

THE Department OF CARNAL RELATIONS

BOOK Three
RUTH'S TALE: PART two
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CHAPTER ONE

And so their days together continued. Every morning she blew Mr. Anderson after he took his shower, and awaited Consuela's delivery from the cage in the bedroom afterwards. Consuela gave her long, luxurious baths, lotioned up her body and made her come with her mouth or her hand. She would spend some time immobilized and blinded in her little bedroom, have some lunch and then take the car to the gym where she would be given an intense workout.

When she came back, she would spend some time either naked or wearing one of her pastel sundresses in the den reading or viewing viddys on the CPad Mr. Anderson had given her, her ankle confined by a chain. Consuela would give her her late afternoon orgasm and then lock her in the cage by the top of the stairs until Mr. Anderson came home. When Mr. Anderson came home he would question her about her studies of the afternoon while she knelt with her hands bound behind her at his feet. If he wasn't satisfied with her answers he would have Consuela bring him the quirt and he would give her five hard strokes. Then she would give him oral obeisance.

The second week after their routine began he took her to a party at someone's elegant house. He had her wear the maroon slinky, woolen dress. She stayed as close to him as she could while people talked and laughed all around. Mr. Anderson engaged in multiple vivacious conversations. She tried not to look at the people, conscious of the golden collar and bracelets with his initials that she wore. At one point, as he was bragging about her salaciously, talking about her talented mouth and her energetic fucking, he made her bring back the panels on her dress and fasten them off so he could show off her floral tattoo. Many people commented on it after that, mostly to him, but also to her, which she acknowledged with a nod or other meek expression of thanks. He made her lean back in an easy chair, pulling her knees up high and spreading them so that people could get a good look at her butterflyed conch. Several of the people stroked it and played with it until she moistened.

She realized that she was not the only sexually imbonded woman at the party when she saw a young auburn haired woman, her hair back in a long ponytail, scurrying around with trays of hors d'oeuvres. She was wearing a short, frilly white and pink skirt that came only a few inches down her thighs and no top. She

had round, bulbous breasts, each sufficient for a large man's hand. Her skin was a little dark, but her breasts were as white as milk, as if maybe they had been bleached somehow. Over her chest was tattooed an intricate, curly, lacy spray of pale red ink that went from just below her neck to the top third of her breasts. On her back were two naked, voluptuous women, one a blond, the other a brunette, locked in a passionate kiss, their breasts pressed together, their hands exploring each other's quims. The girl seemed distressed and she had to stop often to let someone play with her breasts or slide their hand under her skirt.

Ruth was glad to see the guests disappearing. There had been about twenty five or so, but now it was down to three, a man and two elegantly dressed women, plus their host, a short, barrel chested man with a gruff face and short, curly black hair. They all adjourned to a small, well-appointed salon where there were pleasant, padded chairs sitting in a circle as if prepared for a ritual. There was a 6' long 4' wide dark blue mat in the middle. Mr. Anderson instructed her to take her dress off and get in the center. She did so reluctantly and sadly. The other girl joined her, her little fluffy, pink and white skirt discarded. The lacy designs above and partially on her breasts were duplicated across her lower belly and over her plump, hairless mons.

Mr. Anderson told her what he expected her to do and she sank to her knees as the auburn haired girl did the same. The girl, no more than maybe 22 or so, seemed nervous and afraid. Ruth tried to calm her by stroking her cheek and making soft eyes to her. This seemed to help and the girl gave her a slight smile. Ruth leaned over, placed her hands on the girl's shoulders and gave her a soft, deep kiss. The girl placed her hands on Ruth's hips and reciprocated. Their breasts and bellies pressed together.

In a short while, they were sighing and moaning. Ruth dropped her hand to the auburn haired girl's quim and began to stroke it gently. The girl wrapped her arms around her and pulled her in tightly. Ruth soon had her pussy flushed and responsive and the girl started to issue little moans. She guided her to her back, kissed and suckled at her breasts and then lowered her head across her belly down to her crux. She spread her thighs with her hands and dropped her mouth to her sex.

Ruth tried to block out her consciousness of the several pairs of eyes watching her. She concentrated on the aroma and taste, things so familiar to her. It made her think of Sheila and Celia from back at the center. It made her think of the hundreds of women she had coupled with at the command of customers over the years. It was nothing new to be performing salacious acts before an audience. She kept on telling herself that she was pleasing Mr. Anderson, that she was doing something that he wanted. That was the most important thing, and not to disgrace him. She would put on a good show.

The girl was moaning and writhing before her. Her hands had landed on her head and she was pressing her face inwards. She gasped and sighed and moaned as Ruth worked her quim. Ruth suckled long and hard on her rigid button and the girl writhed beneath her. She began to shake and groan and cling desperately to her hair. She gave a final, explosive shudder and she went limp.

Their host issued her a sharp instruction. The girl rose to her knees and pushed Ruth to her back. She kissed her fervently and then descended to her breasts, kneading and massaging them, tormenting her nipples and then dragged her lips down, down, down until she reached her crux. She lapped and suckled and kissed and tormented with her tongue until Ruth was squirming and moaning under her in her turn. The lust inside her built and built and built until it exploded and she called out and groaned and writhed and shuddered as the pulses of pleasure from her puss reverberated all through her. The girl was slowing her efforts when her owner gave her another sharp command. The girl rose, swung her hips the other way and mounted her, spreading her legs and proffering her pussy to Ruth's mouth. Ruth circled her arms around the girl's graceful thighs and pressed her mouth against her already mushy puss. She felt the girl's lips seize her little nubbin and begin to suckle.

They went at it for a long while. Every once in a while Ruth would have to stop and groan and moan as the pleasure from the girl's mouth rushed through her. The girl pressed her loins down hard as her mouth energetically gemaunched her. Ruth came again when she felt the girl above her shudder and heard her scream. The girl's mouth just kept going and going and she built her up to a third orgasm, a sensation that made Ruth shudder with expectancy. As with Mr. Anderson's hand, or prick or mouth, or Consuela's ministrations, a powerful urge to revolt rose within her. She wanted the mouth to stop, to let her breathe. To let her stand up and leave the room. But she had no power to make it so. She could only endure, endure, endure, even as the mouth sent wild tendrils of ecstasy all through her.

When they had both come a third time, the gruff man relented. He asked Mr. Anderson's permission, which was graciously given, and he called Ruth over to him. His rigid cock was out of his pants and he was stroking it. Ruth didn't need instruction. She lowered her mouth around his meat, crossing her wrists behind her back and went to work. She soon had the man moaning and groaning. She heard the other man, the one with the two women, start to groan and moan and she knew what the auburn haired girl was doing.

The man took control of her head with a hand firmly gripped in her hair and he started pumping her head up and down over his cock at his own pace. He would have her give him long, slow strokes and then accelerate her into short and fast ones. He pressed her head down as far as he could as he forced himself into her throat, holding her there for the longest time until she began to struggle and choke

and whine. She heard the other man call out his pleasure, but the man that was using her kept going. Finally, he drove her head up and down at a furious pace while he growled and groaned. He spilled himself inside her mouth. She dutifully consumed his spume.

The grouchy man sent the auburn haired girl out for another round of drinks. She served them all, while they joked and laughed and commented on their performance. Ruth just knelt there dejected and sad.

When it was time to go, one of the women asked if she could come by Mr. Anderson's house and "play" with Ruth one day. Mr. Anderson said that it was okay by him as long as she had her RM's permission. The unknown man spoke up and said, "By all means," as long as they made a viddy for him to enjoy.

Once back in the car for the ride home, Anderson patted her on the knee and told her that she had been marvelous. "Top notch!" he told her. She began to cry.

"What's the matter?" he asked, incredulous.

She tried to stop crying but couldn't. "N-nothing, sir," she replied unhappily.

"Don't tell me nothing, Ruth!" he spat at her. "That's just a fucking lie. And whores get punished for lying!"

"Y-yes, sir," she answered. She tried to say more, but found it to be impossible.

"Was it because I ordered you to fuck that girl? Because if it is, we've got some very serious straightening out to do!"

"N-no, sir," she answered fearfully.

"Then what the fuck is it! If you don't tell me now, you're going to be one very sorry bitch!"

"Please don't make me go fuck that man, sir," she squeaked out.

"What?"

"Please don't lend me to that man. He frightens me," she whined.

"Stop the car!" Anderson ordered. The car automatically pulled to the side of the road and came to a stop. He turned to her. "Let's get something straight here!" he yelled at her. "I own you. You don't own me! Is that clear?"

"Y-yes, sir," she whined back.

"I can do anything I want to you. I can make you fuck fifteen different men a day if I wanted! I could sell you to Manny! You remember Manny, don't you? Do you want to go to work in his biker bar?"

"N-no, sir" she whined. She was just barely holding herself back from breaking into sobs.

"Or I could have you declared GU and sent to a disciplinary center, do you want that?"

"N-no, sir!" she exclaimed.

"Or I could call Rocco Marchetti. I'm sure that he would like to have you

back. Do you want that?"

"N-no, please don't do that, sir! Please! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

"Take off your fucking dress!" he ordered her.

She quickly raised the hem of the maroon gown and pulled it up to her hips. She lifted her behind, brought it over her head and removed it.

"Throw it in the back seat!" he snapped.

She did what she was told.

"You're going to get out of the car and you're going to get in the trunk! Understand?"

"Please don't make me do that, sir," she whined and began to sob.

"This is just fucking incredible!" he exclaimed. "How about if I send you on the next boat to China? Or would you like to be a whore in Nairobi or Kinshasa?"

"N-no, sir, please!" Ruth whined.

"Then get out of the car and get in the fucking trunk!"

Ruth's door popped open. There was considerable traffic going by and Ruth was shamed to be out of the car naked. She went around to the back of the car. The trunk was open and waiting for her. She unhappily climbed in. As soon as she was scrunched inside, the lid closed. She was subsumed in absolute darkness.

The car started moving again. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She had committed two major sins. She had questioned Mr. Anderson's authority over her and she had disobeyed a direct order. She cursed herself and cursed herself. She had ruined everything! Now what was going to happen to her?

It was another half hour before the car reached Mr. Anderson's house. She expected him to pop the trunk and lead her into the house and beat her to within an inch of her life. She heard the driver's door open and close and then there was nothing. There was only silence. She imagined all kinds of things. She imagined Mr. Anderson just giving the car instructions and her being delivered back to that man for the night. Or being delivered to Manny's biker bar. Or maybe to a DCR station where she would be held until there was a hearing in which she would be declared grossly unruly and shipped to a Disciplinary Sexual Service Center. Or maybe back to Rocco's, where Rocco would be waiting for her with a whip and a sneer.

Or maybe someplace where they would ship her overseas like she had heard had happened to some girls. She could end up in some horrible, horrible place! Kinshasa, that was in Africa somewhere if she remembered. She knew that it would be illegal, only MR girls were allowed to be sold overseas, but Mr. Anderson seemed so powerful that he might be able to manage it.

And if none of these things happened, there was still the fact that she had destroyed the relative tranquility of the household. Her 'relationship' if you wanted to call it that, with Mr. Anderson would be forever changed. And what would

Consuela think? She would think that she was no longer a ‘good girl’ worthy of her affection and gentle treatment. There would be no more trips to parks or museums. No more reading in the den or watching the viddys Mr. Anderson had assigned.

She remained in the trunk for about an hour. She had stopped crying, but had remained woefully despondent and upset. When the trunk popped open, she saw Consuela’s face. She ordered her out. Ruth crawled out obediently. She locked her hands behind her and marched her into the house. She led her directly downstairs to the punishment room. She mounted her in the chains, her hands drawn above her head and left.

Ruth was distraught to be awaiting a beating, but she was more distraught at Consuela’s coldness. It seemed like she had ruined everything.

Mr. Anderson came down about a half hour later. She could tell that he had been drinking. He had the penis gag with him and he shoved it home between her lips without saying a word. She saw him select a large, heavy hickory cane. She whined and cringed. He came over to her.

“First, I’m going to punish you for being disobedient,” he told her. The blows from the cane seemed like mule kicks. She groaned deeply and sobbed at each one. Across her rear several times, against her thighs, front and back. Across her back, just above her marking twice and then a final one across her breasts. She groaned and sobbed and whined and moaned. By the time Mr. Anderson was finished, her whole body was throbbing. All the while he was beating her, Mr. Anderson’s face was grim with a fierce determination. He didn’t say a word to her. He just silently pummeled her again and again it seemed with all his might.

He paused when he was done with the cane. There was a little bar there and he poured himself a glass of scotch. He sipped it slowly, his eyes boring into her. Ruth wanted to beg and plead for mercy, but she knew that it would just make things worse. She also felt that Mr. Anderson was not only totally within his rights to inflict grievous punishment on her, but that she certainly deserved it. What she had done was unthinkable. She might as well have spit in his face. Didn’t she know that she was a slave? His slave? A slave had no rights. A good slave sometimes was the object of her owner’s beneficence. A bad slave deserved to be punished.

And there was also the thought that somehow if she could endure whatever Mr. Anderson desired to mete out, she could perhaps earn her way back into his good graces, repair the damage she had done, expiate her sins.

He finished his drink and selected the flogger, with its knotted and stiff ends. He stood in front of her, the whip dangling at his side. “This is for challenging my authority,” was all he told her grimly.

He belabored her unmercifully. She screamed and danced and screeched as her turned her whole body red. She squirmed and twisted in her bonds, but nothing she could do alleviated her torment. He moved around her more quickly than she

could twist and turn. Her breasts burned as if they were on fire. Her belly and thighs felt like molten lead had been poured across them. He was careful not to strike her over her tattoos, but he struck her everywhere else. She lost count of he blows. It seemed like he would never stop.

Finally, when he did, she kept wailing and sobbing for a long time while he got himself another drink. He just watched her as she tried to control her gut wrenching sobs. He finished his drink. He selected the steel switch.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with you, Ruth," he told her, scowling. "But this is just because you pissed me off!"

He struck her again and again with the thin steel rod. Her muffled screeches filled the room. He sliced the whip fiercely into her at least ten times. It was like she had fallen into the lair of a tiger and it was drawing its claws over her flesh again and again and again.

When he was satisfied, he put the switch back on its mount. He looked at her. She looked back at him piteously. Had she performed her penance? Would she be forgiven? Would he have mercy on her?

He didn't say anything, but just glared at her with seeming hatred. The way he looked at her, with contempt and hostility was perhaps the worst punishment of all. Then he said, "I'll see you tomorrow!" He turned and left, turning off the light.

Consuela came down about a half hour later. She gave Ruth a foreboding stare. All she did was hold a pan under her and let her pee. She wiped her and then left, turning out the light again.

She hung there all night in the darkness. A thousand thoughts went through her head. Often, when she had been in the bordellos she was condemned to serve in, she had wished for death. She wished for it now. It would be easier to bear if Mr. Anderson came back down and slit her throat from ear to ear. She promised herself again and again that if somehow she could get herself into Mr. Anderson's good graces, that she would never, ever do anything to disappoint him again. She yearned for Consuela's gentle caresses. Her unhappiness at losing the woman's affections was almost as severe as her fear of what Mr. Anderson was going to do to her.

The night was long and lonely. She started and stopped sobbing seemingly dozens of times. She had no way to track time and it seemed like she might hang there in the absolute darkness for eternity. And when and if the door opened, what would she see? Would it be Mr. Anderson's angry face? Would it be Consuela's stern and disdainful demeanor? Or would it be a pair of strange men come to take her away to some horrible fate?

Eternal suffering is only for God to mete out. The door finally opened and the light came on. It was Consuela. She let her pee again and then removed her gag and gave her some juice to drink. Then she put it back in. When she released

Ruth's wrists from the chains that held her aloft, she fell immediately to her knees. Consuela looked down at her disdainfully for a few moments and then ordered her back to her feet. Ruth struggled to obey, finally bringing herself up to a standing position, but swaying and wobbling dangerously. Consuela hooked a leash to her collar, clipped her wrists together behind her and pulled her from the room. They went up the stairs into the living room. It was daylight, sometime in the early morning. Consuela ordered her to her knees. She sat in one of the chairs while they waited for Mr. Anderson to appear. He came down from the second floor about fifteen minutes later. He was dressed in his business suit.

He stood in front of Ruth, glaring at her for a few moments while she peered up at him piteously. Then he spoke. "I haven't decided what to do with you, Ruth," he told her sternly, but without rancor. "I like you, Consuela likes you, but you've proven to be a big disappointment. I could go down to the Unsupervised Female Pool and get a replacement for you in a minute, someone who would be grateful for everything that I give her. Somebody who won't challenge my authority and be disobedient." He paused to let this sink in.

"You're going to spend the day locked in the cage in your room. When I come home tonight, I'll let you know my decision. If I were you, I'd spend my time thinking about how you are going to prove to me that you have learned your lesson."

Ruth was trembling and shaking. Her face was awash with tears. Mr. Anderson turned and left. She heard him descend the stairs and go out the front door.

Consuela had come to her feet when Mr. Anderson had come down the stairs. She ordered Ruth to her feet, leashed her and led her up the stairs. They went down the hall to her little room. The cage in her room was the smallest in the house, clearly designed for punishment as well as confinement. Consuela removed her leash and made her back her way into it. She had to lean way over and jam her breasts into her thighs. When she was fully in, Consuela slammed the cage door shut and locked it. She gave her a disappointed look and then left, closing the bedroom door.

Ruth spent the day turning over in her mind again and again what she might do to prove to Mr. Anderson that she was sufficiently remorseful to regain his approval. She whined and sobbed as hour after hour passed. After about three hours, Consuela came by and let her out so that she could pee. She gave her something to drink, but nothing to eat. She made her get back in, slammed the door again and left.

Twice more during the course of the day Consuela came back and let her out for a few minutes and then reinstalled her. There was a barred window in her room and Ruth watched as the daylight turned to dusk and then into night. She knew that

Mr. Anderson was almost surely home by now and the fact that he hadn't called to see her frightened her. Her muscles ached from her daylong confinement and throbbed painfully where he had struck her with the cane. She was desperately hungry. All kinds of horrible futures ran through her mind. Time dragged on as if she had been shunted into another dimension and she was the only person in the new, dreadful universe she had been propelled into.

About an hour after everything outside had turned dark Consuela came to get her. They stopped at the bathroom on their way downstairs and she let her pee in the toilet. She did not give her anything to drink.

At the bottom of the stairs, they turned to the right and headed towards the den. Mr. Anderson was seated in his favorite chair and the FV was on. Consuela led her before him and told her to kneel. Ruth was trembling and shaking to hear her fate. As soon as she was on her knees, she stared crying. She gave Mr. Anderson the most obsequious bow she could imagine and then rose again to receive his verdict. Mr. Anderson told Consuela to remove her gag.

He looked at her. "Do you have anything to say for yourself, Ruth?" he asked sternly.

Ruth's lips were trembling. She had imagined a hundred times what she would say if given the opportunity, but words were failing her. She saw a look of impatience on Mr. Anderson's face. Finally, she was able to blurt it out.

"I'm sorry, sir! I'm sorry!" she rushed out tearfully. "It will never happen again! I'll do anything you want, anything you say! Please don't send me away! I'll be the best slave you have ever had! Please, please, please forgive me! I beg you, please!" She burst into sobs.

Mr. Anderson let her go on for a while. Then he spoke.

"I'm going to give you another chance, Ruth," he told her sternly. "Like I said this morning, I like you and Consuela likes you. But I never want you to challenge me again. You are to treat any of my commands or desires as a diktat from the most powerful forces on earth. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! Thank you! Thank you!"

"Come closer to me."

She edged herself closer so that she was between his knees. He gently stroked her head. "I don't want to punish you, Ruth," he told her. "Please don't make me do it again. I want you to be happy here and for you to be my companion. If I lend you out to my friends it's because I'm proud of you. And you should be proud that I think so highly of you. You should serve whomever I say energetically and happily so that my friends are grateful to me for lending you to them. No matter whom it is or whatever you have to suffer at their hands. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" she sobbed. "I'll do whatever you say! I promise! I promise!"

“Now I have some news that will make you happy. I spoke to the RM of your friend, Sheila. He’s agreed to let her come here and spend some time with you. Does that make you feel better?”

“Yes, sir! Yes, sir!” Ruth returned enthusiastically. “Thank you, sir! Thank you!”

“But we’re going to wait a while to see how you behave. If you’re good and please me I’ll make arrangements. Now, are you ready to serve me?”

“Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Please let me serve you! Please! Please!”

He drew his cock from his pants and presented it to her. She looked at him, waiting for the signal that she should address it. He gave her a nod and she leaned forward, encompassing it between her lips.

She had never been happy to service a cock with her mouth, but she was now. Relief flooded her as she slid her firm lips up and down his shaft. She listened attentively for each of his sighs and moans. She felt like the whole of her being was focused on the intersection of her mouth and his flesh. She did everything she could think of to increase his pleasure. She went slow and fast, gave him short strokes and long ones. Part of her wanted the munificence of his occupation of her mouth to go on and on and on, and part of her yearned desperately for the bounty of his spume to flood her. His hands had settled on her bobbing head and she felt like he was radiating his grace into her, blessing her obedience, granting her forgiveness for her sins.

She reveled in his groans and moans when he finally came, rejoicing in the throbbing and convulsions of his meat, drinking happily his ejaculations. When the loud groans had turned to mere sighs, she suckled gently on his softening pole anxious to give him every possible moment of pleasure.

He pushed her head off of his member and patted her on the cheek. “Good girl,” he said to her soothingly. She burst into grateful sobs.

He ordered Consuela to feed and bathe her and to bind her on his bed to await his pleasure. Consuela seemed softer now, as if relieved that she could abandon her façade of indifference and displeasure. She gave her to drink of her potion and then fed her a light salad of grilled chicken and vegetables. She filled a bowl with the chalky, white liquid and Ruth lapped it up eagerly. She didn’t know what was in it, but if her lord and master desired that she consume it, she would do so joyously.

Consuela let her soak in the tub for a long time, luxuriating in its comforting warmth. She brought her into the bedroom where she worked lotion into her skin and applied ointment to the long, red tears in her flesh. She had her kneel on the floor, her knees spread, her head down while she stroked her delicately into pleasure. Ruth reveled in her ministrations, joyously accepting the manipulations of the skilled and delicate hand. She groaned and moaned out her pleasure when she came. Afterwards, Consuela had her kneel up. She embraced her as if she were

a long lost child, kissing and stroking her breasts and kissing her firmly on the lips, delving her tongue into her mouth. Ruth cried and cried and cried and then sobbed and sobbed and sobbed while the older lady hugged her.

She led her to Mr. Anderson's bed where she chained her wrists to her collar and her collar to the headboard. She installed the long, thick penis gag into her mouth, which Ruth accepted gratefully. Before she left, she stroked and kissed her breasts again and caressed her puss until it was open and moist, making her moan.

Mr. Anderson came in about an hour later. He kissed her and fondled her and told her how happy he was that their relations had been restored. He made her come with his hand, on her back, her knees splayed widely and then fucked her that way brutally. He made her get him hard again and he fucked her again on her back before flipping her over and finishing himself off in her rear.

In the middle of the night he woke her and had her suck him languidly and leisurely for a long time before he came in her mouth, and then bound her up again.

The next day it seemed that everything had restored to normal. After his shower, she serviced him eagerly on her knees. He kissed her on the forehead, reinstalled her gag and placed her in the cage. He dressed and went off to work. Consuela came by later, released her and then led her downstairs at the end of a leash where she served her breakfast. Afterwards she bathed her again in oils and bath soap, dried her brushed out her hair, applied her makeup and brought her back to her room. She spread lotion all over her and then mouthed her to two shattering orgasms before strapping her onto the confining board and leaving her there blindfolded.

Ruth spent the hour or so confined blessing the world for being back in its rightful place. After lunch she was sent off to the gym, brought back and then given some reading and viewing in the den, her ankle chained to a ring in the wall. Consuela made her come again late in the afternoon before installing her in the cage by the stairs gagged and bound, to await Mr. Anderson's return.

When Mr. Anderson came in, he tapped on the cage, greeting her with a big smile. He went upstairs and changed and then sat in the living room reading his CPad and drinking scotch. After a while, he instructed Consuela to release her. She knee walked over to him and he removed her gag. He questioned her on her studies, and patted her on the cheek and head several times telling her what a good girl she was for studying so hard. He let her service him with her mouth before dinner, which she did with eagerness and joy.

After dinner, they retired to the den where he had Consuela bring her to pleasure while he watched the FV. Afterwards he had her kneel down, her head to the floor and her back arched, displaying her butterflied conch to him while he watched FV, smoked a cigar and drank brandy. At one point he called her over and

fed her some chocolates that Consuela had brought in. She eagerly accepted them from his hand, the wondrous flavor suffusing through her. He stroked her hair and played with her breasts as she knelt there chewing the chocolates down. When done, he tweaked her nipples and had her resume her display for him.

After an hour or so, Consuela came by and got her ready for bed. After she left her chained in his room, Ruth awaited Mr. Anderson anxiously desperate to please him. He came in, fucked her long and languidly and then had her restore him and suck him off. During the night, he woke her, made her come with his hand and then used her rear hard and somewhat brutally before rolling off to sleep. She remained as she had been left, head down on her knees all the rest of the night.

That Saturday, he let her outside in the early afternoon so she could swim in the pool. She frolicked in it happily while he sat in a lounge chair watching her. He made her do ten laps and then brought her up to his room where he made love, or what substituted for love, for a long time, making her groan and squeal with pleasure. After dinner he went out and she watched the FV with Consuela in the den. At one point, Consuela had her come up and lean over her lap while she played and stroked her pussy, bringing her up and down the ladder of desire multiple times until she was shuddering and whining, desperate for release. She finally let her come, fed her a snack in the kitchen and put her to bed to await Mr. Anderson's return.

On Sunday they went to a concert at the philharmonic hall in the afternoon, she dressed up in her finery. He took her to a fine restaurant afterwards and then to a jazz club where he let her drink several snifters of cognac. Once at home, he fucked her wildly.

The weeks went by. He took her to several parties where he displayed her belly tattoo and had her display her colorful butterfly to his friends. Some of the people were the same, but there were seemingly always new ones too. Sometimes he let the host take her to a bedroom and use her. Once or twice she had to perform in front of the crowd with the host's ward, or slave, depending on how you looked at it. She would do it eagerly and passionately, anxious to bring credit to him.

The lady from the first party came by one afternoon. Consuela set them up in a guest bedroom where there was a viddy camera pointed at the bed from the opposite wall. The lady was gracious and kind, and very beautiful, but she used her thoroughly, making sure that their performance was displayed to the camera. She had a faux penis strapped on a belt and she fucked her with it for a long time, smothering her mouth with kisses as she made her moan and groan and shout out loud grunts and exclamations as she came repeatedly.

That night, Mr. Anderson viewed the viddy of her performance with her draped over his lap as he played with her quim.

Her breasts had grown and Mr. Anderson and Consuela spent considerable

time suckling on them and playing with them. Whatever spices were contained in the potion that Consuela fed her every morning made her yearn for use and she submitted happily to Consuela's ministrations whether manual or by mouth. Every morning, as she lay bound and blinded in her room, strapped to the board, she focused her mind on obedience and her duty to bring Mr. Anderson pleasure. At times she would rue her status as a slave, but the benefices she received, she would adjudge, outweighed the bad. And, anyway, there was nothing she could do about it.

One afternoon, after her workout at the gym, the car brought her not home, but to the house of the man from the first party. He used her brutally all throughout the rest of the day and into the night. He whipped her behind and breasts until she screamed and begged for mercy, using her hard and long afterwards. He left her bound up in a hogtie for long times between bouts and he made her 'play' with his girl. Ruth was particularly solicitous of her, bringing her as much pleasure as she could, sorry for her that she had such a cruel and abusive owner. When the man finally put her back into the car, naked and bound, the pale pink sundress she had been wearing rolled into a ball at her feet, she cried and cried on the way home.

Mr. Anderson was out when she returned. Consuela bathed her and comforted her and placed her in Mr. Anderson's bed to await him. He was gentle with her that night and he promised never to send her to that man again.

The man's girl, Linda, came by as promised. Ruth watched Mr. Anderson use her with no little jealousy. Unlike Linda's RM, Mr. Anderson treated her kindly. He had Consuela give them both a bowl of ice cream after dinner and then he had them perform for him on a mat in the den. Linda cried and cried when Mr. Anderson told her it was time to go.

A few weeks after the 'incident', as she came to think of it, on a Saturday, Sheila appeared. Ruth wept and wept when she saw her, partly because she had missed her so, but also because of the fact that when she came in the door she was kneeling in her cage by the stairs all bound and gagged. To Mr. Anderson's credit, he went out and left them together all day. Consuela let them make love in one of the guest bedrooms. Ruth knew that they were being viddied, but she didn't care. They exchanged their stories since they left each other. Ruth told her that although she was being treated as a slave, she was relatively happy, or as happy as she could be under the circumstances. Sheila said that her RM treated her well, but that she had little affection for him and he mostly just poked her a few times and came or had her blow him. She was working as a checkout girl at a local supermarket and her RM kept all of her pay.

Consuela served them a nice lunch which they ate side by side on the floor of the kitchen. They frolicked in the pool almost all afternoon, paying little or no attention to the gardener in spite of their nakedness. Sheila said that she admired

Ruth's tattoos, but Ruth thought that she could detect some disdain for them. Ruth knelt there ashamedly as Consuela gave her one of her mandatory orgasms right in front of her friend. But she and Sheila spent the rest of the afternoon fucking or cuddling in each other's arms in bed in the guestroom.

When Mr. Anderson came home, she and Sheila were waiting for him naked and kneeling by the stairs. He received his welcome home blowjob from Sheila instead of from Ruth, and after dinner he took them to his bedroom where Ruth watched bound and gagged in her cage while he fucked her friend in his bed. He had them perform for him in the den while he smoked and drank brandy and then fucked Sheila one more time, this time in her rear, before sending her on her way. Ruth and Sheila kissed and cried, hugging each other before she walked out to the waiting car.

Mr. Anderson had Ruth suck him for a long time while he watched their frolics in the guest bedroom on the monitor opposite his bed. He finally came, chained her, shut the lights and went to sleep.

She never saw Sheila again, although Mr. Anderson played the vid of their lovemaking often.

In the fall, Mr. Anderson sent Ruth and Consuela back to the clothing store to get winter clothes. She modelled them for him when they arrived at the house a few days later. He liked most of the outfits but sent a few back.

They spent Thanksgiving with Mr. Anderson's family in Toledo. He was able to get a special pass from the Female Adjustment Bureau for her to be more than 100 miles from Rocco's for three days. His family treated her well enough, but were a bit standoffish, which she understood. Mr. Anderson's older brother was in banking and he had a very beautiful young girl with him who he introduced as Darlene. She wore a silver collar and bracelets. Thanksgiving night, after Mr. Anderson's somewhat ancient mother and father went to bed, Mr. Anderson's brother and his sister and her husband watched Ruth and Darlene fuck each other on the floor of their den. When they went to bed, Ruth ended up in the brother's bed and Darlene in Mr. Anderson's.

Friday, Mr. Anderson let his sister and her husband have her all afternoon in a nearby hotel. Later that night, after his mother had gone to bed, he left Ruth with his father downstairs while he went up to his bedroom. Ruth sucked him for the longest time but could not get him hard enough to fuck her or to make him come. He settled with laying her on the floor and mouthing her to repeated orgasms. Mr. Anderson's mother must have gotten wind of the escapade because in the morning she was particularly cold and abrupt with her.

Christmas they spent at home with friends.

Mr. Anderson, after the New Year, sent her back to Scotty for more tattoos. She got into the car to take her trip to the gym and, to her dismay, it took her there

instead. The car didn't release her until Scotty's two coworkers came out to get her. She had to just sit there, fraught with apprehension. They brought her in, stripped her, and fastened her down tightly on the table in Scotty's workroom. They put silvery strips of tape over her mouth. She cried and miserated for a long time before Scotty appeared. He grinned at her salaciously when he saw her. He suckled at her breasts, rubbed her tummy and gave her labia a harsh squeeze. She watched ruefully as he readied all of his work tools and supplies. He slid his fingers up and down her conch between her outstretched legs and then slipped the silver tube into her that he had threatened her with last time. He used a little handheld control to set it off. She received a fierce jolt in her canal which made her scream and convulse. She started to sob woefully.

"Get the message?" Scotty warned her. She nodded fervently. "If you move a single muscle I'll zap you again, so don't make me do it!" he ordered her sternly. She nodded again, woefully.

She cringed with dismay when Scotty leaned across her torso and began etching something into her chest. She didn't move though. She closed her eyes and wallowed in self-pity as she felt the ink pen travel from shoulder to shoulder, down to her breasts and around them. Scotty worked for about an hour and a half before taking a coffee and cigarette break. The girl Wilhelmina came in, and with Scotty's permission, brought her mouth down between Ruth's spread thighs and gemaunched her for about 20 minutes, making her come twice, howling out her orgasms from behind her taped mouth. Scotty then chased her out and went back to work.

He worked on her all day, on and off. At one point he took her off the table, let her pee and gave her a sandwich to eat while shackled to the couch. She watched as a guy brought in his very heavysset girlfriend. She was about 5'9" and very wide and round. The boyfriend made her remove her blouse, revealing large, flouncy mammaries. He and Scotty mounted the girl on the table and strapped her down while she sobbed and moaned. Scotty tattooed large six pointed stars over the tips of her breasts, her nipples at the center. When he was done, the guy made the girl get on her knees and give Scotty a hummer. The girl and the boyfriend left and she was strapped down to the table again. Scotty ate his own lunch, a half pint sized container of chili and a large soda, while she lay there helpless and waiting. He slid the silver prong back inside her and resumed work.

She had to stay at Scotty's parlor for three days and nights while he completed the work, which was frequently interrupted with other jobs he was doing. When she wasn't strapped down motionless on his table, she would wait kneeling next to the ratty brown couch, her mouth covered with silvery tape, her hands bound to her collar, her ankle chained to a ring in the floor, while one or another tearful girl was led in and mounted so Scotty could go to work on her. She spent her nights in the cage in the back and all three of the men would fuck her

before they left for the day. Sometimes, during breaks, Wilamina would come in and crouch down next to her and play with her and make her come, or force her down to her back on the floor and service her with her mouth until she roared out an orgasm.

Scotty drew a mass of red, blue and yellow curlicue designs on her upper chest down to the nascence of her breasts. They were interwoven with the bodies of black coiling and writhing snakes whose heads emerged from the morass and curled halfway around her nipples. The curlicues descended between and around her breasts and led to a kind of shield in deep greyish blue with ornate flourishes and other rococo designs, down to and surrounding her belly button.

He inked fire breathing dragons on the front and inside of her thighs, red on the right, dark green on the left, with bright yellow bellies and long, curling tails. On the backs of her thighs, Scotty drew thick green bushes with small, colorful flowers embedded in them and little pastel green, light blue and yellow moths cavorting amidst it. The design extended up to the underside of and over her buttocks up to the base of her mandala so that when she was bent over and exhibited her butterfly from behind, it would be framed by the wondrous and colorful growth as if it was emerging from it.

Mr. Anderson came on the fourth day. Scotty had her leaning over the table, her ankles bound to the legs, her hands extended and bound to the ring at the top. He was extending the multicolored curlicues over her shoulders and across her upper back. While she was affixed there, Mr. Anderson and Scotty discussed how to fill the big empty space between her curlicues and her mandala and what to do about her arms. Scotty showed him some designs on his CPad and they came to an agreement.

