of her tongue. It had little teeth in it. She released an unhappy wail.

“Now don’t move your tongue or the teeth will dig in even further,” he told her.

He moved to her front. Her tongue was extended along the slot on the front of the helmet. She could feel the bumps along the insides of the top and bottom. Her tongue barely squeezed into it. The man put his hands up to the front of the helmet. He started twisting something. The bottom and the top of the slot began to come together. The bumps pressed hard against her tongue. A wave of agonizing pain shot through her. “Ullllllllllgh!” she wailed. “Ullllllllllgh! Ullllllllllgh!” The man kept pressing the two halves together. The pain got worse and worse. Then he stepped away.

“Okay now, get the idea?” he asked her.

She couldn’t answer. Even the idea of moving her tongue brought excruciating pain.

“I asked you a question, whore!” the man spat out sharply. “If you don’t answer me I’ll make the tongue press even tighter!”

A wave of terror passed through her. “Ouuuuuu, ouuu-ouuu!” she wailed. Her tongue shifted, or tried too, and the pain shot briskly through her. “Ullllllllllllgh! Ullllllllllllgh! Ullllllllllllgh!” she cried out.

“Good girl,” he said again. He tapped the side of the helmet.

“I’m sorry, but you’ve earned another punishment, one that I think needs to be dealt with right away,” he told her. “You went on and on and on before when I asked you a simple yes or no question. And right after I told you you were going to be punished for the very same thing, talking out of turn.”

Nancy wailed. She didn’t know what more the evil man could do to harm her, but she didn’t want to find out.

He stepped to the side of the room where the control for the chain was. She heard him pulling on it. Her hands started to rise behind her. She had to bend over to avoid the pain. He kept pulling the chain until her arms were practically vertical. Her head was down around her waist. The heavy helmet was pressing it downwards. She wailed and sobbed and the teeth from the mouthpiece bit more firmly into her. She thought it a horrible punishment to be left this way, but she was wrong. Not about how horrible it was, but about whether it was her punishment. She realized her mistake when she heard the swish of a whip behind her.

“You’ve got to learn to behave yourself, slave girl,” Dave said almost amiably. “This punishment could have been easily avoided. After all this do you think you will learn your lesson?”

“Ouuuuu, ouuu-ouuu!” Nancy wailed between her sobs.

“Okay then, ten strokes,” the man said.

There was a slight delay and then suddenly fire erupted across her buttocks. She screeched and then wailed as the teeth biting into her tongue sent splinters of pain through her mouth.

And then there was another blow and then another and then another. He was using the flogger. Its tendrils were stiff and had little metal studs in them to give them weight. Nancy screamed and screamed. Another blow and then another and another. She kept

wailing and wailing. Her rear was as hot as lava. Her tongue burned. Her shoulders wrenched at each blow.

And then there was another blow and then another and another. Ten in all, as promised. David watched as the girl wailed and cried and sobbed. Her rear cheeks were as red as beets. All the girls ended up in the brank sooner or later. It was inevitable. The habit of speaking was just too damn strong for them to give it up completely without the strongest encouragement. And all you had to do after you told them they were going to be punished was to keep questioning them and sooner or later virtually all of them broke down and started begging. The few that didn't were just told that the whipping was for something else.

There was something else David intended to do. It wasn't mandatory, but getting the girl off and then whipping her had caused his libido to skyrocket. And her pussy was so readily available.

David shucked off his sweat pants and took his prick in his hand. He gave it a few idle strokes and then approached the girl. He ran his hand over her pussy. Despite her agony, it was still wet and mushy. He bent his knees just a little bit and slid himself in.

Nancy wailed when she felt the man's prick fill her. If there had been one more thing that he could have done to her to make her more miserable it was that. She felt him gliding in and out of her and she was flooded with shame and despair and self-pity. Every time he sank himself home, her body swayed and pain shot up through her shoulders. Her head swayed and nodded and the teeth dug further into her tongue. The man had his hands on her hips, pushing and pulling them to match his thrusts. He seemed to be in no hurry. She could hear him grunting and moaning behind her. She wished desperately that somehow she could stop the pistoning rod, expel it from her. It seemed so unfair that she couldn't. It seemed so unfair that she was being treated this way. It seemed so unfair that there were millions of other girls out there wandering around, doing anything they wanted, having a wonderful time and she was here, locked away, subject to heinous tortures. Why her and not them? What had she ever done? How will it ever end?

The man's pace quickened. His groans got louder. The grips on her hips became tighter. His thrusts became harder. And then he gave out a long, heavy moan and began pounding away at her. She sobbed and wailed as her body was subject to the most tortuous pain. He went, "Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!" and then he was finished.

He calmly slid himself back and forth a few more times and then slipped free of her. He gave her reddish ass an appreciative rub and then got dressed. He put away the flogger and closed up the case the brank had come in. He took the belt off the hook on the wall and brought it over to the little sink where he gave it a good wash. He greased up the thick rear prong and then brought the belt over to the girl.

She whined when she felt the prong slide into her still moist and dilated belly. And she issued a sob when she felt her still burning hot rear cheeks spread and the thick prong address her rear entrance. It passed in easily. It stretched and filled her. The man tightened the belt around her waist, giving the strap to the rear dildo an extra hard yank, sinking it even deeper within her.

He went to the iPad on the wall and entered her punishments. Her file had come up on it automatically as soon as she had entered the cell. His only comment was, "Nice pussy." Then he went around in front of her. He took a long look. She was sobbing and moaning quietly, her arms stretched up high behind her, her legs spread and her metal covered head swaying and weaving. "Poor little thing," he thought. And then he laughed. He was sure that the next time he had a session with her she would fuck him like a demon. He turned, operated the locking system and left. The door shut behind him with a loud, 'clang!'

CHAPTER NINE

Former Marine Gunnery Sgt. Cal Walker was in the break room finishing off a cup of coffee and a piece of lemon meringue pie. A few of the other trainers were in there as well. Marylyn, Shakila and Debbie Evans were sitting together at a long, rectangular, Formica covered table. Shakila, a tall, black, Harlem born Amazon, was telling a story and the other two women were laughing uproariously. The women trainers tended to band together for reasons of mutual support and natural affinity.

Eddie and Sandoval, known as Sammy, were arguing, or at least Eddie was. Eddie liked to argue and it was hard to get into a conversation with him without getting into a hot discussion about something. Sammy was just nodding and issuing little sounds of agreement while he ate his steak and beans. Jamar was in the corner, as usual, tending to his own dark thoughts. David and Al were at another table comparing notes on girl no. 12, the Cuban ballerina who had come in last night.

Cal glanced at his watch. There was still 30 minutes before his next assignment, one that he had been looking forward to. Ever since he had escorted girl no. 9 to the mirror room he had been eager to have a session with her. Tomorrow he was leaving for Reuthers' to conduct a month's worth of training sessions for some of the newer trainers and stewards from the franchise clubs. Manny had been scheduled to conduct girl no. 9's next training block, but Cal had traded with him after clearing it with Jim Kreiser, the head trainer.

Cal got up from his chair and went back out into the training area. Girl no. 7, the blond movie star wannabe that Sammy and his buddy had picked up out in North Hollywood a little over two weeks ago was in the feeding cage. She had finished her meal, leaving behind a sparkly clean bowl, and was on her hands and knees, back straight as an arrow, staring straight ahead. She had fresh, bright red stripes all over her breasts. Tears were flowing down her face and her lips were trembling. Eddie was supposed to be taking care of her but he was too engaged in his argument to note the passage of time.

Meal time was one of the most difficult things for the girls to handle. Each one was like a marking point, the closest thing they had to a measure of how much time had passed since they had been captured. They were not evenly spaced and were purposely scheduled randomly in order to confuse them, but it was all the measure they had. So each meal was a distinct reminder that their days of freedom were receding further and further behind them.

It was also a reminder of their total loss of human dignity. Treated like cattle in a feeding lot, fed the blandest meal that could be concocted while still containing sustenance, naked and rigid, silent and confined, it was a stark contrast of what meal times had always been, social, pleasing, relaxed, generally a time of enjoyment. And since the trainers received their food from the same source, the newly minted sex slaves had to watch as their masters pulled their trays from the dumbwaiter filled with aromatic sustenance. The contrast between their statuses could not be more distinct.

And then there was the door. It was impossible not to perceive the trainers entering and exiting through the steel door that stood no more than 25' away. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that on the other side was the world they had been severed from. Everything that they had been was just beyond it. If they could just get free of their incessant bondage and figure out a way to open it, they could free themselves from this dimly lit, monotone hell and find sunlight and freedom. The colors of life would be restored. They could walk upright on the earth. They could laugh and dance, look up at the sky, feel their toes in the grass, reunite with their loved ones. It was so close and yet so far away, for there was less chance than none that they would ever pass through it.

Cal saw that Eddie had left the girl's bottle of supplement on the counter. Cal was not the kind of guy that let it lie if saw something that had to be done. You don't practically run an infantry company that way. If Eddie had been in his company, Cal would have burst back into the break room and chewed the guy out in front of all the other trainers. But Cal was not in charge. And besides, Eddie would probably just take it out on girl no. 7's hide as soon as he got her back to a cell. Shit flows downhill.