Mr. Anderson fucked her there before he left, as she was, while she sobbed and sobbed. Scotty kept her for another two days as he worked on her back and arms between other assignments. She was locked in the cage in the back when Mr. Anderson came to collect her. They brought her out into the main room and had her model her decorations for him. He was enthralled and gushed over their beauty. They stood Ruth before the full length mirror. She struggled mightily to hide her dismay. The designs were all beautiful and compelling, but they were on her body and they were permanent. There was redness and scaling all around, but the artwork stood out finely.

Scotty had drawn various multicolored hieroglyphic type designs on her arms down to her wrists, interspersed with snakes and lizards and birds of prey. Mr. Anderson took a celly picture of her back and showed it to her. The design there was lush and beautiful. It was of a tall, long legged full breasted, nude woman with long, black, wavy hair. Her face was graceful and beautiful. She was three quarters turned to the viewer. Her ample breasts were shown in semi-profile. One graceful

hand, her left, was circling her left breast, proffering it, and the other was between her thighs fingering her dilated sex. Her skin was light brown, her nipples, lips and outer labia blood red. Her piercing eyes were green. She was smiling lasciviously and invitingly. She was surrounded by greenery as if she were standing in a lush garden.

Ruth could not hold back her sobs when she saw it. She had been doing everything she could think of to please Mr. Anderson, but she felt that it was terribly unjust to have inflicted this on her. She would be a freak for the rest of her life. When he discarded her, and she knew that he would, who would buy her other than someone with perverse intent?

Mr. Anderson wrapped her in his arms and held her close, letting her sob and sob and sob. When she was calm, he explained to her that she could take it from what he had had done for her that he was very happy with her and was going to keep her for a long, long time. Otherwise, why would he do such a thing? He assured her that Scotty had made her into something of wondrous beauty and that it pleased him very much. All his friends would admire her and want to fuck her, which would please him. He reminded her, a little more forcefully, of her duty of complete and utter obedience to him and that what pleased him should please her too.

She let him calm her. If she persisted in her expressions of dismay, she knew that he might become impatient with her and deem her in need of punishment. And there was some logic in what he said. The more beautiful she was to him, the longer he would keep her. And the accolades of his friends for her exotic exterior would make him treasure her even more.

He took her home as before, naked, her wrists locked to her collar, on her knees, her breasts jammed against the seat. Consuela studied her with wonder when she saw her. She touched her gingerly here and there, made her turn her legs outward so that she could examine her twin, snarly dragons in full. When she saw her back, she uttered breathlessly, "*Que belleza!*"

Mr. Anderson sat in his favorite chair in the den while he made Ruth kneel straight up and make herself come for him. She shuddered and shook as her orgasm overwhelmed her. Mr. Anderson was very pleased. He had her come over and he kissed her and then had her service him.

After dinner in the kitchen he instructed Carmela to mount her in the chains in the punishment room for the night so that she wouldn't disturb any of the drawings. Consuela kept her standing down there all night and all of the next day, only releasing her so that she could eat from a bowl or pee in a chamber pot.

When she was brought up in the early evening, Mr. Anderson was sitting in the living room waiting for her. He made her turn slowly around with her hands behind her head so that he could admire her again. And then had Consuela make

her come from behind as she knelt up straight in front of him, her hands locked behind her neck. After she serviced him they had dinner. He let Consuela take her directly up to his bedroom so that she could rest. He came up about 11 and woke her. He affixed her wrists to the headboard and examined every inch of her body minutely before fucking her long and hard. Afterwards he told her how beautiful she was to him, made her come with his hand and then let her sleep through the night.

CHAPTER TWO

The days went on more or less normally. At night, after dinner, in the den, Ruth would either kneel with her forehead to the floor, showing Mr. Anderson her verdant behind and lush thighs, or kneel with her front or back to him, her wrists confined to the ring in the back of her collar to keep them out of the way. His rutting seemed to become more fervent and he enjoyed more and more watching her make herself come, or laying her on her back in his bed, her thighs spread while he made her come with his hand.

At the parties that they went to he would make her undress as soon as they came in the door. The other guests would marvel at her. The hosts always wanted to fuck her as did everybody else, but he always limited it to two or three who would stay until the end of the party and take their turns. Mr. Anderson lent her out sparingly for the day, or sometimes overnight or for a weekend. The winter became spring and then summer again. He never seemed to lose his excitement at fucking her or displaying her. He took her to all kinds of places, concerts, parks, museums, clubs. When the summer came if they were not going anywhere he would let her swim naked in the pool.

In July, he had to go on a business trip for ten days or so. He brought her to a mansion owned by a husband and wife she had seen frequently at parties. He left her in their custody. They treated her like a precious object, pampering her, using her assiduously. They, or the husband did, owned a very young, not much more than eighteen, brown haired girl. Her hair was waist length and creamy, her skin pale, her body pert and well-toned. She had cute, apple sized breasts. Ruth realized that she had probably been sold off by her father as soon as she cleared the CSW draft, and she felt sorry for her. The couple had them make love to each other every afternoon in their garden. They had tattooed her name, Yolanda, or the name they had given her, in inch high, bright blue script just below her neck amid delicate, tasteful flourishes. Every night while she was there the couple would switch off the one they slept with.

The trouble started about a month after Mr. Anderson came back from his trip. One night after she had serviced him in the den, back in March, he had done a little inventory with her. Was she happy? Did she like Consuela? Did she like the food? Her clothes? Was there anything that she wanted? She told him about her promise

to go back and see Mrs. Rawlings at the recovery center. He thought about it. "I don't know," he said. "I don't want you to have any negative influences."

She promised him that it would only be for a visit and that she wouldn't let anything Mrs. Rawlings said to her affect her devotion to him. He told her okay.

The next day, after her visit to the gym, the car took her directly to the recovery center. He had told her that her visit was not to be for more than one hour and then the car would take her directly home. It took her to the door. She got out and the car went off to park. She mounted the brick steps and rang the bell. She had to ring it three times before Stanley answered.

"What the fuck do you want?" he demanded.

"It's Ruth Silverman. I've come to see Mrs. Rawlings," she explained.

"Ruth who?"

"Ruth Silverman. I came through here about a year ago."

"All right! All right!" he exclaimed. The door buzzed and she pulled it open. She came up the steps and Stanley was sitting at the same old desk. There were three frightened women sitting on the bench across from him, each with a wrist manacled to it. One of them was naked.

She looked at Stanley. "Fuckin' cocksuckers threw her out without any clothes," Stanley said. The girl was crying. Ruth went over and stroked her head. "It's going to be okay," she told her softly. "Mrs. Rawlings will take care of you."

She heard the clang of the barred door behind her and she turned. It was Mrs. Rawlings. She looked at Ruth quizzically. Since her recent tattooing, Mr. Anderson had had her hair cut even shorter than it had been so that it wouldn't interfere with his view of her artwork, and she had put on a little more weight, "To fill you out," Mr. Anderson had told her. Consuela had made up her face to model quality, as usual. And her breasts were bigger. Then her face lit up. "Ruth!" she called out. "Oh my god, it's you! Heaven be praised!"

She ran up to her and threw her arms around her. They hugged intently. Mrs. Rawlings broke their grasp. "How are you? What's going on with you? How's life with your RM?"

Ruth didn't know what to say. She was about to say, "Okay," when Mrs. Rawlings said, "Oh, I've got to take care of these girls. Give me a hand, will you?"

She rushed over to the bench and released their wrists. To the girl without clothes, she said, "You poor dear! We'll get you something to wear right away!"

She hustled them across the entrance to the main areas and slammed the steel barred door shut, locking it. She herded the girls down the hallway. They were crying and sobbing. She brought them to the showers and told them to get rid of their clothes and freshen themselves up. She would bring them back something better.

Ruth watched the two women who had clothes reluctantly strip. The simple

sheath dresses were as ratty as the one she had been given to wear. The women tentatively stepped up to the individual shower stalls, looked at one another and then edged themselves in.

While the women commenced their first free showers in a dozen years or more, Mrs. Rawlings came back with three colorful, fairly new house dresses. A woman with long blond hair, dressed neatly in a knee length brown skirt and a cream colored blouse was with her carrying three sets of slippers. They stopped. Mrs. Rawlings placed the three dresses on hooks next to big, fluffy towels. "If the slippers don't fit, tell them you'll go get them a different pair while they have something to eat," she said to the blond girl. "And get rid of those ragged, shit ass shoes!"

And then to Ruth, "This is Betty. She's been out about 4 weeks. She's been helping around the place."

Ruth nodded to her and put out her hand. They shook. "Nice to meet you, Betty," Ruth said. The woman returned the favor to her.

"Ruth's been out about a year and we have a whole lot of catching up to do," Mrs. Rawlings explained. "Come on, Ruth," she said.

Ruth followed her down the corridor. At the end it dead ended and went either way. They turned to the left and went down to Mrs. Rawlings' separate quarters. There was no key. Mrs. Rawlings emphasized that everything she owned belonged to the girls too and they could have anything they wanted. In the 45 days or so Ruth had been there no one she knew of ever went in there uninvited.

The door opened into a little sitting room. There were old styled, faded but comfortably padded chairs around the room, four of them, little tables with knick knacks on them, a table lamp and some footstools. There were numerous pictures up on the walls, mostly cheap prints of old paintings. The walls were white and there was an old and tattered red and black oriental rug on the floor.

"Take off your coat, Ruth," Mrs. Rawlings said excitedly. "I'll go make us some tea."

She disappeared into the back. Ruth was hesitant to take off the fine jacket that Mr. Anderson had bought her. Underneath, she wore a revealing cerise blouse and a very short light green skirt that Consuela had laid out for her. On her feet were olive green colored high heels. She was afraid of what Mrs. Rawlings would say when she saw the tattoos. She sat in one of the chairs and waited.

The woman came back a few minutes later with a large teapot and two mugs on a small tray. Steam was coming out of the spout of the pot. She laid them down on a table and sat in a chair opposite to the one in which Ruth was sitting. Ruth still had her coat on.

Mrs. Rawlings, her reliable intuition on full alert, asked her whether there was any reason that she couldn't take off her coat. Ruth nodded and started to cry.

“What did that cruel motherfucker do to you!” she demanded angrily.

Ruth just shook her head and started to sob. Mrs. Rawlings let her go on for a little while. Then she stood up and crossed the small room. She urged Ruth to stand and slid her finely tailored wool coat off of her shoulders. When she had it off, she looked at Ruth’s colorful chest. “Lord have mercy!” she exclaimed.

She put the coat aside on another chair and lifted Ruth’s chin. “That asshole did this to you?”

Ruth nodded her head sadly. It was the first time she had fully mourned about the disfigurement of her body since it had been done. She had had bad thoughts about it and had cried sometimes while confined and blinded for her hour of contemplation in the morning. But she had not really mourned, not with a real person who would share with her her sympathy.

“Let me see the rest!” Mrs. Rawlings demanded. Ruth reluctantly removed her blouse. She was wearing a dark maroon bra. All of the artwork on her chest and belly could be seen. Mrs. Rawlings had her turn around and examined her back. “Lordy, Lordy!” she said breathlessly.

“It’s on my legs too,” Ruth tearfully complained. She raised her short skirt and showed Mrs. Rawlings her dragon laden thighs.

“Well, I’ll be damned,” Mrs. Rawlings said.

She looked over at the tea. “Put your blouse back on Ruth and we’ll drink some tea and you’ll tell me all about it.”

She poured them both cupfuls while Ruth buttoned her blouse back up. She sat back in her chair.

“No cream, no sugar, right?” Mrs. Rawlings asked.

Ruth nodded yes.

“I like mine light and sweet, like me,” the older woman joked. She laughed.

They both sat down. Ruth explained what had happened and what Mr. Anderson was like. Concern and anger grew stronger and stronger in Mrs. Rawlings’ face as she learned more and more.

“That cocksucking motherfucker!” she exclaimed. “I know these kind of guys troll the UFP website, but this is a particularly perverted cocksucker! If I could ever get my hands on him...!” she shouted.

And then she calmed down. “I’m sorry, Ruth. I don’t want to make you feel bad. I know that you’ve got no choice but to go back to him. I don’t want to make it harder. If it’s a comfort to you at all, please remember that I love you and care for you.”

“Th-thanks,” Ruth replied tearfully. “You don’t know how much that means to me.”

“Oh, I know, I know,” Mrs. Rawlings said.

Ruth asked her if she had heard from her daughter. Mrs. Rawlings lit up. “God

damn if I haven't" she exclaimed. "She was kept over three years at her SWF out in Arizona based on some phony waiver from the SRZ. As soon as she was released, some guy picked her up off the street outside and said that he was her RM. He held on to her since then. He wouldn't let her call nobody, do anything or go anywhere. He just kept her locked up in this room when he wasn't home. Finally, he got tired of her and dropped her off at the local Unsupervised Female Pool. She got selected by this real nice brother who's treating her real kind. She called me three months ago. She didn't know where to find me until somebody said they had seen my name on the Ultranet associated with the center here."

Ruth told her how wonderful that was and how happy she was for her.

"Thing is, she can't come here for a couple more years and I can't go there cause who would do my job? But we'll get together sooner or later. You can bet your ass on that!"

They finished their tea. Ruth told her about her afternoon with Sheila and that she hadn't seen her since. She wondered if Mrs. Rawlings had word. The woman turned sad and looked down.

"What's the matter?" Ruth demanded.

"Well, that asshole RM who took her from here needed some quick dough so he sold her to this asshole in Silverton. He's not much better than your RM from what Sheila's told me. He lets her out now and again. She comes here to visit. He won't let me call her and won't let her call me, so there's no way of knowing when she'll show up."

Ruth hung her head sadly. It sounded like she would never get to see her again.

Her celly beeped. "Oh, I've got to go," she said urgently. "He only gave me an hour."

"That's too bad, honey. It's been great to see you. I'm sorry things are so rough for you. Maybe they'll get better. I tell you what, the next time you give him an extra special blowjob, tell him that I asked if you could help out around here a couple days a week. Who knows, maybe he'll say yes. I could use you and it would be nice to have you around."

"I'll see," Ruth replied. "I was surprised that he let me come here today."

"Well, ask him anyways. You never can tell. In the meantime, you mind your p's and q's. Don't make no trouble. And someday, maybe he'll turn you over to the UFP and you'll get somebody nice like my Emily."

"Not all marked up like this!" Ruth returned unhappily. Mrs. Rawlings got up off of her chair and approached her. She stroked her on the cheek.

"Don't lose hope, honey," she said gently. "It's all we got."

Ruth nodded back. She rose and they embraced. Ruth put her coat back on and Mrs. Rawlings escorted her to the gate. They kissed and said goodbye. "I'll say

some prayers for you, Ruth,” Mrs. Rawlings promised.

When Ruth went outside, the car was there waiting. She got in and it took off for home. She checked her celly. She had made it with three minutes to spare.

All the way home, she stared out at the people and places passing by. She had forgotten that the world was made up of mostly normal people. They were leading regular lives, had jobs to go to, sat around the kitchen table for dinner, made love willingly and freely with each other. And filled with men who didn’t keep you in cages or sell you to strangers, or make you kneel with your head to the floor showing them your pussy. She was trying not to cry. Seeing Mrs. Rawlings had reminded her of the hope she had had when she had first arrived.

The car dropped her off at the house. Consuela was waiting for her at the top of the stairs. She made her strip immediately, locked her wrists to the front of her collar and made her accept Mr. Anderson’s thick, black penis gag. She made her lie on her back right there in the living room and spread her knees. She mouthed her for about twenty minutes, up and down, up and down and up again. She suckled at and massaged her breasts. She rubbed her thighs and belly. She made her come twice while Ruth groaned and moaned. When she was done, she let Ruth lay there, knees spread, on her back, for a little while, recovering. Then she made her get up and locked her in the cage near the top of the stairs to wait for Mr. Anderson to come home.

She knelt there gloomily, comparing kneeling in a cage, gagged and bound with having been at the recovery center where she had been free for 45 wonderful days. As soon as she had returned to Mr. Anderson’s house she had been reminded in no uncertain terms that she was a slave owned by and subject to his dictates, as if whatever contamination she had suffered while out in the world on her own needed to be eradicated. She couldn’t get Mrs. Rawlings’ smiling face out of her head. Her daughter Emily had found someone good. Why hadn’t she? Why couldn’t she be free and spend her days with someone she could love, or even just like? How was she ever going to get out of the life she was in? How could she ever live a normal life after seeing Mrs. Rawlings’ shocked and outraged face when she displayed her markings to her?

It was three hours later that he walked in the door. Mr. Anderson saw Ruth there, smiled, handed his suit jacket off the Consuela and sat in his chair facing her. Consuela brought him his drink. He read some things on his CPad and then, after about 40 minutes, told Consuela to release her so that she could come to him. When she was kneeling two feet or so away, her hands locked behind her back, he leaned down, squeezed and played with her breasts, and then removed her gag, placing it on the table next to him.

“So, Ruth, tell me, how was your visit?” he asked her.

“Very nice, sir,” she replied timidly. “Thank you for letting me go.”

“And you met with Mrs. Rawlings?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And what did you talk about?”

“Just things, sir,” she answered fearfully. She knew that he was going to ask her questions and had been going over what to say, but it all just exited her head. Just the fact of being naked and defenseless before him once more was frightful.

“Just things, Ruth? What kind of things? And I don’t want to hear any lies.”

“W-we talked about Sheila, sir.”

“Sheila? That must have taken all of five minutes. What else? Did you talk about your life here?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she whined. She knew that she was in deep trouble.

“And I’m sure you told Mrs. Rawlings about how cruelly I treat you. Didn’t you?”

“N-not exactly, sir,” she murmured tremulously.

“So, if not exactly, what did you say?”

“I-I said that you were strict, sir.”

“Strict? Is that what you call it?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she replied.

“It’s more than strict. I fucking own you, don’t I?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“And I can do anything I want to you, can’t I?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“Can Mrs. Rawlings do anything she wants to you?”

“N-no, sir.”

“Can Mrs. Rawlings make you fuck her friends?”

“N-no, sir.”

“Can she lock you in cages and fuck you anytime she wants?”

“N-no, sir,” she replied. She was crying steadily, on the verge of breaking into sobs.

“But I can do all those things to you, can’t I?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she answered.

“Do you think it’s right that I should be able to do all those things to you, including having you marked and tattooed in any way that pleases me?”

Now she was caught between Scylla and Charybdis. If she told him the truth, that she thought that it was wrong, all wrong, that she should be free, free to do whatever she wanted, to leave him forever and go wherever she wanted to go, that would be the truth, but it would be disobedient. But if she said otherwise, she would be lying. And she knew that he would know she was lying. She decided to take her chances and tell the truth. When she got right down to it, lying was unthinkable.

“N-no, sir,” she eked out, fearing the worst.

He laughed. “Now we get down to the nub of it. You know that everything that we do, everything that we say, everything that we think is governed by the General Public Order and the New Society Program, don’t you?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she answered fearfully.

“Do you think that you know better than the Blessed Leader and the National Governing Board?”

“N-no, sir,” she whined.

“And you know that in accordance with the laws and regulations established by the Blessed Leader and the National Governing Board, that you were lawfully made subject to sale. Don’t you?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“And that I was the one who bid the highest for you and who lawfully purchased you, paying a pretty penny I might add. You know that too, don’t you?”

“Y-yes, sir.” She was looking up at him dolefully. She was trembling and her stomach was in upheaval. She hadn’t been so frightened since the day of the incident.

“And don’t you think that I have the right to a return on my investment?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“And since I purchased you, lawfully, and paid for you, lawfully, and therefore own you, lawfully, all of you, all of the things I have done to you are perfectly within the law. Isn’t that true?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she confessed miserably.

“And do you think that you have the right to challenge the Blessed Leader, the General Public Order, the New Society Program and even the Peace Declaration and the new Blessed Constitution promulgated so many, many years ago?”

“N-no, sir,” she sobbed. She was in a terrible, terrible place. All because she wanted to go see Mrs. Rawlings.

“Mrs. Rawlings doesn’t make the rules, does she?”

“N-no, sir.”

“And you don’t make the rules, do you?”

“N-no, sir.”

“So all of society, the entire weight of all our social order, everything our nation has stood for for the past twenty-five years is on my side Isn’t that true?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she answered dejectedly.

He paused to let that sink in. Then he began again.

“And I don’t have to give you nice clothes to wear, or any clothes at all, do I?”

“N-no, sir.”

“And I don’t have to feed you good food, do I?”

“N-no sir.”

“I don’t have to let you read books or watch viddys on your CPad, do I?”

“N-no, sir.”

“I don’t have to let you swim in the pool or lounge around the house, do I?”

“N-no, sir.”

“And I don’t have to take you to restaurants, or to viddys or to museums or concerts, or for walks in the park or nice boat rides. I don’t have to talk to you like a human being or recognize your humanity in any way! Do I?” His voice was raised now and very, very stern..

“N-no, sir,” she sobbed.

“And yet I do those things, don’t I?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“And I could beat you every day just for my pleasure, but I don’t, do I?”

“N-no, sir.”

“And any time I have struck you it was because you deserved it, because you had earned it. Isn’t that true?”

“Y-yes, sir, that’s true,” she moaned.

“Do you think that I should let the bad things you do go unpunished?”

“N-no, sir.”

“And I let Consuela take care of you, don’t I? I let her wash and bathe you. I let her comfort you and give you pleasure. I let her treat you with kindness. Do you know that Consuela is very fond of you?”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“Did you tell Mrs. Rawlings that Consuela is cruel to you too?”

“N-no sir.”

“Is she cruel to you?”

“N-no sir.”

“And since everything that I have done is perfectly within my rights according to every law and principle that guides us, and since I give you so much more that you would be entitled to or have the right to demand from me, don’t you think that it’s a little unfair for you to tell Mrs. Rawlings that I am cruel to you?”

“Y-yes, sir! Yes, sir! I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I was wrong! I was wrong! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

She started sobbing virulently. She had fucked everything up all over again. She deserved to be punished. She realized that. The world where she was free and did not have to answer to any man was purely in her imagination. It didn’t exist. She was born to her fate. She should be grateful to her owner since so many other women had things so very much worse. She thought of poor Bernadette, the girl that that guy Manny had sold to the bikers, wherever she might be, and whatever cruel regime she was living under.

Mr. Anderson watched her sob. He thought that he might have to whip her,

but he could see that she was punishing herself. Consuela stood there, hovering, her face sorrowful. She didn't want him to whip her either. Over the years he had found that whipping was almost a totally unnecessary tool. Psychological dominance was much more efficient and lasting. Not that he didn't enjoy whipping women. But he took that pleasure at the brothels he went to. He didn't want a cowering, sniveling woman in his house.

Ruth had bent over, her head to the floor. She was sobbing, sobbing, sobbing. "Get up, Ruth," he told her sternly. She rose to look at him.

"I'm not going to punish you, Ruth," he told her.

"Oh, thank you, sir! Thank you! Thank you! I'll be good! I'll please you! I'll obey you in all things at all times! I'll never say anything bad about you again!"

"That's the good girl, Ruth," he told her. "I know that going to see Mrs. Rawlings was confusing for you. I knew that allowing you to go there would test you. And I have to say that I'm pleased that you see things as they are, not the way some old, bitter, crotchety woman may think things should be. Now you can show me your devotion by sucking my cock. I am the man who owns you and all the pleasure giving utilities of your body. It's as God intended. He led you to me and so here is the right place for you to be."

"Yes, sir, yes!" she exclaimed.

He drew his penis from his pants. He gave her a signal to approach him. She edged herself closer, leaned forward and took his appendage into her mouth.

A wondrous feeling went through her. She had thought that she had lost everything, that Mr. Anderson might cast her aside, sell her to Manny, the owner of that biker bar, put her up for sale with the UFP where someone truly cruel and heinous might buy her. Or do something even more terrible. That she would lose Consuela's kindness and love. She sucked his cock with intense devotion, knowing how lucky it was that he deigned to let her have him in her mouth. Since the crisis of the incident, she had let her fervor for him lag. She had let that edge of need slip away. She was amazed at how clever he was. He knew that allowing her to visit with Mrs. Rawlings would lead her right to where she was at that very moment, pleasuring him with every cell in her body devoted to the task.

She thrilled when she heard him groan. She celebrated when she felt his hand rest on her head. She almost burst with joy as she felt his hips begin to rock and his grip tighten in her hair. And when his cock began to pulse and throb within her mouth, her very soul cried out with glee.

When his groans of pleasure began to subside, she eased her motions. She slurped all over the head, running her tongue under the crown and then subsumed his cock again, sliding her tight lips slowly and languorously down his shaft, eager to give him every last ounce of pleasure he deserved.

Consuela had prepared them a delicious dinner. It was sirloin tips in a red

wine sauce with crisp, bright green beans and little pearl onions in a white cream sauce. Mr. Anderson had Consuela pour Ruth a small bowl of the merlot he was drinking. She lapped it up with pleasure.

After dinner, in the den, he had Consuela bring her to pleasure with her facing him, her hands bound behind her neck, her decorations all visible and prominent. Consuela snuck her hand up between her legs from behind and stroked and caressed and rubbed and tickled until Ruth was groaning with need.

It was almost like the beautiful butterfly wings on her pussy were fluttering. And the rest of her torso was a feast for the eyes, the colorful swirls and curls above, between and around her breasts, the two thin black snakes which were slinking out of that confusion, slithering partially over them, their red forked tongues flitting from their mouths. Her breasts were two large bulbs of almost pure white amidst a sea of colors. The grayish blue shield of intricate designs descended from just below them down to her belly, curving downward at the bottom, nestling above the band of flowers, leaving a 3" wide band of untrammelled flesh in between.

To Mr. Anderson, it was a gorgeous display, made more gorgeous by the fact that he had determined to put it there, leaving an indelible imprint of his ownership on her. And, there was too the fact that it had all been imposed upon her against her will, that she had been powerless to prevent it and that there was no one in the whole world who would hold him to account for it. That every day when she saw it, no, not saw it, experienced it, she would cringe with despair and hopelessness as she was forcibly reminded of her powerlessness and his dominion over her.

When she came, she trembled and shuddered and groaned and moaned and called out. Mr. Anderson had watched her performance intently. Despite her inner protestations, it somehow pleased her. When she had wound down, he had her turn her back to him so that he could look at the sultry display there while he watched the FV, smoked a cigar and drank cognac.

To Ruth, it was as if her body had been covered with a mysterious, magic potion that had left behind the wild imaginings of the sorcerer who had engendered it. It had seeped into her pores, forever altering her inner makeup. She could no more rebel than she could cease to breathe or cause her heart to still. It denoted her as his, unalterably and irremediably. It smothered and snuffed out any notion that she might have the right or the power to countervail his will, and even more, imbued her with an implacable drive and need to serve him as a devoted acolyte.

And the sorcerer himself was sitting behind her on his throne, taking in the evidence of his spell, reveling in it and his mastery over her. She could feel his eyes scouring her back. There was a fiendish woman there that she couldn't see but could never forget. When Mr. Anderson fucked her from behind, he liked to run his hands over her, caressing her. Like a succubus, she invited anyone who could

see her to partake of the pleasures of Ruth's body. It was as if her pussy had become the woman's pussy, her breasts had become the woman's breasts, her flesh had become the woman's flesh. It was as if the man who had placed her image there had imprinted on her a mighty, lustful female djinn who had seized her soul and had ultimate power over her desires.

She had one and only once choice. Either she could let resentment and despair and sadness permeate her life, or she could serve her owner, her lord and master, with devotion, accept what she could not change, follow the path he was leading her down. She had chosen the latter and it had brought her a joyous contentment, all mental torment extinguished. And if she had chosen to serve him, she should serve him with every cell of her body, in any way he saw fit. He had shown her the way again tonight. He hadn't laid a hand on her and yet she had been sniveling at his feet, begging for forgiveness for harboring any slight doubt as to her duty.

Even some days later, as she knelt there obediently, staring off at some undefined space in front of her, displaying herself, awaiting his next command, she felt his power over her. She was finding both despair and fulfillment in the fact that she had been permanently altered to bring him visual delight. The drawings he had conjured upon her were like a giant, powerful hand which was surrounding her, holding her in place against her will, and squeezing out all that remained of her personhood, her identity, her humanity.

He called her over after a while. He had a small box of white chocolate on the table next to him. He teased her with them, proffering them to her and then drawing them away. It became a game and she would loll out her tongue and beg with her eyes. He would offer her the chocolate, she would attempt to grab it with her lips and then he would whisk it away, making her laugh. He let her grab one with her lips from his fingers. She smiled and blessed him with her eyes. He held another one out and asked her, "Was she a good girl?"

"Yes, sir, I am a good girl," she answered quickly, and then, as if she had given it further thought, said, "At least I want to be, sir. I'll try and be with all my heart and devotion." she replied, her eyes tearing. "And if I'm not, I beg you to punish me, sir. Please don't ever send me away!"

He smiled at her. "And do you deserve a chocolate?" he asked.

She had to think about that. "No, sir," she finally decided.

"And why don't you deserve a chocolate if you're a good girl?"

"Because I am your slave, sir and slaves don't deserve anything," she replied tearfully.

He laughed. He tousled her hair. "Very, good, Ruth," he said. "That's right." He pulled her face towards him and took possession of her mouth, scouring its insides with his tongue. She kissed him back devotedly, fervently. He broke their kiss and proffered her the chocolate. She took it delicately from his fingers and

smiled at him.

When she had finished chewing it and swallowing it, he told her to go back to her spot and show him her pussy. She knee walked over to her position, a few feet to the left of the FV, lowered her head to the floor, arched her back and spread her knees. Her beautiful butterfly and all the wondrous, verdant growth around it, up and down the back of her thighs and up over her rump, were perfectly displayed.

He watched a show, a comedy, which made him laugh, and then the news. Ruth listened to it all, despite knowing that nothing in it affected her. The Blessed Leader had made a speech and they played several highlights. The DCR had made an announcement of the number of CSW's needed for the draft for the period of July to December in the Cincinnati Sexual Resource District, 350. A Women's Liberty Group cell had been broken in Ashtabula and all the women arrested. There was a ribbon cutting for a new brothel out in Staunton. The Cincinnati Reds had taken a double header from the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Bengals had fired their head coach after a 4 and 12 season. Tomorrow was going to be in the 70's and sunny.

He had Consuela take her up to bed. After she brushed her teeth, removed all her makeup, and spritzed her lightly with perfume, she allowed her to pee. She brought her to Mr. Anderson's bed. Since she had gotten her full body tattoos, the protocol was to have her hands chained to the headboard over her head so that her entire body could be seen. She affixed her left ankle to the 6' long chain leading to the foot of the bed. Before she installed her gag, she stroked her puss and kissed her and suckled on her breasts until she moaned. "Good little girl, pretty little girl," she told her happily in Spanish. *Niña buena, niña bonita.*

Ruth awaited Mr. Anderson's arrival eagerly. When he came, he made his ablutions and came to bed. He lay down next to her, ran his hand all over her presented body, squeezing and kneading her breasts, caressing her belly and then drew his hand down to her loins. He watched her fervently as he stroked her to pleasure, making her totter on the edge of completion, making her squirm and moan, her knees raised and spread, the fierce dragons on her thighs breathing fire. After she roared out her climax, he mounted her and fucked her long and hard. He took her mouth and she readily, joyfully accepted him. She wrapped her legs around the back of his thighs, pulling him in deeper and deeper. When she came, she felt her pussy clamp on his member as it slid back and forth. When he poured his spume into her she felt a wave of gratitude and fulfillment.

He released her hands and she made him hard again. After he was rigid, he made her get up on her knees, her head down and rechained her wrists. He slid into her pussy from behind. That feeling of helplessness and powerlessness suffused her, as it always did, at being filled against her will. But was it against her will? It was more without her will than against it. She had surrendered everything to him.

She knew that if she were truly obedient and docile, she should suppress that iciness she felt in her belly, the nausea which imbued her whenever he first penetrated her. But there was something special about the feeling that she never wanted to lose. While she was accepting of her slavery, she never wanted to be indifferent to it. How could she know that she was truly a slave unless some part of her experienced shame and humiliation from it? There was something pure and true about the feeling. Rather than suppressing it, she concentrated on it, magnified it like you would the pain from a sore tooth. In her mind, she proffered it to him, her user, her owner, her master, as literal proof of his dominion over her.

And at the same time there was joy. She was serving him, pleasing him. He desired her, he wanted her. "Use me! Use me! Use me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me!" her mind called out as his manhood rapidly abraded her velvet passage, driving back and forth again and again and again. The thick pleasure giving rod that she did not want and yet could not deny. Each traverse was like an erosion of her soul, winnowing it away. Yet as long as she was desired and wanted by him she knew she would be safe. Safe from the ravages of the evil world that lurked outside the mantle of protection in which he had enwrapped her.

And he brought her bodily joy. Her whole being was electrified as his cock went on and on. The trilling of her puss sent exquisite messages of pleasure all through her. "Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me!" her mind called out as her lustful needs grew higher and higher. She was holding herself off as long as she could. She was holding back the hordes of wild celebrants yearning to race through her body, like Mongols tearing through the Russian steppes. She wanted to come when he did. She wanted him to inject her with his jismatic ejaculate, to anoint her as the desired one, the wanted one, the blessed one.

He began to pound her harder. His hands tightened their grip on her hips. He groaned and grunted. And then, for an almost imperceptible second, his body stiffened as if it had had surmounted a mighty barrier, and he began to rhythmically grunt, "Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!" and she knew that that special moment had come.

She released the gates. The wild hordes passed through, screaming, yelling, galloping. They carried flowing, fluttering banners of blood like red, with glaring, fiery yellow letters that spelled, "Whore! Strumpet! Cunt! Slut! Slave!" Her pussy sent ecstatic jolts of sensation all through her. She groaned and moaned and shuddered and shook. "Oh, yes! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me!" her mind exclaimed.

He slowed his motions; her pussy's convulsions waned. He ran his hands over her back as if giving the djinn-like lady her due. "Good girl," he moaned. "Good girl."

He raised her head and reinstalled her gag. He called to the lights to douse themselves and the room was plunged into darkness. He patted her on her rear as he slipped out of her. He slid down into a supine position. A few moments later and he was sleeping the sleep of the just.

She stayed where he had left her. There was no doubt that that was his intent, since he had patted her on the rump. He hadn't forgotten to tell her she could lie down. If this was his will, she would obey it. She wouldn't complain. She would encapsulate herself with obedience and remain still and quiet.

She listened to his snores. She lost herself in their rhythm as if they were one. She had been on the precipice of disaster today. He had led her back. "I will obey him! I will obey him! I will obey him!" she repeated again and again. Her hands were imprisoned above her, her head was down. Her knees were spread. In a way, she felt glad that she was so often bound. It made her feel treasured, valued, important. You guard and lock down your most valuable possessions, don't you?

Her ankle was still chained to the foot of the bed. Its length was sufficient for her to move about as needed and served as a failsafe, a double lock to prevent her from wandering off, from being in any way able to exercise free will.

She had to admit it, whenever she was out in the world, like when the car took her daily to her gym appointment, she felt untethered, lost, adrift. She had felt like that on the way home from the gym today. How much better it was to be locked in place. She knew that she could never escape from the car once she had gotten into it and its doors had automatically locked. But to see all the world all around you was like floating in space, being adrift. There was none of the comfort of feeling your limbs confined, of being able to yank and pull with all your might and to have no effect, with blessed darkness all around you.