Cal always made it his business when he was off duty to bone himself up on all the trainees and where they were in their training regimen. He had had a couple of sessions with girl no. 7 and he had been impressed with her sensuality and oral technique. But she was a

real borderline case. It had been over 2 weeks and she was still breaking out into tears like she had just been recruited yesterday. When she woke up from her naps in her cell she spent a long time sobbing. And she was skittish and hesitant when given orders to take the initiative in pleasing a master. She would definitely have to get over that.

He made a mental note to himself to speak to Dr. Carter about her before he left tomorrow. An increase in the mood alterant in her potion might be in order and perhaps a tweak in the libido stimulator. On the other hand, she might be ideal for the trials on that new drug they were working on at Reuthers'. He made another mental note to see how they were doing with it while he was down there. Washing out at the mansion and being transferred to Reuthers' to start her training all over again would be quite a shock. Girl no. 7 was the kind of girl that once she began a downward slide would probably go all the way down to a 'B' girl or maybe even a 'C'. It would be a shame since she was so pretty and had a natural talent for fucking.

He could see that the girl was shifting her glance to him and the door behind him every few seconds. Her body seemed to be shaking. Some of the girls couldn't take being left alone in the cage for very long. After being cooped up in their cells and being subject to all forms of confinement while there, to have their bodies relatively free and to be surrounded by all that open space with people coming and going made them feel lost and uncertain, exposed, which was, of course, what the cage had been designed to make them feel. And when there was a break in routine, like Eddie forgetting to come out and take care of the empty bowl and give girl no. 7 her potion, well, that made it all the worse.

Cal took the initiative to remove the girl's large, silver colored doggie bowl from the shelf outside her cage. He gave it a thorough examination even though he had already seen that it was clean. It was important that the girls know that their efforts were carefully watched and that they get credit where credit was due. "Very good," he said after he had looked the bowl over. Girl no. 7 registered this complement by a slight slackening in the flow of her soundless tears and giving him an appreciative glance.

He placed the bowl on the counter and came back and removed the tray outside the girl's cage. He put it away and brought back a wet lanolin sheet from the dispenser and wiped her face. He made sure that he got all of the mess and wiped away her tears as well. The girl

was already recovering from her distress. Things were happening that were supposed to happen. That made her feel, if not good, at least comforted. He tossed away the wipe and opened the potion bottle. He looked at the stamp on the bottle. It read JM14266. He stepped over to the girl. "What's your inventory number, girl?" he asked her.

She glanced up at him and rattled it off. After the first few days, protocol was that the girl be ordered to memorize her number and woe betide the girl who got it wrong. The number the girl gave him matched the one on the bottle. Cal had assumed it would, Eddie wasn't a fuckup after all, but it always paid to be sure.

He twisted off the cap and removed the aluminum seal. "Open your mouth," he told the girl.

She obediently opened her mouth and tilted her head back. He began pouring the potion in slowly. She seemed to welcome it. Most of the girls got over their reticence to drink their potions after a few days. First of all it tasted good, a lot better than the slop they had to eat. And second, most of the girls sensed the effect it had on them, leveling out their moods, making it easier to get into the swing of things when they were used. Even if they didn't consciously make the connection with the potion, they developed a second sense about it. Besides, if they were being fed the potion by a good trainer it was another occasion for approval. Thus, when the bottle was empty, Cal smiled at the girl, patted her lightly on the cheek and said, "That's the good girl."

He placed the bottle in the dumbwaiter along with the used bowl and sent them upstairs. He tossed the cap and aluminum foil that had covered the top into the garbage. He reached into his pocket for one of the blue balls they used as gags, he always carried one, and told the girl to open her mouth. She readily complied. He slipped it in and she closed her mouth around it. He released the chain that held her collar to the front of the cage and gave her face a gentle push, forcing her to move back. When she was back, he raised the part of the cage that had been lowered so that the girl could be serviced and locked it in place.

Now the girl was all closed up again and safe. He could see the relief in her eyes. He saw her bite down on the ball in her mouth. After a while the girls began to react to the blue ball like it was a kind of security blanket. It ensured that they didn't commit the sin of talking and it was much easier to tolerate than the gags that they used. They could chew on it and bite it to help ease their frustrations and it

had a little Play-Doh kind of taste, much better than the sourness of a well used leather gag.

Cal checked his watch. There was still 25 minutes to go. He went over to the iPad on the wall and scrolled up the camera in girl no. 9's cell. It showed her from the top of the door downwards. He could see the back of her shiny helmet and her legs spread, her arms straight up in the air. She was sobbing dolefully. Her head was bobbing and weaving and a little puddle of drool had formed on the floor in front of her. David had set her punishment at 3 hours. It was a little long to be in the brank and bound up the way she was.

To Cal, David was a little bit of an asshole. He had boytoy good looks and thought very highly of himself. His empathy factor was way down and he often proscribed harsher punishments than were really needed. If it were up to Cal he would be shipped back to Reuthers' where his brand of callousness was more useful. But, again, Cal didn't call the shots so there was nothing he could do about it.

Two months later, when Jim Kreiser left to manage the construction of the Pittsburgh facility, Cal was promoted to head trainer and the first thing he did was send David packing. He replaced him with Greta Grünwald, Southeast Regional Woman's Karate Champion, 1998 to 2003. She was runner up at the nationals twice. A blown knee ended her competition days, but she was still strong as a horse. She also had made quite a name for herself along the S&M circuit and maintained her own stable of subservients. Once hired, she turned her three lovely and doting slave girls over to Reuthers', converting them from consensual to non-consensual status and receiving a very nice commission. They were trained as 'B' girls and sold off to a chapter of the Spanish Lords street gang in Houston.

Greta proved to be an excellent choice. She was an accomplished disciplinarian. Her ability to physically dominate the trainees made them quake with fear, yet she had a finely honed sensuality born out of her superior knowledge of human anatomy that drove the girls wild. She was able to enlighten the other trainers on a few choice dominance holds and the use of a number of pressure points to inflict instantaneous, agonizing punishments without the need to resort to a whip. With her contacts in the world of BDSM clubs and fetish circles, she was able to help recruit a steady supply of cute, little slave girl wanna be's into the real thing.

Eddie was called into his office and told to shape up or ship out.

Since he had another 25 minutes to wait, Cal ordered himself another cup of coffee. When it came down off of the dumbwaiter he went back into the break room.

“Hey Eddie,” he said. “Your girl’s all ready to go.”

Eddie looked at his watch guiltily. “Oh, yeah, sorry Cal,” he said as he got up. “Thanks. I’ll talk you later, Sammy,” he said. Sammy just shrugged.

Cal watched as Eddie left and then sat down at an empty table. The girls were just breaking up. They all gave each other little smooches and separated. Marylyn was going off duty so she headed for the locker room. Debbie was going on and she placed her hand on the reader, keyed in the day’s code and entered the training area. Shakila sat down at Cal’s table.

Cal and Shakila had a burgeoning friendship going. It hadn’t broken out into unbridled affection yet and they hadn’t swapped any spit, but that was where they both figured it might be going. Both of them were, if not jaded, then at least wary adults. Cal had been all through the Orient and other places around the globe and knew that pussy was generally just pussy. A kiss was just a kiss. Shakila had been around the block a few times herself and knew the same thing. Both of them saw in each other though what they wanted to see in members of the opposite sex, at least as far as consensual partners were concerned.

They chatted for a while. Shakila was due to pay a visit to no. 11, a little blonde girl who was in her fourth week. She was from a small town outside of Omaha and had been scooped up by a female team which operated out of Oklahoma City.

Cal finished his coffee. He suggested to Shakila that maybe when he got back from Reuthers’ they could get together for dinner or something. There were a couple of nice restaurants in Mechanicville, the nearest appreciable town, about 15 miles away. Shakila told him she would be pleased.

He entered the data on the lock to the door to the training area and palmed in his prints. The door opened and he went over to the dumbwaiter and put his empty coffee cup in it. Shakila was right behind him and placed her tray from her lunch in too. They stood there for a moment, looking at each other and Cal had the distinct impression that she wanted him to kiss her. But Mike the surfer had just rounded the corner leading a naked, crawling black haired girl on a leash. He and Shakila watched as Mike loaded the sniffling girl into

the feeding cage. Once in, the girl raised her head dutifully and assumed a rigid posture on all fours. Her eyes shifted quickly between Cal and Shakila and then focused steadily on a spot between them. There was a patch of blue showing through her partly open lips.

Instead of a kiss, Cal and Shakila just exchanged a little bump of their fists and moved on, Cal in one direction and Shakila in the other.

Cal wound his way to unit 8 where girl no. 9 was currently housed. On the iPad by the door he saw that there were still 20 seconds left before her punishment cycle was up. While he waited for it to expire he pursued through girl no. 9's notes. He noted Jamar's reference to the need to whip the girl often but discounted it a bit. Jamar always thought all the girls needed whipping. He also noted that everyone so far had very positive impressions of her. "Good," he thought.

He switched back to the main view. There was the girl, bent over, her head encased in steel. The seconds ticked down, "...4 ...3 ...2 ...1 ...0." The signal light on the display went from red to green. The display noted "Training Session- C. Walker". Cal entered his code on the electronic lock and palmed himself in.

The girl was blubbering and trying to raise her head. The brank she was adorned with was inlaid on its front with a big brass, leering grin. The little eye holes were surrounded with shiny, golden colored rays emanating around them. The brass nose piece came to an exaggerated witch like point. Two grotesque, misshapen golden ears emerged from the sides. It was like some merry monster was playfully sticking its tongue out at him.

He stood there quietly for a moment. He wanted to ensure that none of the sounds that were emerging from the cruel device were an attempt to form words. It would have been natural for the girl to beg and plead for release from her torture, but that was the whole point, wasn't it? If she hadn't learned her lesson yet, she would have to remain as she was for another hour or so.

In fact, girl no. 9 had learned her lesson well. She was doing her best to suppress all vocalizations of sound for the very reason that Cal had expressed to himself. She knew that if she committed the sin of talking, or if whoever had come in thought she had, they would impose more, more drastic punishments upon her and, more importantly, she would not be released from her ordeal.

But it was impossible for her to eliminate all sounds. She had been quiet, as quiet as she could be for the longest time, directing all of her feelings of woe and discomfort and shame at her powerlessness

inwards. The feelings swirled around her insides like a disease, affecting all of her organs, permeating into her very soul. She was absorbing the lesson they were teaching her well. They had the ability to visit on her the most hellacious torments. To avoid them, she had to meticulously conform to their teachings. That man, David, a incongruously normal name for a man inclined to impose such terrible wrongs on her, he had told her that she had to try be the best whore that she could be. That was her orders and orders had to be obeyed. "OBEY" "OBEY" "OBEY". That was what the sign on the door said. If they had told her that she was required to turn herself into a cat or a dog or a rabbit, she would have to do her best to transmogrify herself into the required essence.

And yet the transmogrification they compelled was so much more easy than turning herself into a beast. They had shown her that buried deep in herself all this while, all the while she was growing up, morphing from girl to woman, living what to all respects had seemed a normal, healthy, actualizing life, were the seeds of whoredom. Each urge to self-caress, each twinge of passion she had felt at the presence of some compelling other, each paroxysm of lust she had experienced from a lover's possession were leakages from the whorish nature that lay lurking beneath her erstwhile existence. All they required was that she allow the thin barrier that separated her whorishness from her pedestrian life be breeched, destroyed, exploded, so that what lay beneath could rise like a flood from a devilish deluge and claim her wholly, utterly and completely.

The man was just standing there. She could sense more than see his presence. The weight of the cruel contraption they had housed her in had eroded her ability to lift her head. She could only do it for a few seconds. And when she did, all she could see through the tiny holes, her eyes brimming with self-piteous tears, was a tiny, blurry swatch of her surroundings. It was a man, she thought that she could discern that from the thickness of his thighs and the lack of roundness to his hips inside the soft, black cotton sweatpants. But she couldn't raise her eyes above his waist to confirm it or to determine whether it was one of the evil tormentors that she already knew or if was yet another of them, another in the endless supply of callous, cruel, sadistic beings. And was he going to free her from her torment or not? Was he here to visit more pain and humiliation on her, to flay her rear like David had done and then take anonymous possession of one of

her nether holes? Or was he here merely to enjoy up close the vision of one more tortured, tormented female.

She could not stop sobbing. They had erupted when she heard the sound of the door being finally opened. Although her mind registered the need for silence, her soul believed that her best chance at mercy was an unmistakable outward sign of her utter defeat, her utter surrender. And since that outward sign could not be words, they emerged as sobs.

Cal had seen enough. He stepped over to the control to the chain that held the girl's arms almost straight up behind her and began to lower it. The girl released a sorrowful moan and began to rise up from her bent position. Her knees sagged and she kept a delicate balance between collapsing to the floor and the tension of the chain behind her.

He went over to her and stood in front. "Stand up straight," he ordered.

Shakily, unsteadily, she rose from her crouch. Her position brought her bound wrists to just above her waist in the back. The shiny steel head wobbled and swayed. He put his hand on it, steadying it. "My name is Master Cal," he told her. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to remove this thing from your head and then I'm going to let you rest for a minute or so. Understand?"

The grotesque head nodded and there was a garbled sound from within it that Cal took as affirmance.

He reached out and took hold of the little dial that governed the plates that had the girl's tongue imprisoned. "When I release this, you are going to experience some pain," he told her. "It will only last a few moments. Be ready for it."

Nancy wanted the thing off of her head like she had never wanted anything in the world, but she was terrified by the prospect of more pain. She gritted her teeth around the mouthpiece and girded herself. The man turned the dial and the knobby plates began to come apart. Fresh, red blood rushed in to the bruises that had been imposed on her tongue. An intense, throbbing pain erupted.

"Oooooooooooooooooo!" she howled. "Ooooooooooooooooooooo!"
Ooooooooooooooooooooo!"

She still could not pull back her tongue. It was held in place by the teeth of the clamp David had placed near its base. Cal waited until the worst of the pain had passed. The girl's howls had reduced to moans. It was strange that inside the girl's face was undoubtedly registering

the agony of her suffering while outside the helmet was still smiling grotesquely at him.

He reached out to release the clamp that held her tongue so strenuously extended, but warned the girl first not to withdraw her tongue back into her mouth until he gave her permission. She issued a sigh of relief when the levers separated, but, except for a slight movement to relieve the pressure of its extension, the girl kept her tongue perfectly still.

After disconnecting the halves of the brank from each other, Cal slowly pulled them apart. The girl's sweaty head emerged and then her reddish, harried face. Her tongue slipped out of the slot by the mouthpiece, but, obediently, the girl kept it extended.

There was a practical reason for this in addition to the need to keep the girl obedient and controlled. Cal placed the brank on the floor and then carefully examined her tongue. It was swelling up where it had been crushed, and was almost certainly causing the girl throbbing pain. What he was more concerned with was where the teeth of the mouthpiece had dug into her tongue. Cal was pleased to see that there was no bleeding.

The girl's eyes were looking up at him woefully. He patted her on the side of the face and told her that she could put her tongue back into her mouth. He placed his hand in her ragged, chestnut hair on the top of her head and stroked it. The girl's eyes were pinned to his face, suspicious, wary, sorrowful. They were tear filled and all around along the edges were puffy and reddish from crying. She was still wobbly on her feet, swaying slightly. They were still held about three feet apart by the spreader.

"Poor little girl," he said to her softly. "Did she learn her lesson about talking out of turn?"

"Y-yesh, master," she said dolefully. Her swollen tongue was slurring her speech.

He walked over to the little cooler and retrieved a bottle of the electrolyte and vitamin enhanced, yellow drink they kept there for the girls. He opened one and came back over to where she was standing. He put it to her lips. "Drink slowly, now," he said.

He poured it slowly and evenly into her mouth. She drank it greedily. When it was all gone, she sighed heavily as if she had been relieved of some great burden.

Cal tossed the empty bottle in the garbage can. "I'm going to take you for a little walk," he told her. "We'll get you all washed up and

fed and then I'm going to bring you back to a cell and fuck you," he told her.

A cloud passed over Nancy's face, but she said nothing.

When they got out into the hallway, Nancy made sure that she kept her eyes fixed downwards. She had lost her curiosity on how many twists and turns their little hell held, how many cells there were, anything like that. For her there was only the immediacy of now. For the moment no one was hurting her. That was what was important. Nothing else.

On the other hand, her tongue still throbbed from her punishment and felt huge in her mouth. She tried not to concentrate on it.

The hallway, like her cell, was bathed in a dull, yellow light. For some reason it made her think of being in a submarine that was submerged and running on low power. She yearned to see things as they actually were, full of color and contrasts. She yearned to stand up and walk around like a normal human being. But that was the point, wasn't it. She wasn't a normal human being any more. In fact, she was hardly human at all. She was just a warm thing they could fuck.

They passed the feeding cage and Cal pulled her over to it hitching her leash to a hook on its side. There was a naked, brown skinned girl in it. Nancy only got a glance at her, but saw enough to see that she was young and shapely with short, ink black hair and cantaloupe sized breasts. Her rear and back were covered with angry red stripes. She was sobbing woefully while eating from one of those steel bowls. It made her heart sink to see and hear her. That man Jamar had said it. They had broken hundreds of women. She was just one of hundreds of women they had kidnapped and stolen from their lives. And they had never gotten caught. How many years did that represent? Where did all the women go? Where was she going to go? And the sad woman next to her, where would she go? Would she ever see her face? What world had she been stolen from? The sound of the girl's sobs increased her misery. Her woefulness was contagious and she could feel her eyes filling up with tears.

A sandy haired man Nancy had not seen before was drinking a cup of coffee and overwatching her. The man and Cal exchanged informal greetings and Cal went over to the dumbwaiter where he punched in some instructions on the iPad next to it.

A few moments later, the dumbwaiter opened up. There was a small bowl there. When Cal brought it over to her, Nancy saw that it was filled with ice. He ordered her to open her mouth and pressed a

cube inside. Ohhhhhhh, it felt wonderful on her tongue! She looked up at him. He gave her a little smile, wiped the tears away from her eyes with his thumb and patted her on the face.