She fell asleep and awoke when she felt his hand wander over her rear, stroking it softly. He was kneeling a bit behind her and to the left. His hand ran over her back, caressing the djinn-like lady for luck and then centered on her puss. As soon as she was moist and he could run two thick fingers in and out of her with ease, he entered her. That nauseous, belly sickening feeling of her involuntary possession wafted through her. She let it remind her of what a low, degraded whore she was, and she proffered it up to her possessor. "See? I'm your whore! You can do anything you want with me!" her mind declared. It faded fast as his motions began to drive her lusts. He fucked her long and slow as if he was relishing each stroke. She had a rolling, body numbing orgasm that made her glow with thanks. As if that was what he had been waiting for, he slipped himself from her crevasse, lowered her hips and probed his cock into the entrance of her little star. She relaxed herself and he slid slowly, slowly, slowly in without pain. He quickly picked up his pace and began rogering her hard and strong.

"Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me! Fuck me! Use me!"

her mind called out, urging him on. "I am your slave, your strumpet, your whore, your slut, your harlot! Take your pleasure from me! Feed your lusts with my flesh! Abuse me any way you want! Give me the gift of your precious, holy, blessed cum!"

He roared and roared as he came. Then he slowed his strokes, slower, slower, slower and then stopped. He wordlessly slipped from her and went to the bathroom to clean himself. She reveled in the thought of his essence melding into her innards, his cells mixing with hers, marking her forever as his.

He came back to bed. He left her as she was, kneeling over, her breasts crushed into her thighs, her hands bound to the headboard above her, her thighs spread, her mouth stifled and filled with the rubberized simulacrum of his cock. He rubbed his hand over her proffered rump again. "Good girl," he said and then rolled over and went back to sleep.

CHAPTER THREE

It was three days later that he brought up her trip to the recovery center again. They were in the den after dinner. She had just finished servicing him. Her gag was sitting on the little table next to his chair. She was kneeling there, her wrists locked behind her, looking up at him expectantly for an order. His taste still in her mouth.

"So what else did you talk about with Mrs. Rawlings the other day?" he asked her off handedly.

She shivered with fright. Mrs. Rawlings had told her to ask if she could come and help her. At the time it had seemed like a wonderful idea. Now she wasn't so sure.

She took another tack. "Her daughter had been found, sir. She had been drafted and she was supposed to be released several years ago, but she hadn't heard from her."

"That's nice. And did her daughter find a good RM?"

This was dangerous territory. "N-not at first, sir," she replied nervously. She didn't dare tell a lie.

"Oh, just like you Ruth."

"N-no, sir!" she blurted out unhappily.

"Now, Ruth, don't lie. I'm sure that you had hoped that you would do better than to be someone's sex slave. Isn't that true?"

"Y-yes, sir," she answered miserably.

"Don't worry. I'm not going to punish you. I just want to hear you tell the truth."

"Y-yes, sir," she whined.

"And then did she find a nicer RM?"

"Y-yes, sir," she replied.

"And you hope that someday you'll find a nice RM too. Isn't that true?"

"N-no, sir! N-no, sir! I don't think about that! I think about how I can better serve you, sir! I don't want to be anything but your slave!"

He laughed. "I know that that's not true. Not entirely at least. Deep down inside, on the darkest of darkest nights, don't you want to be a free person some day?"

She started to sob. "Why do you torment me, sir?" she cried out. "I'm doing

my best to please you! I only want to please you! I only want you to take pleasure in me!”

He caressed her head. “But you know I’m telling the truth, don’t you?”

“Y-yes, sir!” she sobbed miserably. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I can’t help it!”

“I know you can’t help it, Ruth,” he told her calmly. “I wouldn’t want it any other way. Part of the pleasure of owning a slave is knowing that you are using her against her will. That she yearns for freedom and that in spite of that desire she is devoted to pleasing you. That she pours her whole being into her duties as a slave, like you do, and is at the same time inwardly suffering the deprivation of her will, her integrity, her humanity. Don’t you feel that way sometimes?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she admitted miserably. “Every time you enter me, sir.”

“I knew that. It’s easy to tell. But don’t worry. You’re the best slave that I’ve ever had, and I’ve had some good ones. And every time I enter you I want you to think about all the things I’ve taken away from you. All the things I’ve done to you. That I can enter you anytime I want. That you can never refuse me. That you can never stop me. That you can never make me pull out. That I can drive you again and again to unwanted pleasure. That while I own your outside, I own your inside too. Every feeling you have is mine. Every thought you have is mine. Every moment of your existence is mine. That you’ll be my slave for a long, long time. And that if you ever flag in your devotion, or fail in your duties, I will sell you to the worst person I can ever find.”

She was sobbing steadily. He was right. Knowing all these things as he entered her, took possession of her, made everything worse. It was like he had read her mind. She could have no secrets from him. He had taken everything.

“And yet, when my cock’s in your mouth, or in your pussy, or if I’m using your ass, I want you to revel in your fulfillment of my pleasure, the fulfillment of your purpose. If I can’t feel that from you, you are worthless to me. I can get a whore anytime I want. You have to take joy in your very debasement. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir! Yes! I will serve you! Please don’t sell me! Please! I will give you everything! Everything!”

“Remember, and perhaps this will help you. You were meant to be my slave. Thirty two years ago, on the very day you were born, God said, ‘Ruth Silverman will someday be Bill Anderson’s slave. Let’s do everything to make that true. And let’s do everything so that she can feel her slavery right down to her bones.’ And that’s just what he did. No matter what you did, where you went, whatever you hoped and dreamed, God made sure that today, this moment, you would be on your knees naked in front of me, wearing my collar, wearing my designs for you, your hands locked behind your back and looking up at me with such utter, utter despair. And that’s why you are here and that’s why you are a slave. And that’s why it’s

your duty to be the best slave that you can be. Understand?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" she affirmed unhappily. Did she still believe in God? When it came down to it, when you stripped everything away, despite all that had been done to her in God's name, she did. And if God ruled everything, noted even the sparrow's fall, and if everything that happened was God's will, then Mr. Anderson was right. When she was born, God had said that Ruth Silverman would be a slave to William Anderson. Why? What was his purpose in making her so miserable? Who could know? But if you didn't believe that God was good and that God had a purpose, then where were you? Where was she?

"So tell me, what else did you talk about with Mrs. Rawlings?"

She looked at him miserably. She had to tell him the truth.

"Mrs. Rawlings wants me to ask you if I can work there some days during the week, sir. I told her that I could only do it if you agreed, sir." She had walked back her sobs. She twisted her bound hands nervously.

"That sounds like a good idea to me," he told her. "Do you want to?"

"Not if you don't want me to, sir!" she said hurriedly. "I don't want anything to come before my duty to you, sir!"

He laughed again. "I think I can spare you a couple of hours every week. Let's say Tuesdays and Thursdays between 1 p.m. and 5. How does that sound?"

"That's sounds good, sir, if you want it, sir."

He stroked her hair. "I'll tell you why I want it. I want a real person in my bed. I want to see something behind those eyes other than defeat and misery. That's why I take you places and why I give you things to read, and why we talk. When I fuck you, I want to know that there's a real person at the end of my cock. Someone I can degrade and despoil over and over again. I want you just on the edge of freedom. So you can see it, but you can't touch it. So you know you can't have it, but so you'll always want it."

A wave of unhappiness flowed through her. He had described how she felt perfectly.

"Let's see how strong you are. If you can live out there on the edge, but can come back to me and give me everything that I demand, you'll be a more satisfying slave. If not, you'll be gone."

She stared at him. She remembered how hard it was to come back when she had visited the center a short while ago. Would she suffer that again and again? But now she had no choice. She couldn't refuse to go. He had said that he wanted her to.

"Now I want you to go to your little spot. I'm going to release your hands and I want you to kneel up and make yourself come while I watch. And I want you to think about everything that I have said. I want you to think about how you have no right to refuse my demands and how degraded and shameful it makes you feel."

He released her hands from behind her back. She turned and crawled to where she usually knelt. She turned back and rose up, spreading her knees. He was staring at her expectantly. She felt like crying and she felt tears come to her eyes. She hadn't felt so naked before him in a long, long time. She ran her hands down her widespread thighs and up again. She ran them up her belly, she ran them over her breasts, squeezing and pinching them. She didn't want her hands to move, but she had no power to stop them. She brushed her fingers along her crevasse. She knew that she needed to want to please him, even though he would know that she didn't the entire time. She let her mind go. She took a deep breath and relaxed her body. Her finger found her nubbin and she started a little tickle.

She stared into his eyes. "This is for you, sir," her eyes told him. "This is for your pleasure."

She stroked and caressed and rubbed and jiggled. Her heat started stirring before long. Her pussy became mushy with her fluids and she brought them up and covered her button with them. She put her left hand behind her back and started assiduously abusing herself with her right. She kept thinking, "I don't want to do this! I don't want to do this!" And then, "I must please him! I must please him! He owns my pussy, my hand, my everything!" And to him in her mind, she called out, "See! For your pleasure! At your command! I'm giving everything to you. I belong to you totally! I yearn to serve you! Please don't sell me! Please don't sell me! Please! Please!"

Her lust built and built. She wanted to stop her hand, to get up and walk away, to run out the front door and keep running, running, running. But she knew she could not. Literally could not. She could no more stop her hand than she could shed the colors and designs he had instilled on her, the colors and designs she was so blatantly proffering to him now. They seemed to leap off of her and into his eyes. And at the same time, his peering eyes, eyes of ownership and dominion, seemed to make them seep even deeper into her skin.

She could never forget them, never ignore them. And no amount of courage or will or anger or rebellion could make her move from that spot. Could make her slow the building need in her loins. Could make her stop yearning to please him, from presenting her body to him, from seeking desperately in his face some sign of approval and pleasure.

When she was ready to come, she shuddered and shook. The pleasure was so exquisite she had to curl her shoulders and tilt forward, bending her waist. Her hand drove her on and on and on. She looked at him for mercy. He looked back and then nodded and smiled. A flood was released in her. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" she called out as the pulses from her puss shook her very being.

When her orgasm began to fade, she knelt back up straight again. She kept her fingers plying her messy pussy until he told her not to. He watched her for a while

and then called her over. She crawled over to him and then rose on her knees. He brought her wrists behind her and fastened them off. He caressed her cheek and her hair. "That was very good, Ruth," he told her. "You're a very good and obedient slave. You please me very much."

She smiled and broke out into tears. He laughed. He pulled her head towards him and placed their lips together. His tongue slipped in and he writhed and twisted it inside her. She kissed him back with all her heart even as she trilled with unhappiness at the forced entry. He would know that now. Had always known it. She would still feel it whenever he entered her, but the illness and queasiness she would feel would be doubled knowing that he knew what she was feeling, what she was experiencing and that he was doing it anyway. His right hand came up and seized her left breast and started squeezing it and kneading it. He pulled and twisted at her nipple as his tongue stirred up more unwanted lust in her. He switched his hand to her right, squeezing it hard and pulling hard at her nipple until she moaned.

He broke their kiss. "Good girl," he told her. He picked up her gag from the table next to him, presented it to her mouth, and slid it in when she spread her lips. That same queasiness went through her. He noticed it and smiled. "Go to your spot and show me your pussy," he told her. She knee walked to her spot about 20' away from him, spread her legs, arched her back and put her forehead to the floor.

"Here is my pussy," she thought. "It is presented to you for your pleasure, sir. Even though the thought of my lude display shames me. I do it for you. To please you. I have no right to hide it. It's yours, sir. It's yours."

He watched FV for a little while. He smoked a cigar. He got up and went to the credenza on the other side of the room and poured himself some cognac. He didn't say a word to her and she remained stock still. On the way back, he reached down and gave her winged pussy a few caresses. It made her melt. Then he went back to his seat.

He sent for Consuela about an hour later and told her to make Ruth ready for bed. Consuela led her upstairs on a leash, let her pee, brushed her teeth, washed her face and perfumed her. She brought her to Mr. Anderson's bed and chained her there, her hands above her connected to the headboard. Ruth trembled and cried about her upcoming possession. He knew her secret now. It was like her whole soul was bared to him. When Mr. Anderson came in much later, she fretted and whined. It was like he had never fucked her before, not the real her. The other her had been a façade, a charade, a pretense. But he had torn that away.

When he was done in the bathroom, he lay down beside her. He brushed his hand over her breasts, her belly, her mons. He removed her gag. He took her lips and entered her. She whined and moaned as his tongue swirled inside, her stomach churning. He squeezed her breasts, he caressed her belly. He caressed her conch.

Her knees were spread out obediently, exposing her all to him. He broke their kiss and suckled at her breasts, lightly and delicately at first, and then harder and harder. She moaned and writhed. His right hand was playing with her puss, running up and down her crevasse, tickling her nubbin.

He leaned back. His left arm was underneath her shoulders, comrade-like. He was pressed up against her and she could feel his cock on her hip. His hand started rubbing and caressing and stroking with more purpose. Her breathing became deep. "That hand! That hand! Take it away! Take it away!" her mind called out. And then, "No! No! My cunt's yours! It's yours! It's devoted to you! It yearns for your touch! Make me come! Make me come! Please! Please! For your pleasure!"

Her lust built higher and higher. He was staring down into her face, reveling in the confusion in her mind. She was trembling with need. "Come on, Ruth," he spoke softly. "You know you want to come. You know you want to please me. Let it go. Make it happen. Show me what a slut you are."

Her pussy started to shudder and quake. A terrible frisson went through her. She shouted and groaned. She pulled at her bound wrists. Her knees yearned to close over the hand that was tormenting her. But they were locked in place as she thrust up her pussy as it demanded, "More! More! More!"

He let her wind down. She was out of breath. He moved her right knee down and he crossed over it. He was between her thighs. She looked up at him. He moved forward and slid his cock up and down her crevasse teasingly. She moaned and cringed. He lodged the tip in her hole.

A voice from long ago rose up in her, "Please don't do it!" it cried. He slowly, slowly, slowly entered her, staring into her eyes, a sneer on his face. She groaned and tried to fight him. She dug her heels in the bed and bucked, she squirmed her hips. She tried to draw her hips back further and further and further. Nothing availed her. When he was fully seated, she began to cry and whine. Its presence was unholy, demonic, terrible and loathsome. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I can't help it! I can't help it!" her mind screamed, knowing that he knew every thought that was going through her head.

And then he started his motions. They soon became quick and hard. The pleasure of his abrasions shot through her. All revulsion and pride and shame and unhappiness were blasted away. He took her mouth. She grunted and groaned as he swirled his tongue around hers. Her hips pressed back at each of his downwards thrusts seeking to drive him deeper and deeper. She writhed and twisted and her feet brushed needingly up and down the back of his shins.

He circled his arms under her knees and drew her legs up until he was thrusting completely down at her. She was filled with ravaging, ferocious lust. He drilled her again and again and again. Their frenetic kiss broke and she called out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god! Ooooooooooooooh!"

When her contractions ceased, she released a great sigh. He was breathing hard on top of her and slowly moving his satisfied cock up and down within her. He released her legs and let them slide down to his thighs. He ran his hand over the top of her head and then kissed her on the lips. He smiled at her. "That's the good whore, Ruth!" he told her. He reached up and released her wrists. "Now get me hard and we'll do it again."

Mr. Anderson called Mrs. Rawlings and had a long talk with her. He told her about it afterwards. The next afternoon, after her workout, the car took her to the recovery center. It let her out and then parked. Consuela had dressed her in one of her sun dresses, which revealed most of her tattooed flesh. When she took her coat off after Mrs. Rawlings admitted her. "Jeez, child," she said, "let's get you something better to wear." She gave her a light blue dress that buttoned up above her breasts and came down below her knees. Ruth was grateful.

"Now, I think the best way you can help me is taking some of the new girls out for walks and trips around the city. Show them how to take the bus, how to order lunch in a luncheonette, take them shopping. That Mr. Anderson is a real prick, but we came to an understanding. You're not to tell the girls anything about how he treats you other than the fact that he takes care of you and you're happy. I know that it's a lie, but it's a good lie. I don't want the girls to think that what happened to you is going to happen to them. Make sure you carry your Female Classification card and your discharge card with you all the time. If any of those DCR bastards stop you, show them your and the girls' papers and do whatever they tell you. Don't argue. Understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Rawlings," Ruth said. She was happy to have some responsibility and to be free to walk around the city.

"Make sure you're back here by 4:30 every day. I don't want you to be late in getting in your car."

She leaned over and gave her a kiss. "And call me Ethel. We're friends, ain't we?"

"Yes, Ethel," she replied, smiling.

So every Tuesday and Thursday the car took her to the recovery center. She would take one or two of the new girls on trips to parks or museums. They had lunch. They just walked and walked, usually holding hands. They were stopped by DCR cops a few times. Ruth just showed them their papers. Sometimes the cops just let them go, sometimes they made them show them their breasts. Once, one of them took one of the girls in his car and drove her someplace where he made her blow him. Ruth and the other girl waited for them to come back. They went directly back to the center where the girl cried and cried. She wouldn't go out again for love or money.

They always marveled at Ruth's tattoos, but none of them did more than make

her show them her breasts. They seemed to recognize Mr. Anderson's name. She wasn't even sure what he did for a living. She had always thought of it as something important, but now she realized that he was more important than she thought.

As Mrs. Rawlings directed, she didn't speak much to the girls about her life with Mr. Anderson. Once the warmer days came, she couldn't hide her tattoos under a coat or a jacket. And when Mr. Anderson found out that she changed her clothes once she got to the center, he had her kneel and bend over and gave her ten fierce blows of the household quirt on her rump. After that, Ruth wore whatever revealing clothes Consuela laid out for her. When the girls marveled at her markings, most shocked, but some seemingly intrigued, she would just slough it off as if it were nothing and change the subject.

Mr. Anderson always had her kneel before him, naked and with her arms locked behind her back, and tell him what she did during the day and about the girls she had been with. Ruth was afraid to talk about them because many of them would probably end up on the UFP website and she didn't want to encourage him to tell any of his friends about them. She didn't hold anything back, though, and told him how pretty this one was and how nice this one was. He made some suggestions about where they could go during their outings and sometimes gave her extra money so that she could take the girls somewhere a little bit nicer than usual.

Afterwards she would service him with as much devotion as she could muster. He had been right about how it would be a subtle form of torture since she always thought, once his cock was first in her mouth, about all the women she had seen that day who were not treated as slaves and how nice it would be to be one of them. But Mr. Anderson had shown her the way out of that darkness. God wanted his cock in her mouth, she would think. God wanted her to be a slave. It didn't matter what path other women walked. Her path had been laid out for her. And she thought about Mr. Anderson's threat to sell her to the worst person he could find if she slackened in her duty and devotion and what had happened to poor Bernadette. That would be enough for her devotion to her task and Mr. Anderson's pleasure to kick in.

Mr. Anderson helped her, as if he understood her struggles. On Tuesday and Thursday nights after dinner, he always had her kneel up before him and bring herself to pleasure for his amusement. Displaying herself this way helped remind her that she was his whore, and not the woman who walked the streets of Cincinnati twice a week. And he always fucked her hard and long on those nights.

He continued to take her out to places, to parties, and to lend her out to his friends. He never had parties of his own, but sometimes had dinner guests. She would wait on them, naked, of course. They would admire her markings. Mr.

Anderson would make her service herself in front of them after dinner in the den and then she would administer blow jobs or someone would take her up to a guest room and fuck her or watch as she made love with their female companion, or, usually, both.

Only once did Mr. Anderson receive a complaint about her services. It was a particularly cruel and nasty man who Mr. Anderson had let take her home after a party. It seemed that nothing she did could please him, although she did her best. That next night, when Mr. Anderson came home from work, he took her down to the punishment room and beat her savagely. Afterwards, back upstairs in the den, she groveled before him and begged his forgiveness. He finally smiled and let her blow him and then sent her upstairs to wait for him in his bed.

Consuela became more and more affectionate as the months wore on. Ruth's days alone with her in the house were dream-like. She had gotten permission for Ruth to service her once a day. She would sit on a chair in the den, her skirt above her waist, her underwear removed and spread her legs. Ruth would please her as best as she could, desirous of returning her kindnesses in the only coin that she possessed. Afterwards, Consuela kissed her and caressed her, issuing little Spanish endearments and would take her into the kitchen for a little treat.

And every time Mr. Anderson entered her, as he had ordained, she thought of everything that he had said to her that night and she would cringe and miserate as she felt his cock slide home, and then fuck him back with earnest and selfless devotion to his needs.

It was early August when it happened. It was a Thursday. One of the new girls, a thin blond girl with child-like features, had suffered a breakdown and had cried and cried and cried all afternoon. Ruth had sat next to her, her arm around her shoulder, holding her hand and tried to comfort her. It had been particularly disturbing to her, bringing back many harsh memories. The girl finally settled down late in the afternoon. She had suddenly turned and grasped Ruth in a tight embrace. Something came over her and they had kissed and kissed and kissed. Ruth was concerned about confessing it tonight, but knew that she would have to. God knew what Mr. Anderson would do. She prayed that he wouldn't punish her.

The car was taking her home from the resource center. It was about a quarter after five. She had already done her daily thumby check in with FAB. All of a sudden, the car slowed and pulled over to the side of the road. She couldn't figure out what had happened, but when she looked behind her she saw a DCR patrol car stopped behind her with its lights flashing. She was in the back passenger seat. The officer came to the window and tapped on it. He ordered her to open it. She tried to make him understand that she couldn't. He entered a code on his handheld and told her to try it again. This time the window rolled down.

She was wearing a gold and red sleeveless blouse and a short maroon skirt. He

looked at her for a few moments, taking a gander at her colorful skin, before accepting her cards from her. He made her verify her identity with a thumb on his handheld.

He was tall and wearing the blue DCR Police uniform and a peaked cap with a DCR badge in the front. He was older, maybe in his mid-forties. He was broad shouldered as all of those cops seemed to be. His face was severe, but good looking.

He examined her Female Classification Card and her discharge card. Ruth noticed the golden oak leaves on his collar. There was gold braid on the brim of his cap and on his sleeves. This was no regular DCR cop.

"Get out of the car, miss," he told her sternly. The door opened and she climbed out nervously. They were on a country road, maybe three miles or so from the house. There was a grassy embankment next to the road and she stepped onto it, her high heels sinking into the grass, making her unsteady. It was a hot, muggy day, overcast with a suggestion of rain. The road was not congested, but it was rush hour and the street was busy.

He looked at her and looked at the cards several times. She knew that everything was in order. Mr. Anderson had renewed her pass to be out alone just last night.

"So you're a whore?" he asked her sternly.

"N-no, sir," she replied. "Not anymore."

"Once a whore, always a whore," he snapped back.

"Is this the Bill Anderson who works over at NGB Administration?"

"I-I don't know, sir," she answered tentatively.

"He's been your RM for over a year and you don't know what he does?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Are you his whore?"

Now the officer was cutting close to the bone. Still, technically, she was his female ward, and not a whore. "N-no, sir," she replied.

"Then why are you wearing his collar and those bracelets with his initials on them?"

"Because he wanted me to, sir," she answered.

"Does he make you fuck his friends?"

Ruth started to shake. She didn't like the way this was going. "Y-yes, sir," she said sadly.

"So you're his whore. He whores you out. Does he accept money for your services?"

"Oh, no, sir!" she shot back. That would make her an unauthorized sexual service worker. She would be in deep shit.

He thought about that for a minute, looking down at the cards. He looked back

up at her. "And he put all that stuff on you?"

"Y-yes, sir," she replied.

"Take off your blouse so I can see it."

She didn't reply, but her stomach had turned queasy. She unbuttoned her blouse and drew it down her arms. She looked for a place to put it. She wanted to put it in the car, but the officer snatched it out of her hands. "The bra too," he ordered.

She reached behind her and undid the clasps on her brassiere. She lowered it down her arms. He snatched that from her too. He opened the front door of her car and tossed them in. Then he shut it.

"Hands on your head," he snapped at her. She obeyed. He made her turn around slowly so that he could take it all in. When she was facing him again he said, "Is that all?"

"N-no, sir," she answered unhappily.

"Take off your skirt," he ordered her curtly.

"Please, sir, I have to get home," she whined.

"Shut the fuck up and do what I said," he snapped.

She undid the zipper to her skirt, it was on the right side, and lowered the garment down to her knees and then stepped out of it. Her right heel sank into the grass when she put it down and she almost fell.

"What, are you drunk or something?" the cop asked.

"N-no, sir!" she returned quickly.

"You're just a clumsy cunt. Is that it?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"A clumsy whore."

"N-no, sir," she whined.

"All right, Ruth the clumsy cunt, take off your panties."

She started to cry. She hooked her thumbs into the gusset of her panties on either hip and pulled them down to her ankles. She pulled them off her shoes without stumbling this time. He had taken her skirt and he took her panties too. He threw them into the car.

"Turn around," he ordered her again. "Hands on your head."

She lifted her hands, placing them on the top of her head and she turned around again slowly.

"Nice, very nice," he said, more to himself. "What's that on your cunt?"

"B-butterfly wings, sir," she relied meekly.

"Spread your legs and show it to me."

She moved her feet apart. He looked down. "I can't see it good. Get down on your back and spread your legs."

She started to sob. She lowered herself to the ground and onto her back. She

kept her hands on her head. When she was down, she lifted her knees and spread them apart. The ground was wet from the morning's rain. Cars were whizzing by. She looked up at the officer piteously.

He looked at her butterfly tattoo. The he said, "You let your RM do this to you and you tell me you're not a whore?"

She didn't reply. There was no right answer.

"Okay, get up," he told her.

She struggled to her feet. She kept her hands on her head.

"Put your hands in front of you," he ordered her curtly.

She brought her hands down. He took a pair of handcuffs off of his belt. He was just able to nestle them between her wrist bracelets and the heels of her hands. She snapped them closed. Ruth's heart sank. She was trying not to sob, but she was blubbing.

He took her by the elbow and walked her back to his car. He opened the front passenger door and took out a set of manacles. He put them around her ankles. He closed the door and opened the rear passenger door.

"Get in," he snapped.

She lowered herself in. He guided her head so that she wouldn't bump it. He locked the cuffs to a chain in the seat between her thighs and then lowered a seat belt from her left shoulder to her right hip and connected it. Down by her feet, he connected the chain on the manacles to something. He went back to the front of the car and came back with a hood. He put it over her head and closed it around her neck. He closed the door.

She heard him get into the driver's side. "Central, this is Major Lesniak," he said. A scratchy woman's voice came back, "Roger, Major."

"I'm taking a 104. I'll call in when I'm done."

"Roger, Major," the woman's voice returned.

The car engine turned on and the car sped away from the curb. Ruth was sobbing and sobbing. She had been arrested! What had she done! What was Mr. Anderson going to say! What was going to happen to her!

They drove for about forty minutes. Ruth had descended into a doldrum. Fate had taken another hand. The car came to a stop and the major got out. About 2 minutes later, he came back and opened her door. He released her manacle chain from the floor, then her seatbelt and then her wrists from the seat. He told her to get out. He held her tightly by the elbow as they walked a short distance. They came up three steps and then walked a bit more. She heard a door opening in front of her. The major led her through it. The door closed behind her and locked. He whisked off her hood.

They were in a motel room. There were two double beds on her left. He removed the shackles from her ankles and the handcuffs from her wrists.

“Turn down the bedclothes and get up on the bed,” he ordered her curtly.

“Please don’t do this, sir,” she whined unhappily.

His right hand moved like lightening. It struck her across her left cheek. She screamed and fell to the floor. Her cheek burned. She started sobbing again. He gave her a sharp nudge with his foot.

“Get the fuck up,” he snarled.

She rose to her feet. She cowered in front of him. “Number one,” he told her angrily, “keep your mouth shut. I don’t want to hear a single word from you! Two, don’t disobey me again! Got it?”

She nodded unhappily.

“So get to it,” he snarled again.

She turned and approached the bed. It had two pillows and was covered with a deep carmine colored bed spread. She pulled the bedspread and the top sheet down to the foot. The sheets were white and crisply clean. She got on the bed, lay on her back and spread her knees.

The major was undressing. He sat on the other bed and pulled off his black boots. He had already stripped off his blue shirt. He had put his cap on the bed behind him. “That’s bad luck,” Ruth couldn’t help thinking.

He removed his white socks and then stood. He released his belt and lowered his pants to his knees and then stepped out of them. He was wearing white boxers. He pulled them down and shucked them off.

There was a courtesy bar off in the corner by the bathroom. He went over and took out two small bottles. There was an icemaker and he put some ice in an old fashion glass. He poured both bottles in. The liquor was golden colored like scotch. He took a long drink and then looked at Ruth. She was trembling and shivering. Her stomach was churning. Her body was sweating. Across from the beds, along the wall, was a long, light stained faux oak credenza. Above the credenza was a long mirror. She could see herself in it. She cringed. The major was right. She was a whore. And as soon as cops and whores were invented, cops all around the world began to roust them and take free fucks.

He drank the liquor down. He put the glass down on the credenza and came up on the bed to her left. He sidled up to her. He was well built and in shape. He carried the air of unchallengeable authority. With his cap off she could see his buzz cut blond hair. His eyes were steely gray. He slid his left hand over her breasts and belly. She shuddered at his touch. He leaned over and subsumed her left nipple in his mouth while his left hand stroked her quim. He moved off to her right breast. His fingers had forced themselves between her labia and he was stroking up and down, up and down, seeking her moisture. He raised his head and pressed his lips on hers. His tongue parted her lips and he slid it into her. She opened her mouth, better to receive it. Her body cringed at the invasion, but she pushed the feeling

aside. She kissed him back. She put her hand on his shoulder. He pressed himself against her. She could feel his cock against her hip.

He broke their kiss. He took both pillows, piled them on top of each other and laid back against them. "Suck my cock!" he told her sharply.

She reluctantly crawled between his legs. His cock was already hard. She wondered how good a whore she should be. If she was too good, it might encourage him to want to do this again. If she were sloppy and inept, he might slap her.

She tried to strike a compromise. She took his cock in her mouth, fighting off her revulsion and began to stroke her head up and down. She gave him steady strokes, not too fast and not too slow. She kept her hands still on his spread thighs. She kept her tongue still, hoping that it would soon be over.

Suddenly his left hand grasped the hair on the back of her head. He yanked her off of his cock and brought her head up. He slapped her once viciously with his right hand. She sobbed and screeched. He waited a second, glaring at her. Then he gave her another mighty blow. She wailed and sobbed. He shook her head violently. "Look at me!" he snarled.

She looked, trembling and shaking.

"I know you're a whore and I want a whore's blowjob!" he shouted at her. "I could run you down to the station and you'd be in a whole world of shit! I don't care who your RM is! You're going to give me the best blowjob you've got! Understand!"

She nodded her head sadly.

"So get back to work!"

She lowered her head again. She took his hardness in her mouth. This time the revulsion of the invasion was doubled, tripled. She felt nauseous and her belly was sour. But she did what he said. She gave him languorous strokes, she gave him short and fast ones. She pressed her nose into his blond pubic hairs and popped him into her throat. She let her hands wander all over him, his thighs, his belly. She slipped her mouth from his cock, took it in her hand, and subsumed his balls into her mouth, giving them a little hum.

He was groaning and his hips were shifting. She had gotten to know when Mr. Anderson wanted to come, but this man was new to her and she didn't want another slap. She tentatively speeded up her oral strokes. His moans increased. She went faster and harder. He placed his right hand, the hand he had struck her with thrice, in her hair, took a grip and started to encourage her. His hips started to thrust back up at her. She went faster and faster. Finally, she grabbed his balls and gave them a little squeeze. He erupted in her mouth. He grasped her hair tightly in his fist. He forced her head up and down rapidly. He groaned and shuddered. He called out. His cock throbbed and pulsed in her mouth.

He wound down. She swallowed all of his jism. She kept up a gentle stroke until his cock started to soften. He pulled her off.

"I knew you could suck a cock like a whore!" he told her. "Don't ever try and pull that shit on me again!" She nodded back sadly. What did he mean 'again?'

He still had his hand in her hair. "Let's get a better look at you," he said. He made her kneel up next to him and he ran his hands over her chest and her breasts. He squeezed them and suckled them. Then he made her lie back and he ran his hands over her belly. He made her spread her knees and lift her hips. He stroked her pussy until it was moist again and gave her nubbin a fierce pinch that made her squeal. Then he made her kneel up again and examined her back, running his hands over the djinn-like lady as if he were claiming her. He had her bend over and looked closely at her mandala. He had her put her forehead on the bed and spread her knees so he could look at her from behind.

He began to stroke her again. He knelt up next to her. He placed his free hand on her neck, holding her down. He kept stroking, stroking, stroking, not satisfied this time in merely arousing her. He rubbed and stroked at her button. He plunged his fingers inside her back and forth, back and forth.

"Come on, you fucking whore!" he snarled at her. "I want you to come! Come like the whore you are!"

She was fighting off the feelings. Yet another hand was in possession of her. Yet another hand was bringing her unwanted feelings, unwanted urges. She begged and begged and begged someone, anyone, to make it stop. Then her passion began to rise and rise. Those Mongols were at the gate again. They clamored and clamored to be set free. They pushed and battered at it. She strove mightily to hold them back. The gate was pushed wider and wider open. She couldn't hold them back much longer. He was twiggling her button at seemingly a hundred miles per hour. Her hands were on the bed on either side of her and she tried to push herself up, but he held her down even harder.

Then, the gate gave way. The ferocious hordes galloped through. They overran her and pummeled her. They were screaming cries of victory and waving their banners "Whore! Slut! Slave! Doxy! Slattern!" they proclaimed. Her pussy convulsed and shuddered. She called out her unwanted pleasure. She groaned and struggled and sobbed and wailed, but the hand just kept going on and on and on.

The hand finally relented and withdrew. She stayed there sobbing. There was a motion on the bed behind her and then she felt a fierce slap on her rear. "Shut the fuck up!" the man shouted. He struck her hard again twice. She shrieked but then tried desperately to hold herself in. His other hand was still on her neck, holding her down, smashing her face into the mattress.

She calmed outwardly although a virulent storm was raging inside of her. He released her and told her to get belly down on the bed, with her head to the top.

She complied. He got off the bed for a few moments and then returned. He snapped one of the cuffs around her right wrist and then brought the left one close. He captured that one too. "Get up on your knees, put your head down and spread your legs," he ordered. She did what he said.

He got off the bed and she heard him pour himself another drink. He got up on the other bed and propped himself against the headboard. He had his celly out and he made a few calls. She tried not to listen to them. One call she thought must have been his wife since her promised to be home by 10.

After about twenty minutes, he got off the bed again. He made himself another drink and then stood at the end of her bed, looking at her. "Raise your ass," he told her curtly. She arched her back the better to present her cunt. He looked at her for a while. She heard him down his drink and he came back up on the bed behind her. He began to stroke her rear and her quim. She tried to deny the sensations, but was having little success. He slid two fingers in her tunnel and moved them back and forth numerous times.

Then, satisfied that she was ready to accept him, he brought himself up behind her. She felt his hardened cock slide along her slit, looking for her aperture. He found it, lodged the head, and then pushed himself in.

Sourness permeated her body. His meat began to give her long, slow strokes. She cringed at her inability to stop it, her inability to eject it, her inability to bar its way. He was taking his time. His hands were on her hips. She could sense the evil lady on her back enticing him, urging him on.

He sped up, he slowed down. He gave her hard, almost frantic strokes, and then went slow and long again. Her lusts were rising and rising and she knew that she would not be able to deny him another orgasm. She tried to concentrate on the lust and not the revulsion at being helpless, powerless, unable to control access to her body. He was in the middle of a series of long, hard, fast strokes when she came. She shuddered and shouted. She felt her tunnel pulse and pulse and grab at the invader. He just fucked his way right through it.