“Come on,” he said, “let’s get you all washed up.”

When they got to the grooming room, he made her squat over the floor level toilet and emptied her. Afterwards, he washed her thoroughly, firmly, but without harshness, making sure that he did not wet the incision in her neck that was still healing. He kept on giving her pieces of ice to suck on and her tongue was starting to feel better. After her shower, he gave her a full body massage, rubbing the skin softening cream into her skin and then, after binding her down, applied the depilating lotion that burned so harshly. Afterwards, he rubbed cooling salve on her irritated parts.

She was used to it now and was not surprised when he left her legs tied open widely, her wrists affixed to a ring above her head, and mouthed her to orgasm. That was the routine she expected now. It was strange to be suckling a piece of ice while her loins were brought to a boil. By the time her orgasm crested, her mouth was empty and she screamed out her pleasure while straining at her bonds, calling out the name of her deity. She was afraid that she would be punished for speaking, but as the man patted her on the belly and smiled when she was done, she recalled that that was one of the times that speaking was permitted. The other time it was allowed she didn’t want to think about.

He brought her to the now empty feeding cage and served her a bowl of white glop. It was piled higher than the other times she had eaten and she recalled what the nurse had said about fattening her up. She ate it dutifully and glumly. This was her third meal. Had she been here three days or two? Certainly not four. But she had lost five pounds. The nurse had said so. Could she lose five pounds in three days? Were the drugs they were giving her killing her appetite? How long had she slept before and how long was she wearing that metal thing? Why had God selected her for this cruel existence? How was she ever going to get free? “I don’t want to be a whore,” she thought miserably as she ate. She looked up at the brown skinned man. He seemed kind, but so had the other man. And how kind could he be if he was part of the gang that was holding her prisoner? Was he going to beat her later? How could all this be possibly happening to her? How?

The man stayed and watched her. The ice had done the trick and her tongue was no longer throbbing. It was still sensitive though and so she ate slowly and carefully. When she was done, she licked her bowl clean. He cleaned up her face and then fed her her potion. As he placed the empty bottle on the tray in the dumbwaiter, she remembered what the man had told her. Now they were going to fuck.

Her belly was full, but her body sour as the man marched her to her next cell. She knew that she had been in different ones, but they were all so much the same. It was like a dream where you ran around opening a hundred doors that all led to the same place. They stopped at one and he led her in.

He brought her directly to where the futon lay upon the floor. He pulled the receding plastic covered chain from the wall and attached it to the back of her collar. Then he told her to lay on her back. She turned and obeyed. When she was in position, she spread her legs as she had been taught and placed her hands on top of the mattress on either side of her.

She looked at the man. He was looking back at her. She had been, of course, naked all this while, but lying here like an offering to him she became hyperconscious of her nudity and the availability of her breasts and sex to his eyes. She could see that he was measuring her, musing on her attributes, no doubt deciding how he was going to use her. It was his decision, of course. She had no say in it.

He stepped away from her and went to the toilet on the side of the room and emptied himself into it. Nancy watched him warily. He would be the third man to fuck her. Her apprehension and dismay at the prospect had not diminished. All she saw ahead of her were days and days and days full of men fucking her. In time, no doubt, the wrenching sense of unfairness to it would wear off. She both rued and hoped for that day. She couldn't conceive of a life filled with unrelenting fear and misery and shame, and yet, she knew that once that day came where she did not feel these things, they would have won and she would be theirs forever.

She watched him shake himself and then go wash his hands. He did not turn and look at her when he undressed, he just nonchalantly shucked off his sweat shirt and pants and kicked off his matching black sneakers. He had a brawny physique. On his arm was a familiar tattoo of an anchor and globe. It took her a second to record it but then she recognized it as the Marine Corp emblem. There were the words in a banner underneath it, "Sempre Fi". Always faithful. She

wondered, for an instant, how someone who had served his country could dedicate himself to something so antithetical to its existence. It seemed so wrong to her. All at once the entire world of misery she had been feeling came down on her. She started to cry. The man turned to her, his hand on his expanding cock, long and thick, caressing it almost idly. That feeling she had been having, of being in a moment of torrid immediacy, came over her again. All the universe and all of recorded time were coming down to this moment. Nothing existed except this room, this man and her. She was on the verge of a portentous instant, one that would be burned into her brain for all time. “Why? Why? Why?” she thought miserably. “Why is this happening to me?”

She cringed as the man brought himself down to the mattress. His face was soft and calm. His muscled chest was strewn with a light sprinkle of jet black hair. He lay down next to her. She wanted to close her eyes and block out this terrible reality, but she knew what was expected of her. The men wanted their slaves to look at them, to acknowledge their superiority, their power. If she looked away, how could she appreciate the nuances of what he desired from her? What she was experiencing was of no matter. In their world, she had no room for shame or pride or any other thought than how to please him.

He nestled up next to her. He was on her right and was turned to his side. His right hand slipped over her breasts lightly, descended down her belly and down her right thigh. He ran it up again, over her breasts and then down, this time sliding over her left thigh. His hand was large and hot. She could smell him, his manness, his strength. Her legs were spread wide, her knees up, and the outer part of her right thigh was pressing against him. Her skin burned at the point of contact.

“Turn on your side and face me,” he told her.

She turned obediently. He snaked his left arm under her neck and slipped his right leg between hers, pressing upwards until his knee came into contact with her mons. He put his right arm on her outer shoulder and pulled her closer.

Nancy gasped as she felt the man’s heat all along her body. There was an intimacy generated by their contact that was incongruous with their relationship, master and slave, and more like actual lovers. Her face was inches away from his. Her breasts were pressed up against his chest. She didn’t know what to do with her hands. Her right arm was pressed up against the man’s shoulder. She let her left arm rest

upon her outer thigh. Her heart was beating rapidly. She and Greg had lain like this often, gazing lovingly into each other's eyes, kissing, sighing, talking about a wonderful, imaginary future together, one that never happened. And now she was so close to the man that their bellies were matching and she could feel the rise and fall of his chest. She wanted with all her heart to pull away but knew that she couldn't.

"Put your hand on me," he told her softly. She moved her hand from her thigh and tentatively brought it to rest on the man's hip. She grimaced and tears began to flow from her eyes. The warmth, the closeness, the intimacy, they were all things that she treasured, but not like this, not with a man who she barely knew, a man who held supreme power over her, who could, on a moment's notice impose the most harsh and excruciating punishments upon her. She was torn by the conflict between her pride and her fear and her distaste for the man's touch with her desperate need to find some warmth, some comfort, some affection in this cold, cold place.

The man saw her tears. He began to stroke her head, her hair. His face was peaceful, warm, comforting. He brushed his hand over the side of her face. His touch was gentle, caring. Nancy burst out into sobs.

He pulled her closer so that her face was buried in the crux of his neck and shoulder. It was all Nancy needed. She cried and cried and cried. Her body was wracked with sobs. Her hand, which had been resting on the man's hip, circled around his back and pulled at him, bringing their connection tighter.

"Go ahead and cry," the man told her in a whisper. "Cry your heart out little slave girl. It's hard. I know. I know. Go ahead and cry."

She cried and cried. The man held her close. His body was warm, comforting. She knew that she shouldn't be taking comfort from this evil man but she couldn't help herself. The need was just too deep and too desperate. After a while, she calmed down. Her crying was reduced to a snuffle. She wished with all her might that that moment, that moment of warmth and comfort and peace could continue forever. "Don't move! Don't move! Don't move!" she told herself.

The man was so big and strong that she felt a little like she was in the arms of a bear. He seemed, for the moment, more like a protector than an assailant. "Keep it all away! Please! Please! Save me! Please! Please! Please!" she thought desperately.

They lay like that for a long time. His right hand continued to stroke her softly, her head, her shoulders, her back. It drifted over her

hip and down her thigh. The hand felt wonderful, but she quailed as she thought of its ulterior purpose. He was going to fuck her; he had said so. And the pleasant, comforting caress was a prelude to his assault.

But it did not happen as she imagined it. His hand drifted up to her head. It rested under her chin and pulled her head back so that she was facing his face. "Poor little slave girl," he intoned again. He laid his hand flat on the side of her face and moved his face forward. She could feel the hotness of his breath. Suddenly a rabid need infused her. She wanted desperately for him to kiss her, to feel her lust rising and swelling. A little, tiny bit of her former self nagged at her, but she let it slip away. She stared into the man's eyes. They were soft and warm, a deep brown surrounded by clear, bright fields of white. She could feel his rigid cock pressed up hard against her belly. She parted her lips and inhaled his breath.

Slowly, he moved his face closer still until their lips met. For a second or two there was just the softness of contact, like meeting like, breath meeting breath. And then his tongue slipped tantalizingly across her inner lips. A thrill went through her. She spread her lips wider to receive him and the tip of her tongue met his.

A second later and their bodies melded into a passionate embrace. His tongue went deep in her mouth and she circled it with her own, reveling in the heat it was sending to her loins. They kissed and kissed and kissed. His right hand roamed her body, caressing, kneading, stroking, accelerating her lust. Her own hand, her free one, ran up and down his immense back and down to his waist.