At one point he slowed almost to a stop. He was breathing heavy. She knew that he was saving himself, girding himself for more fucking, prolonging his pleasure. Her pussy burned and yearned to be stroked. She squirmed involuntarily and whined. He started back up again, slow and long, slow and long. She moaned and whined and writhed and shuddered as he brought her over the top again. He slapped her ass. "That's the girl!" he told her. "That's the fucking whore!"

He picked up his pace. He was going harder and harder. She realized that this time he would not stop. She cringed at the thought of his goo inside her. Her lusts were building; she fought and fought and fought to suppress them. If only she could outlast him she could avoid shaming herself again. But she could not. Her pussy began convulsing and pulsing once more. She tried to remain silent, but the

loud groans and moans forced their way out of her mouth. He was coming too, and she could hear his grunts and groans as he pounded his hips at her.

He gave a last, loud groan, and then he began to slow. She cringed, knowing that he had jetted his spume into her. How many thousands of men had done that over the years? She had no way to tell. She had lost count within the first month of being a whore.

He slid himself out of her. He got off the bed. Within a few moments, she heard the shower go on in the bathroom. It went on for about ten minutes. He came out, drying himself. She just knelt on the bed despondently. She heard him dressing. When he was all done, he released her cuffs and told her to sit up on the foot of the bed. He stood there towering above her. He questioned her as to where she had been coming from when he stopped her. She told him that she was coming from the recovery center and was on her way home. He prodded and she told him that she worked there every Tuesday and Thursday from 1 until 5 p.m.

“Okay, here’s the deal,” he told her. “I want you here every Tuesday and Thursday by 5:30. Just go to the office and tell them you’re here for Major Lesniak. They’ll tell you what room to go to. You’re to go to the room, strip, turn down the bed and wait on it for me. When I come in I want to see your head down and your cunt up so I can see it first thing. Understand?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she whined.

“If you’re not here, I’ll put an arrest warrant out for you. You’ll be MR’d and on your way back to a whorehouse faster than you can say jackrabbit! Understand?”

“Y-yes sir,” she whined. “Please don’t do this, sir.”

He reached down and grabbed her cheeks, squeezing them tightly and making her shriek. “What the fuck did I tell you about talking!” he shouted. “Maybe I should give you a good whipping before we go! Would you like that?” he demanded.

“N-no, sir,” she eked out. “Please don’t do that!”

He released her cheeks. She had her head down, looking at the floor.

“Pull your head up and look at me!” he insisted.

She glanced upwards.

“And you tell your RM, Bill Anderson, that Major Gabe Lesniak has a piece of you now. If he doesn’t like it, he can come down to the station any time and make a complaint!”

“Yes, sir,” she whined miserably.

“Now should I leave you here or take you back to your car?”

“Please take me back to my car, sir,” she whined.

“No, maybe I should just leave you here naked and see how you figure out to get home. Maybe some other unit will pick you up walking the streets naked

without your i.d. cards. Or maybe if you agree to fuck the manager he'll put you in a taxi. Do you want that?"

"No, sir! No! Please don't do that!" she exclaimed, panicked.

He laughed. "Okay, we'll go back to the car."

He told her to stand. "Put your hands in front of you," he ordered her curtly. He locked them together. He affixed the shackles to her ankles. He didn't put the hood back over her head. What was the difference? She would have to know where she was next week anyway.

He marched her out to the car. There was a family unloading a car two parking places down from the patrol car. The woman's head snapped up when she saw her. There were two kids, a boy and a girl, about 14 and 12 respectively. She ordered them shrilly to get into their room. They gave Ruth and the cop a quick glance and then hustled off. The man was on the other side of the car. He came around and said, "What's the matter?" Then he saw what was the matter. "Get in the room, honey," he said sharply. The woman hustled off, carrying a suitcase.

Major Lesniak opened the back passenger door and made her get in. He chained her up like before. He got in the driver's side and they took off. About 40 minutes later they were back at her car. He let her out and released her from her confinements. He squeezed her breasts and pulled at them by the nipples. "See you next week," he told her snidely. "Don't be late! And grease yourself up. I'm going to fuck your ass next time." He opened the rear passenger door and told her to get in.

"But my clothes, sir," she whined.

"Shut up!" he shot back. He slammed the door shut and went over to the driver's side. He tapped at the display for a bit. Then he spoke to her. "I've programmed it to take you from the recovery center to the motel at 5:05. It's only a fifteen minute ride from there. Don't fuck up!" He grabbed her clothes from the front passenger seat and got out. "Souvenirs," he told her, smirking. "Just tell the car 'home' and it'll take you. Say hello to old Bill for me." He laughed again.

He closed the door and went back to his cruiser. Ruth made sure that he pulled away before she gave the car the 'home' instruction.

She moped and cried all the way. It only took three minutes. The car pulled into the driveway. All the lights were on. As soon as the car stopped, Mr. Anderson came out of the house. The door opened. She was afraid to step out.

"Where the fuck have you been?" Mr. Anderson demanded angrily. "Where are your fucking clothes?" She realized that the major had probably disabled the GPS device on the car so Mr. Anderson wouldn't know where she was.

She started sobbing uncontrollably. He just stood and stared at her, flummoxed. Consuela was right behind him. She elbowed her way past and eased Ruth out of the car. She escorted her gently into the house and brought her to her

knees in front of Mr. Anderson's chair in the living room. She caressed her and hugged her until her sobs subsided. Mr. Anderson sat down in his chair, exasperated.

Ruth looked up at him dolefully. "I'm so sorry, sir! I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry! The DCR policeman, he..., he....he...." and she started sobbing again.

Anderson sat back. "Go get me a drink," he told Consuela. "And get one for Ruth as well."

Consuela came back with short two glasses of scotch without ice. Anderson grabbed his and shot it back. Consuela knelt next to Ruth and proffered it to her lips. "*Bebo este, mi amor*," she told her. Drink this, my love.

Ruth brought herself under control. She took a sip of the liquor and then a larger sip. Then Consuela tilted it so that she took it all in and swallowed. She took the glass away and knelt a few feet away from her.

"Now," Mr. Anderson demanded, "tell me calmly what happened. Something about the DCR Police. Did they take you down to the station?"

"No, sir," she answered as calmly as she could. "It wasn't like that." Then she told him the whole story. He made her describe everything that Major Lesniak did to her, the slaps and the fucking. And she gave him Major Lesniak's message and his demands.

Mr. Anderson sat back in his chair. "I should have seen something like this happening!" he said angrily. He looked down at Ruth. "It's not your fault," he told her. A wave of relief passed through her. He told Consuela to take her upstairs and clean her up and to clean out her cunt. After she gave her something to eat, she was to bring her into the den.

He had her kneel straight up, her hands locked behind her head and gagged for the longest time. He hardly looked at her. He drank two large cognacs and smoked his cigar. Finally, after about 2 hours, he called her over. He released her hands from her collar and fastened them behind her back. He removed her gag, took out his cock and ordered her to blow him.

She serviced him with ravenous devotion. She was joyful and grateful that he would accept her after what the major had done. He let her go on for a long time. He groaned and laid his hand in her hair. When his cock began to throb and pulse in her mouth she rejoiced.

After he was fully satisfied, he pushed her head off of his loins. He patted her on the cheek. "Good girl," he told her. She started to cry.

He called Consuela and told her to get her ready for bed. She lay there, apprehensive until he was lying next to her. He manually brought her off as he enjoyed doing, with her knees spread and her hands bound above her. He fucked her for a long time, came in her, had her bring him to hardness and fucked her again. Each time as she came, she mentally proffered him her joy. When he came,

she felt like she had been granted a tremendous, wondrous reward.

As usual, he woke her in the night. He used her mouth for a while and then had her get on her knees while he used her rear. In the morning, he took his usual blowjob and left.

CHAPTER FOUR

Consuela was particularly solicitous to her during that next day. She was trying to pretend that nothing had happened. She made her come twice with her mouth after bathing her luxuriously and then left her bound in her bedroom. Mr. Anderson had cancelled her workout. After lunch, Consuela let her swim in the pool and lay in one of the lounge chairs absorbing the sun.

She brought her in, made her come with her hand and let her read for a while in the den, her ankle locked to the chain. Around 6:30 she let her pee and then locked her in the cage at the top of the stairs to wait for Mr. Anderson to come home.

He seemed cold and distant when he came in. He waited a long time, sitting in his chair and drinking his scotch, reading his CPad before he had Consuela bring her over. He collected her servicing of him as usual, groaning and moaning as he emptied himself into her mouth. After dinner, he went out and told Consuela to leave her locked in the cage in his room until he got back. When he came home he was slightly drunk and used her brutally.

Tuesday came. She had been waiting for word from him that he had fixed everything, but that word hadn't come. Tuesday morning, after she serviced him and before he caged her, he told her that he had not been able to resolve things yet and that for the time being she should do what Major Lesniak wanted.

She didn't tell Mrs. Rawlings what had happened. She could tell that she was glum and unhappy though and tried to cheer her up with a big bowl of vanilla ice cream. At 4:55, they kissed goodbye and Ruth went out to the car. It was waiting for her. She got in. It didn't start for a few moments, until the command the major had programmed took effect. Then it sped off and delivered her to the motel. She went to the office, collected a key to a room, the same one, and let herself in. She cried as she stripped and drew down the bedcovers. She got on the bed as she had been instructed, knelt, put her head down and began to wait.

When she heard the major at the door she quickly brought her hands behind her back and raised her hips to present her quim. He came in, grunted when he saw her and went to make a drink. He stripped and mounted the bed behind her. After cuffing her wrists, he slid two fingers into her little hole. "I see you've greased up," he said snidely. He proceeded to enter her there and then fucked her long and

hard.

He left her there while he took a break. He washed himself in the bathroom. There was a padded easy chair in the room on the other side of the beds and he sat in it for a while drinking and watching a Cincinnati Reds game. They were playing the Rockies. The Reds were winning handily, 7-2. He called her over. He made her get on her knees between his thighs and suck him while he watched the game and drank. He stopped her several times so he could extend his pleasure. She knelt there stilled, with his cock lodged in her mouth, her hands locked behind her back until he signaled her with a rough cuff to the cheek to resume. He groaned and moaned when he unloaded into her. She drank his cum down unhappily.

He told her to get back up on the bed as she was. The game, the opener of a twilight double header, was over. He ordered some food on his celly. He made some calls. When the food arrived he left the delivery guy standing just inside the door. Ruth could feel his eyes probing her colorful, displayed sex, taking in her handcuffed wrists.

The major ate and did not proffer her any. He watched FV for a while and made some more calls. After a while, he came up behind her, made her pussy loose and moist and then fucked her from behind, starting and stopping as was his style, and making her come twice.

When he was done, he dressed and released her handcuffs. He left without saying anything. He had hardly said more than 20 words to her the whole time. She cried while she dressed. When she got home, Mr. Anderson was already in the den. It was even later than last time, almost 10:30. He had Consuela feed her, bathe her and put her to bed. When he came up much later, he fucked her hard like he had done the previous time as if he was trying to extirpate any traces of the other man.

All of Wednesday Ruth felt like she was on eggshells. When he came home, he collected his bj, but didn't ask her anything about her day. They ate in silence. He didn't take her to the den but had Consuela lock her in the cage in his room. He fucked her again that night like he was punishing her.

Thursday night was about the same. Major Lesniak used her coldly and thoroughly, then making her wait while he ate takeout and watched the FV, and then using her again. And again, he didn't say a word to her other than to order her around.

And so it went on. She could tell that things at home were getting worse and worse. She would cry and cry about it. Mr. Anderson hardly talked to her at all. He didn't play with her in the den. Over the next weekend, he sent her off to a friend's house all day Saturday and Sunday, not having her brought back until late Monday night. Consuela was sympathetic, but there was not much she could do. Her times at the recovery center became glummer and glummer as she dreaded the approach of 5 o'clock.

The only variation with Major Lesniak was in what order he used her various entrances, making sure that he used each of them each time at least once. In the beginning, she felt some relief that he always wanted to use her from behind. She dreaded looking him in the face while he fucked her or having his tongue in her mouth. On her third Tuesday, however, when he was mounting the bed for a new round after having consumed his meal, he released her handcuffed wrists and told her to flip over.

As she anticipated, watching his leering face as he entered her filled her with revulsion. Even more so than feeling his unwanted cock expanding her tunnel and delving slowly into her. He took her mouth, as she had feared and slavered his tongue all around her mouth's interior while he sawed his manhood back and forth deep in her depths. She had to fight the urge to try and push him off, an impossible task in any event, but she still had the urge to try rather than just lie there and accept his meat. He must have sensed that the face to face coital session disturbed her more than his other use of her, because he kept starting and stopping, sneering and laughing, and didn't jet his spume into her until she had come three times.

After that, he fucked her that way every session at least once, even if he didn't come in her, waiting for her to have repeated orgasms and then flipping her over and using her rear to unload himself.

One Thursday, about a month after her visits to him started, he came in with a tearful young girl in tow. She looked around 19 or 20. She had long, chestnut hair and was pretty. She was slender and small breasted. He made Ruth kiss and fuck her while he watched. He made them go on and on through multiple orgasms. The girl cried almost the whole time, but she didn't say a word.

He made the girl blow him in between and then had Ruth and her go at it again. He finally fucked the girl brutally on the bed. He fucked her from behind for a long time, forcing her to cry out with pleasure and then he shifted his attention to her rear, making her scream and sob. All the while Ruth knelt on the other bed, her head down, her back arched, her arms bound behind her and her pussy presented, until she was wanted.

He took the girl with him when he left, but he left her clothes behind.

A kind of equilibrium was reached at Mr. Anderson's household. He used her mostly with disdain, was sweet to her sometimes, used her hard and rough at other times. He loaned her out a lot, taking her to parties all dressed to the nines, making her strip and display herself and then letting a friend take her home for the night or leaving her behind with the host. That nice couple took her home a couple of times and she began to yearn to be their slave rather than Mr. Anderson's.

The only real questioning he had for her was what was going on at the recovery center. It made Ruth feel like a spy. She was certain that he had ulterior motives, he always did, but she knew she couldn't lie to him or hide information.

She just kept hoping that the major would tire of her and find somebody new to abuse. Then maybe things could go back to normal with Mr. Anderson.

It was about ten weeks after Major Lesniak had first started using her. It had been a particularly bad Thursday night. She hadn't gotten home until a little before twelve. After the major had used her, kept her bound and waiting for him to resume, and then used her again, there was a knock on the door. The major put on his boxers and opened it. It was another DCR officer. He was black and a bit stockier than the major. Lesniak made her get up and display her body to him. He had oak leaves on his lapels like the major's and scrambled eggs on his cap brim. He prodded and poked and caressed her happily. From the way they were talking, Ruth got the distinct impression that Lesniak was handing her over to him.

The new man didn't introduce himself. Lesniak dressed and left and then the new major stripped and then fucked her. He was just as silent and callous as Major Lesniak, as if they were from the same mold. After she had blown him and as he was getting dressed, he told her that from now on she would be going to a different motel on Tuesdays and Thursdays and that he would program her car before he left.

When she got home, Consuela fed her, bathed her and took her directly to Mr. Anderson's bedroom without her having a chance to see him. She lay there miserating for the longest time. When he came up to bed, he had her suck him to completion and then bound her back up again and went right to sleep without saying a word to her.

In the morning, after he took his shower, he let her pee, but instead of getting his eye-opener from her, made her kneel there while he got dressed. Once he had his suit and tie on, he led her downstairs with the leash. He installed her in the cage at the top of the stairs in the living room and then went into the kitchen to have breakfast. Consuela stayed in the kitchen and did not come out to take a look at her.

When his breakfast was finished, he came out to the living room to address her. She had been whining and crying, instinctively knowing that something was going to happen. She was gagged with her hands locked behind her and on her knees. She looked up at him dolefully.

He paused for a moment, looking grim. Then he spoke. It was as if he were addressing her from a distance.

"I'm afraid I have bad news for you Ruth. You're going away today. I've sold you to Rocco Marchetti who owns the brothel where you last served. He was very happy to have you back and has been after me for several months to get you. You've been a very good slave and under normal circumstances I would have probably kept you for another year or so. But I won't share you with any fucking DCR major! He can go fuck himself! He's intruded himself into our happy

household and I can't let him do that."

He paused and she thought she detected just a hint of sorrow in his face. Consuela was in the kitchen weeping. She was holding back her sobs, partly because she was afraid that if she didn't she would sob herself right out of existence, and partly because of pride. She didn't want Mr. Anderson to know how much he was hurting her. She didn't love him, not by any stretch of the imagination. But she had devoted herself to him body and soul for more than a year. And no matter how cruel he had been, living with him was a hundred times better than living in a whorehouse.

He continued. "I've already picked out somebody new. I'm picking her up today at the Unsupervised Female Pool. I wanted to wait to ship you off until my bid on her was successful, just in case. You know her. Her name is Marlene. You told me all about her about a month ago and she sounded marvelous. I checked her records when you mentioned her and she seemed ideal. I just had to wait two weeks for the full 45 days to go by for her to hit the pool and then put in my bid.

"You've been a great whore and I wish you well. I told you that if you ever displeased me I would sell you to the worst person I could find and Mr. Marchetti seems to fit the bill. I know that it wasn't your fault that Major Lesniak stopped you that day, but it wasn't my fault either, other than my mistake in letting you go out and about without my company. I won't make that mistake again. So, goodbye and good luck."

He turned and walked down the steps. She watched him exit the front door.

She immediately began to howl. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Mr. Anderson was right. It was about the worst person in the world he could have sold her to. Even Bernadette, wherever she was, as probably better off. Consuela stayed in the kitchen, too distraught to even look at her. She waited there in the cage for about an hour and a half. Her sobbing had faded away and she was lost in the deepest funk of her life. How had things turned out this way? Was there ever going to be a good ending? Why did God hate her so? Was there some ulterior purpose?

When the doorbell rang, she jumped and began sobbing again right away. Consuela finally appeared from the kitchen and answered the door. She led two bulky men up the stairs. She recognized them immediately. They were guards at Rocco's. The big one, with a big head of unruly black hair was Jake. He was about the meanest of the guards. The other one, Lenny, was sandy haired and a bit smaller and was not as bad, but a cruel bastard in his own right. They were carrying a black duffle bag that said, "Rocco's Pussy Pavilion" in white letters on its side. They were dressed all in black, with black jeans and black boots and black t-shirts that said "Rocco's!" on front over a drawing of languorous naked beauties cavorting with each other. Underneath was Rocco's motto, "The Best Piece of Ass in Three States!"

They came marching up the stairs like they owned the place. Ruth quivered and quailed to see them. Mr. Anderson's news that she had been sold to Rocco was devastating, but abstract in nature. Here was the reality right in front of her.

Jake leaned over the cage. "Hiya, Sparkle!" he exclaimed. Sparkle was the name that Rocco had given her as her working name. "Looking good! You ready to come back to work for us?"

Ruth tried to back away from him, but there was nowhere to go.

Lenny peered down. "Look at that ink! Wow! You're a beauty, Sparkle!"

Consuela stood there watching. Her face was ashen and her eyes were swollen and red. Jake turned to her. "Let's get this fucking thing open," he demanded. "Rocco wants her delivered before lunch. He's got some customers lined up for her this afternoon."

Ruth cringed at this news. She looked at Consuela desperately. "Don't open it! Don't open it! Don't open it, please, please, please!" her mind screamed. Consuela reached into the pocket of her dress and took out the electronic key. Lenny snatched it from her. He waived it at the lock and turned it; the door swung open.

"Come on, Sparkle," he said to her sharply. "We've gotta make tracks!"

She refused to come out. Jake reached in for her and she twisted and turned dodging him, screaming and sobbing. He finally got hold of a skein of her hair and dragged her out. She screeched and struggled. Consuela screamed and went to attack him, her hands flailing, pounding at him with her ineffectual fists. Lenny turned and gave her a punch in the face. She howled and went down.

Meanwhile, Ruth was still struggling. "Fuck this shit!" Jake called out. He took a zapper off of his belt. He switched it on and snapped it so that it extended. He dropped Ruth and pushed the tip up against her belly. There was a loud crack and she screamed. There was another and another and Ruth screamed and screamed.

"Had enough, cunt?" Jake yelled at her. "Had enough?"

Ruth nodded her head. She was sobbing uncontrollably. Consuela had risen from the floor. She was sobbing too. Her hand was over her nose and blood was flowing freely from it.

"Jesus Christ, Lenny, what'd you punch her for?"

"She was all over you!"

"The day I can't handle some old fat broad my days are numbered. Now get her settled down and I'll take care of Sparkle!"

Lenny approached Consuela. "Sorry, lady that I punched you. Have a seat in the kitchen and I'll get you some ice."

He stepped towards her and she backed away. She backed herself right into the kitchen. "Take a seat," Lenny told her. Then there was silence. Then Lenny said, louder, "I said sit the fuck down!"

Ruth was lying on the floor all crunched up. Jake poked her with the zapper. “Get on your feet, you stupid cunt!” he growled at her. Ruth looked up at him piteously. She had been defeated, she knew that. She wasn’t looking for pity, but perhaps some magnanimity in victory. She got none. Jake shoved the zapper between her legs and gave her another blast. She screamed and curled up, sobbing. “I said get the fuck up!” He screamed at her. “Now!”

She scrambled to her knees and then to her feet. She was swaying and wobbling. “Don’t think that this ends here, Sparkle!” Jake told her. “Tonight, after work, you’ll do some dancing!”

Ruth just hung her head. Jake looked her over. He seemed to calm now that he had her up. “I’ll be damned, Sparkle, you got yourself all tatted up! Looks good on you! Makes me want to fuck you!” He laughed.

“Get that broad out here so we can get this shit off of her,” Jake boomed to Lenny. She heard Lenny’s voice and Consuela’s tearful reply. A second later, Lenny came out with the electronic key she used to release the locks on her bonds.

“Here it is,” Lenny announced. He went behind her and unlocked her wrists from each other. Her hands hung down by her sides. He picked each wrist up, put the electronic key to the bracelets and they popped open. He tossed them aside. He did the collar next. It opened and he pulled it off. Jake was standing over her, making sure that she didn’t try anything. Lenny did her ankles and then tossed them aside.

“Get the stuff out,” Jake told him. Lenny opened the duffle bag and took out a pair of leather cuffs. Ruth stood there listlessly while he applied it to one wrist than the other. He drew her hands behind her back and joined them. He pulled out a set of shackles and placed them on her ankles.

“Take the fucking gag out,” Lenny told Jake as he drew a bunch of tangled leather straps from the duffle. Jake collapsed the zapper and hung it back on his belt. He reached behind her head and unbuckled the gag she was wearing. He drew it from between her lips and tossed it onto the floor. Lenny was still untangling the leather straps. Her lips were trembling. A terrible woefulness filled her. Could this really be happening? She looked towards the kitchen. “Consuela!” she called out piteously. “Consuela!”

Jake grabbed her hair and shook her head violently. “Shut the fuck up!” he screamed.

Consuela came out of the kitchen. She was sobbing and holding a cloth over her nose. Lenny turned to her.

“Get back in the kitchen, *mamasita*,” he told her harshly, “unless you want another smash in the face!”

She gave Ruth a sad look and retreated.

Lenny shook out the straps. It was a head harness. He looped it over Ruth’s

head and pulled it into place. There was a large protuberance in the front. He pushed it at Ruth's mouth. "Now don't give us any more shit, Sparkle," he told her. "You're in enough trouble already."

Ruth knew that she was defeated. She opened her mouth listlessly. Lenny pushed the protuberance in. There was a cup that went around her chin. Lenny went around back and started pulling everything tight. Two straps went from the top of the leather shield covering the protuberance on either side to a point at the top of her nose and joined. A strap led from there over her head to the back. Larry left that loose for the moment. Straps ran from the sides of leather shield and the cup around her chin, met, and went to the back of her head on either side. Lenny pulled them tight and joined them. The strap over her head was pulled down and married to the straps that came from the side. That was pulled tight.

"Okay," Lenny announced. Jake nodded. He brought his right hand to the leather shield over her mouth and started pumping. The protuberance in her mouth started to expand. Ruth whined as she felt her mouth bloat. When her cheeks bulged, Jake stopped pumping. "Looks good," he said. He took hold of Ruth's right breast and twisted the nipple fiercely. She screeched and tried to pull away, but he had hold fast. "No more trouble, fuckface!" he warned her. "Got that?"

She nodded vociferously.

"Okay, let's go," he said.

Lenny poked his head into the kitchen. "Sorry about the punch in the face, lady," he said. "Next time, stay out the way!"

Jake took her by the elbow and dragged her to the stairs. He let her take them one by one and then led her out the front door. There was a truck waiting there. About a third of it was the cab. It was painted red, but the color had faded more to pink. There were spots where it was peeling off. The steel at the bottom, near the wheel wells was rusted and broken up like a guy with bad teeth. There was a large dent in the right front fender, the one facing the house.

Behind the cab was a large cage that extended all the way to the end, about 12'. It too was rusted and scraggly. It had once been painted white, but most of that paint was gone and all that were left were mostly reddish brown bars. The bars were thin, but sturdy, and about 4" apart long ways and vertical. It was about 4' over the bed of the truck and had been apparently bolted on to it in an aftermarket modification. You could see to the bottom of the cage on all three sides.

Ruth saw that there were already three naked girls in it. They were watching warily. They all wore head harnesses like she did and all their cheeks bulged. Their hands were bound behind them. Jake took her to the back. He took an electronic key from his pocket and swiped the lock. The door swung open.

"Okay, get in," he snarled at her. She had a little difficulty reaching the bumper so that she could step in so Jake lifted her by the hips had shoved her in.

She fell against the other girls who screamed and wailed. Jake slammed the door shut and locked it. "Shut the fuck up!" he yelled at them all.

Ruth straightened herself out as best she could. The bottom of the cage had a wooden floor and she kneeled on it. She was shoulder to shoulder with the girl next to her, a somewhat heavy, blond girl with fluffy breasts, maybe 27 or 28. One of the other girls was a brunette. She was very petit and looked scared out of her wits. She had nice, pert teacup breasts and hair down to the middle of her back. The third girl was medium sized. She had fine, rounded, firm tits. Someone had covered them with lash marks recently. She had short black hair, making her look a bit boyish.

She took a last look at the house through the bars. Mr. Anderson been had right. It had not been what she had hoped for, but it had been a long way from hell. And hell was her next stop. The truck shook slightly as the gears engaged and it whirled out of the semi-circular driveway and hit the road.

Ruth watched the house disappear. In a moment, it was gone. She leaned back on her legs. There was just enough height for her to keep her head from hitting the top. He was holding back her sobs. She felt like if she started, she would never stop. Things looked blacker to her than they did even on that first day when she had been drafted. At least then she had hope. Now there was none. All that was ahead of her was blackness, blackness, blackness.

The other girls looked at her and she looked at them. They were studying her markings with widespread eyes. Rocco was always rotating stock. His was technically a 'B' facility, but he was a good trader and made good deals. He kept the good ones, like Ruth, and traded off the others after six or seven months. It looked like he had made a good deal with the black haired girl. But, who knows, maybe she was a trouble maker. Well, she wouldn't make much trouble at Rocco's.

If you couldn't get the best at Rocco's, at least you could get different. The two other girls with her looked a little shopworn and tired, but who knew, they might freshen up. Milly, a 60ish, heavysset woman, mean as a snake, was his makeup artist and she would get the girls to paint their faces to make them look as attractive as they could be.

Milly had the right to pick a girl for the night after the club closed and she usually picked the smallest, most vulnerable girls. She had had a thing for Ruth at one time and had made an exception for her. Ruth spent every night with her for about four months until she found someone she liked better. Ruth looked at the frightened, smallish brown haired girl. She was just Milly's type. Ruth felt sorry for her and would have liked to warn her, but, one, she couldn't because she was gagged, and, two, what difference would it have made? It would just have made the girl more frightened.

The truck clattered along. They stopped at various traffic lights and stop signs. She knew what was going on in the other girls' minds, as it was going through hers too. She yearned to be on the other side of these bars. She yearned to be one of the people gawking at them as they went by rather than the subject of interest. People would stare at the truck's freight, but nobody did or said anything.

At one point they got stopped by a cop. A real cop, not a DCR guy. It was a built up commercial area and there was a lot of traffic on the street and pedestrians making their way along the sidewalks. They had pulled over in front of a park on their right. Across the street was a coffee shop. Three men had stopped at the entrance and were looking at them. A pair of older ladies carrying shopping bags halted in their tracks.

Jake was driving. The cop, dressed in a light blue uniform shirt and dark blue pants, had Jake put his thumb on his handheld and then asked him for his transport papers. He brought the papers to the back of the truck and looked at the kneeling, naked, bound and gagged girls. They all looked back at him sadly, wishing that they could hide. Jake was out of the truck and standing behind him. The cop turned to Jake.

"You know, this truck is not regulation for transporting CSW's," he said. "It's all exposed and there are no belts to secure the passengers."

"Well, we use it all the time, officer. We haven't lost any freight yet."

"I've a mind to have this piece of shit hauled in," he replied, annoyed. "And what are you doing transporting naked whores through the city streets at this time of day with no covering? You think that kids should have to see something like this?"

"No, officer, I guess you're right," Jake replied obsequiously. "We got a tarp back at the club, but we forgot it."

"I ought to make you wait right here until somebody brings it out," the officer said.

"Well, we are running a little late, officer," Jake said obsequiously. "We won't let it happen again."

The officer stood about 5'8" tall, shorter than Jake. He had a boyish face and was not wearing a hat. If the shit broke out the cop wouldn't stand a chance. But he had a badge and he had a zipper. So he called the tune.

The cop peered more deeply into the cage. "Hey, you!" he called out. All the girls looked at him. "No, you," he repeated, pointing at Ruth. "Come over here where I can see you."

Ruth blanched. She had to squeeze past two other girls to get to him. Why he couldn't come to the other side, she didn't know.

He looked her over. Ruth was kind of bent down, trying to hide herself.

"Straighten up!" the cop snapped. "Show me your tits!"

Ruth whined, but straightened up. "Nice," the cop said wistfully. "You're all painted up nice and pretty, aren't you?" he said to her. He turned to Jake. "What's her name?"

"We call her Sparkle," Jake told her.

"Let me see her papers," the cop snapped.

Jake fumbled around in his little folder and pulled something out. He handed it to the cop. He studied it. He looked up at Jake. "She's not a CSW!" he said sharply. "It says here that she retired over a year ago! What's she doing mixed up with these other whores?"

"Well, she's not technically a whore, officer," Jake replied meekly. "She's my boss's female ward. He just bought her. See, it says it right there. Responsible Male: Rocco Marchetti. It's all perfectly legal."

"Mr. Marchetti's not running any unauthorized sexual service workers out there is he?"

"Oh, no, officer. She's just for Mr. Marchetti and his friends. He wouldn't do anything like that."

"What's the name of your place again?"

"Rocco's Pussy Palace. See, like the t-shirt. 'Best Pussy in Three States!'"

"That's out in Milford on Route 28," the officer observed.

"Yeah," Jake replied. "Just off US 275. You can't miss it. It's got a big sign with three whores hanging their shit out on it."

Cars were slowing down to see what was happening. They were gawking at the naked girls in the cage. A small crowd had gathered on the sidewalk. A few of them were young kids, maybe 14 or 15. One of them threw a stone at the cage. It bounced off, but made all the girls flinch. The cop looked around alertly.

"Next one throws a stone I'm running him in, got it?" he shouted.

The kids all smiled and laughed. They knew that if he started chasing them, he would never catch them. And who would mind his patrol car which was sitting there, lights flashing, the driver's door unlocked.

The cop looked back at Jake. Then he looked back at Ruth, eying her salaciously. "Just for his friends, eh?" he murmured.

"Sure," Jake said. "And there's discounts for law enforcement. Stay right there a minute." He went back to the cab of the truck. He came out holding a card. He handed it to the officer. "It's a free pass. Worth two hours with any girl you want. On the house."

The cop took the card and looked around. He snuck it into his pocket. "And how do you get to be a friend of Rocco's?" he asked, his eyes still focused on Ruth's naked, proffered breasts.

"Rocco's got lots of friends. Come on out any day and talk to him about it. Bring your buddies!"

“Okay, okay,” the cop finally said. “Get this piece of shit outta here. And if I catch you transporting cunt in this thing again I’ll have it towed in and your boss can come out and get them in something regulation. Understood?”

“Plain and clear, officer,” Jake said politely. “And you come out and see us, ya hear?”

“Sure, sure,” the cop said. He handed Ruth’s Female Classification card back to Jake. Mr. Anderson had thought of everything. She was wondering how Rocco would get around the fact that she wasn’t a CSW anymore. Now she knew. She would be available for Rocco’s special ‘friends.’

Jake hopped back in the truck. The cop began to walk back to his patrol car. He gave a last, longing glance at Ruth. Just as he stepped away, five stones came clattering against the cage. The girls all shrieked and tried to duck. The cop turned and looked at the kids. They were all smiling and smirking. The cop made a move at them and they all took off, laughing.

Jake started the truck up and they whirled away.

All of the girls were kneeling there despondently as they moved off. Two of them were crying. Ruth knew how they felt. The cruelty of the kids, the indifference of the officer, except for his concern about ‘regulations.’ Did it occur to him that four human beings were being transported to sexual slavery against their wills? No. All he was concerned about was that ‘cunts’ be transported properly. That’s all they were to him, cunts. And all the people who were standing around, what did they think? Did they think that their daughters, or their sisters, or their nieces or cousins could be locked up like this someday? Again, Mr. Anderson had been right. The whole social order was pitted against her. The cop wouldn’t have let them truck around a normal, free woman this way. But if her RM said it was okay, what business was it of his?

They drove on and on. They motored along a two lane highway for a while. Then she saw the big sign that Jake had described. Even in the daylight, the naked women could be seen. They undulated, presented their large, perfect breasts, gave out fuck me smiles. They all had long, graceful legs and were wearing shiny, red, four inch high high heels. The sign was so technologically adept that they looked just like giant, real women. And whenever they rotated their shapely hips, the little cat’s heads covered their pussies so that the sign remained within the law. Ruth had gotten a glance at it on the night she had been discharged, but this was the first time she had seen it really well.

They pulled into the business entrance behind the club. The brothel was housed in a huge building which looked kind of like a Victorian mansion with all kinds of wings and additions added on. Off to the left, from the back, was a long, low building which housed the 15 rooms of the ‘motel’. There was an office at the end, although you could book a motel room in the brothel proper if, for example it

was getting close to 3 a.m. on a Sunday morning, the so called Cinderella hour, and you wanted a whore for the next day. This way, the ban on Sunday business could be technically avoided. The guests entered the rooms from the front. The girls were led bound and gagged along a corridor tacked on to the back of the building and which connected to one of the back rooms on the first floor of the brothel. When a guest was done with a girl, she was returned the same way.

The brothel building was four stories high with a built out attic. It was bright yellow with black shutters around its barred windows. The windows were all in the front, accessory to the public areas, or for show. There were no windows in the regular rooms the girls used to service customers or in the back area where the dorms, the cafeteria and the other rooms that the girls used were. The back area was a rectangle shape, three stories high. Unlike the façade of the building, it was made of cement block and had a flat roof.

The truck pulled up near the back entrance. There was some parking for the public in the back and they could use the back door, but they were encouraged to use the front. On Sundays, supposedly a day of rest, Rocco's 'friends' parked there. There was a big loading door so that supplies could be unloaded, like food, booze, laundry, etc. It sat behind a concrete dock with a roof extended over it. There were two bays to the dock. When they entered the parking lot there was a large white van there with big black lettering which said, 'Centerville Laundry.' Two men in work clothes were rolling carts filled with fresh sheets, towels and other cloth necessities out of the truck and on to the dock. Five similar carts were awaiting them filled with jumbled, dirty laundry.

In the bay next to it was a grocery truck and the man in the back was unloading large trays of meats and vegetables.

There were two security guys dressed in black like Jake and Lenny lounging around, keeping an eye on things. The real work was being done by several older ladies with grey hair and wearing light blue smocks. They did all of the cleaning and other chores, making beds, staffing the cafeteria, cleaning up messes the customers made. Rocco picked them up cheap from the Unsupervised Female Pool. Most of them were cast offs, women whose husbands divorced them late in life, older women that RM's had gotten tired of, and widows whose husbands had died without leaving any real means of support. They were not much better than slaves too, but Rocco gave them regular days off and a little pocket money.

Jake and Lenny let the girls out of the cage in the back of the truck one at a time. The blond girl with the fluffy breasts went first, the brunette second and the black haired girl was taken out third. With the shackles on their legs, jumping down from the back of the truck was no easy matter. As they stepped down, with Jake's help, Lenny connected a ring on the back of the first girl's head harness via a chain, with a ring on the mouth shield of the girl behind her. Ruth was the last to

be let out and a chain was connected to her gag.

Then they shuffled them off the 50' from where they had parked the truck to the stairs leading to the back door. The men working on the dock stopped to watch them. One of the men whistled and issued a vulgar catcall. Lenny led the parade up the cement steps to the landing outside the door. There was a buzzer there and a viddy camera. Whoever was watching from security buzzed the door open. Technically, he should have asked for i.d., but there were not too many women trying to break into whorehouses. And Lenny and Jake had been with Rocco for years so everybody knew them.

Lenny led them inside. The door clanged shut behind them like a death knell. No one had ever escaped from Rocco's and it was unlikely that anyone ever would. It was as if an impregnable wall 1000 feet high had just arisen between them and the rest of the world. What they had seen of the world today between the bars of their cage would be the last they would see of it for months and months, if not years and years.

Straight ahead led to the customer areas of the brothel. The door immediately to the right led to the intake area and also served as an employee entrance. There was another security viddy, no larger than an old style silver dollar. This time, the security guy on the other end needed more than a visual i.d. Lenny placed his thumb on a thumby. It blinked a green light there three times and the lock clacked open.

Lenny swung the big steel door open towards the inside and told the lead girl to proceed. Going off to the left led to the employee lockers and living quarters. Direct ahead was intake. There was a long counter with a brown paneled front and a Formica top. There was a thick yellow line in front of the counter with the word, "STOP" in bright yellow letters. The blond girl shuffled up to it. There was just enough room for the rest of them to line up behind her.

They waited for a few moments and then a guy in a black Rocco's t-shirt came out of the back. He was medium build, with short brown hair, a plain face. He looked no older than twenty five or twenty six. Jake was hanging back. Lenny had sidled up to the counter. He tossed the envelope with all of the girls' paperwork in it on the counter. "Four sluts, as ordered," he offered jocularly.

The guy behind the counter looked at the paperwork and then at the girls. "Okay," he said. He had a portable thumby and he handed it to Lenny. "Blondie first," he instructed him.

Lenny took the thumby and placed it against the blond girl's right thumb. The man behind the counter looked at the screen of a CPad propped up next to him and then looked at the papers. "Okay," he said, "Check." He hit an icon on the CPad and a narrow band of red colored paper came out of a small printer. When it had finished printing, he gave it to Lenny. Lenny wrapped it around the blond girl's left

wrist and sealed it off.

Lenny pulled the girl down the counter where there was a photo machine. There were two painted bare footprints on the floor. Lenny told the girl to step on them. He unhooked the harness from her head, deflated the gag and pulled it out of her mouth. He tossed the harness in a nearby box. He told the girl to look at the machine. The counter guy came down, made an adjustment. It flashed. A small rectangular card came out, the size of a debbie. It had the girl's picture on it. On the back was her DCR number, the one she had been assigned when she had been drafted and a square QR code, which, if scanned, would bring up all of her personal data. There was a box of lanyards on the counter. Lenny attached the photo card to the lanyard and then put the lanyard over the girl's head and around her neck. The picture laid flat against her chest.

Next to the box of lanyards, there was a box of small, black rubber balls. They had, "Rocco's!" printed on them in bold white letters. Lenny picked one out, told the girl to open her mouth and jammed it in. The girl whined. Lenny gave her cheek several hard pats. "Cut the shit!" he snarled at her.

On the left side of the room there was a dark stained wooden bench built into the wall. Lenny took the blond girl's arm and sat her down on it.

The brunette's turn was next. After her photo was taken and draped around her neck, Lenny proffered a black ball to her mouth. The girl's mouth was small, so Lenny had trouble getting it in. He put one hand behind her head and mushed the ball between her teeth with the other. It popped in. The girl was wide eyed and crying. Lenny took hold of one of the girl's nipples and gave it a twist. She whined and tried to pull away, but Lenny had a good grip. He got up into her face. "What part of 'Shut the fuck up!' don't you get? Eh?" he said snidely.

The girl shook her head. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. Lenny grabbed her arm and threw her down on the bench to the blond girl's right. They did the black haired girl without incident. When Ruth stepped up obediently to the yellow line, the clerk got a good view of her for the first time. His eyes went wide and he whistled. "Look at you!" he said with wonderment.

Lenny had come back. Jake was right next to her to her right. "That's Sparkle! You remember her, don't you?" he said to the clerk. "She left here last year. Here, let me show you." He unbuckled Ruth's head harness and removed the gag from her mouth.

"See? It's Sparkle!"

The clerk looked at her. "Yeah, I remember you. You timed out last year. I see you're back. I guess things didn't work out so good for you." He smiled snidely.

Ruth didn't respond, but her heart grew heavy. This is what it was going to be like to be back. All the staff guys would be lining up to fuck her. "Come fuck the circus freak!" a sign should say.

“Yeah, Rocco bought her off this big shot guy. Seems he got tired of her. Right now it’s look, but don’t touch. She’s going up to the special wing.”

“Too bad,” the counter guy said.

“Come Sunday, she’s mine, though,” Jake said ominously. Jake had the most seniority over everyone and got first crack at the girls. Not that there wasn’t a lot of fucking and sucking during the week, but Rocco kept the top of the line girls separate and only made them available to staff on Sunday afternoons. Ruth had been considered a top of the line girl. And it sounded good that none of the staff could drag you off to their room after hours, but Sundays were supposed to be a day of rest and she often spent them getting fucked all afternoon by one of the guards.

Of course for Rocco, all of the girls were available all of the time and she had been one of Rocco’s favorites.

After they took Ruth’s picture and she had a black ball installed in her mouth, the clerk let them through a door at the end of the counter. Lenny just told the blond girl to follow him. Jake made sure the other girls followed suit. There was no need for a coffle. There was nowhere to run. They wormed their way through some shelves and desks and came to a door at the back of the room. Lenny used his thumb to code the door open. They all passed through.

On the right was a bank of five shower heads. The floor was tiled white to about 15’ from the showers and then the floor was scuffed up stained wood. The room was about 50’ long. There was another door at the far end. Just before the door was another bench. In the corner to the immediate left from where they came in, there was a white metal cabinet and a shelf full of towels.

Lenny went about removing the girl’s leather bracelets, freeing their hands, and their manacles. There was no need to keep them bound now. There was no place they could go. Jake took hold of the long, brown hair behind the small girl’s head and dragged her over to the corner near the white cabinet. “Stand there!” he snapped at her. He opened the cabinet and removed a clipper. He pulled the girl’s hair back from her head. He turned on the clipper and sawed off everything beyond about 6” from the back of her head. The petit girl squealed. Jake tossed the skein of hair he had sawed off into a garbage pail.

The petit girl started sobbing. Jake ignored her. Rocco liked the girls’ hair short. One of the blue smocked women would give the girl a better haircut later. Jake removed the girl’s bracelets and manacles, took hold of what was left of her hair and dragged her over to the showers. Ruth and the two other girls were standing there awaiting instructions. Lenny had gone to the shelf and picked out four ratty, white towels. He handed them to the girls.

“You’ve got three minutes,” Jake announced. “Shower and shampoo. Then dry yourself and put the wet towels in that bin over there. If you have to pee, do it

under the shower where it can wash down the drain.”

Everyone looked at him. “Now!” he said, exasperated.

All the girls moved to a shower head. Ruth turned hers on and stood outside the stream until the water got warm. She indeed did have to pee. She turned her back to Lenny and Jake and squatted over the drain, letting the warm water spill over her. The other girls were doing the same thing. She released a steady stream. When she was done, she stood.

There were plastic bottles of body wash and shampoo on a shelf. Next to them was a big, rough looking sponge. Ruth wetted the sponge and squeezed some body wash on it. She was all wet and she stepped out of the water and soaped herself up all over. She tried to keep her eyes off Lenny and Jake who were staring at them all with carnal interest. She kept herself turned from them, but was conscious of their view of the lascivious woman on her back.

She did everything quickly. What she knew, and what the other girls might not, was that Jake meant business when he said three minutes. He might even get impatient and call time early. He was about the freest of the guards with the zapper.

She stepped back under the shower and rinsed herself off. She soaked her hair again, squeezed a large dollop of shampoo into it and leaned back so that the water did not fall on her head. She worked up a lather and then stepped back, rinsing out all the soap. She then turned off the water and took up the towel Lenny had given her which she had hung on a hook. She dried herself quickly, her back to the men.

Then Jake called out. “Hey Sparkle! Turn around so we can see your tits!”

She looked over her shoulder and then did what he said. It was not worth causing any trouble. Her breasts were public property again and dozens and dozens, perhaps hundreds of men would see them.

When her body was dry, or rather an approximation of dry since the towels were thin and had been washed about a hundred times, maybe five hundred, she did her best to dry her hair. When she got as far as she thought she could go, she went to the other end of the room and tossed the towel in the bin. There were four small grooming stations with hairbrushes sitting in jars of alcohol to prevent cross contamination in case any of the girls had lice or other communicable condition. She took out a brush, rinsed it out in the little sink and brushed her hair until it was all straight and there was a decent part. She dropped the brush back in the jar of alcohol and came up and addressed herself to the men. Old habits die hard. She spread her legs, put her arms behind her back and thrust out her breasts.

The blond girl and the raven haired girl were not far behind her. They groomed themselves and came to stand on either side of Ruth. The brunette girl was lagging behind. She rushed over to the grooming statement just as Jake announced “Ten seconds!”

She squealed and quickly ran a brush through what was left of her hair. Jake was counting down, "Five, four, three, two, one!"

Just at one, the small brunette girl stood up next to the black haired girl and thrust out her cute little breasts. Jake and Lenny laughed.

All of the other three girls had been through training and had served at other brothels. Rocco never bought any girl totally fresh. So they knew all about standing in position, deference to their betters, silence and obedience.

"Okay, you, you and you," Lenny said pointing out the three other girls, "go sit on the bench. I want your hands on your heads and your knees spread. Now, go."

The three girls hustled over to the bench. They sat down in their original order, the blond girl on the far left, the brunette in the middle and the black haired girl on the far right. As soon as they were seated, Lenny went behind them and connected leather collars around their necks which were connected to the wall behind them. They buckled in front. It was true that the girls' hands were free and all had the ability to remove them if left to their own devices, but Ruth doubted very much that any of them would dare to. Once they got them off, what would they do then? They were already three coded doors from the outside world. And they were naked. People would tend to notice a naked girl running down the highway.

Lenny turned to Ruth. "Come with me," he told her. He opened the next door. Ruth followed him through it, keeping her wrists crossed behind her back. Unlike the other girls, she knew what was behind each door, having gone through them all about four years ago. In the next room there was another machine. There was a stool next to it. A set of shelves the length of the room, about 30', was filled with supplies. There was a wooden worktable. The room was well lit by fluorescent lights overhead. There was nobody in the room, which made Lenny impatient.

"Christ, can't anybody do their job right around here!" he exclaimed. There was an intercom on the wall next to an embedded CPad. He went over to it. He pressed some icons on the CPad and a voice came over the speaker. "Security."

"Is that you, Paulie?" Lenny asked.

"Yeah," the voice replied.

"I'm down in confinements and there's nobody here!"

"Okay," Paulie replied.

"I've got four packages and Rocco wants to see one of them right away. Can you get somebody who knows how to operate this fucking thing down here?"

"Okay," Paulie replied.

Lenny stepped away from the CPad. Jake was in the other room, minding the other girls. Lenny stepped up to her. He put his hands on her breasts. "You always had great tits, Sparkle," he told her. He began to rub and massage them. "Did you

get a lot of fucking while you were out there in the world? I'll bet you were sucking cocks right and left."

She looked at him blankly. His question needed no response, even if she could give him one. He moved around to her back. He ran his hand over the woman displayed there. "Very nice, Sparkle," he told her softly. "You're going to get a lot of ass fucking with this thing on you." He ran his hand over her buttocks. "You always had a great ass, too, Sparkle," he said. "It's nice and tight. You been working out?"

She didn't answer. Lenny wasn't looking for answers, he was just trying to humiliate her and excite himself in the process. He came around the front again. He ran his hand down her belly and over her crux. "Whoever did this did an incredible job," he commented. He looked down at her sex. "What's that a butterfly down there?" he asked. "Spread your legs wider," he told her curtly. She moved her feet further apart. He went down in a crouch and took a good look at her mons. "Yeah, it's real pretty, Sparkle. Kind of makes you want to fuck it."

He rose and placed his hand on her mons again. He started rubbing it gently and slowly. "You were always a great fuck, Sparkle. I don't think that it's fair that all those bigshots are going to get to fuck you and I won't. What are we going to do about that?"

He was rubbing two fingers along the line of her crevasse. He remained silent for a while as he continued to slide his fingers up and down. He was staring into her face. She was staring back as blankly as she could. Her slice had moistened and she was getting a little tingling there. He rubbed his fingers over her little button and she shivered. He grinned. He grabbed her arm and led her over to the work table. "Put your tits on that!" he ordered her curtly.

She cringed inside, knowing what he was going to do. She obeyed him as there was no other choice. She bent herself over the workbench and rested her breasts on it. She spread her legs. Kenny's hand returned to her crux and resumed his teasing of it.

"You've got a hot little cunt, Sparkle," he told her. "I'm going to fill it in a second. Kind of a welcome home fuck. That's okay with you, isn't it? I mean it really doesn't matter to you who fucks you. Your cunt's not going to wear out, is it? And my cock's as good as any other, isn't it?"

He probed his fingers at her entrance. He started to slide them inside. A wave of revulsion went through her. She was ready for him. His fingers went in all the way easily. She was a well-trained whore.

Lenny removed his fingers and drew down his zipper. She could sense him fumbling behind her and then he crept up close. "Spread your legs a little more, Sparkle," he told her as he ran his cock up and down her crevasse. She obediently moved her feet further apart. He found her entrance. "Perfect," he hissed.

He pushed himself slowly in. To Ruth, each millimeter his cock advanced brought on another nauseating wave of misery. He sank to his hilt, paused, and then started to glide back and forth. "Oh, yeah, that's good, Sparkle!" he exclaimed. "You've got a wonderful cunt. It's too bad that bigwig guy got tired of you. I'll bet you sucked and fucked him every night. How'd ya like living in that big house? Did he give you clothes to wear or did he make you run around naked? Eh? Come on, Sparkle, give me the lowdown. Don't be shy."

As he was talking his movements became faster and faster, as if he was talking himself into excitement. His hands were on her back above her crossed hands, pressing her down hard, mashing her breasts against the bench. It was like he was trying to reinforce her understanding of his dominance over her, her powerlessness. Ruth whined and moaned inside as the cock scoured her. This is what she was here for. Ten, fifteen cocks in her a day. Who knew, maybe more? And this was the first. And it had to be by a scumbag like Lenny! Her stomach curdled and her body chilled as the cock went on and on. She was fighting off her excitement with all her might. She didn't want to give Lenny the bragging rights to making her come. She closed her eyes and concentrated on how she hated him.

She needn't have worried. Lenny was never big on longevity. And he was in a hurry now lest someone come in the room. He started fucking her furiously. He grunted and groaned as his meat pistoned along her tunnel. Ruth detested it, wanted to crush it! Wanted to stop it! It wasn't right that he should be able to do this, that they all should be able to do this! Why had God put her here? What had she ever done to deserve it?"

Lenny's grunts reached high pitch. Then he began grunting loudly, "Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!" She knew he was pumping his poisonous spume into her. She started to cry. She had maintained a cool, calm demeanor, had struggled hard not to let herself be hurt by what was happening to her. But the idea of Lenny coating her innards with his ejaculate was too much to bear. He released a great groan, pumped himself hard into her a few more times and then withdrew. He stood behind her catching his breath.

"That was great, Sparkle!" he told her snidely. "First of many!"

He was still putting himself away when the door opened from the opposite end of the room from where they had come in. A tall, well-built man, about 35 or so, came in. He was dressed like Lenny and Jake. He had a square jaw and a self-confident demeanor. He looked at Lenny and he looked at Ruth. "Getting a head start, Lenny?" he asked.

"Just testing her out, making sure that it still works."

"And what's the verdict?"

"None the worse for wear," Lenny retorted.

Ruth had stayed where she was left. She could still feel the presence of

Lenny's cock. It was burning into her soul. How am I going to do this, she asked herself. How will I bear it?

The other man laughed. "Okay, let's get this done. Sit her over there on the stool," he told Lenny.

Lenny gave her backside a good swat. "You heard the man, cunt! Get up and go get on the stool!"

Ruth raised herself from the bench. She walked over to the stool. It was round and covered with green faux leather. It was low enough for her to put her feet on the floor at the same time. She kept her hands behind her. She tried to look down. She knew that Lenny was sneering at her.

The new man looked at her. "What, did you fall into a bucket of paint?" he asked her. Normally, slaves were required to give answers to questions, even snide, demeaning ones. But her mouth was filled and she didn't have to. Couldn't. It was just as well. She might have told one of them to fuck off and then she would be in a world of shit.

"Stand up again," the man ordered. His eyes perused her flesh. "Turn around," he instructed her. "Nice," he said admiringly.

"You should see her cunt," Lenny proffered helpfully.

The man looked at her. "Show me your cunt," he told her coldly.

She spread her legs widely and proffered him her sex. The man looked at it and smiled. "Cute," he said. "Now sit back down on the stool."

She complied. He went behind the machine and turned it on. He picked out some parts from the shelves behind him. He loaded them up into the machine.

"Give me her card," he told Lenny. Lenny went to Ruth and drew the lanyard over her head. He handed it to the man. The man slid it into a reader in the machine and slid it out. He looked at a display on his right, looked at the picture on the card and then looked at her. "Okay," he said as he handed the card back to Lenny. Lenny put it back around her neck.

The man made some entries on a keypad. The machine groaned. There was an extension which came out of the machine which overhung a glass plate. The man hit a button and an orange light emanated from the extension downwards. It seemed to resonate on the glass. It was flickering.

"Okay, put your right wrist on the glass," the man told her.

She took her right arm from behind her back and laid it across the flat counter area in front of her. Her wrist entered the light.

"Put it down, palm down," he man said. Ruth complied. The man adjusted the extension to where he wanted it. "Hold still," he told her. The light on the extension started to blink rapidly and then resumed flickering. The man looked into a display on the machine. He punched in some buttons. The machine made a churning noise. A few moments later something slid out of it into a bin. It was

heavy and made a clunk.

The man did her left wrist. Then he did her right ankle and then her left. "Put your neck over the glass," he told her curtly. Ruth, her wrists recrossed behind her back, leaned forward and rested her chin on the glass. The man placed his hand on her head, turning it slightly. He looked into his display. He adjusted the extension to just the right position. The extension blinked a few times and stopped.

Each time the man had made a measurement, he loaded items from the shelves behind him into the machine. Each time the machine whirled and made a clunking noise, and something heavy dropped out of it into the bin.

The man turned the machine off. "Come over here," he told her. "Bring the stool." She stepped over to the workbench. "Sit down," he told her. He picked one of the items out of the bin, looked at it and then told her, "Give me your right wrist." She handed it up to him. He encircled her wrist with the object the machine had spat out. Its ends met perfectly. The steel band had a cushioned interior so that it could be placed tightly against the limb. It wouldn't move or shift and you wouldn't be able to get anything under it.

The band was bright silvery. It was about 3" wide. The metal portion was heavy, as if it had a lead interior. It was heavier than she remembered. She frowned and fought back tears when it closed.

The man kept her wrist down on the workbench. He took out a little ballpeen hammer and tapped at the juncture of the two ends until he was satisfied that the ends had completely locked into each other. He took out a tool that looked like an electronic gun. He turned it on. He addressed its tip to the juncture of the two ends. The tool end started flashing. He ran it up and down the juncture several times. Ruth could feel the emanating heat.

He put the tool down. He examined the juncture. He picked up the hammer and gave it several sharp taps. He looked again. "That oughta do it," he said. He handed Ruth back her wrist and asked for the other one.

He repeated the same procedure on her left wrist. The bands were of a very permanent nature. When Ruth was released a year ago, they had to use a special saw to take them off. Now they were going back on. Tears were streaming down her face.

He made her stand and turn her back to him. He brought her wrists back and joined the bracelets. He tugged and pulled. The bracelets didn't move. "Good," he said, patting her on the head.

He made her lean her head over the workbench so he could do her collar. He kept her wrists joined behind her. He seemed to have a little trouble marrying the ends. He gave the collar several sharp blows with the little hammer that made Ruth's head vibrate. He pulled on it and tried to move it up and down. It fit perfectly. He closed the seam with the flashing tool. Ruth felt the heat on her neck

and panicked. But she was neither scorched nor burnt.

She began breaking out into sobs. The man looked at her. "Cut the shit, Sparkle!" he told her gruffly.

She looked at him, her lips trembling and tried to hold everything back. Four years ago she had undergone the very same procedure and then suffered three years of hell. Hell was waiting on the other side of the next door. The man took hold of a nipple and began to twist it. "Do you want me to give you something to cry about?" he asked her harshly.

Ruth moaned at the pain and shook her head frantically.

"Then cut the shit!" he growled at her. He released her teat.

He boosted her up onto the workbench and had her lie on her belly. The left ankle bracelet went on fine, but he had some difficulty with the right one. Finally, he brought her back to the machine, took another measurement and the machine spat out a new ankle bracelet. He put her back up on the bench and it fit perfectly. He used the pistol-like tool to seal the juncture off and he was done. He brought her down.

She felt a hundred times more subjugated than she had felt when she had come into the room. She had forgotten how bad it had been to feel them on her limbs. Most brothels used steel collars and bracelets, but used models that could be unlocked with an electronic key like the ones that Mr. Anderson had used. Rocco liked the permanent feel of these accouterments. And they were heavier. It made them feel so much more oppressive. And she didn't know then what she knew now about what life at Rocco's was like. Last time she had known that she had two more years on her sentence when she arrived, although it had turned out to be three. Now, since Rocco was using the pretense that she was his female ward, he could keep her as long as he wanted to. Years and years.

And before she had dreamed that her release would start a new phase of her life, that her existence as a whore would be terminated. She would get all the things she pined for. Now she knew that even if Rocco let her go, the odds were that she would be picked up by some other RM looking for a whore. It would happen again and again until she was too old for anybody to want to fuck her. And then what would happen to her? She could become one of those gray haired, blue smocked ladies who joined the great conspiracy to keep young women in involuntary servitude all in exchange for a scrap of bread and a place to sleep!

The man brought her back over to the machine. He released her hands from behind her back. He took her left wrist in his hand. It had two little lights on it. One was green, the other was red. Neither light was on right now.

The man waved a wand at her left wrist and then checked the display. The picture they had taken of her in the first room came up. On the display was a code for where in the building she was. There were detectors all over and she would be

picked up as she moved from room to room. He tapped some more entries in. The green light on the interior of her left bracelet came on. He did some more tapping and the green one went off and the red one went on and the bracelet gave off a mild vibration. He tapped it once more and the green light came on again. Satisfied, he gave Lenny a nod and Lenny joined her wrists behind her again.

Lenny had taken a leash out of a bin. He attached it to her collar in the front. "Get the next girl in here, Lenny," the man complained.

"Okay, okay," he replied. He hung the handle of the leash on a hook and went to open the door to the anteroom. When he opened it you could hear the mangled sound of a young woman gurgling and screeching. Lenny had the door wide open. Jake had the petit brunette girl on her knees in front of him. He had a hold of the hair on the back of her head and was plunging her face up and down on his loins. He looked up at Lenny. "What?" his expression seemed to say.

"Hold on! Hold on!" he did say breathlessly. "I'm almost there! I'm almost there!"

The brunette girl continued to sob and wail as best she could with Jake's cock down her throat. Her hands beat at him and tried to push him off, but, of course, she was no match for him. The other girls were sitting there, their hands on their heads, crying.

Suddenly, Jake raged, "Orgh! Orgh! Orgh! Orgh! Orgh! Orgh! Orgh!" He held the girl hard down on his cock for a few moments, relishing his cock's waning throbs and then released her. She fell to the floor sobbing and wailing.

"Okay, I'm done," he said unashamedly.

"Jeeze, Jake," Lenny said.

"What the fuck!" Jake exclaimed. "What am I supposed to do out here? Stick my thumb up my ass? It's what she's here for anyway? So what's the difference?"

Lenny shook his head. "We need the next girl," he told Jake.

"All right, take the fat one. I'm going to fuck the black haired one up the ass while I'm waiting," Jake announced. "Go on! Get in there!" he yelled at the blond girl. The petit girl was still lying on the floor whimpering. The blond girl got up and dashed into the room. As Lenny closed the door, Ruth heard Jake tell the black haired girl, "Get down on your fucking hands and knees!" The door slammed shut.

Lenny took hold of the end of the leash again. The other man told the blond girl to sit on the stool. Based on what she had seen Jake doing to the little brown haired girl in the other room, Ruth guessed that she would give the man no trouble.

CHAPTER FIVE

She was pulled to the next door. Lenny thumbed it and it clacked open. He dragged her through it and it clacked closed. It was the basement hallway to the brothel proper. It was dimly lit with a subterranean feel. The floor and walls were concrete. There was a distinct echo.

Lenny towed her down the hall to the right until they reached an elevator. Several people passed them, on their way to various destinations. One of the blue smocked ladies came by pushing a big cart full of lunches. A security guy came by the other way, hauling a whining and sobbing, pale skinned, red headed girl. Two well dressed, young clerical girls came by chatting wildly. They all stared at Ruth as they passed. Even the red headed girl.

Lenny put his thumb in the reader, it beeped and the elevator door opened. He pulled her in. They turned to face the door and it closed. Lenny pushed the button for the first floor.

As they rose, Ruth saw her reflection in the silvery door. She saw her torso's devilish designs; she saw the silvery collar that marked her as Rocco's property. They were on the way to see him now. She had vowed that if she ever saw him again in the outside world she would kill him. Now she was going to be brought before him as powerless and as abject as ever.

The door opened on the first floor. They were in one of the hallways behind the service rooms. It was carpeted in a dark tan. The walls were eggshell. There were fluorescent lights all the way down, right and left. There were ten service rooms on this floor, ten on the second floor and ten on the third. On the other side of the building, the west wing, there were ten rooms on the second floor and ten on the third. The first floor on the other side was devoted to the guests' lounge which contained a bar and some light entertainment, usually a jazz combo or a piano man. There was a room where you could view holograms of the girls in various lascivious poses. Each table in the lounge had a CPad from which you could scroll through each girl's photos and viddys. There is a light food menu.

Rocco didn't always have fifty whores working, but he had the room for them if the market justified it. Usually, there were about 40 or 45, give or take a few. It was a lot to manage and it took a dedicated and efficient staff. It also resulted in a high turnover rate for girls, hence the efficient setup for processing new ones

downstairs. Rocco usually rolled over at least 7 or 8 whores every month.

The waitresses in the guests' lounge were not whores, at least not technically, but they were available at special request in one of the rooms on the fourth floor, where they resided. They were all female wards that Rocco had acquired one way or another and his 'special friends' received their services gratis, with the understanding that they would leave Rocco a nice gratuity at a significant premium over regular rates. The 'waitresses' were also available for 'call outs' where you could invite them out for a 'date' and take them home for the night, or lease them on a weekly or monthly basis.¹ No girl was made available for call outs until she had been deemed sufficiently trained and docile and obedient.

Rocco made it clear to all the new wards when they were first brought in that he now owned them in every sense of the word and that under the law, which would be strictly enforced, they were required to obey him to the letter and the people who he appointed over them.

He warned them that any dereliction in their duties would result in them being severely punished, and that if it continued, he would file a complaint against them with DCR where they would be found Grossly Unruly. They would be subject to all the penalties which that finding justified, from being sent to a disciplinary sexual service center, which would then send her back when they were done with her, to being declared a mandatory recruit, which would mean a lifetime of service in the worst bordellos, or even export to Africa, Asia or Latin America. In either case, he would recover his investment.

He would tell the girl that her best bet was to be attractive enough and skillful and devoted enough in her new role to attract an RM who would then buy her from him. He kept a price list for each of them at which they could be acquired and there was usually at least a little room for negotiation. He would put pictures of the girls up on the dark Ultraset together with a hologram of them naked in various salacious poses. He often got calls from other FW brokers across the country who had an interested buyer.

In the meantime, he would earn income from their services. They were *de facto* whores if not *de jure* ones.

The girls would invariably cry and sob and beg to be freed. He would fuck them and give them a good beating and send them downstairs for training.

Rocco had a string of free lancers in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and West Virginia who trolled for vulnerable girls who they could convince to make them their responsible males. They would keep the girl for a few months for appearances sake and then sell her to Rocco. Unscrupulous employers would convince naïve young females that they could be freed from the household tyranny of their father

¹ Financing plans for the purchase of a FW were available.

by allowing them to become their RM, and then they would give Rocco a call. Then there were stepfathers, uncles, brothers, even legitimate boyfriends and husbands looking for some quick cash. Anyone who an attractive young girl might fall into the hands of.

Rocco usually had about 30 ‘waitresses’ on staff, the bulk of them on call outs on any particular night. Once an FW had been purchased by Rocco, whether she was an experienced whore or not, she would spend a week getting broken into her duties down in the guards’ lounge. The girls who were subject to call outs had a thick golden bracelet welded onto their left wrists. Any DCR officer could wand it with his handheld and it would give all of her vital information. It also contained a GPS device so that her whereabouts anywhere in the world could be known immediately. It could only be removed by a diamond tipped saw.² Any girl who did not return directly home after a call out would be picked up within hours by either the DCR or regular police and returned to Rocco’s for punishment. Once a girl had been purchased, the device would help her new RM keep track of her and assist the authorities in recovering her if she ran away.

The turnover rate was very high, about 30% per month, there being a seller’s market for good looking young girls who would serve as virtual sex slaves. Private buyers from as far away as New York and Chicago would fly in, sample the girls for a few nights and go home with the one that suited their fancy the most. If a girl was not sold within 90 days, he would start lowering her price until she attracted a buyer. If she did not sell at a discounted price within 180 days, he would sell her to a black market sexual service facility. It was rare that a girl would not sell though, since Rocco was very discerning in the girls he acquired.

Madeline Morocco ran the female ward, (FW), program for him, accepting or rejecting proffered girls and setting selling and buying prices, although Rocco had final word and handled the girl’s intake session. She had a staff of girls who managed the call outs and scheduling for the guests’ lounge, kept the web site up

² DCR licensed the sale of the FW Bracelets in 2036. It was a federal crime for anyone to assist in its removal without the written permission of the girl’s RM. Once it was on, it was essentially on for life. A signal would be immediately sent to the FW’s owner’s celly and to DCR if it was tampered with. The locus of the tampering would be known. There was a reply message the RM could send over his celly within 5 minutes if the removal of the bracelet had been authorized. Otherwise an APB would be sent out for the girl immediately. Very few were tampered with, but recalcitrant FW’s can sometimes be very clever. Most of them are apprehended within a few days. Some have been able, with the assistance of Women’s Liberty Group resistance cells, to remain at large for weeks or months, but, with one or two exceptions per year, they are all caught. And even some of the FW’s who avoid detection are caught years later. For tampering with her FW Bracelet, a girl would face a minimum of 2 years at a disciplinary sexual service center. She could also be declared a mandatory recruit and sent to an Institute for Female Correction, (IFC). DCR often conducts raids in which they cordon off a large area and do a house to house or building to building search, taking thumbys from all females within the cordon. Random sweeps can take place at major public events. DCR officers are not limited by any search warrant requirements and they need not establish a reasonable basis or probable cause for any stop or search of a female.

to date, managed deliveries of girls to their new RM's and processed complaints and, occasionally, returns. Madeline processed the applications to become one of Rocco's 'friends' and scheduled any tryouts by prospective RM's once the prospective buyer established his bona fides.³ Madeline supervised the matrons who ran the FW dorm and executed punishments.

It wasn't strictly legal, but Rocco had friends in high places in the National Governing Board Administration and the DCR and often sold girls to high officials.⁴ As an SSF owner he was not allowed to bid for girls from the Unsupervised Female Pool, but had shills that would do it for him and transfer the girls to him later. There was a good market for good looking former SSW's not only because some buyers preferred more mature women for their sexual convenience, but also because they were all highly trained whores, like Ruth.

Both Major Lesniak and Major Thompson, the black officer to whom Lesniak had arranged to turn Ruth over, were good friends of his. Rocco had thought that he had an understanding with Mr. Anderson that he would keep Ruth for a week or two and then sell her to him. As far as he was concerned, Anderson had reneged. It was he who had pointed her out to Anderson in the first place. One of the female volunteers at Mrs. Rawlings' recovery center was on Rocco's payroll and she highlighted girls who would soon be becoming available through the UFP. Rocco occasionally sent in guys to Mrs. Rawlings' mixers, but she was pretty good at separating the wheat from the chaff.

This volunteer mentioned Ruth to him casually one day as somebody helping out at the center when they were discussing upcoming prospects. Rocco immediately knew who she meant. He was the one who put Lesniak on to her. He knew that if he could get Lesniak fucking her on a regular basis, Anderson would give up on her sooner or later and he would be able to pick Ruth up at a favorable price. All it would take was Lesniak intercepting her on her way home one night. It

³ The prospective buyer would be expected to extend to Rocco the standard 'gratuity' for use of the girl. If the girl was purchased, the 'gratuity' would be deducted from the sale price.

⁴ The black market sale of female wards is a severe problem recognized by professional DCR regulators. Prosecutions are difficult. Girls who have been trafficked are extremely reluctant to testify since they would be, essentially, condemning themselves as unauthorized sexual service workers and be drafted as MR's. RM's rarely let a DCR officer interview an FW without him present. Girls whose sale was under investigation are often transferred without notice to RM's in distant jurisdictions where the investigation would have to begin anew. Sexual Service Facility financial records are protected by the SSF Privacy Act of 2031. As pointed out, black market FW brokers like Rocco Marchetti often pay bribes to upper level DCR and National Governing Board Administration officials or provide free or discounted services to them. DCR's jurisdiction extends only over females. Prosecutions of male offenders has to be conducted by local district attorneys who are usually disinterested in these kinds of cases. DCR staff regulators submitted proposals to limit the number of unrelated FW's an RM could supervise in 2034, 2042 and 2057. No action by the National Governing Board was taken. The proposals were opposed by most major employers since they would have dried up a major source of female workers. Proposals to ban the sale of FW's other than through the Unsupervised Female Pools have been vetoed consistently by the College of Ecumenical Bishops, Rabbis and Imams as antithetical to principles of Male Authority and Dominion. Notably, no major alleged black market FW broker has ever been successfully prosecuted.

had all worked out just as he planned with the added bonus that Anderson had turned her into an exotic delight for which he could earn high rates.