Suddenly, she had the urge to touch him, to gather in his hardness, to feel his virility. Was it allowed? Could she touch him there without permission? Her hand slipped to his hip, it touched his thigh. She brought her own hips back to create a space between them. She felt him reciprocate. It was all the permission she needed.

Slipping her hand between them, she sought out his hardness. She found it and circled it. It was rigid and strong and hot. A wave of guilt passed through her, guilt and shame at her shamelessness. But the heat of her lust brushed all such notions aside as she glided her hand up and down the shaft slowly, gently.

A shiver went through her. She realized that she had crossed a barrier. The man's gentleness and earnestness and sweet kisses had urged her across it. There was a huge disconnect between her heretofore visions of herself and the woman who had just lustfully

taken hold of an unknown man's cock, a man who was using her if not exactly against her will, at least without her consent. While she had no power to prevent his use of her, was mandated to and, propelled by the ever present prospect of physical violence, no command had been issued for her to do it.

Or had it? That man David had made her promise to be the best whore she could be. And wasn't what she had just done whorish? Wasn't the thrill that flowed through her mind at the sensation of holding his rigid, hot probe in her hand, his essence of manhood, his tool of dominance, the god she was condemned to worship forever and ever from this point hence, wasn't that whorish?

His tongue was still promulgating a ravenous lust within her as it scoured her mouth, danced with her own. His right hand had seized a breast and was squeezing it, kneading it, cupping and crushing it. His thigh was still between hers and, to any onlooker, it would be questionable as to who had captured whom. Her pussy was burning, yearning for utilization, begging for invasion. If only he would touch it, caress it, probe it! She gave his cock a squeeze, her hand slid down and encapsulated his hot sack. She could feel his delicate stones. They were pulled up near him. The covering was drawn taut. She squeezed them gently and the man moaned. .

And then his hand, his right hand, slipped down her side, slid under her arm. It pressed against her lower belly. "Oh, a little more! A little more! A little more!" her mind begged.

A second later she felt it. Two thick fingers slipped along her crevasse. It was wet and pungent. She moaned and trembled as the fingers entered her and then slipped upwards, spreading her moisture over her vibrant clit and circling it, massaging it, tormenting it.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned. Her hand slipped back up and she encircled his cock. Every caress she gave it seemed to be mirrored by the hand in her puss. She was grunting and groaning, driven wild with need.

Then he broke their kiss. His hand withdrew. He turned so his back was towards the door. The fingers of his hand were lodged in the ring to her collar and he pulled her toward him as he turned.

"Get on top of me," he ordered as he lay on his back. "You're going to do the fucking."

Nancy obediently climbed atop him, her legs spread by his thighs. She rested on her knees. The back of her collar was still connected to the retractable chain that came from the wall behind her and it exerted

a gentle pressure that she had not felt when she was lying down. The man's thick cock was rigid and standing tall like some fortified tower. His brown body glistened, his face had taken a more sinister tone, belying the gentle treatment he had just given her. His hands had taken firm hold of her legs below the knees as if to forestall any impulse she might have towards flight. She glimpsed up for a moment and saw that word again, the word implanted in the door, 'OBEY'.

For a moment or two, she had allowed herself to conceive of their tryst as somehow consensual. That maybe, just maybe, they were somewhere other than this dimly lit dungeon. On a bed, perhaps in some hotel room with the bright light of the day outside filtered into the room through thin yellow curtains, or in some glade at twilight, the interregnum between the world of light and the world of dreams. She had closed her eyes while they kissed, blotting out all but the pleasure she had derived from it, the lust, the passion.

But here it was, right in front of her. Reality had again taken the stage. The forbidding steel door that clanged with such finality each time it opened and closed, announcing its verdict: Slave! Slave! Slave! The feel of the pressure from the unforgiving chain on the back of the evil collar they had installed on her, the one that carried the little white disc with the number that had replaced her name. Her hands were resting on her tormentor's chest and she could see there the circles of black leather with the embedded brass rings they used to render her helpless. Above her, a few feet away, dangled the chain that they used to so harshly confine her with.

And she had been given an order. She lingered for a moment, eying that prong of flesh, so rigid, so thick and long. In a moment it would be inside her, invading her, piercing her. She looked at the man's eyes. He was watching her expectantly, just waiting for her to falter before announcing the imposition of some new horror. Not content to force himself upon her, he had commanded her to initiate her own debasement, her own humiliation.

She only had a moment to pause, she knew that. Orders must be obeyed with alacrity, eagerness, obsequiousness. The second rule of slavehood was to please her master in all things, and he wouldn't be pleased if he had to wait for obedience.

Suppressing a sob, she took hold of the object in front of her and leaned forwards, raising herself on her knees. The cock was hot and hard. She brought it expertly down to her crevasse, Benny had liked to fuck this way, he had liked to fuck every way, and she slipped the

head along it. She felt it parting her lower lips, edging it way into her sheath. She slid herself along it once or twice, lathering it with her moisture and then, raising herself as high as she could go and lodging the thick helmet in the entrance to her cavern, she began to slowly lower herself, subsuming the man's protuberance within.

She moaned as she felt it fill her. As she slid herself down, down, down, down, she felt it slide up, up, up. Her pussy had not cooled from the man's excitement of it and she hissed, drawing in her breath as her passion renewed. When she was all the way down, her pussy's lips grinding up against the man's groin, she released her air and issued a low moan.

She looked at the man. His face evinced his pleasure at her encompassment of his organ. He released a deep breath. "Go on, whore," he whispered to her. "Fuck my cock, but don't come until I let you."

Nancy took a deep breath and began her movements. She slid her hips back, as far as they would go. The head of the man's cock lay just within her; she slid slowly forward. Its filling bulk expanded her crevasse as it flowed along. Her clit was resting directly on the shaft and a vibrating thrill arose from her loins and passed through her entire body.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, god!" she thought. "It feels so good!" She did it again. And again. And again. She had closed her eyes, the better to revel in the whorish feelings that were erupting within her, and then she remembered that it was her duty to look her tormentor in the face, to surrender to him all of her attention, to focus on him as the center of her world.

She opened her eyes and looked at the man. His eyes were closed into slits and his lips were parted. She kept moving, moving, moving, slowly, slowly, slowly. The sensations were so overwhelming that she had to bite her lip to keep from calling out. Her hands were on the man's chest. She caressed his well-formed muscles, excited by his strength, his bulk, his maleness.

She did it again. And again. And again. Each time a pulse of pleasure passed through her. Each wave of delight crashed against the rocks of her selfhood, pounding them slowly but surely into pebbles which, as she drew herself back until only the bulbous head of the invader was inside her, were subsumed into the ocean of her need.

Each time she moved forward, a sickening feeling went through her, a feeling intermingled with her bliss. The man's cock pierced her

belly like a dagger, descending deep within her. The thought that this strange man, this man at once so gentle and stern, had the power and, by dint of such power, the right, to demand entrance to her innermost self any time and in any manner of his choosing, tore at her soul. As she stroked his rigid, hot protuberance with her inner walls, each time it sank to its hilt within her, she cursed her slavishness, her whorishness. A single movement would suffice to expel him, but she had no right to do so, just as she had no right to alter the movement of the moon or the stars.

Her need was building. It took all of her effort not to increase the tempo of her movements, to accelerate her lust, to draw near her moment of apotheosis. He had told her she could not come until he let her. She could not imagine what horrors would be visited upon her if she disobeyed. Or, rather, she could in that she knew the man and his compatriots were capable of infliction of medieval style tortures. The man's hands slid up her legs, over her thighs. They slid up her belly and took hold of her breasts. His eyes had popped open and he was staring back at her as if measuring her passions.

As he began to knead and stroke her plump, heavy mounds, mounds swollen with her lust, the skin pulled taut on them as if they were like to burst, she issued a deep, needy groan. "Oh, it's so unfair," she thought. And her mind divided itself at that simple expression, half of its members, the proponents of her selfhood, her personhood, the partisans of her inner, human right to self determination moving to the right. "Yes!" they shouted. "It's unfair! No one should have such power over us! It's wrong, so wrong, so terribly, terribly wrong!"

But the other half, the radical, unruly, rebellious half moved to the other side, chanting their revolutionary platform. "It's unfair! It's so unfair! We want to come! We want to come! Come! Come! Come! Come!"

And as the massive, masculine hands toyed with her trilling breasts, pulled and twisted her nipples, squeezed and encircled her femininities, as her clit scraped along the conscienceless cock, as she drew her rabid tunnel up and down, up and down, up and down, wave after wave of pleasure rushing through her, the tide of her inner debate began to turn. Abandoning their rectitude, their principles, their noble stand, more and more of the partisans of her integrity turned their coats and fled to the opposite pole.

"Yes! Yes!" they shouted with the others. "We want to come! We want to come! We want to come! Come! Come! Come! Come!"

“No!” she shouted inwardly. “No! Don’t give up! Don’t give up!” She moaned and sighed and groaned as her loins swelled with immanency. More and more of the allies of her resistance abandoned their posts. “Come! Come! Come! Come!” they shouted.