Two security men were prowling the hall. There was a naked girl kneeling down at the end on the left in what they called the 'call circle'. If the red light on your left bracelet went on and you felt it vibrate, it was your duty to report to a call circle as soon as possible. If you were in a room servicing a guest, your instructions were to finish with him and then wait for the back door to your service room to open. If you were in the cafeteria or the rec room, or any other of the common areas, you were expected to report immediately. Sometimes it was for disciplinary or administrative reasons and sometimes it was because a guest or a guard had called for you. Sometimes it meant that Rocco wanted to fuck you.

They passed down the hall. There was another elevator which went to the fourth floor. Lenny pressed the button to call it. It arrived in a few moments. Three well dressed and made up young girls got off, waitresses reporting for duty. They eyed Ruth warily, wondering, no doubt, if what they saw on her could happen to them one day. Lenny and Ruth took the elevator to the fourth floor. The fourth floor was divided into three corridors. On either side of the middle corridor were the sleeping rooms for the FW's. They were really just cubicles with room for a narrow bed, a dresser, a small closet and a makeup table you had to sit on the bed to use. There was a bathroom and showers for the girls. There was also the matrons' room at the beginning of the right side. They essentially ruled the roost.

In the left hand corridor, corresponding to the west wing of the building, along the outer wall, were 10 sexual service rooms for the FW's to use when guests took them upstairs. The rooms were all finely decorated. The outer wall was glass and there was a marvelous view. There was always a blue smocked older female service worker on duty to clean up the rooms when the girls were finished using them so they would be ready for the next guest. The girl was expected to freshen herself up immediately and go back downstairs to try and attract another 'friend' of Rocco's.

In the right hand corridor, also against the outer wall, were five luxury rooms where Rocco kept special girls who were available by appointment only. Those girls never left their rooms, received their meals directly there and had a private bathroom.

At the opposite end of the floor from the elevator were Rocco's office and his bedroom. The fact that he lived on the same floor as the FW girls helped maintain the fiction that he was actually their responsible male and not their pimp. Rocco kept late hours and it was not unknown for one of the wards who had been chained into her narrow bed for the night to be awoken by one of the matrons and taken down to Rocco's suite.

When the elevator opened on the fourth floor, Ruth recognized it well. She

had been to Rocco's suite for use or punishment many times. She had been here on her last day when Rocco used her for what she thought would be the last occasion. The reality of what had been done to her struck her a violent blow as Lenny escorted her down the central corridor. Rocco's suite was clearly visible.

Several of the 'waitresses' were scurrying around getting ready for call outs or to work downstairs. Ruth had seen them in the past during her prior visits to Rocco, but had never thought much about why they were there. She knew there was a lounge downstairs and she just assumed they all worked there. Now that Rocco and Mr. Anderson's scheme about her was clear, she saw the girls in a different light.

Ruth's stomach was quailing and she was trembling as they came up to Rocco's suite. There was a glass wall and door and an anteroom. In the anteroom a secretary screened Rocco's calls and visitors. She could be seen clearly as Lenny and Ruth approached. Ruth had seen her numerous times before. She was in her late thirties, maybe early forties, pretty, with a fine figure and nice sized, solid breasts. She was topless and her breasts swayed as she worked her CPad or answered the viddy. Rumors were that she had been Rocco's business partner when he had first opened the Pussy Palace. She was clearly not a partner now. Rocco had had tattooed over her chest in scriptive blue lettering, "Rocco's Pussy Palace". Underneath was a semi-reclining, naked, voluptuous young woman in silhouette. Beneath that was Rocco's slogan, "Best Piece of Ass in Three States!" A caller would see it as soon as she answered the viddy.

Lenny led Ruth into the anteroom. "Hey, Judy," he said. "How're your tits?"

Judy gave Lenny an icy look. "Go fuck yourself, Lenny," she said hostilely.

"I'd love to fuck you, Judy," he responded. "Should I ask Rocco for permission?"

Judy just stiffened as if there was a possibility that Rocco might say yes. She didn't say anything, but just stared at him.

Lenny gave Ruth's leash a hard yank that made her stumble. "He said he wanted to see Sparkle here right away."

"Well, he's in with somebody."

"Don't give me any shit, Judy," Lenny barked. "Just buzz him and tell him we're here."

Judy looked him up and down. Then she looked Ruth up and down. If it were up to Ruth, they could just leave and come back another time. She didn't ever want to see Rocco. Lenny just stared at the woman. The dilemma was solved when a raspy voice came on her intercom.

"Is Sparkle there yet?" It was Rocco.

"She's just arrived, Mr. Marchetti," Judy replied.

"Send her in."

The bottom dropped out of Ruth's belly. Her whole body went cold and she started to sweat. Lenny approached the big, heavy, oak door. It had been carved into ornate panels. Lenny took the door knob just as Judy buzzed the lock open. Lenny pushed on it and dragged her in.

Rocco's office was expansive. It was about 75' long and 40' deep. The floor was covered by a thick, dark gold rug. To the right were modern style, cream colored couches set to right angles from each other and against the walls. In the corner was a low dark stained table with an elegant table lamp and a beautiful jade sculpture of a naked young woman on it. Two matching easy chairs faced the couches. There was a large ottoman in front of the couches with rings along the sides. A small glass table sat between the chairs.

On the left side, there were four small cages against the wall. One of them was occupied by a naked, sad looking, brown haired young woman. She was wearing a gag and her hands seemed locked behind her. There was a neat pile of female clothes on the floor near her. There was also a stanchion, about 4' high which was useful for mounting girls on for whipping or fucking.

Right in front of her was Rocco's aircraft carrier sized desk. It had a viddy on it, a desk lamp, a small stack of papers and the regular office accouterments. Four padded armchairs sat in front of it a little bit to each side. In the center was a wooden circle with two naked feet painted on it in deep red. There was a polished wooden cigar humidor and an ashtray. An 8" high silver colored statuette sat on the front right corner. It was of two naked, shapely women engaged in mutual cunnilingus.

To the right of the desk, towards the corner was a chain dangling from the 10' high ceiling with a circle of wood underneath. A small cabinet stood against the wall near to it which, from experience, was used to house Rocco's whips and various tools of confinement. To the left of the desk, against the wall was a well-stocked wet bar. Dark stained cabinets were above it. It also held an ornate coffee machine. Just to the left of the bar was the door to Rocco's bedroom.

Ruth made a quick look around. There were two men sitting on the couches, one on each. She recognized one of them. He was some kind of manager and she had served him often. He was dressed in a blue and white sports shirt, a red and green silk tie, tan pants and classy brown loafers. The other man was not so well dressed. He was younger, wore blue jeans and a maroon t-shirt that advertised some band that Ruth didn't know. While the first man, who Ruth knew as Mr. Madigan, was older, pushing 50, the other man was young, in his mid-twenties. He had wild, sandy hair and was, despite his ragged appearance, somewhat good looking. Mr. Madigan wore close cropped black hair. He held an old fashion glass filled with ice and a smoky liquor. The boy was drinking a bottle of beer.

The wall behind the desk was all glass and you could see for maybe 50 miles.

It was a sunny day, the sky was a brilliant blue and a few clouds were drifting by lazily.

But what, of course, took the most hold of her attention was the man sitting behind the desk. Rocco was beefy and about 6' tall. He had a broad, challenging face with tight lips and a strong nose. He was wearing a loose, dark yellow, cotton pullover shirt. His hair was black, cut mid-length and curly. He had large hands.

Lenny led her up to the desk. Ruth placed her feet in the painted spots, about 3' apart. She thrust out her breasts and arched her back. She didn't look at Rocco, but at some place just above him. She was at rigid attention. Rocco was examining her with great interest. Ruth shivered with fright.

"Hey, look at her!" the young guy said enthusiastically. Lenny had removed her leash and stepped back.

"This is Sparkle, Raymond," Rocco told him in his grizzly voice. "She's a wonderful whore. I had lost her, but I just got her back."

"Who drew all the stuff on her?"

"Her former RM. And I'm going to have to thank him for making her so uniquely beautiful."

Ruth was trembling. Rocco's demeanor was friendly and sporting. But he was capable of turning on a dime and shedding this polite veneer.

"Sparkle," he addressed her, "why don't you go over and show Raymond your tattoos?"

A suggestion was as good as an order. Ruth stepped over close to the boy so he could see her. "Wow, that's something!" the boy announced. He leaned closer to her. "I like the snake thingies coming over her tits. They almost look alive."

"Check out her pussy, Raymond," Rocco suggested.

Raymond edged closer still. "Cool!" he exclaimed. "A fucking butterfly. He reached out his hand. "Spread your legs a little bit more, honey," he told her.

Ruth sadly moved her feet a couple of inches both ways. Raymond put his hand on her mons and rubbed it several times, stroking upwards. "That's a great cunt!" he announced. "The lips are nice and plump and her insides don't poke all out. You have to stroke her to get at it." He ran his fingers up and down her divide a few times. Ruth tried to suppress the tingle she experienced.

"Lenny, release Sparkle's arms so she can show Raymond her back," Rocco instructed.

Lenny came over and unfastened her wrists from each other.

"Put your hands on your head and turn around, Sparkle," Rocco ordered politely.

Ruth obeyed. She was cursing Mr. Anderson for what he had done to her. She was a fucking freak! And he had done all of this and sold her to Rocco to be his whore again! She would be one of his prize possessions. She stared straight ahead

out the window, but she could feel Rocco's beady eyes on her skin. She was conscious of the display she was making for the boy, even though she had hardly seen it herself.

"Righteous!" the boy exclaimed. "She's beautiful. It's like she's encouraging you to fuck her up the ass!"

"Just so," Rocco answered.

"Can I fuck her?" Raymond asked hopefully.

"I'm afraid not, Raymond," Rocco answered. "She's a little out of your league. But I can have Judy get one of the wards for you. They're all relatively fresh meat without too many miles on them."

"Is Mary, the girl I brought you last month, still here? I'd sure like to fuck her again."

"No, I'm afraid not. This guy who runs a private club down in Frankfurt bought her."

"Too bad," Raymond replied.

"Well, I've got some things to take care of here, Raymond," Rocco the said abruptly. "You can collect your cash down at the cashiers on the first floor. Judy will give you a voucher on your way out and arrange for one of the girls to attend you. And thanks for Cathy, here. She's very pretty and I'm sure we'll do well with her. Keep up the good work. We can sell them almost as fast as we can get them."

"You're welcome, Mr. Marchetti," Raymond answered. He tilted his beer bottle back in his mouth and chugged the rest. He put the bottle down on a little glass table next to the couch. He stood up. Mr. Madigan stood up as well. He shook Raymond's hand. "Good work, Raymond," he said.

Raymond nodded. He stepped over to the cage which housed the girl. "Goodbye, Cathy," he told her tauntingly.

The girl released a forlorn wail. She had been quiet, but now started sobbing and murmuring, shouting, actually, but it only emerged as a murmur, as if maybe she could convince Raymond, who up to a little while ago she had thought was a pretty cool guy, not to leave her behind. Raymond strode over to the door, opened it, and stepped out.

The room was silent, except for the poor girl's sobs. Ruth stood there as still as she could be. Mr. Madigan came closer to her. He ran his hand over her buttocks and then up and down her back. "It's nice to have you back, Sparkle," he told her. His voice was low and smooth as silk. She shuddered at the contact. Her bracelets and collar were weighing heavy on her. She wondered, briefly, whether if she ran as hard as she could against the glass in front of her she could smash it and tumble down to the ground below. But now that she was in Rocco's presence had doubted that she could make a single voluntary movement.

She saw Rocco get up from his chair in the corner of her left eye. She started

to tremble when he came near to her.

“You know, Sparkle, Bill Anderson sent me over all the videos he made of you, but there’s nothing like seeing all your artwork in real life,” he said. He came up about 3’ away from her. She didn’t want to look him in the face, but she couldn’t help seeing it. She looked just above him at the window instead. But his closeness made her stomach turn over anyway.

He was wearing a pair of black slacks. He had on a belt with a big bronze buckle with a woman laying back and exposing herself. On his feet were dark blue canvas shoes. He came closer. She could smell his cologne. He slid his right hand over her mons, making her jump. “Look at me, Sparkle,” he told her ominously. “You know better than that.”

She brought her eyes to his face. It was a face she had hoped never to see again, and here it was less than a foot from hers. He was about 5” taller than her and she had to look upwards. He ran a finger up along her crevasse. She had the urge to run, but there was nowhere to go. He dragged his hand up her belly and up to her breasts. He seized them with both hands. He squeezed them proprietarily. “You know, Sparkle,” he told her, “Ole Bill did a pretty good job on you. Your tits are bigger than I remember. We’ll have to keep them that way. They look good on you. And you’re in such good shape! Maybe we should send all our girls to ole Bill for a while? What do you think?”

She could get away with playing dumb with Lenny, but not with Rocco. Rocco expected an answer to all his questions whether you were gagged or not.

“Eye ohn oh, ir,” she replied unhappily.

“You don’t know? Weren’t you happy at ole Bill’s house?”

“Eh, ir!” she answered nervously.

“Well, I’m sorry for you it didn’t work out. But we’re glad to have you.” He had released her breasts and was squeezing her nipples. He kept squeezing and squeezing and squeezing until the pain made her shiver and moan. He reached up and stuck his fingers in her mouth, prying the black ball out of it. He tossed it to Lenny.

“So, like I said, we’re happy to have you back, Sparkle, but I need to know one thing. Are you happy to be back too?”

A chill went through her. Happy to be back? There was no way in the world that he could imagine that she was happy to be back. She knew though that he wanted to hear her say that she was. It would be the beginning of her new round of degradation. He would taunt her with it. She didn’t know where it came from, but she felt a surge of courage go through her. For over a year she had eaten shit every day at Mr. Anderson’s. She had to pretend things so much over there that she came to believe them herself. But she had to draw the line somewhere! She had to take a stand somewhere!

It took a huge effort to get the words out. It was like they were being held back by a mighty rope and she had to break them free. Rocco was looking at her expectantly. She strained and strained, and finally, the rope broke.

“N-no, sir,” she blurted out.

Rocco laughed. “That’s good, Sparkle,” he told her. “But I think that you are wrong and I’m going to prove it to you.”

He looked at Lenny. “Bend her over the stanchion and lock her in,” he told him.

Ruth knew exactly why she was to be brought over to the stanchion. She knew that he was going to whip her. What did it matter if he did it to reinitiate her to residence at the Pussy Palace or whether it was to punish her for being insolent? As soon as she walked in the door, she knew that a whipping was imminent.

Lenny came over. He took a hold of the ring in her collar and dragged her across the room. He brought her to the stanchion. “This is where I should scream and fight and fight and fight until I can’t fight anymore!” she thought to herself, panicking. But she couldn’t get herself to move. She stood there with her hands on her head as Lenny affixed her ankles to the bottom. There was a sliding rail there and he moved her feet until they were together. He took hold of her hands and locked them behind her back. He pulled on the ring on the front of her lead encased steel collar and forced her to bend over at the waist. He connected her collar to a ring just beneath her neck, holding her in place.

She sensed more than saw Rocco come up behind her. Her flash of courage had left her. She wanted to beg and plead with him not to whip her. She regretted her momentary braveness. “What did I do that for?” she wondered miserably.

She had no notice that Rocco’s hand was coming forward. All she knew that there was suddenly a fiery tear across her buttocks. She screamed in pain.

There was a pause. And then came a series of fierce strokes, one after the other as if he trying to initiate a conflagration. She screamed and screamed and screamed. A holocaust of fire had erupted on her rump and all the way down the back of her thighs. He stopped. She was blubbering and sobbing. He came around in front of her and crouched down. He lifted her head so that her face was to him. “So,” he asked, “are you happy you are back now?”

“Yes, sir!” she screamed plaintively. “I’m happy! I’m happy! Please don’t whip me again! Please!”

“And you’re going to be a good, little obedient whore?”

“Yes, sir! Yes, sir!” she shouted.

“And you’ll fuck and suck with all the earnest devotion you can muster?”

“Yes, sir! Yes, sir! I’ll be good! I’ll be good! I promise! I promise!”

He stood up. “I’m happy to hear it, Sparkle,” he told her. “I was afraid that ole Bill had spoiled you. So why don’t we get you off to a nice start. That is, if Lenny

hasn't fucked you already."

She didn't know what to say. If someone fucked her who wasn't supposed to, it would be as much her fault as the man's as far as Rocco was concerned. Rocco turned to Lenny. "So what do you say, Lenny, did you fuck her?"

Lenny was in a pickle too. Even though he did it surreptitiously, there would be a viddy of it. If he said no and Rocco checked, there would be hell to pay.

"Just once, Mr. Marchetti," he said sheepishly.

"That was very naughty, Lenny. I'll have to deal with you later. Maybe there's a swamp somewhere I can dump you in."

He tapped Ruth on her buttocks with the switch he had beaten her with. "But as to you, Sparkle, you've been a very naughty girl. And naughty girls have to be punished."

She closed her eyes and mouth and girded herself for the blow. It didn't help. Rocco gave her another fiery lash across her rear cheeks. She howled and howled and howled. He gave her four more, delaying this time between each one. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

When he finished, he let her go on for a few moments. Then he came around to her front again, crouched and lifted her head. "You know you're not supposed to fuck anyone without my permission, don't you?" he asked her snidely.

"Y-yes, sir! Y-yes, sir!" she wailed.

"But you did it anyway, didn't you?"

"Y-yes, sir! Y-yes, sir! I'm sorry, sir! I'm sorry!"

"And what makes it worse is that you're technically not a whore anymore. You're my ward. Fucking Lenny was an unauthorized sexual act. You could be sent away for that. It's a very, very serious offense!"

"Y-yes, sir! I'm sorry, sir! It won't happen again, sir!" she pleaded. She had heard some terrible tales from other girls. Rocco's was a terrible place, but there were worse, far worse places. A couple of the girls had been to Disciplinary Sexual Service Facilities. They didn't really like to talk about it, but it was made clear that it was bad. So things could get worse.

He rose. "I'll forgive you this time," he said magnanimously. "But I'm not going to fuck a filthy cunt." He patted her on the rear and then stepped away. He went into his bedroom. There was silence in the room. Even Cathy had quieted. He cage was just off to the right and a little behind her. She would have been able to see everything. She had seen how quickly resistance had been broken.

Rocco came back in a little while. He put something down on his desk and then came back to her. He laid a towel on her back. He slid her ankles apart on the frame so he could have better access to her quim. Her spread her outer lips with his hand. A moment later, she felt something very thin pierce her little hole. It slid into her and then there was a splash of warm water. He was cleaning out her quim.

After he squeezed the water into her, he quickly covered her mons with the towel, soaking up all the water that came pouring out. He did it twice more.

She squirmed and whined at the invasion. She was shamed at being treated this way. But she realized that her pussy didn't belong to her. It hadn't belonged to her since that day so many years ago when Ben and the DCR sergeant had made her strip in her front yard. She was just the being who carried it around. Her bodily systems fed it and nourished it, but it was done out of service for them, and not her. If it were up to her, she would starve it and strangle it until it was dead and desiccated so that the men wouldn't want her anymore.

She could do that. She could refuse to eat in the hopes of starving herself to death. But she had seen more than one girl force fed and it was not a pretty sight.

Rocco told Lenny to put the bowl of water, towel and the bulb syringe back into his bathroom. He came up to Ruth and spread his hands over her proffered rump. She tensed at the contact, knowing what was coming. His hands were large, but they were soft. He took good care of them. He kept a tube of hand lotion in his desk drawer and she had often seen him using it. Teasing cunts into passion required a delicate touch. And if you like the feel of cunts and breasts and women's skin, you wanted to keep your hands soft and sensitive so you could better enjoy it. And as much as Rocco loved to dominate and abuse women, he did like to touch them. Especially if they did not want him to.

He ran his hands down the side of her rear globes, over the top of her outer thighs. He took several trips, slowly and softly moving his hands, waking up all the nerve endings. She squirmed as she was swept by unhappiness and woe. Mr. Anderson had sent her here. He had placed her on this rack and presented her to Rocco's hands. So had Ben and that sergeant. So had all the people who had processed her and transported her and sold her place to place until she had come to be here. There were hundreds of guilty people she could blame. Even Consuela who had kept her locked up in that cage until Jake and Lenny could come and get her. She could have opened it and let her make a run for it. And she would have run. Maybe contact one of those Women's Liberty Groups she had heard about.

All the girls used to talk quietly and secretly about what they would do if they escaped. She had run across a woman, she was on her last legs as a whore, maybe 40 or so, and had been classified MR, with the two bold, black letters on her lower belly. She had been in the next holding cell. She was almost bald, with a light fuzz of hair on her head. According to her she had escaped once and had been on the run for two whole weeks before they caught her. She said that there was something in their feet that had been placed there after they had been drafted that told them where you were all the time. You had to find it and dig it out first thing. It was usually in your right heel. A little pin-like thing. If you could get that out, they might not be able to find you, at least for a while.

She wouldn't say how, but she was able to contact a Women's Liberty Group which hid her. They had given her false documents and clothes. She had been caught trying to cross over to Canada. They had beaten her and tortured her, but she refused to give up any of the women who had helped her. They had sent her to an Institute for Female Correction twice and brought her back to make her talk. But she had refused. She was on her way back there. She showed them the IFC brand on her buttock. She said she would rather die than live like a slave.

There had been three other girls in the holding cell with her. It was right after lunch and the lazy guard had left them all ungagged. They had listened to her raptly. They had admired her courage. A few moments later a guard came by and saw that they had all been talking. He gagged them all and then took a zapper to the woman, making her scream and writhe on her cell floor. She was taken away when he was done.

She knew that she could never be that brave. Besides, she hadn't been classified as MR and she still had hope that one day she would be released and free. It was the only hope that she had now. The only thing that had not been done to her. Although Rocco was so cruel and heartless that she imagined he could still do it to her, would do it to her if she didn't obey. She didn't want a life sentence even though her hopes were dim.

His hands were making her pussy warm. She didn't want it, but she knew that she shouldn't fight it. Rocco wasn't just having a fling with her. He was more purposeful than that. He was making sure that she would respond as a whore, deciding whether or not she needed to be sent down to the guards' lounge for more training. She didn't want that. It would be like throwing meat to hungry wolves. There were a few dozen Jakes and Lennys working in security. They would all want a piece of her.

So she tried to empty her mind of rebellion. She tried to let the warmth of Rocco's soft hands suffuse her. She was a whore, there was no getting around that, and whores made themselves ready for their customers. That was all Rocco was. Just another customer. Crueler and meaner than most, a customer who had absolute power over her, but just another man with a needy cock when you got right down to it.

She felt his hand descend to her mons and flit over it. He rode his soft hand up and down over it again and again, like he was petting a dog or a cat. She had closed her eyes. "Concentrate. Concentrate. Focus. Focus," she told herself. Sometimes she imagined an imaginary lover, and that it was that lover who was begging entrance to her. She had always remembered Anthony and their budding romance. She rued sometimes that she had not let him fuck her, even though that would have meant being condemned as a mandatory recruit. He had slipped his hand under her skirt once, just once.

They had been kissing hot and heavy in his father's car after a date at the viddys. She hadn't blamed him, had actually wanted it. And the fact that she could make him so hot that he would toss aside his politeness and respect for even just one moment had thrilled her. But she had caught his hand before it reached his goal. Afterwards, she had often thought that it would have been nice to be able to remember even one single hand on her sex which she had permitted there voluntarily. She hadn't let any of the men who had taken her out on dates while she had been at Mrs. Rawlings' kiss her or fondle her.

Sometimes, when Mr. Anderson was using her, or she was locked up in a cage waiting for his pleasure, or sitting in the den with the CPad on her lap, going off into daydreams, she had wished she had. Maybe one of them would have picked her. Maybe her life would have been better. But she just couldn't bring herself to do it. After letting thousands of men touch her and use her, she felt like she couldn't bear one more.

She felt Rocco's fingers trace a line between her labia. He had one hand on her rear and the other on her quim. In her mind, she visualized the fingers sliding up and down, as if she was watching it. "Anthony! Anthony! Anthony! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Please!" her mind called out. She wasn't at Rocco's Pleasure Palace. She was home in her bed and Anthony was there. She was bent over for him and he was readying her for love. She felt her wetness as Rocco's fingers slid up and down with ease. She felt them probe at her little entrance and then slide down to her nubbin, rolling over it again and again and trace its way back. He did this several times and her pussy began to tingle and warm. When he slid his fingers into her tunnel with ease, they both knew that she was ready for him.

Her reverie about Anthony was dashed when she heard Rocco say, "That's the good girl, Sparkle. You always were a great whore." There was a pause behind her and he removed his hand. A moment later she felt his cock slip along her crevasse, getting itself wet from her juices. She had focused out all of the eyes watching her, Rocco's, Lenny's, Mr. Madigan's, the new girl, Cathy's. Now she became conscious of them. They were all centered on her flesh, assessing her reactions, and, for at least three of them, letting their eyes fuel their lusts.

The cock lodged itself in her hole. Rocco edged himself a little closer. She experienced in advance the sickening feeling of him pushing aside the walls of her entrance and descending into her. Her belly soured and she cringed. And then it came. It probed into her slowly, slowly, slowly, as a good coxman will do.

His hands were on her hips. The feeling was reminiscent of a thousand other cocks which had penetrated her against her will, of the dozens of times Rocco had penetrated her while she was his slave heretofore. And like a thousand times before, she yearned to be able to grab it with her hands and throttle it. To hold onto it and squeeze it so hard that she crushed it and ended its utility for all time.

Crushed all the cocks in the world, liberating millions of women from bondage. Ending, in effect, the human race, which for all its cruelty and indifference deserved to be ended.

Rocco slid himself in to the hilt. His belly was up against her buttocks. She could feel his shirt and his pants. Mr. Anderson had let her wear clothes. Rocco never would. Mrs. Rawlings had given her nice clothes. She had bought some herself. But her clothes days were over for a long, long time.

He began his motions. Her stomach quailed. There was that feeling again. That not so subtle rasping of hard flesh against her innards. “Don’t! Don’t! Don’t! Don’t!” he mind called out. But Rocco, not ignorant of her inner protestations certainly, but in contempt for them, just kept sliding his member back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

“Enjoying yourself, Sparkle?” he asked her demeaningly. “Having a good time?”

She had to answer him. His cock was sending unwanted trilling to her puss and it was hard to get the words straight. “Y-yes, sir,” she was able to eke out.

“Yes, what?” Rocco asked her as his motions continued.

“Y-yes, sir, I’m enjoying it, sir,” she answered.

“That’s good. That’s good,” he mocked her.

His motions picked up. She felt a surge of ill formed delight rush through her. His hands spread over her rear mounds, caressing them again and again. She was trying to concentrate on the pleasure, but the disconsolation she felt at the mass in her canal, the scouring, traversing, evil instrument, was too strong. She felt nauseous and her very cells were revolting.

But the cock kept going on and on. He varied his strokes. Long, slow ones, short fast ones. Long, fast ones, short, slow ones. She knew that he would wait for her to come. She knew she had to come or suffer horrible vengeance. Luckily, her passions were growing and growing. “See, I’m a good whore,” her pussy seemed to be saying. “I’m a good whore, Mr. Marchetti. I’ll be obedient. I’ll pleasure your friends and your guests and there will be no complaints. They will complement you on my heat and my softness and my responsiveness. I will give them great enjoyment. Please don’t beat me! Please! Please! Please!”

She groaned. She had felt it building as it came up from her depths and into her throat. She released it willingly, gratefully. She searched for another, another groan to prove her dutifulness. It came close behind. “Orrrrrrrrrrgh!” she moaned. Rocco was fucking her steadily now, sensing her surrender. “Come on, give it to me! Give it to me! Give it to me!” her mind exclaimed. She felt a kernel of release building and building and building inside her. It was like one of Jack’s magic beans. It kept growing and growing and growing. “Come on! Come on! Come on!” she yelled inside. “Come on,” she said to her cunt, “you have one

function. You lay about between my thighs all day. I feed you and carry you around all the time. You owe this to me! I've earned it! I deserve it! For all the trouble you have caused me, you must obey me! Give it up! Give it up!"

Rocco was thrusting in and out of her madly. "Come on you fucking whore!" he called out to her. "Give it to me! Give it to me!"

And then her cunt finally lifted its head. "I hear you master! I obey you master! I am your slave! Your devoted acolyte! Your lowly servant!" It would obey him, its owner, where it would not obey her. The kernel inside her had grown to massive proportions. She was feeling a terrible, ecstatic immanency. It would obliterate all of the earth when it exploded. "Oh, god! Yes! Yes! Yes!" her pussy screamed.

And then her tunnel began to convulse and throb. She groaned loudly, "Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!"

"That's the girl!" Rocco exclaimed. "That's the good whore! Give it to Rocco! Give it to me!"

And then he began to grunt and groan to match her own. He pounded away at her hips, his hands tightly gripped on them. All the world around her vanished. It was just she and Rocco on a mountaintop. They were surrounded by swirls of clouds. The mountain was vibrating and shaking in response to their feverish rutting. Her body's cells celebrated as her pussy rejoiced. "See!" it was saying to her. "I am mistress here, not you! I own you, not you own me! I control the floodgates of lust and passion! Worship me! Bless me! Bow to me!"

Rocco's motions slowed as her pussy's pulses and contortions faded. As her pleasures receded, shame and humiliation flooded in. She had disgraced herself before all of those peering eyes. She had proven herself worthy of the name of whore and slut and slattern.

Maybe she was in the right place. Mr. Anderson, and others before him, that man who had broken her in to whoredom, they had all told her that it was God's will that she be a whore. When God had been matching souls with zygotes on the day she was conceived, he had picked up one from the bin and looked at it. "This one's a whore," he had said. "Who should I give it to? What about little Ruth Silverman of Marlton Township, New Jersey? She looks like she would make a pretty good whore. Yes, I can see the exquisite suffering she will produce. It suits her in every way. Here you go, little Ruthie! Have fun!"

And that whoreish soul had melded with her tiny little, gestating body. Its true nature had been lurking within her all those years of growing up. When she had first felt urges that she did not understand, it had been poking its head up, wondering, "Is it time? Is it now?" and seeing that its opportunity had not yet arisen, had slinked back to its lair. And then, when the first hand had laid itself on her pussy after she had been drafted, even as Ben was placing those bindings on

her, it had looked up and celebrated. “Yes! Yes! Yes!” it had shouted. “She’s mine! She’s mine! She’s mine!”

Rocco slid his appendage from her and patted her on the behind. “You’re a good whore, Sparkle,” he told her. “It’s good to have you back.” He stepped away from her. “George,” you want a piece?” he said to Mr. Madigan.

“Unquestionably,” Madigan replied heartily. “But I think I’ll use the other end.”

“Please yourself,” Rocco answered. She heard him go to the bar to pour himself a drink. Mr. Madigan stepped in front of her. She heard him pull down his zipper. He crouched down and released her collar from the stanchion and lifted her head by her hair.

“Open up, Sparkle,” he told her. “Just make a nice, hot, tight tunnel and I’ll do all the work.”

She suppressed a whine as the man’s meat was presented to her. She opened her mouth. He nestled closer to her, pushed his cock over her lips and entered. She closed her mouth around it obediently.

Like Rocco, he started slow. She kept her mouth tight around his pole as he moved it back and forth. He had his hands around her face, holding her head in place. He was thrusting slightly upwards and her face was turned down to meet him. She suppressed all her whines and moans and groans of unhappiness. She tried not to let the incessant traverse of the man’s meat sicken her, but she was not having much success. At least at the other end she could experience some pleasure. Being used this way had no such reward or amelioration.

Madigan was soon moaning and sighing. She consoled herself with the fact that it would soon be over. The cock kept pushing and receding along the tight tunnel she had made for it. She kept up a gentle suckle to encourage his climax and to bring him the pleasure she knew that he expected. She wondered how many mouths he had filled with his cock. Maybe 2 a day for at least the three years she had known him and the year since she had been released. Two thousand mouths? Probably more.

How many of them could he recall? How many faces which belonged to those mouths could he bring up in his memory banks? How many names? She doubted that it would be many. He wasn’t interested in those things other than the shame and humiliation he brought to the possessors of those mouths and the raw pleasure he received from using them.

Rocco answered a buzz from Judy outside. “Colonel Hastings from DCR is on the vidy, Mr. Marchetti,” she told him.

“Okay,” he responded gruffly.

They exchanged warm greetings. He had picked up the hand held instead of flicking on the screen. “Yes, she’s here,” Rocco told him. “She’s in my office right

now....Of course I fucked her....(laughter)....Oh, she'll be all cleaned up. She'll be ready for you. How did you like the viddys?...Yeah, that's my favorite too....No, she's not for sale....We'll see, we'll see....No, I just got her. Give me some time to enjoy her....Yes, yes....How about that girl I sent you, what was her name?...Yeah, Margaret....Good, good. I'm glad you liked her....No, I don't need her back right away. Pass her around....Yes, she is for sale. I'd have to look up her price....Who? The commissioner?...Well, tell him that I'll give him a discount, but I'm running a business here and I've got to make a few bucks on her...Okay, okay, I'll see you around 4....No, I told you, you'll be the first. After me, of course!...(laughter). All right. Good bye."

Meanwhile, Madigan was continuing to run his cock in and out of her mouth. He was grunting and groaning heavily, so Ruth knew he was close. It was a good thing, since the presence of his abrading tool was making her sicker and sicker. At least when she blew a guy she had some control over it. She could pause and take a breath and settle her stomach. But being mouth fucked like this did not offer her that respite.

His motions had gotten faster and faster. He was bruising her lips with his pelvis. "Please finish! Please finish! Please finish!" she begged even though she knew that it would mean the flooding of her mouth with his essence. Finally he began pushing into her hard, issuing grunt after grunt after grunt. His cock began to throb and jump. Her mouth filled with his viscous emanations. Her belly turned as she swallowed it.

He slowed. He was moaning. His cock was still rigid and firm and she was afraid that he might continue for another round. There weren't many guys who could do that, especially at his age, but as her memories of him returned she remembered being fucked by him for a long, long time and him coming repeatedly.

But that was not his intention. He slipped his cock from between her lips. He patted her on the face. "Good job, Sparkle," he said matter-of-factly. He zipped himself up. "Hey, Lenny," he said. "Toss me the ball."

Lenny tossed it over to him. He caught it with one hand. "Open up, Sparkle," he told her again. She spread her lips and he pushed the black ball with Rocco's name on it past her teeth. She gurgled and whined as her jaw stretched. He lowered her head and reconnected her collar to the stanchion. He stepped away. He poured himself another drink. Rocco had lit a cigar. Madigan sat in one of the chairs in front of Rocco's desk. Rocco buzzed Judy. Judy acknowledged him. "Get Irma up here. We're finished with Sparkle for now."

"Yes, Mr. Marchetti," Judy answered.