A wave of terror passed through her. “Please don’t! Please! Please! Please!” she begged. Visions of hellacious torments passed through her mind. For a moment, the defections slowed. The little men on the right looked up, re-imbued with their sense of duty. But as the cock dragged along her ripened bud, as it filled her again and again, as the man twisted and turned her nipples, making her howl with pain and need and lust, the flood of desertions resumed and flowed into a torrent.

She stared into the man’s impassioned face. “Please let me come! Please let me come! Please let me come!” her inner voice begged. Her lips were tightly compressed. Her hands were balled into fists. A sense of impending, inevitable doom pervaded her. She knew that only the cessation of her efforts would stave off disaster. But stopping her movements, pausing for a single moment’s respite would provoke a similar retribution.

The man was pumping his cock now, thrusting his hips up and down, in rhythm with her own, exacerbating her lust. A viral sourness spread through her. Her eyes filled with tears. She gritted her teeth. “Come! Come! Come! Come!” the little men shouted. “No! No! No!” she begged. “Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Please! Please! Please!”

She began to blubber and cry. Her eyes pleaded with the man’s cold, hard, merciless stare. She knew she couldn’t tolerate it a moment more. Her control was slipping, slipping, slipping. She concentrated with all her might on the fierce consequences of disobedience. She whined loudly as despair and shame and sorrow permeated her being.

And then he said it. Four little words. Four little, blessed, welcomed words.

“Come for me, whore,” he said.

“Oh god! Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!” she shouted. The little men erupted into raucous cheers, cheers almost immediately drowned out by the explosive, wrenching spasms of her pussy’s walls. She gave the cock long, hard strokes, each one producing another wave of delirium. She looked into the man’s face. His lips were pursed as he reveled in the enthused service to his member. Girl no. 9 moaned and groaned and panted and shook as spasm after spasm shot through her.

And as her crescendos waned, she realized that the man had not come yet, that her task was not done. Her pussy reverberated with sensation, feelings so intense that she began to yearn for a moment's surcease, a pause, an interregnum, so that she could recover her control of that body part. But she dared not slow. She had not been given permission. The men were shouting again, their voices hoarse but distinct. "Come! Come! Come! Come!" They were all in unison, not a dissenter among them. A second wave of explosions erupted deep in her crevasse. She whined and moaned and called out as the sensations overwhelmed her. The man was smiling, smiling with the knowledge that her every fiber was at his command. When the second wave passed, she looked at him imploringly. "Please let me stop! Please! Please!" she begged in her mind. Her pussy was raw with sensation. Her clit was sending ragged, wrenching torrents of ecstasy all through her.

"I can't! I can't! I can't go on!" she thought deliriously. "I have to stop! I have to stop! I'll lose my mind! I can't stand another second!"

But just at the moment when the fear of punishment had become subsumed by her need for cessation of the tortuous bliss, the man reached for the ring in her collar and pulled her face down to his. His arm circled around her neck as his tongue entered her mouth. She was pinned down, her breasts crushed against his chest. His other arm circled over the small of her back, pressing her down. And then he began to thrust.

"Oh, no! Stop! Stop! Stop!" she tried to beg. He was thrusting madly, scouring her pleasure bud, transgressing the length of her sheath. She began to struggle as her pussy began to protest. A rabid current of intolerable sensation was coursing through it, pushing up through her belly, into her breasts, up her spine, exploding into her brain. Losing all sense of what was permitted, she squirmed and strained and groaned and whined. She pushed her hands down against the futon, on either side of his massive chest and tried desperately to push herself up off of him. His tongue was scouring her own, twisting against it madly, making her delirious with lust.

Stop it! Stop it! Please! Please! Please! She begged inside. The cock kept going on, relentless, powerful, ravenous, insistent on its pleasure. She quailed at the freedom to use her that the men had assumed to themselves. Her pussy was now a mere instrumentality of their pleasure. Her mind was focused entirely on the friction induced upon her organ by the man's incessant thrusts. Her chasm thundered

back into life, throbbing so intently that her mind short circuited. She released a long, loud, forlorn wail. It was as if some monster had seized her and was consuming her innards.

And then the man issued a ravenous groan of his own. He clenched her even tighter, crushing her into him. “Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh!” he groaned. He gave her two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight more mighty thrusts and then, with a final, mighty groan, he stopped.

Her body was shaking. His tongue was still in her mouth, swirling about, accentuating his fading passions. His cock was still in her. He ground his pelvic bone against hers and then withdrew. She burst into tears.

He let her cry. He brushed his hand tenderly over her head. Her body was too weak to move and she lay limply atop him. A few moments later, she fell, mercifully, asleep.

She didn’t know how long he let her sleep there. It seemed like hours later that she awoke, nestled into the crux of his arm, her arm over his chest. She lay still a long time. His breathing was deep and steady. Her pussy felt loose and tired. A wave of unhappiness passed through her as she recalled how ruthlessly the man had used it. A wave of shame flowed through her as she recalled her own licentiousness. She moved her head slightly and she felt the tautness of the chain that linked her collar to the wall behind her.

The heat of the man’s body radiated into her. She wanted to move, to part their flesh, to release herself from the man’s dominance. Instinctively, though, she knew that this would be a sin. Property had no right to move away, to seek independence, to break the bonds of possession. She just had to lay there, miserable and frightened until the monster reawakened and determined what horror to visit upon her next.

“Surrender,” she told herself. “Give in. You have no choice. You are theirs now and no power short of death will free you. You’re doomed! Doomed! Doomed! And the sooner you surrender to that fact, the better off you will be.”

She pressed herself more firmly against the man’s flesh. She knew that she had no choice but to embrace her destiny. The man’s heat was, in a strange way, comforting, and she knew that moments of comfort would be henceforth few and far between. If her captors now held god-like power over her, it was better that she should worship at their shrine, seek solace in their radiance. Tears filled her eyes. She

fought off the sobs that were simmering inside her. A few moments later, she fell back asleep.

She woke to the sensation of the man's hand sliding gently over her thigh. It rounded her hip, slid over her breasts and down her belly. He pulled her close and started kissing her, tenderly, softly. As his hand found her mons, her lips parted and admitted him to her mouth.

They kissed a long time. His hand was gently stroking her crevasse. She felt her slipperiness as his fingers glided between her labia. He broke their kiss and rolled to his back. "Get between my legs, whore, and suck my cock," he told her.

Swallowing her resentment, she rose and placed herself between his widespread thighs. His cock was rubbery and long, not yet swollen to full hardness. She knew that her duty was more than the mere fulfillment of the technical requirements of his order. A slave's third duty was to devote her whole body and soul to her master's pleasure. She knew that she had to bring all of her well developed skills to bear on her task. Crouched on her knees, bent over, the chain from the back of her collar taut, she first ran her soft hands over the interior of his thighs, caressing them as a lover would. Then she took hold of his cock in her right hand, lifting it until the wrinkled sac beneath it was exposed. She put aside her shame, her self pity, her urge to resist submission, and began to lick and kiss it softly. It was salty and the man's aroma filled her nostrils. He smelled of sex and sweat and manness. She gave his thick stem gentle tugs as she slavered his balls, sucked on them gently, giving them her most slavish attention.

When he moaned, she raised her head. The cock was stiffer now, thick and rampant. She raised herself until her head was right above it. She spread her lips, subsuming the bulbous head, and then slowly eased herself down, filling her oral cavity with his meat.

"Your mouth is for sucking cocks," that man had told her. Revulsion at the unconsented filling of her orifice swept through her. How many cocks was this now? Four? Five? She suppressed a sob at the thought that she had lost count already.

Slipping her lips tightly along the length of the man's crank, she tried to put aside all thoughts but the fulfillment of her duty. She listened closely to the sound of the man's sighs as she worked his meat. She ran her hands, so small against his bulk, his power, across his hairy belly and along his thighs. She nibbled at the crown of his instrument, ran her tongue along its sensitive underside, dipped it into

the tiny entrance, swirled it all around as she gave the head a pleasure inducing suckle.

She went on and on. She wanted her ordeal to end as quickly as possible, but she knew that she could only quicken her pace when the man gave her a signal of his urgency. He sighed and groaned, but he did not give her that tell-tale thrust that would tell her that his need was upon him.

The smell, the texture of his meat, the firmness, the man's growing passion, all served to stoke her own. The man had awoken his pussy's need with his caresses, and she felt it yawning between her thighs. She yearned to stroke it, to feel the pleasure of the irritation of her little bud. "I'm a whore," she thought. "They've made me into a whore." Despite his earlier abuse of it, she wanted him inside it once more filling her emptiness.

His hand was in her hair, gripping it firmly. She felt him tug upon it, pulling her off his cock. "Get on your back," he said. As he moved aside, she obediently slid to her back, her head to the wall, and spread her legs. He moved between them, his hot hands on her thighs. "Oh, fuck me, please! Please fuck me!" she thought.

But he was not ready for that yet. He dipped his head and ran his tongue the length of her feverish gash. She moaned and arched her back. He nibbled at her stiffened nubbin and she moaned again. She had raised her knees high and spread them widely, giving him unadulterated access to her crux. He ran his hot tongue up and down her slit, drove it deep into her hole, scoured all the tender flesh that surrounded it. He gave her little bud a long, almost agonizing suckle and she moaned and squirmed.