Rocco and Madigan began talking about some administrative problem they were having. It seems that the Blessed American Fellowship of SWF Workers, (BAFSWF), was seeking to unionize the security guards. Rocco and Madigan

were discussing strategies to not let that happen. The union organizer, it seemed, had a 20 year old daughter attending Oberlin College. She had a boyfriend with a big drug habit. They had been trying to get him to convince the girl to make him her RM, but the girl wouldn't go for it. Her father had probably warned her against it. The organizer had let it be known that the problem could be made to go away for \$250,000. Madigan had him down to \$150 K, but he wouldn't go any lower. It would buy them two years of peace. They would have to throw in three passes good for the two years.

Judy buzzed Rocco back. "Irma's doing some disciplines down in the guards' lounge," she told him. "She'll be done in about a half hour."

"Tell her fifteen minutes," Rocco spat out. He rang off.

There was some silence as he and Madigan thought about their next depredation. Then Rocco told Lenny, "Get the new cunt out of her cage and bring her here."

Lenny went over to the cage. Ruth heard him open the door. "Come on out little piggie," he told her. There was a whine. Then a scream as Lenny grabbed her by the hair and dragged her out. He dragged her over to the front of Rocco's desk and then shook her, commanding her to stand.

She rose to her feet, sobbing. "Shut the fuck up!" Lenny yelled at her. When she continued sobbing, there was a zapping sound and another scream. A body fell to the floor. "Get up! Get up! Get up, you stupid cunt!" Lenny yelled at her. There was another zap and another scream. She must have risen to her feet, because she heard Lenny yelling, "Stand up straight! Spread your knees! Put your feet on the markers! Thrust out your tits! Shut the fuck up!"

Her sobs subsided, but Ruth could still hear her sniveling and whining. Lenny growled at her, "Shut! The! Fuck! Up!"

She silenced herself. There was a pause and then Rocco spoke. He ordered Lenny to remove the girl's gag.

"Cathy, look at me," Rocco said softly.

"Look at him you dumb cow!" Lenny spat out. She looked down at him.

"Do you know what this piece of paper is, Cathy?" Rocco asked her.

"Y-yes," she whined.

"That's yes, sir, Cathy."

"Y-yes, sir," she whined.

"What is it?"

"I-it's my Female Classification Card, sir," she eked out.

"That's right, Cathy," Rocco replied. "And you see the back here where there's a place for an endorsement?"

"Y-yes, sir," she mumbled.

"Speak up, Cathy," Rocco ordered her loudly.

“Y-yes, sir!” Cathy shouted out miserably.

“Do you know whose name is on the endorsement, Cathy?”

“N-no, sir,” she answered timidly.

“It’s my name, Cathy. Rocco Marchetti. Do you know what that means?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she said sorrowfully.

“What does it mean, Cathy?”

“I-it means that you are my RM.”

“That’s right, Cathy! Very good! And do you know what that means, Cathy?”

Y-yes, sir,” she replied sadly.

“What does it mean, Cathy?”

“I-it means that you can fuck me.”

“Oh, it means so much more than that, Cathy,” Rocco told her sternly. “It means that I own you from the tip of your head to the bottom of your feet. I can do anything I want to you. Do you understand what that means?”

“N-no, sir,” Cathy responded. She had started to sob again and had to squeeze the words out.

“It means that you have to obey me in all things. That if you don’t I can beat you. I can keep you in little cages, as you’ve already discovered. And most importantly, you cannot deny me any of the mandatory sexual acts, or any of my friends. Essentially, you’re my whore now. And you’ll fuck and suck whoever I tell you to. Understand?”

“Please don’t! Please let me go! I’ll do anything! I haven’t done anything wrong! I’ll....”

It was then that Lenny zapped her again. She released another scream, louder this time since she wasn’t gagged, and fell to the floor again. Lenny started screaming and yelling at her. He zapped her again twice. Each time she screamed. Finally, he got her back to her feet. Lenny had clearly been through this before and thoroughly enjoyed his role. Sometime today, he knew, he would get to fuck her.

“Stand up straight! Legs apart! Look at Mr. Marchetti! Push your tits out!” Lenny commanded. “Shut the fuck up! Answer Mr. Marchetti’s questions!”

She was sobbing and couldn’t stop.

“So, Cathy, do you understand that you’ll have to suck and fuck anyone I tell you to?”

“Y-yes, sir,” she whined loudly.

“And why is that, Cathy?” he asked her.

“Because you’re my RM, sir,” she answered forlornly.

“Not just because of that, Cathy,” Rocco continued. “But because you’re my slave. According to the General Public Order and the New Society Program I have complete and utter lawful authority over you. If you ran away, I would have the police bring you back and I would punish you. If you were naughty and refused to

obey my orders, then I could have you declared irritating and disobedient. Do you know what that means, Cathy?"

"Y-yes, sir," she replied unhappily.

"What does that mean, Cathy?"

"It means that you could have me classified MR, sir,"

"That's right. And you'd have to serve in the nastiest whorehouses you can imagine for the rest of your life. Until you were old and ugly, that is, and then you'd be sent to a work camp somewhere until you couldn't work anymore and then they'd drop you in a hole. That's what it means. Do you want that, Cathy?"

"N-no, sir! Please don't so that! Please!" she begged. "I'll do whatever you say! Please!"

"Okay, okay, Cathy. I won't let that happen to you as long as you're obedient. Will you be obedient, Cathy?"

"Yes, sir! I will! I will!" she responded urgently.

"And you'll fuck and suck all my friends, no matter how nasty or mean they are?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! I will!"

"That's good, Cathy," Rocco said. "And I'm going to give you a little bit of light at the end of the tunnel," he told her. "I'm going to set a price on you and if I can sell you at a profit, I'll sell you to a nice man who'll take care of you as long as you're docile and obedient. He'll feed you and clothe you and, even if he makes you fuck his friends, he won't have nearly as many friends as I do. He might even treat you nicely. And all you'll have to do is suck and fuck like you were born to it. Would you like that, Cathy?" Rocco asked.

"Y-yes, sir, please!" Cathy whined.

Just then Judy broke in. "Irma is here, Mr. Marchetti," she said.

"Send her in," Rocco ordered.

"And so now we're going to start teaching you a few things about obedience, Cathy," Rocco resumed. "Lenny is going to chain you up and I'm going to give you a whipping. Then we're all going to fuck you, well, maybe not Lenny because he's been a bad boy today. But we'll get somebody else. And then, as soon as you've proved to me that you are obedient enough and have developed sufficient skills as a whore, I'll put you up for sale and we'll see what happens. I'm sure someone will pick you up almost right away because you are so pretty and have such great tits."

"Pleeeeeeease don't whip me, sir!" Cathy whined desperately. "I'll do whatever you say! I'll be good! I promise!"

"You see, Cathy, that's just why I must whip you. You haven't learned obedience yet. You're talking out of turn. You're refusing to be obedient by arguing about whether I should whip you. When you're ready to say, 'Yes, sir,

thank you for whipping me, sir,' then we'll know that you are ready."

Cathy broke down into sobs. "Lenny, mount her in the whipping stand, will you please?" Rocco asked him.

"Yes, Mr. Marchetti," Lenny answered. He must have grabbed her and began to tow her away, because her sobs seemed to move towards the opposite corner of the room.

In the meantime, a tall, muscular woman wearing a grey and brown dress that went down to below her knees had come in. She was standing there awaiting orders. Ruth was able to lift her head and look at her. She looked mean and forbidding. She carried a quirt on her belt. She had a face that looked like it could stop a riot with one glance. Her shoulders were broad like a man's.

"Irma, Thank you for coming," Rocco said as Cathy howled. "Please get Sparkle ready for the colonel. He's coming at four. Give her a few strokes to get her warmed up."

"Yes, Mr. Marchetti," she growled. She came over to Ruth. Ruth shivered with fear. She released her collar from the stanchion and then brought her to her feet. She undid her ankles from the bottom. The leash Lenny had been using was on the credenza by the wall. Irma picked it up and attached it to Ruth's collar. Cathy's pleas and moans became muffled as Lenny apparently gagged her again. Ruth looked over at her. She had brown hair that was straight and below her shoulders. Rocco had been right about her breasts which, while not big, were full and well-shaped. She looked like she had an extra pound or two on her, but she would shed them fast.

CHAPTER SIX

Irma gave her leash a violent yank and she was propelled forward. She opened the large oak door and pulled Ruth out into the anteroom. Judy was going over something on her CPad and hardly gave them a glance. They went out the glass door and turned to the left, to the east side corridor. There were five doors going down the left side of the corridor and none on the right, that being the back wall to the female wards' lodgings. Irma led Ruth to the third one. She thumbed the door and the lock released. She pulled the door open and led Ruth inside.

The room was large, about 40' long by 30' wide. Like Rocco's office, it had a glass wall to the outside and there was an impressive view. To the right there was a large, platform bed with a dark stained headboard. On either side were night tables with elegant lamps on them. Along the wall on the right was a long credenza with bottles of liquor and mixers and an arrangement of glasses. On the left there was what looked like an alcove, a door to the bathroom and a whipping circle.

The floor was covered by a sea green, plush rug. The bed had a turquoise bedspread on it with large, fluffy pillows cased in light blue. There was a chain leading from the headboard sitting in a small pile on one of the pillows. A large, flat screen FV was mounted on the wall to the left of the bed. There was a large, maroon, easy chair facing it. A matching ottoman with rings around it sat in front of it. Near the whipping circle, which had a chain descending from the ceiling in the middle of it, was an armoire, stained dark like the headboard. The interior walls were painted a light, orange tinted ochre. Over the bed there was a large movey picture frame, but nothing was playing in it.

Ominously, in the middle of the room, facing the door was an iron frame. It looked like something someone could be attached to. There were various rings sprouting out of the rug around the room where a slave girl could be attached for the convenience of the guest.

Irma walked her over to the alcove. It was about 10' by 12' and doorless. There was a 7' long pallet on the floor on the right side with chains at either end. There was a toilet and a small sink. Opposite the bed was a rectangular throw rug with an iron ring next to it. There was a small FV, a little shelf which contained some fruit and a makeup table with a mirror.

Irma released the leash from Ruth's collar and said, "First things first. Get

down on your knees and put your forehead on the floor.” Ruth sank to her knees immediately and bent over. Her heart was in her throat as she anticipated the ‘get acquainted’ whipping that Rocco had ordered. There was a pause as Irma drew her quirt from her belt. Ruth girded herself for the blow which was to come.

The lashes were laid across her proffered rear with all her force. Ruth called out, but she was determined not to scream. Irma must have had the opposite in mind since she delivered three more intense blows in rapid succession. At the third one, Ruth’s fortitude expired and she released a piteous howl. Irma gave her two more blows just to make sure that Ruth knew who was boss.

Through her sobs, she heard Irma order her back to her feet. She had put the quirt back on her belt. Irma had bulging breasts that were barely contained by the bodice of her dour dress. It had short sleeves and her muscular arms were well displayed.

“This is your room,” Irma explained to her in a low, ominous voice. “This is where you will service guests. This is your alcove. This is where you will spend your time when you are waiting for your next guest to arrive. She dragged her into the alcove. “See that chain?” she demanded. She pointed to the one by the 4’ long and wide rug. “That’s where you will kneel when nobody has called for you. When a guest has left, assuming he had left you unbound, you will go to the ion booth in the bathroom and clean yourself. You will come back here and redo your makeup and make yourself presentable. There is a spritzer of perfume. Use it. When you are ready for your next guest, you will kneel on the mat and attach the chain to your left ankle. When the time has come for you to prepare yourself for a guest’s arrival, it will be released remotely and then you are to come over here.”

She dragged her to the center of the room. She pointed to the frame. “You will kneel down and mount yourself in the frame. I’ll show you how.”

She released her hands from behind her back. She pointed to the base of the frame and told her to kneel on a mat which ran under it.

“When you kneel down, you are to turn this switch here,” she indicated. It was a little on and off switch.

“This activates the magnets in the frame. Now bring your legs back and spread them. Turn around and look. There are two magnets, one on either side. You are to put your ankle bracelets against them. Do it now.”

Ruth obeyed. Her ankles stuck fast.

“Then you are to bring your arms back and place your wrists against these metal plates. Do it now.”

Ruth reluctantly brought her arms back. She had to turn to her left to make sure she aligned her bracelet with the pad on that side. Once it was stuck, she did the right. Her arms were pulled back awkwardly.

“Then, you are to place the back of your neck against this plate her up behind

you. I'm going to adjust it to the right height." There was a pause. "Okay, do it now." Ruth knelt up and pushed her head back. There was a tug as the magnet pulled her collar in. Irma stood up and stepped back to look at her.

"That's how you will await the arrival of your guest. If you are not properly mounted in your frame when the guest enters the room, you will be severely punished. You will get plenty of warning. There is a red light in your alcove that will go off along with a buzzer that will give you ten minutes to mount yourself properly. Once you are mounted, the light and the buzzer will go off and the desk downstairs will know that you are ready. Do you understand?"

Ruth nodded yes, sadly.

"Now let's get these things adjusted so you are displayed properly," Irma continued.

She went behind Ruth and she felt the plate on her neck being raised until she was stretched tall. The plates on her ankles were spread a bit wider apart and pulled back. The plates on her wrists were pulled back as well.

Her back was arched, thrusting out her breasts and belly and her arms pulled back tightly causing her shoulders to ache. She was kneeling straight up, with her head tilted a little back. Her legs were spread, displaying her mons.

Irma stepped back and looked at her. "Yes, yes, that's very good," she murmured to herself. And to Ruth, "Spread your thighs a little bit further apart, until your knees push up against the frame." Ruth obeyed, further straining her back.

"That's perfect," Irma said. "You're really a beaut, Sparkle," Irma said wistfully. "Don't worry, we'll get to spend some quality time together. And if you fuck up, it'll either be me or my partner Selena who you'll answer to. And you don't want to do that, let me assure you."

Ruth was fighting off whines and sobs. Her whole body strained. How long would she have to remain trussed up like this, she worried. Irma had an answer for her.

"You should be here, mounted and ready no later than fifteen minutes before your guest is to arrive. This way, if he arrives early you'll be ready. If he's late, well, you just wait. If he's more than forty minutes late, they'll release you from downstairs and you'll go to your alcove and chain yourself in. While you are waiting for a guest to arrive, you don't have to keep the ball in your mouth, but you are to apply it before you mount yourself. And I suggest that you take a pee first so you don't have to go during your session with the guest."

She leaned down and turned off the switch. The magnets all released her. She slumped gratefully. Irma turned it back on. "Okay, mount yourself," she ordered.

It was difficult. She had to strain herself to get into the right position. Kneeling up and meeting her collar with the plate up and behind her was the most

difficult since she couldn't see it. When she was mounted and displayed, Irma crouched down and gave her mons a not too gentle rub. She took hold of her breasts and squeezed them and then gave her nipples a fierce pull. "Yeah, you're a real beut," she repeated.

She stood back again. She looked at her thighs. "You're dragons are a little hidden. Let's see what we can do about that," she said. She leaned down and moved the front sides of the frame slightly, angling them out. "Try that," she said.

Ruth placed her knees against the frame in its new position. It stretched her back some more, but she was able to do it.

"Much, much better," Irma told her. "You can see them really well now. They'll check you on the viddy from downstairs before they send the guest up, so make sure that you don't get lazy." Ruth would have nodded assent, except that she couldn't move her head.

Irma crouched down in front of her again. She ran her hand up and down her pussy. "You've got a real pretty, pussy, Sparkle," she said huskily. She drew her fingers up and down her crevasse. "And pretty titties, too. It makes me want to eat you all up."

She leaned forward and captured her right teat in her mouth. She began suckling on it gently. The stroking of her fingers continued. Ruth felt her fires being stoked. She squirmed and writhed, but she was entirely motionless. Irma moved her mouth to her other teat. He slice had become slick and the big woman slipped some of her moisture up over her button and began to stroke it.

"Yeah, the guests will get real hot when they see you all mounted up like this, Sparkle. They'll probably want to play with you a bit like I'm doing. You're going to have to relax and enjoy it."

Ruth felt her heat building. A few moments ago, this woman had whipped her, and now she was giving her pleasure. The world she was in was all topsy turvy. She wanted the unwanted hand to go away. She wanted to grab it and stop it. Anyone, it seemed, could do anything they wanted to her. Was this another unauthorized sexual act that she would be blamed for? With Lenny, she might have fought and struggled and tried to beat him off, although her success at such an endeavor was doubtful. But this, she had no power to resist. She couldn't move a single muscle.

Irma was rubbing and caressing her little button in earnest. Ruth felt her lusts bubbling up. She shook her hips to try and fight off the interminable hand, but she barely moved. She closed her eyes and whined, but the hand went on and on. Irma had started suckling on her nipples again and lust was pouring through her like a raging river. Irma rose from her breasts. She took the ball out of her mouth and tossed it aside. She put her hand behind her head and pushed their lips together. Her tongue forced entry into her mouth. The heat and its forcefulness caused a

tremor of passion to vibrate through her.

She was flicking at her nubbin while her tongue scoured her mouth. Ruth put up a momentary struggle against the orgasm that was building. Her lusts flung themselves against that flimsy obstacle and her pussy began to convulse and pulse feverishly. She moaned into Irma's mouth and her body shuddered and shook. She made her go on and on and on until she was practically screaming.

She pulled her head back and slowed her hand. She relieved her assault on her nubbin and slid her fingers up and down her messy slice. "Oh, yeah, Sparkle," she cooed to her. "You and I are going to be good friends. Selena's going to love you too. And let me warn you, she really likes to suck pussy, so get yourself ready for a ride."

Ruth whined. What had she ever done to deserve any of this, she thought miserably. She would have no more power to resist Irma or Selena's advances than she did Rocco's. Or any of the men who would come to use her. And Irma was right. The men would want to play with her first, watch her come. Make her squirm and moan. And then they would fuck her on the bed to her left. Or over on the ottoman behind her. Or on the floor. Or on the ceiling if they could manage it. Or make her suck them. Maybe as she knelt here in her frame. All they had to do was move the plate behind her head forward a bit. She would have to make a narrow hole like she did for Mr. Madigan a little while ago. The guest would happily do all the work.

And it sounded like she would be locked in this room permanently. The only amelioration would be that's she would be able to gaze outside of the window in her little alcove, to look at the world that was forbidden to her. To wish and fantasize about all the things that might have been. To watch the tiny cars go by on the little toy roads and wish she were in them.

Irma got up. She clicked the button that released her bonds. Ruth sagged.

"Okay, get up and clean yourself all up," Irma commended. "Go in the bathroom, clean yourself in the ion booth, clean out your pussy on the bidet and then come back here. We'll make up your face so you're nice and pretty."

Ruth did all those things. Irma sat her in her alcove and painted her face with lip gloss, eyeshade mascara and blush. When Ruth looked at herself in the mirror she confessed that she looked eminently fuckable.

"Don't forget to brush your teeth and use the mouthwash, especially if you've given out a blowjob. You're to make yourself immaculate for your next guest. Mr. Marchetti's going to be charging a pretty penny for you and so you better make yourself worth it or you will have to answer to him."

She ordered Ruth to pee. When she was done, she pulled her out into the main room. She picked up the black rubber ball she had discarded and went into the bathroom and washed it. She came back and put it into Ruth's mouth.

“Okay, mount yourself,” she ordered.

Ruth scrambled over to the frame. She flicked the switch turning it on and carefully affixed first her ankles, then her wrists and then her neck in place. She turned her thighs to the outside to display her fiery dragons.

“Very good,” Irma said, pleased. She went to the door. There was a CPad mounted in the wall. She checked the time. She turned back. “You’ve got about an hour before your first guest,” she announced. I’m going to go and get you something to eat. I’ll be back in a little while. In the meantime, get used to kneeling in the frame. You’ll be spending a lot of time in it.”

She thumbed the door and stepped out. The door shut had the lock clacked. Ruth looked up at it forlornly. She squirmed a bit in her bonds, but nothing would move. She imagined herself locked up here for hours and hours and hours. And to be in this room forever and ever and ever. And what was worse, she would be right down the hall from Rocco. He could come in and use her between booty calls, or have her brought down to his office so he could abuse her.

At least before when she had been a whore here, she could, on occasion, sit in the cafeteria or in the rec room and talk to the other girls, share some comradery in their distress. But now the only people she would see would be the people who came to use her in this room. How long would he keep her here?

The DCR colonel had asked if she were for sale. Rocco had said no. But he had left the door open. Like Cathy, if she sucked and fucked with complete and utter devotion, would she be able to convince one of her users to buy her? How long would it take for Rocco to decide he had had enough opportunity to abuse her and let her go?

She continued to whine and squirm in her bonds until Irma came back. She was holding a tray with a covered bowl and a bottle of fruit juice on it. She put the tray on the floor and crouched down in front of her. She pulled the ball out of her mouth and put it on the tray. She uncovered the bowl. There was a spoon on the tray and she picked it up. She lifted the bowl and held it in front of her. She put the spoon in and scooped out some of the brownish mush. “Open up, Sparkle,” she told her. Ruth sadly spread her lips. Irma put the spoon in her mouth. She closed her mouth around it.

It was some kind of beef dish, or pseudo beef dish since Rocco didn’t serve his slaves actual, real meat. But it would be loaded with protein from other sources. It was not like the food she got at Mr. Anderson’s. She chewed it and swallowed it and opened her mouth again.

Irma fed her the whole bowl. Ruth could feel the warmth in her belly. Was this how she was going to be fed from now on? At least Mr. Anderson had let her eat on her own from the floor. It would be just one more indignity heaped on her. She felt tears flowing down her face as Irma scraped up the last bits. When the

bowl was empty, she brought the bottle of juice to her lips and let her drink it.

“Okay, that’s that,” Irma said as she put the bottle down. She told Ruth to open her mouth again and she forced the ball into it. She patted her on the cheek. “Have a good time,” she taunted her. She got up with the tray in her hands. She went to the door and left.

Ruth squirmed and whined some more. She closed her eyes and wished herself somewhere else, anywhere else. She dreaded the arrival of the DCR colonel. If he was as rude as Major Lesniak or that other major who hadn't even told her his name, it would be a rough session.

And then a little buzzing in her mind came back to the fore. It had generated when she had heard Rocco talking to the DCR guy. Was it a coincidence that her first user was to be a DCR colonel? What relation did he have to the dual majors? Had it all been a setup engineered by Rocco to get her away from Mr. Anderson? A terrible weight came down on her heart. When she had left the Pussy Palace, she had wondered why Rocco had let her go and not tried to get authorization from the powers that be to keep her here longer. Was this Rocco’s scheme all along? The thought was too horrible to contemplate. Coldness swept through her. Her intuition had been right. And she had been right that for some reason God had prescribed a horrible, wretched life for her.

She was still stewing in her sadness when the door clacked and opened. A tall, thin man in a DCR uniform came strolling in. He looked at her and his eyes lit up. Like the majors, he had yellow scrambled eggs on the brim of his cap. He had two eagles on his collar, though instead of oak leaves. He had gold braid on his shoulders. He smiled at her and crouched down in front of her. Irma had been right. He stroked and caressed her pussy and breasts first thing. He took her nipples and shook her breasts. He squeezed them, mashing them and kneading them.

“Very, very nice,” he said more to himself than to her. He stood up and walked further into the room, out of her sight. She heard him undressing. Out of the corner of her eye she saw him, naked now, step up to the credenza on her left and collect some ice from the dispenser and pour clear liquor into a short, round glass. He took a long sip and sighed. Then he came back to her again. He stood there for a while, just looking at her. She looked back up at him. He had short black hair with a bit of frosting on the sides. His chest had a trail of black and gray hairs that led down to his lower belly. He was stroking his tumescing cock with his right hand as he held his drink in his left. His body was wiry and taut, bespeaking a lifetime of physical fitness. Ruth felt like her designs were leaping out at him, telling him that her body was desirous of his caresses. She shuddered and quailed.

He put the glass down on the credenza and approached her. As she had feared, he reached up to the frame and slid her head forward so that it was projected from her body. He pried the black ball out of her mouth with long, boney fingers and

tossed it away. Wordlessly, he proffered his prick to her. She fought back a whine and spread her lips. He moved close to her and slid his now hard rod in. She clamped her mouth down around it.

He sawed back and forth for the longest time. Her stomach turned over and over at the sensation of the unwanted cock as it traversed her lips and her tongue. He pushed it in as far as it would go, pressing his scratchy, curly pubic hair against her face. It popped into her throat and he held it there, issuing a long soft moan. He withdrew and did it again and again. Each time she strained for air as he blocked her passageway. A few times in the past, guests who did not know what they were doing, had kept themselves lodged there until she fainted from lack of air. She would awaken with them slapping her face urgently. Can you imagine the bill they would get for killing one of Rocco's whores? She would stir back to consciousness. They would smile with relief, and then resume her abuse.

The colonel was fucking her mouth like he was marching on parade. His cock moved back and forth at a singular, steady pace. Then he started to moan and Ruth sensed him shuddering. His hands were on her head and his grip tightened. A few moments later, his cock began to jerk and throb and he spilled himself into her. She drank down his spume obediently. He sighed when he was done, sawed himself back and forth a few more times and then withdrew. He patted her on the cheek and went back to get his drink.

She heard the tinkle of ice as he finished it off. He poured himself another. He went behind her and sat in one of the chairs. The FV popped on. He lit a cigarette.

Ruth remained kneeling, staring at the door while the colonel relaxed. He probably wasn't paying so he didn't have to worry about how he was using his time. After about a half hour, he got up and returned to her. He hit the switch which turned off the magnets and told her to get on the bed. Ruth scurried over and drew down the bedspread and the top sheet. When she looked up, there was an image in the large movey picture above the headboard. She hadn't been able to see it while kneeling in the frame. It was her! It was from some viddys that Mr. Anderson had made. She was turning and exhibiting herself lasciviously. She was proffering her breasts, stroking her quim, turning around and offering the vision of her butterfly from behind with all the greenery on the back of her thighs and on her rear to frame it. She tore her vision of it away. She prayed that they turned it off when the guest had left. She didn't want to think of it up there going all the time.

She got up on the bed, in its center, lay down on her back with her head on a pillow and then raised her knees and spread them, conscious of the moving display of these very charms going on above her. The colonel finished off his drink and then climbed aboard.

He started off by having her kneel up and turning her this way and that to get a better look at her markings. Ruth complied readily, her stomach churning. He

wasn't saying a word to her, guiding her the way he wanted to see her with his hands. He had her kneel with her head down and her legs spread. He ran his hands over her back several times, taking in the sight of the temptress. He had her kneel up and he pressed himself against her, kneading and massaging her breasts from behind. His body was hot against her and her lusts began to grow. He ran his hands down over her belly and over her thighs. He leaned back and ran them over her shoulders and down her arms, like he was prepping her for his assault.

He made her kneel down again by pushing on her back. He slid his hand between her legs from behind and stroked and stroked and stroked and probed at her quim until she was nice and wet and open. She felt his cock slide up her crevasse and find her entrance. Then he eased himself in.

If his mouthfucking had been peremptory and efficient, his cunt fucking was leisurely and languorous. The feeling of the unwanted cock scraping and traversing along her canal, gave her momentary nausea, but she quickly remembered her duty. She squeezed at his cock and tried to meet his almost torpid thrusts. Soon, he had her lost in a mesmerizing haze. She felt good that he could bring her there. It was her duty to respond and she didn't want to fail in her duty the first time out. He gradually picked up his pace and soon they were both sighing and moaning. When he was about to come, he started pounding away and grunting. It sent her over the top and she almost missed the fact that he was releasing a series of anguished sounding grunts and ejecting her with his spume.

He rubbed her back a few times as he detumescd and then got off the bed. She heard him fill his glass again. He stood there at the foot of the bed examining her for a while, perhaps comparing the reality with the display up above. He told her to raise her ass so he could see her pussy from behind. She imagined him taking in the little upside down butterfly surrounded by all the verdancy on her thighs and rear. He put down his drink, got back up on the bed and told her to roll to her back. He got between her thighs and lowered his head to her loins. He mouthed her for a long time, making her writhe and moan, starting and stopping to run his hands over her outstretched thighs, her belly and her breasts. Then he would resume. He finally allowed her to have an explosive orgasm.

When she wound down, panting, her heart beating wildly, he mounted her from the front, raising her knees and entering her. This time he was all business, thrusting down into her again and again rapidly as if he were running out of time. She came when he did and they both grunted and moaned at each other as his tongue scoured her mouth.

He rose from her. He poured himself yet another drink and stood there watching her while he smoked a cigarette. Her legs were splayed and her knees were raised exhibiting her butterfly design. She stared back up at him, unhappy at his cold gaze, but too afraid to take her eyes off of his boney face. After about a

minute, he spoke, and gave her reason to fear his detached examination.

“Next time,” he told her, “I’m going to whip you.”

He tossed off his drink, put his cigarette out in the ashtray and ordered her to turn over. He locked her ankles together and her hands and connected them with a chain he found in the drawer of the bedtable to the left. He retrieved her black ball and crawling over her and pulling back her hair with one hand, presented it to her mouth and jammed it in. She heard him dressing behind her. The door clacked and he left.

She hung her head in despair. This is what it was going to be like. He was going to come back and whip her. She had obeyed him in every respect, had responded to him enthusiastically, and still he was going to whip her. She started to cry as if she had a never ending supply of tears.

About 20 minutes later, the door opened. Someone came on the bed and released her. She looked up. It was one of the grandmothers dressed in a blue smock. She looked back at her impersonally. She had mostly gray hair pulled into a knot behind her head. She was heavy and she had a cold, indifferent face. When she was freed, the woman told her icily, “Get off the bed.”

Ruth obeyed. She scurried to the bathroom to clean herself as the grandmother stripped the sheets. In the bathroom, there was the choice of the ion booth or the real, actual shower. She knew that the shower was not for her. She jumped into the ion booth and stood there with her arms raised as it belabored her body with rays, extinguishing whatever fine layers of cells the man had left on her. She used the bidet to wash out her cleft. When done, she went to her alcove, peed, brushed her hair, checked her makeup and, removing the black ball from her mouth, brushed her teeth and rinsed her mouth out with the mouthwash. She sprayed herself lightly with perfume.

She snuck her head out of the alcove. The grandmother was finishing up. She had taken the colonel’s used glass and emptied and cleaned out the solid glass, crystal ashtray. She had sprayed the room with air freshener, although the efficient air flow system had already whisked most of the odor away.

She was about to go kneel on her mat in the alcove and take a rest, when the red light began to blink and the buzzer went off. She frowned. Another customer already. There was a little notch there that held a plastic cup and a nozzle. She poured herself a cup of water, downed it and rushed out to the main room. She had been tempted to eat one of the fresh looking apples there, but she knew that she didn’t have the time.

Once outside in the main room, she reluctantly knelt at the frame, turned on the switch and was about to lock herself in when she realized that she had left the black ball in the alcove. She rushed there and hastily stuffed it into her mouth as she rushed back to the frame. She locked herself in. The red light and the buzzer,

which had been going on and on like a claxon, went off. She looked up at the viddy camera above the door. "See, I'm good. I'm obedient!" she said to it mentally.

She waited there, helpless, for about 20 minutes. When the door opened, it was an older man, perhaps in his early sixties. He was wearing a suit and tie. His hair was completely gray and he gave her what seemed like a friendly smile when he saw her. Like the colonel, he played with her a bit, taking in her charms before he went behind her and removed his clothes. He released her, had her get up on the bed.

He made her suck him for a long time, stopping her when he got too close to climax. Then he laid back and told her to mount him. She stroked him with her cunt. He kept starting and stopping her. Her lusts would rise and fall again. Finally, he let her go on and on until his body jerked and he released several short grunts.

He pushed her off and then, like the colonel, examined every inch of her body. Unlike the colonel, he spoke to her, telling her how pretty she was, how beautiful her markings. He seemed almost kindly. When he had satisfied his curiosity, he had her lie back and spread her legs next to him, as Mr. Anderson had done, and he brought her off with his hand. She shuddered and shook and groaned when she came.

He left her on the bed while he dressed and then called her back to the frame. He turned on the magnets and made her get in. When she was totally immobile again, he reinstalled her ball gag. He patted her softly on the cheek, smiling, and then left.

The next grandmother who came in was a bit younger. Her hair had not turned completely gray. She was thinner. But she carried the same look of indifference as the other woman. She left Ruth in her frame as she cleaned the room. When she was done, she took a tray from her cart, came over to Ruth and, with some difficulty, knelt down in front of her. She uncovered the bowl on the tray and fed her. It was some kind of faux meat, Ruth was not sure what it was, covered in a faux cream sauce. There was broccoli. Instead of juice, there was a tall carafe. The woman made her drink directly from it. It was chalky and sour and Ruth imagined that it had been prescribed for her as part of the campaign to keep her breasts full and plump.

After she put the tray back on the cart, the woman released her. Ruth dashed off immediately. She was in the middle of brushing her hair when the light and buzzer went off again. She held back a sob and she hurried to get ready again. This time, as she was kneeling there, a big, bulky ogre of a guy came in. He was wearing a gold and brown knit shirt and black, well creased jeans. He used her rear brutally on the bed after examining her perfunctorily. As he came, he lifted her head back by her hair, straining it as he unloaded his juice into her.

When he was done, he went to the bathroom and cleaned himself off. He came

back, shot back a few fingers of whiskey and then climbed on the bed again. He lay back against the headboard, ordering her to get him hard. When he was stiff and ready, he took hold of her hair and used her head to violently jerk himself off.

When he had grown soft, he pushed her off, got up off the bed and got dressed while she knelt there and watched him. After he had tied off his heavy, black boots, he came up to her and grabbed the ring in the front of her collar. To her shock, he gave her three fierce blows across the face with the palm of his hand, making her head rock. She shrieked and began to sob. He laughed and pushed her down on the bed. He left.

The first grandmother came in right away. Still sobbing, Ruth crawled off of the bed and went and cleaned herself. She brushed her teeth rigorously, wanting to get every last molecule of the man's essence out of her mouth. She rinsed her mouth out three times. This time, the red light did not go on by the time she was done. She knelt on her mat and fastened the chain to her ankle. She lay down and miserated at her fate for a while. She remembered the fruit and ate an apple, relishing the wonderful taste. She took a drink of water, then knelt there and waited.

She turned to the window. It was dark now. The lighting in her little alcove was low enough so that she could see outside. There was a large moon. She could see the lights on the highway which led off to Cincinnati and the head and tail lights of cars coming back and forth. She cried for a while and then looked away. Maybe the window was not a blessing after all, she thought.

After about an hour and a half, the door opened. She peaked around the wall of her alcove. It was Irma, returned, and another woman. She was not as big as Irma, but she looked just as mean. Someone had broken her nose once and it had not been reset perfectly. Irma released her and told her to get on the bed. She and the other woman stripped, Ruth assumed it was Selena, and joined her. They used her for about an hour, both at once at times and sometimes by themselves as the other sat in the easy chair and watched while she drank whiskey. Irma had been right about Selena as she tortured her crevasse with her mouth for a long, long time, making her come repeatedly. She serviced both women with her mouth. Irma took a dildo and belt from the nightstand and fucked her with it fore and aft while the other end vibrated in her pussy, making her roar several times.

When they were done with her, they sent her into the bathroom to clean herself up. They had brought her a small plate of cheese and what pretended to be ham all cut up into chunks. They had her kneel with her hands behind her back while they fed it to her, playing with her breasts and rubbing her mons. When she was done, they reinstalled the ball into her mouth, brought her to the alcove, chained her wrists to the front of her collar and then chained her left ankle and the back of her collar while she lay back on the soft pallet. They both kissed and

suckled on her breasts, laughing, calling her their favorite whore, turned out all the lights and left.