Then he rose. He shifted his bulk until he was above her. Her pussy was hot and vibrating. She felt the head of his cock probe at her entrance. "Yes! Yes! Put it in! Put it in!"

As if he were reading her mind, he slid his rod into her welcoming gap. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" She moaned and sighed as he plundered her, back and forth, back and forth. She wrapped her arms around him, pulling him in, needing him, wanting him. She could feel her lust rising, rising, rising. It was coming, her crisis was coming. "Oh, fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! It feels so good! I'm a whore! A whore! A whore!" she thought madly.

Suddenly, he slipped from her. He leaned down and slid his hot lips over her lower belly. Her pussy screamed with need. He worked his way up, up to her breasts where he paused to suckle them both,

mauling them in his bear-like hands. She squirmed and sighed and groaned.

Then, to her surprise, he continued to raise himself. He slipped his cock between her breasts, pushing them together with his hands and pleased himself there. She heard him moan and sigh as he took his enjoyment. And then he moved again, up and up. His lower legs imprisoned her arms. His knees were on either side of her face. He took hold of his hard, thick cock and brushed its head over her lips. "Open up," he said roughly.

With a whine, Nancy spread her lips. His meat brushed past her teeth and entered her. He pushed himself until the head was at the edge of her throat. "Mmmmmmmmmmpf! Mmmmmmmmmmpf!" she protested instinctively.

He held himself there for a moment. "Keep your mouth tight on my prick, whore," he told her gruffly. "Keep sucking or I'll give you the whip!"

"Mmmmmmmmm!" she responded instantly, fear shooting through her like a flood down a ravine. She clamped her mouth tightly around his instrument and began to suckle it.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm, that's better," he said. "Just keep that up."

He took his time. He lowered himself up and down, plunging inside her all along his length and then out again until the bulbous head was on the edge of her lips. Nancy moaned and whined and gagged as he penetrated the outer reaches of her throat. "You're mouth is for sucking! You're mouth is for sucking! Your mouth is for sucking!" she kept telling herself as her psyche agonized over the man's callous, cruel use. Her lower body, which he had caressed and plundered, stoking her passions, lay abandoned, ignored. It was clear that if he had used her pussy, her breasts, her skin, her belly, her thighs, it was for his pleasure and his alone. He had stoked his desires, his lusts by stoking hers. And once he had no further use for them, he had abandoned them to their fruitless yearnings.

He went on and on, moaning and sighing his enjoyment. He varied his strokes, from long and slow, to short and fast. He penetrated her deeply, making her gag and choke, and then withdrew. All the while, whining and sobbing, she strove to service him as best she could, a receptacle for his passion.

At one point he stopped. He pulled his cock from her mouth, holding it open by squeezing her cheeks with his iron strong left hand, and turned to look behind him. Nancy, in frustration and shame and

despair, had pulled her legs together and was pressing them against each other as an outlet for her misery.

“What are you doing?” he demanded gruffly. “Spread your legs and raise your knees. You always keep yourself open when you’re being used unless commanded otherwise. There will be a punishment for that!”

Nancy whined her dismay and obediently pulled her legs open. She thought of the camera above the door and its vision of her headless body, her hairless vulva spread open for its viewing pleasure. She shuddered with humiliation and shame.

He turned back to her. “Okay, let’s start again,” he told her. He pressed the head of his cock to her forced open mouth and plunged inside it.

His strokes became harder now and faster, as if he were punishing her for her transgression. He would give her, randomly, two, three, four or five long, hard, fast strokes to put her off balance and then descend into her esophagus and hold it there until she began to squeal and whine. He would pull his cock partway out so that she could get her breath, and then begin again.

Nancy cried and begged inside her mind for relief from the cruel assault. “Please help me! Someone! Anyone! Please! Please! Please!” she thought frantically. “This isn’t right! This isn’t right! This isn’t fair!” she kept thinking miserably. All the men could do this, would do this in one form or another. She had no power to stop them. It was so wrong and demeaning and cruel, it made her stomach sour and her whole body chill. She wanted desperately for it to stop, to go away, to grant her mercy, but it just kept going on and on, conscienceless, remorseless, disdainful of her shame and humiliation and sorrow.

His belly was jamming up against her nose and his balls, when he penetrated her deeply, brushed against her chin. She had the sensation that her head had been captured by some huge, fierce organism which was preparing to inject her with its poison. “Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!” her mind cried out. “Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!”

She strained to pull her arms free, but his legs had them firmly pinned down. Unable to draw her abandoned and ignored legs together, her feet were scraping along the soft surface of the futon by their heels, back and forth, back and forth, recording her agony and her frustration. It was if her lower body belonged to another person, or was, perhaps, lodged in some alternative dimension or universe, leaving her head, and especially her mouth, behind to suffer. She

yearned to pull her legs closed and press them together, at first so she could somehow alleviate the stress of her torture, and now for the additional reason that this simple act had been forbidden to her.

And then his groans began to become loud and rough. He was pumping at her mouth furiously. It was all she could do to keep her mouth firmly pressed against his brutish rod to give him the narrow channel of hot, soft abrasion he sought and to which, by the new laws that governed her, he was unquestionably entitled.

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" he moaned. "Ahhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!" And then he erupted into one, long, deep angry sounding groan, "Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrghhhhhhhhhhh!"

Suddenly the cock began to jerk and spasm in her mouth. Its salty splash filled her, jetting into her, making her sputter and choke. She tried desperately to swallow it while keeping her lips pinioned to the shaft. She kicked her heels against the futon, squirmed her hips, flailed her legs. He plunged himself deep into her throat and stayed there while he grunted and roared his satisfaction.

He stayed there a long time, until Nancy's mind screamed for release. He pulled out, letting her draw in desperately needed air and then reentered, finishing himself off with her dutiful, warm, unhappy suckle.

Finally, he lifted himself off of her. He left her there, legs splayed, her arms stretched out plaintively. She kept her eyes jammed closed. "It's a dream! It's a dream! It has to be a dream!" she thought to herself. "This can't really be happening to me!"

She heard the man moving around. The little cooler they had there opened and closed and she heard him twist off the top of one of the drinks they kept inside it. A few moments later, she heard the empty container hit the little trash can. She heard the sounds of him dressing. She resisted the urge to crawl up into a little ball and sob her heart out, knowing that to do so would be a sin. Her mouth was sore and tired and filled with the taste of the man's cum. Her nostrils still reeked with the aroma of his sweat, his maleness, his arousal. The sensation of having her mouth so ruthlessly plundered, the sickening abrasion of the stiff, soft, thick meat against her lips, her tongue, the roof of her mouth, had not yet left her, not unlike the sensation of still being in a car or a train after a long trip even after it had ended. And even though he had vacated it she kept her lips parted in a small, narrow "O" as he had left it, too fearful to close it without his permission.

She heard him come back and she sensed him standing over her, watching her, evaluating her. "Present" she heard him say.

Biting her lip to suppress a sob, she brought herself to her knees, spread her thighs and placed her hands behind her back. She raised her torso high, pushing out her breasts, and looked rigidly at the door in front of her. "OBEY! OBEY! OBEY!" it said. She could see the man out of the corner of her eye. He was dressed back in the standard black sweats that they all wore and had redonned his black sneaker-like shoes. She heard him open up another of the drinks. "Open up," he told her.

She spread her lips and accepted the mouth of the bottle as he presented it to her. She drank the cool liquid heartily. It felt so good going down, a bit tart, but fruity and flavorful. When the bottle was emptied, he tossed it in the can. He unlocked the chain from the back of her collar and released it, letting it slide back into the wall. He connected a leash in its place, ordered her on all fours and walked her to the floor level toilet where he made her pee. After wiping her, he took her to the middle of the room, facing the door.

"Present," he told her. After connecting the back of her collar to the chain that hung down from the ceiling, he stepped away. He came back a moment later. She cringed when she felt him fastening a leather belt around her waist. Her fears were justified when he crouched down next to her and she felt an object probe at her pussy's gate. He pushed it forward slowly, giving her cavern a chance to adjust and expand to accommodate it. She realized that he must have lubricated it as it slid by her otherwise sere interior until it was fully seated.

When he got up, he pushed on the back of her head until she was leaning forward. He crouched behind her again and she felt the seemingly larger probe pressed against her little chocolate circle. She suppressed a whine as she felt the circle expanding. Although the prong was lubricated, her tenseness made its passage more difficult and she cringed as she felt the pain from the forceful stretching of her ring. When that was fully jammed home, he connected it to the belt and pulled it tight, burying both prongs more deeply inside her.

"Lie down on your belly," he instructed. She complied unhappily.

She felt him straddle her. He leaned down and took hold of her arms, connecting them behind her back. Then he stepped back and connected her ankles to each other. He lifted her feet and drew them

back until they touched her bound hands. She felt him connecting something and then he stepped away.

She realized that she had been hogtied. Her shoulders were pulled sharply, painfully back. Her body soured. She had a vision of herself bound so cruelly this way for many, many hours, awaiting her next tormentor. She began to blubber and cry.

She heard the man moving about and then he returned to her, crouching down in front of her. "Open your mouth," he said sharply. She saw in his hand the jumble of straps that constituted her head harness, with the long, thick prong appended to it. She looked up at the man, begging him with her eyes not to fill her with it. Without pause, however, he pressed the faux prick to her lips and pushed it in, filling her mouth all the way to her throat. She sobbed and cried while he joined the straps around her head, pulling them tight, causing her jaw to close tightly upon her mouth's intruder.

When he was done, he went behind her again. She felt him attach something, a strap, to the harness at the back of her head. He pulled on it, forcing her head to rise, directing her vision to the door in front of her. He attached the strap to the belt around her waist at the middle of her back. Her head was now pulled forcibly up. It made her bondage so much more fiendish.

He attached the chain from the ceiling to the joiner of her hands and feet and a second or two later, she felt it rising, rising, rising until her appendages were lifted high in the air, bowing her back and fixing her irremediably in place. She strained and pulled at her bonds, miserable in the knowledge that she would remain this way, her muscles cramped and aching, for hours and hours, her body acting as her own tormentor. All her orifices were ruthlessly filled, driving home relentlessly, incessantly their forced divorce from the domain of her self-integrity. She gave off a deep, mournful moan of self-pity. It was so unfair! So unfair! She was a little, tiny, helpless being and the monsters that had taken ownership of her were so callous, heartless and cruel. "Please help me! Someone, anyone, please, please, please!" she screamed inside, tears flowing down her cheeks, her whole insides filled with an empty, hopeless sourness.

He came around to the front of her and crouched down again. He patted her head gently. "Poor little slave girl," he said softly. "Someday you will realize that this is all for your own benefit. It gives you the opportunity to intently contemplate your inner worthlessness and realize that your only value is through the use of the body parts

your masters desire, the parts you carry with you but no longer own. If it makes you feel any better, you are progressing very nicely.”

He gave her a warm smile. “You have a wonderful mouth and a very obedient cunt. You’re going to make a fine whore. You won’t be ready, though, until your new life is implanted firmly on your soul and you have a long way to go before that happens. But you’ll make it, don’t worry. Just try to forget about the past and dedicated yourself to your duties. If you do that, everything will naturally fall into place. You’ll wake up one day and realize that you are ready, that you have been transformed and that there is no going back.”

He leaned forward and gave her a soft kiss on her forehead, a kiss so tender and so incongruous to his cruelty that it made her heart ache. “I’ll be away a while,” he said. “When I come back I’ll give you that punishment you earned. I like to personally punish any infractions that take place during my sessions with a slave girl. And then we’ll have another, big, long fuck together. Okay?”

“Okay? Okay? No, it’s not okay! You cruel, fucking, sick bastard!” she thought madly. And then she cut herself short. No, that wasn’t the answer. There was only one way out of this hell, and that was if she gave all of herself to what they wanted her to be. The man was right; she had a long way to go. She had to keep trying. “Yes! Yes!” she thought. “It’s okay! I’ll give you a fuck you’ll remember! I’ll fuck you until you scream! Use me any way you want! I want to be a whore! I’ll be the best whore you ever saw! Please! Please! Help me be a whore, please!”

She looked at him with her tear filled eyes. “...ess, ...as-er!” she answered through her gagged mouth.

He smiled and kissed her forehead again. “That’s a good girl,” he said.

He turned and left.

And now, only God knew how much later, certainly days and days, much more than a week, maybe two or possibly three, she was still waiting for him to return. She bit down on the penis-like gag in her mouth, the exact model of the one he had placed into it that day. Or night. Or whenever it was. She remembered the feel and taste of his prick, the welcome warmth of his body, the tenderness of his kiss. She realized that that the act had no real meaning. It did not signify love or caring or actual, real sympathy. It was just a kiss. Nonetheless, she had seized on the memory of it as the only beacon of hope that she possessed. He would come back and she would show him how

whorish she had become, how slavish, how fervently obedient. And he would liberate her, tell the others she was ready, tell them to release her to the next stage of her life where she might walk and talk and be clothed and maybe become part human again.

After he had left she had lain there for many hours, all trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey. She had used the time to think long and hard about how she would obliterate the old her and usher in the new, just like he had told her.

Several of the trainers had come by and, after removing her gag, had used her mouth as she lay there helplessly, filling her with their spunk and then ramming the prong back into her mouth when they were done. She gave them all the best suckle that she could. And they had all used her since then. So many times and ways she had lost count. As promised, that man Jamar had used her often, making sure each time that he inflicted one or more of her earned punishments upon her.

And she had suffered for her rebellion. They came by for her some two or three cycles after her session with the gentle and cruel chocolate man and advised her that it was time to pay for it. They dragged her along the hallway until they reached a place with something that looked like an iron manhole in the middle of it. She had passed it several times, but had failed to remark on it. They opened it up, bound and fastened a chain to her ankles and bound her arms behind her back. Then they lowered her into the hole, head first. The hole was narrow and dank and smelled of rot and death. Once she was all the way down, they replaced the heavy iron cover, sealing her into darkness.

She had dangled there for many hours. Almost immediately, the sensation of being buried alive filled her with rabid horror. Her whole body felt sickened and she realized that they had turned on the instrument buried in her neck. It seemed to be on some kind of program as its levels rose and fell, taking her from mild, but still discomfiting flue like sensations, to body wrenching agony, and everywhere in between. It had never gone fully off. She screamed and yelled and begged and pleaded for release, twisting and turning, contorting and wrenching her body. They had removed her gag and her ears filled up with the sounds of her panic and fear and self pity. She couldn't remove from her head the thought that up above men and women were walking casually past the round disc marking the entrance to her little prison, callously ignoring the torment of its

dangling occupant, unable to hear her futile, tormented screams although literally inches away from their source.

It was Jamar who finally pulled her out. He carried her, trembling and sobbing, to the grooming room where he washed her tenderly and gave her a thorough, calming, exquisitely sensual massage, covering her body with the skin softening lotion. He gave her a well welcomed orgasm with his hands and then fed her and took her back to a cell. She gave him the most grateful, obsequious blowjob she could muster before he strapped her down so that she could have a long rest.

There had been no rebellion after that, even when she received the most demeaning, cruel usage by some of the trainers, especially that man Dave, who had seemed so friendly and sensitive, but who was clearly some kind of sociopath, and the man they called “Lurch”, who reminded her of the Frankenstein monster. She had been taught the art of cunnilingus by that woman Marylyn, who had held her tenderly afterwards and let her cry and cry. She had continued her lessons with the one who called herself Debbie who had also begun a course of physical training for her, building up the tone of her muscles, and instructing her on the use of Kegel exercises to strengthen her pussy. She had a little meter that she placed inside her. She made her give it the most intent squeeze she could. If she didn’t show progress, she was severely beaten. While bound up and awaiting her next usage, Nancy would often squeeze her internal muscles until they were sore.

She had several sessions with the demon-like black woman, who beat her savagely and fucked her roughly, her large, strong body dominating her completely and invading her with a long, thick, vibrating black dildo. Afterwards she would kiss and fondle her tenderly and, like the chocolate man had done, let her fall asleep blissfully in her arms. She always concluded their sessions with a hungry devouring of her pussy that made Nancy scream.

As that nurse had said, they increased the volume of her food and she sensed the enlargement of her breasts and the increased roundness of her hips. The formula that they gave her out of those silver bottles seemed to wash away the worst of her thoughts and sometimes made her yearn for use. She would press her thighs together, if she was able, and try to squeeze her pussy to grant herself some release.

She had seen other women in the hallways as she passed them or they passed her. So far she had not had any real contact with them, although there had been intimations that she eventually would. And

there had been references to the training room and the use she would be subject to there, but no actual details had been given to her yet.

And she had not yet seen again that man Tony, the man who had captured her. She dreaded seeing him with all of her heart. She was trying desperately to suppress the sorrows and agonies she had experienced at the time of her capture and all the what ifs that might have precluded it. Every time she thought of him, and she had loads of time when all she had to do was to think and think and think, it brought it all back as if it had happened mere hours ago.

Even now, the memory of that night flashed through her brain. She tried to shift her thoughts to recollections of the other trainers' use of her, but she couldn't keep that moment out of her head, the moment when, after she had foolishly and lasciviously dirty danced for him nearly naked in that little room, he had leaned forward and shouted into her ear over the mind numbing music, "You'll do fine!"

It had been the last moment she had been a free woman. Would she ever be a free woman again? It seemed doubtful. Anyway, she had to put that thought out of her head. She was a whore now. A slave and a whore. A whorish slave or a slavish whore. Whichever. Soon, the door to her cell would open and she would have to endure whatever was imposed on her, perform with an enthusiasm both fervent and real. She listened for the sound of it, her whole being on edge.

And then she heard it. "Clang!" the door went as the steel bolts slid into the door frame. She heard it swing open and then the "clang!" of the bolts sliding back into place as the door was closed. Someone had entered her cell, someone who would inflict pleasure or pain upon her, or both. She took a deep breath and steeled herself for her ordeal, ready to prove herself worthy of it.

End of Book Two

To be continued...