And so began the next phase of her life. The men came and went. The colonel, true to his word, when he came back about a week later, beat her brutally and then fucked her coldly. And, as she had feared, she was forced to service both Major Lesniak and the other major several times. As she suffered their possession of her mouth, or had her on her knees, her head down, and filled her pussy, she couldn't help be filled with a virulent sadness that they had, in essence, ruined her life. At one point, when the black major was thrusting himself in and out of her mouth while she was still in her frame, she had thought of biting down so hard on him that she would tear his appendage right from his body. But she hesitated too long. His cock jerked and spasmed in her mouth before she knew it. He released her immediately afterwards and then abused her on the bed.

Most of the men treated her decently, or as decently as you could treat a slave, but some were sons of bitches like that third man on her first day. Some would beat her, some would push her down on her back, mount her chest and fuck her throat. Some were just ruthless and cold, as if they were punishing an enemy. She serviced them all energetically. Twice she had fallen asleep in her alcove without preparing herself and when the red light and buzzer went off she was not able to mount herself in time. Irma beat her the first time. The second time it was Selena.

The elegant grey haired man who had used her on the first day came back often. She began to hope against hope that he would buy her. She made double sure that she pleased him, smiled when he complimented her and came joyously when he made her come with his hand, which he did almost every time he used her. But then he just stopped coming.

Rocco would use her too. Mornings were slow and he would have Irma or Selena deliver her to him. Sometimes she would wait in a cage until he was ready. He would collect a blowjob or fuck her over the stanchion or the ottoman and then put her back until one of the women retrieved her. He would always taunt her about whether she was a happy whore, or whether she liked his prick, or how she liked the taste of his cum. Sometimes Mr. Madigan was there and he would use her too. He came a few times to her room and used her there as well.

Once, about a month after she arrived, when she was kneeling in one of the cages in Rocco's office, waiting for either Irma or Selena to bring her back to her room after Rocco had fucked her and whipped her, one of the security guys brought the girl she had seen on her first day, Cathy, into the room. She was wearing a very short and tight dark green miniskirt, tall high heels and a very tight blue tinged, white blouse. Rocco, even though he had just gotten done with her, made Cathy lean over the ottoman after edging her skirt up to her waist, and used her rear. Cathy squealed and moaned, but did not resist him. When he was done, he

made her strip, gagged her with one of the black balls and put her in the cage next to Ruth. He had braceleted her hands behind her back.

After about an hour, which Rocco spent on the viddy talking to clients and other associates, Judy buzzed him and said that Mr. Goins and his son were there. Rocco told her to let them in.

They came into the room warily. There was an older man, maybe mid-fifties, and a younger man. They were both wearing dress shirts and ties with dark dress pants and shiny black shoes. The father had a dark blue sports jacket on. They both had a kind of lost look on their face, as if the tour they had just had of Rocco's facility was a bit overwhelming. They were accompanied by a beefy security guy.

As they crossed the room to approach Rocco's desk, the younger guy gave his father a nudge and pointed with his head towards the cages. At just about the same time, Cathy, who had been on high alert after hearing the names, started to whine and agitate in her cage.

"Sit down," Rocco boomed. The father and son gingerly stepped forward and took the two chairs to the front left of the desk so that they could maintain a view of Cathy. They waited for Rocco to speak.

"Well?" he asked them expectantly.

Mr. Goins pulled an envelope out of the interior pocket of his jacket. It was large and over stuffed. He held it in his hands for a moment, as if hesitant about the deal he was about to make.

"Mr. Marchetti," he started hesitatingly, "I have the \$50,000, but I wanted to see if you could be a little bit more reasonable."

"Reasonable?" Rocco returned. "Why should I be reasonable? What makes you so sure I'm not being reasonable?"

"Well, I was able to access your website and I saw that you had Cathy listed for sale for \$25,000. I don't understand why you are demanding \$50,000 from me. It doesn't seem fair."

"As a matter of fact, I had a buyer all lined up when you called. I think that I've done you a big favor by holding off. He's a good customer of mine."

"But why do we have to pay more than him? Why can't we just pay the \$25,000?"

"Are you haggling with me over your daughter, Mr. Goins?" Rocco asked sarcastically.

"N-no," Mr. Goins said hurriedly.

"It seems like you are. Are you going to pay the \$50,000, or not? If not, you're wasting my time."

"N-no, I'll pay it, Mr. Marchetti. I just wondered why you were being so unfair."

Rocco stared at him. Then he spoke. "There are a few reasons I'm being what

you call unfair,” he responded. “First of all, like I said, I had a buyer all lined up for her. He’s a frequent customer, another broker I deal with. He had promised her to his customer. So, if I sell her to you, I’m going to be pissing this other guy off. Secondly, I’m not in the habit of selling the girls I acquire, totally legally I might point out, back to her family or so-called loved ones. It almost makes it seem like I kidnapped her and am holding her for ransom. That would be illegal. And I have enough cops and DCR guys crawling up my ass as it is.” He paused again. He looked over at Cathy. She was kneeling there bug eyed and crying. She was so close and yet so far. He looked back.

“And, finally, I’m not in the business of being kindly to strangers. Frankly, she’s worth more to you than to my customer. I sell my girls for whatever the market will bear. And, with you, it’ll bear \$50,000.”

He leaned forward. “And, in fact, I can sell her to anybody I want to. I don’t have to sell her to you for any amount of money you might offer. I just might take a dislike to you and raise the price to \$100,000!”

Mr. Goins turned white. His son made a motion to get up off of his chair, but the father put his hand on his arm and stopped him. You could see that the son wanted to lay into Rocco, but his better judgment was holding him back.

“Okay, Mr. Marchetti, I understand. We want Cathy back and we’re willing to pay your price. Here’s the money.” He got up and proffered the envelope to Rocco. Rocco stared at him.

“I don’t think I want your money, Mr. Goins,” he said to him coldly as he leaned back in his chair. “I think it’s bad for business. If my girls thought that they could hold out until their families could come and get them, I’d never get them to give me their full obedience. I’d have families clamoring at my door every day to get their girls back. No, I’ve changed my mind. You and your son can get out of here. Cathy will be gone by tomorrow.”

The son leapt to his feet. “You motherfucker!” he yelled. “I ought to tear your heart out!” The security guy stepped forward. Rocco waived him off.

“You see what I mean, Mr. Goins. I’m trying to do you a favor and I’ll I get is hostility. First I get my fairness and integrity questioned, and now your son has called me a motherfucker.”

The father turned to the son. “Michael, sit down!” he shouted. Then he turned to Rocco. “I’m sorry, Mr. Marchetti,” he said, his voice shaken. “I didn’t mean to question your integrity. I just didn’t understand. I understand everything now and I appreciate your point of view. Under the circumstances, \$50,000 seems more than fair. Please. Let me get my daughter back.”

Rocco paused. He looked at Goins, he looked at the envelope, he looked at Cathy. He looked back at Goins. “I tell you what, Mr. Goins,” he said coldly. “Under the circumstances, you can have her for \$60,000. That’s my final offer.”

The man turned white, shaken. “B-but I’ve only brought \$50,000. We had a deal.”

“You broke the deal when you questioned the price. Now I’m offering you a new deal. Take it or leave it,” Rocco told him spitefully.

“I-I’ll take it!” the man said frantically. “But I don’t have the money on me. I’ll have to go to the bank.”

“Okay. I’ll give you an hour. Be back here with the 60k in an hour. If not, don’t come back at all.”

“Yes, Mr. Marchetti,” Mr. Goins replied. “I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

“In any case, in less than an hour,” Rocco said.

The man turned to go. The son sat in the chair, glaring at Rocco. The father turned to him. “Come on, Michael! Now!” he boomed.

Michael got up quickly. He almost knocked his chair back. The father took him by the arm and led him from the room. The security guard followed them.

When the door closed, Rocco laughed. He turned to Cathy. “Do you think he’ll be back?” he asked her tauntingly. She sobbed.

“Well, we’ll see. If not, there’s a plane flight in your future tomorrow first thing.”

He buzzed Judy. “What’s going on?” he asked sharply.

“Madeline Morocco’s out here with a prospect and there’s a guy, Quinton Philips who’s got a new girl with him.”

“All right, send this Philips guy in. Have we dealt with him before?”

“No, Mr. Marchetti,” Judy replied.

“Okay, send him and Madeline in. Get me Ronnie. I think he’s on duty out there. We might need his help. Give the prospect my apologies. Give him a blowjob while he’s waiting if he wants one.”

“Yes, Mr. Marchetti,” Judy replied coldly.

A few moments later, the door opened. It was a good sized, young black guy. He looked to be about 28 or 29. He had on a stylish green and blue shirt on, open at the collar, and very sharp designer jeans. On his feet were a pair of high topped athletic shoes that looked pristine and expensive.

He was towing a young black girl. She was thin. She had excited brown eyes that were darting around the room. She was wearing a purple miniskirt, bright red high heels and a burnt orange halter top. She had curly black hair that went to her shoulders. Quinton had hold of a leash that led to a collar around the girl’s neck. Her mouth was covered by silvery tape.

Madeline was right behind them. She was tallish, maybe 5’10”. She was dressed in an elegant silk skirt that came just above her knees. It was light tan with rainbow stripes dashing across it. She had on mauve high heels and a sea green silk blouse that was tight and accentuated her very liberal breasts.

“Come in, come in,” Rocco said jovially. “Have a seat.”

Quinton approached a chair to the right of the footprints. He turned to the girl. “Get on your knees, Henrietta, or I’ll smack you one!” he told her.

She whined. Her eyes cringed. She saw Ruth and Cathy in the cages off to her left. She looked at Quinton, who was glaring at her expectantly. She sank to her knees. Quinton sat down.

“Can Madeline get you a drink, Quinton?” Rocco asked politely.

“Sure,” Quinton replied. “Got any Stoly?”

“Of course,” Rocco answered.

“Stoly on ice with a twist,” Quinton said. Rocco gave Madeline a nod and moved off to the bar.

“So, who is this?” Rocco asked.

“This is Henrietta. Her boyfriend owed me money and so he turned her over to me.”

“And just what is your business, Quinton,” Rocco asked.

Madeline was back with Quinton’s drink. She handed him a rocks glass filled about halfway with vodka and ice. A little curl of lemon floated in it.

Quinton took a long sip. He looked about. Madeline took a coaster from the bar and put it on the edge of Rocco’s desk. Quinton nodded his thanks and put his glass down.

“Let’s just say that I prevent people from having accidents,” Quinton said.

“That’s a nice business,” Rocco replied. “And now you’re branching out?”

“Yeah, I guess you can say that, Mr. Marchetti.”

“Please, call me Rocco.”

“Okay, Rocco,” Quinton answered. “Well, Henrietta here just kind of fell into my lap and got me to thinking. There’s a lot of people out there who owe me money, or might owe other people money, people who are my friends. Selling pussy might be a good way of offsetting it.”

Quinton was clearly a hoodlum, but he carried himself with a fine sophistication, like he was used to travelling in expensive circles. He took another sip of his vodka.

“And how did my name come up?” Rocco asked.

“I asked a guy who asked a guy who asked a guy,” Quinton answered.

“Do you mind if I take a look at the merchandise?”

“Not at all,”

“Let me get my guy in here.” Rocco buzzed Judy. She didn’t answer. He buzzed her again. She answered.

“What the fuck took you so long!” Rocco demanded.

“Well, a minute ago you told me to suck this guy’s prick!” Judy answered, exasperated. “I can’t answer the intercom with a dick in my mouth!”

Rocco laughed. "I guess not," he answered her. "So where's Ronny?"

"He's coming now."

"Well, buzz him in and get back to work. And don't give me any lip!" Realizing his pun, everybody laughed. Except Henrietta, Cathy and Ruth. And Judy.

"Yes, Mr. Marchetti. I'm sorry, Mr. Marchetti," Judy answered a bit nervously.

A second later, the door buzzed and a tall chunky guy came through. He had straight black hair that was just a little too long. He was dressed in the black uniform of the security guards.

"Just in time, Ronny," Rocco said. "Henrietta here was just about to get naked and I thought she might need your help."

"Don't worry about that, Rocco," Quinton said. He yanked on Henrietta's leash. "Get naked, bitch!" he told her curtly.

Henrietta looked very unhappy at this command and started to whine. She looked at Quinton pleadingly.

"Do you want a smack up side your head?" Quinton barked at her.

She shook her head fervently.

"The get up and get naked!" Quinton told her again.

She rose to her feet. Quinton reached up and took the leather collar from around her neck. She turned so that he could undo her hands. They were wrapped around about a dozen times with the silvery tape. Quinton peeled it off and Henrietta's hands were free. She turned back. Tears were running down her face.

"Here, I'll take that," Madeline said helpfully. Quinton handed her the rolled up tape. She got up and tossed into a waste can by the door.

Henrietta didn't seem to know what she should take off first. She decided on her top. Her trembling fingers found the bottom and she pulled it slowly up as if she was looking for a reprieve. Four sets of unsympathetic eyes were watching her. She apparently decided that she best get on with it and drew the bottom up over her head. She pulled it off and held on to it for a moment or two, hiding her chest with it. Quinton ripped it out of her hands. "Come on girl," he spat out nastily.

At this she released a sob. She undid the zipper at the back of her skirt and then lowered it. She delicately passed it over her red high heels and handed it to Quinton. He snatched it. She wasn't wearing any underwear or a bra. There was a stain on her upper thigh.

Rocco looked at it quizzically. Quinton saw the look. "I got stopped by a state trooper coming down Route 275. He made me get out of the car and show him what was in the trunk. I could've told him no, but who needs the hassle. Them troopers are always rousting brothers like me. Besides, I had nothing to hide. So he opens the trunk and there's Henrietta all hogtied and gagged. He tries to boost me,

but I've got all the right paperwork so he can't do nothing. He asks if he can fuck her. I want to say no, but, then again, who needs the hassle? So I made Henrietta get out and bend over the trunk. This trooper lifts up her skirt and fucks her, right there on the side of the highway. I never seen white folks treated like that. Anyway, when he was finished I piled Henrietta in and we came here. I didn't have a chance to clean her up."

Rocco laughed. "I would have paid to see that," he said.

"Yeah, well you wouldn't think it was so funny if it was you who were hassled all the time," Quinton shot back.

"You're right, you're right," Rocco said. "I'm sorry. It's a hassle, I know."

"So here she is if you want to see her," Quinton said a little petulantly.

"Thank you," Rocco told Quinton politely. "Come over here, Henrietta," Rocco told her.

Henrietta took a deep breath and stepped carefully over to behind the desk. "Put your hands on your head!" Rocco snapped at her.

She lifted her arms and complied. She was thin, but not without grace. And she was not thin skinny, but thin elegant. She had meat on her bones, and it was all trim and sleek. Her breasts were just a little bigger than teacups. They were pointy. Her skin was dark chocolate and her areolas were just a tad darker. Her pussy carried a nice bush of black hair.

"Ronny, take the tape off of her mouth," Rocco said. Ronny went over to the girl. She flinched as he approached her, but his hand lashed out and grabbed her hair. He ripped the tape off without ceremony, making the girl squeal. He stepped back, rolling the three strips of tape into a ball.

"Very nice," Rocco said to himself. And to Henrietta he said. "How old are you?"

Henrietta was startled to be spoken to directly by Rocco. She looked at Quinton as if asking for permission to answer the question. Quinton just stared at her.

"T-twenty two, sir," she answered haltingly.

"And how many RM's have you had?"

"Just my father and my boyfriend, sir," she squeaked out. She looked at Quinton "A-and Mr. Philips," she added sadly.

"And how many men have you fucked, Henrietta," Rocco continued.

"Th-three, sir," Henrietta answered quickly. "My boyfriend Huey, Mr. Philips and one of his friends."

"And the cop," Quinton added.

"And the policeman, sir," she added unhappily.

"How far did you go in school?"

"I-I'm in college, sir," she answered truthfully.

“You were in college, bitch,” Quinton reminded her.

Henrietta burst into tears. Rocco watched her for a moment. Then he told her, “Come closer, Henrietta.”

She looked at him and then edged her way over so that she was practically touching his knees. Rocco leaned forward and took hold of her breasts, squeezing them. He ran his hand down her belly and told her to spread her legs. He felt her thighs. Solid, not boney. He made her turn around. He ran his hands down her back and over her rump. It was pleasingly plump.

“Okay, give me your thumb, Henrietta,” Rocco told her. She lowered her hand and Rocco put her thumb on a wireless thumbby on his desk. “Okay, stand over there,” he told her, pointing to a spot near the cages. Henrietta retreated gratefully. Without being told, she put her hands back on her head.

“Very polite,” Rocco commented.

“Well, I don’t have no sassy pussy around my place,” Quinton told Rocco.

Rocco nodded. He scanned his CPad, searching the girl’s records. “She did well in school,” he commented. He continued scrolling. “Good grades in college. I see a couple of disciplinary problems. Talking back to a professor. Refusing the Dean of Studies a blowjob. Non-regulation attire twice. And she was caught in a female study group. She was interviewed by STES. Why wasn’t she brought up on charges?”

Quinton shrugged. “Their loss my gain,” he said.

“So, what do you want for her?” Rocco asked.

“25 G’s” Quinton responded quickly.

“No way,” Rocco replied. “I don’t think I could get \$25,000 on her on the open market.”

“Why, because she’s black?” Quinton asked challengingly.

“No, because she’s skinny,” Rocco answered him. “And she has tiny tits. And because she’s a trouble maker.”

“She won’t make no trouble, will you, Henrietta?” Quinton asked her sharply.

“N-no, Mr. Philips,” she replied meekly.

“Well, there’s still the skinny part and the small tits.”

“She’s not skinny. She’s just fine. You can see she took ballet in high school. And she goes to the gym all the time. At least she used to. She’s just fit.”

“Well, I could see my way to \$5,000.” Rocco proffered.

“\$5,000!” Quinton replied angrily. “I could make more than that in a month if I put her on the street!”

“So put her on the street!”

“I don’t want to put her on the street. I just want to move her. I traded her for a \$7500 debt.”

“Then I’ll give you \$7500. Or maybe \$8500, so you can make a buck.”

“Listen, I know what you make on these cunts. I’m not stupid. You’ll get at least 30 grand for her.”

“I won’t get more than 15 K.”

“Why, cause she’s black?”

“No, like I said, she’s skinny and has no tits.”

Henrietta was standing there sobbing. She was sweating heavily.

“Listen, I can bring you 3 or 4 girls a month. Or I can bring them to somebody else. I’m not getting rid of her for less than \$15,000.”

“I gotta make a buck here too, Quinton,” Rocco said. “And you find me a guy within 500 miles who can handle your 3 or 4 girls a month. That’s why you came here. I’ll give you \$9,000.”

“14.”

“10.”

“13.”

“12, and that’s my final offer.”

“12- five.”

“Okay. Done.”

Quinton smiled. Rocco knew that the debt he had settled wasn’t for \$7500. It was probably more like \$5000. Maybe less. Quinton knew that Rocco would get more than \$15,000 for her, probably closer to \$25,000 if he was willing to pay 12-5. But everybody was going to make a few bucks and that was how business went.

Henrietta screamed, “Please don’t do this! Please!”

“Ronnie, bind Henrietta’s hands, gag her and put her in a cage,” Rocco said. Henrietta made a break for the door. Ronnie caught her by the arm. In a second, he had her on the floor with his knee in her back.

“No! Noooooooooo!” Henrietta screamed.

Madeline got up. “I’ll get the bracelets,” she said. She stepped over to the cabinet by the whipping stand, opened it, and came out with a pair of leather bracelets and a black rubber ball. She came over to Ronnie. Henrietta was sobbing and sobbing. Ronnie pinned her right arm to the floor while Madeline applied the bracelet. Then they did the left one. Henrietta was screaming and bucking and squirming, but Ronnie was too big and experienced. Ronnie moved up and kept his dinner plate sized hands on her shoulders while Madeline sat on her legs. Madeline drew her left hand back and pressed it into her back. She had trouble capturing the right one because Henrietta was waving it around. Finally, she caught it. Madeline held her arms firmly behind her while Ronnie leaned forward and clipped the bracelets together.

She wouldn’t open her mouth to receive the black ball, so Ronnie covered her mouth while Madeline closed her nose. She struggled and struggled and struggled for air. After about a minute and a half, Ronnie freed her mouth. He had the black

ball ready. As soon as Henrietta opened her mouth to take in a deep breath, he popped it in. Henrietta released a muffled scream. Madeline removed her fingers from her nose.

They let Henrietta lay there and sob for a few moments.

"I thought that you said she was well behaved," Rocco said to Quinton. Quinton smiled.

"Well, she mostly is," he said.

Ronnie and Madeline pulled Henrietta to her feet. She was limp and had surrendered. They dragged her over to the cages and opened the one on the other side of Ruth. Ronnie forced her down to her knees and they rolled her in. She didn't react until the cage door closed and locked. Then she started sobbing uncontrollably.

Madeline looked at Ruth. "Hiya, Sparkle," she said, smiling. "Long time, no see."

Rocco offered Quinton another drink. Quinton declined. "I've got places to go," he replied. He filled out the transfer section of Henrietta's Female Classification Card with just his signature. He handed it to Rocco. "You can fill out the rest," he said. Rocco nodded and slid the card into the clear sleeve on the side of his desk pad. He buzzed Judy. Apparently she was done with her blowjob since she answered right away.

"Make Mr. Philips out a voucher for \$12,500," he told her. And then to Quinton, "You can get your cash from the cashier downstairs."

"Thanks, Mr. Marchetti," Quinton replied.

"Rocco," Rocco reminded him.

"Rocco," Quinton repeated.

"And about those 3 or 4 girls a month. Were you just bullshitting, Quinton?"

"No. I've got two girls lined up already. Two white girls. Sisters. Good lookers."

"That sounds fine, Quinton. Just contact Madeline when you pick them up. She'll make an appointment for you to come down."

"Sounds good," Quinton answered. All of the ghetto was out of his voice now, as if it had all been an act. He reached over and shook Rocco's hand.

"And I'd prefer you didn't fuck them first," Rocco said. "When you come, I'll give you a pass for one of the working girls here. We prefer working with professionals, Quinton."

"No problem, Rocco," Quinton replied.

He left. Henrietta had stopped howling and was just sobbing quietly. Rocco looked at Madeline. "Next?"

"Mr. Carling," she said.

Rocco hit the intercom. "Judy, please send in Mr. Carling."

“Yes, Mr. Marchetti,” she answered politely.

The door opened and a young man, maybe 30, walked in. He was wearing a stylish, short sleeved shirt of dark pink and light blue. He was wearing long, off white pants. He had on a pair of hand tooled, brown leather boots.

He looked at Rocco and then at the three females in the cages. He kind of shrugged it off. He nodded to Madeline.

“John, this is Mr. Marchetti,” she told him. Carling stepped forward and they shook hands.

“Sit,” Rocco said.

Their conference didn’t take long. Rocco apologized for making him wait and asked how was the blowjob. “Top notch!” Carling replied.

He was looking at 2 girls, a blond girl named Melinda and a brunette named Jean. He couldn’t make up his mind. Rocco suggested that he try them both out. One this afternoon and one after dinner. Melinda was listed for \$35,000. Jean was listed for \$32,000. So there wasn’t much difference in price.

“Mr. Carling wants to know whether we can ship the girl he picks to Seattle,” Madeline said.

“Not a problem, John,” Rocco replied.

“It’s \$2,500 prepaid,” Madeline told him. “I checked it out. It’ll take 2 days to get her there. She has to go through Denver, where she’ll layover. She’ll be ready to pick up at about 11, or she can be driven right to your house for a little bit extra. We use Kings County Airport. It’s better for freight.”

Mr. Carling would appreciate home delivery. They stood and shook hands all around. Madeline had made arrangements to have Melinda waiting for him in bedroom 3.

“I want you to stick around,” Rocco told Ronnie. Ronnie said, “Okay.” He got a coke out of the refrigerator under the bar and went to go sit on one of the couches.

Rocco looked at his wrist timer. He looked at Cathy. “Ten more minutes, Cathy,” he told her. She whined.

“Why don’t you come over here and give me a blowjob while we’re waiting?” he asked. He pressed an icon on his CPad and Cathy’s cage sprang open. She looked at him sadly, got out and knee walked over to him. Cathy had lost those 5 pounds she had always been trying to get rid of. Her hair was shorter and more stylish. When she came over and knelt between his thighs, you could see the trademark, “Rocco’s” tattooed discretely in dark blue script on the right bottom of her rear cheek. Rocco pulled out his crank. He pulled the black ball from her mouth and put it on his desk. Cathy, her hands bound behind her, suppressing a whine, leaned over and took his meat in her mouth.

She worked him slowly and expertly. She had blown a lot of cocks since she

had become Rocco's property and her skills had improved considerably. She moaned and slurped and worked, worked, worked her head up and down. Rocco looked at his wristie again. "Five minutes, Cathy," he reminded her. This time she did whine and began to sob. But she didn't let her efforts flag. She just kept working, working, working.

About two minutes later, Judy buzzed in. "Mr. Goins is back, Mr. Marchetti," she said.

Rocco had his hand on Cathy's head. His breaths were coming heavy and slow. "Tell him a couple more minutes," Rocco replied.

He leaned his head back and enjoyed Cathy's mouth. She was in a delicate situation. She wanted to get done as quickly as possible so that her father could come in and redeem her, but she didn't dare anger Rocco who was known to be mercurial and might change his mind again. So she worked and worked and worked, as if this was the most important blowjob of her life, which it was. Finally, Rocco began to moan. Cathy knew from experience that Rocco could keep her going a long, long time. Her belly was turning sour. She was sweating. She had to steel herself to maintain a regular, loving pace.

"Okay, make me come," Rocco said to her finally.

She picked up her pace and started moaning and groaning. Rocco was sighing deeply. Suddenly, he groaned and released a series of energized grunts. His hand closed around a clump of her hair. His eyes rolled back. And then he was done.

He gave out a long, deep sigh. Cathy was still suckling gently. She didn't want to blow things, if you will excuse the expression, at the last minute. Then Rocco pushed back her head. He patted her on the cheek. "Thank you, Cathy," he told her. "Now go and kneel over there." He pointed to a spot about midway between the desk and the cages. Cathy retreated and then knelt straight up, her back arched, her breasts pressed out, her thighs spread.

Rocco buzzed Judy. "Send him in," he told her as he brought up his zipper.

Mr. Goins came rushing in. He had apparently left his excitable son in the car. "I've got the money," he said energetically. He looked to his left and saw his daughter kneeling there. You have to give him credit, he didn't flinch or react. He stood in front of the desk with the money envelope in his hand. Rocco took it from him. He didn't count it, but just flipped through the bills. "I hope it's all here," he told Mr. Goins.

"It is, Mr. Marchetti," Goins said. "I've counted it twice."

Rocco put the money on his desk. There was a small folder to the side. He picked it up and took out an official card. He took a pen from the penholder on his desk. He looked at the card carefully. He looked up at Goins. He took another piece of paper from the folder. He looked at it and handed it to Mr. Goins.

"This is a non-disparagement agreement. If either you or any member of your

family says anything disparaging about me or the Pussy Palace, ownership of Cathy reverts to me immediately and you forfeit the \$60,000. I'm sure that that's agreeable to you," he said.

Goins took the piece of paper and glanced through it quickly. "No problem," Goins answered. Rocco handed him the pen. "It applies to Cathy as well and it applies to any DCR or police investigation. Do you understand? I've got a lot of friends in the DCR. If you make any trouble for me, I'll know about it right away."

"Yes, Mr. Marchetti," Goins replied. He took the pen from Rocco and signed it. Rocco took the pen and paper back.

"I'm going to keep the only copy, Mr. Goins," he told him. "That way it won't fall into the wrong hands. Oh, and the bracelet stays on. It's right in the agreement. I don't want to have to go looking for her if you break the agreement. And it's going to remain coded to us."

"That's fine with me, Mr. Marchetti," Goins answered.

Rocco took the Female Classification card. He put it down on the desk in front of him. He looked up at Goins. "It's Charles Goins, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes," Goins answered. Rocco scribbled something on the card and signed it. He handed it to Goins.

"Thank you, Mr. Marchetti," Goins said. He had tears in his eyes. He looked at his daughter. She was afraid to move without permission. "What about clothes?" Goins asked.

"You didn't buy any clothes," Rocco replied.

Goins looked at him.

"I don't want any of the other girls getting ideas. Cathy will be delivered to you in the back by the loading dock," Rocco said. "You and your boy drive around back and she'll be down in about fifteen minutes. And I'll throw in something to wear."

"Okay, Mr. Marchetti," Goins said, a bit of ire in his voice. "Under the circumstances, I hope you understand if I don't shake hands."

Rocco laughed. "No problem," he said. "But it was nice doing business with you."

Goins gave his daughter a look. He looked at Rocco as if he wondered whether Rocco would keep his word and send Cathy to him. He gritted his teeth and narrowed his lips. He turned and left.

Cathy didn't know what to do. Was she free or not free? She was still bound and naked. Her lips were trembling. Rocco looked at her. "I'm going to ask you a favor, Cathy," he said to her sternly.

Cathy looked at him warily.

"I'd like you to give Ronnie here a good-bye blowjob. He's been looking at you ever since he got here and it's only fair."

Cathy cringed. Tears came to her eyes. She trembled. It was one more humiliation. But what would happen if she said no? She wouldn't feel safe until she was sitting in her father's car, if even then. Technically, it was an unauthorized sexual act since her father was her RM again. But she wouldn't tell him if Rocco didn't.

"Yes, sir," she finally replied.

She got up and walked over to where Ronnie was sitting. Ronnie had a grin on his face. She knelt in front of him. He freed his cock. She went right to work.

It took her about 5 minutes to get him off. She didn't want to rush it for the same reason she hadn't wanted to rush Rocco's. At the end, Ronnie seized her head and jammed it up and down on his cock feverishly. When he had shot his bolt, he held her down for a long time, savoring her heat as his cock shrunk. Then he pushed her off. Her eyes were red with tears.

"Okay, Ronnie. Take her down. Give her one of those sheath dresses we give the girls when we release him. No shoes though."

Ronnie nodded. "Get up," he told Cathy curtly. She rose to her feet. If she had been able to follow her father out all dressed and unbound, one of the other girls would surely have seen her and the rumor mill would have started. Nothing much would be said if she was seen being frog walked naked along the hallways, her arms locked behind her back.

Ronnie took her to the door. "Oh, and Cathy," Rocco said to her, "If you ever need a job, just give me a call." He laughed. Ronnie escorted her from the room.

Ruth felt a pang of jealousy about the girl. Her father didn't have \$60,000 he could just run to the bank and get. If Rocco would even accept \$60,000 for her. He seemed to get so much pleasure in having her around that he might never let her go. The black girl, Henrietta, kneeling in the cage next to her was still sobbing quietly. Did she have a father who had \$60,000? Even if he did, how would he even know where she was? Quinton would almost certainly not tell him. She wondered how Mr. Goins had found out. Maybe he had gotten Raymond to talk somehow. But it was more likely that he had some pull with a DCR cop who could run Cathy's info and come up with the record of who her current RM was. But whoever it was, he clearly didn't have the juice to force Rocco to give her up for anything less than a premium.

She wondered how Rocco was going to prevent Henrietta from telling the story of Cathy's recovery to the other girls. Her answer came in a few moments. He dialed someone up on his viddy. Ruth could just see the screen. A brown skinned man came on, in his mid-thirties. He had longish black hair and a full beard. His brown eyes were shifty. "Hey, Rocco," he said with a slight accent.

"Hey Paulo," Rocco answered.

"What's up?"

“You still looking for a delicate looking young black girl for your client?”

“Yeah, you got one?”

“She just walked in the door.”

“You got a vidy?”

“Yeah, I got her college file right here. Hold on, I’ll send it to you.”

Rocco tapped a few icons on his CPad. Paulo looked down at his.

“Nice,” he said. “She’s just what we’re looking for. Smart and good looking. My guy runs a rental outfit up in Minneapolis. It’s tough to get good looking black chicks up there.”

“I was going to list her at 35. That too rich for your boy?”

“No. It seems fair. And he’ll pay my commission.”

“I’ll ship her direct to you tomorrow. She hasn’t been trained, so she’ll be a little bit raw.”

“No matter. This guy likes to break them in himself.”

“Talk to ya.”

“Right. Thanks.”

Rocco signed off the vidy. Henrietta’s sobbing had gotten a little louder. There would be no ransom for her at any price. She had just been sold. Rocco was going to hold her for less than 24 hours and he was going to make over \$20,000 on her.

Rocco buzzed Judy. “Get Irma or Selena to come in here and get Sparkle,” he said. “I’m going to be busy with this new girl a while,” he said.

“Yes, Mr. Marchetti,” Judy replied.

“And when they’re done, tell them to give you five strokes. I didn’t like your back talk before.”

“Y-yes, Mr. Marchetti,” Judy replied unsteadily.

“Carl Jansen has asked for you again. He’s coming by around 8 tonight, so be ready for him.”

“Y-yes, Mr. Marchetti,” Judy replied.

The intercom went dead. Rocco got up from the desk and opened Henrietta’s cage. “Get out!” he told her brusquely.

She crawled out as best she could and looked up at him.

“Stand up!” he snapped.

She rose to her feet.

“We’re going to do some fucking, Henrietta,” he told her. “We can do this the easy way or the hard way. I don’t want to send you to my friend all marked up, but don’t think that there aren’t other ways to punish you. Understand?”

She nodded her head violently.

Rocco grabbed a hunk of her hair behind her head, pulled her head down to waist level and marched her over to his bedroom door. He thumbed it and the door

clacked. He pushed it open and dragged the former college student in. Ruth heard him order Henrietta to get up on his bed. The door shut.

Selena came by a little bit later and got her out of her cage. She attached her leash to her collar and led her out of the door to Rocco's office. As they passed Judy, Selena said to her gruffly, "I'll be back."

Selena took her directly to her room. She could see that the sun was just going down through the window. "You've got a client in a little over an hour," Selena told her. "Get yourself ready. I'll bring up your dinner as soon as I'm done with Judy. Make sure you're in the frame all ready to go when I come back."

Ruth nodded. Selena freed her hands from behind her and left.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The weeks went by, the months went by. She resolved herself to the fact that she might be in her room for years. She did a lot of staring out the window in her alcove. There wasn't much to watch on the little FV they had given her, but she watched it anyway to eat up the time. She liked eating the fruit and the grandmothers restocked her supply of apples, oranges, pears and bananas every day. She had lost a little weight. Rocco didn't like her even just a little plump. She got to take one real shower a day under the supervision of either Irma or Selena. Afterwards, they rubbed her down and applied a nice smelling lotion on her and then made her come, like Consuela used to do.

Sometimes she speculated about who the women were in the other luxury rooms next to her. She never saw anybody coming in or out of them in her brief sojourns outside of her room. Every time she was taken out for one reason or another, she was always hooded. She imagined them all as beautifully exotic from all the corners of the globe. She didn't consider herself in the same class as them, believing that her exotic attraction consisted solely of the designs on her body. She imagined those women staring out of their windows as she did, wistfully yearning to be out there among the tiny people who inhabited that world.

Every other day, in the morning, she was taken down, hooded and bound, to an exercise room where she ran on the treadmill for a half hour, did some stretching and a little weight lifting to keep her muscles in tone. Just about every Sunday, at least she figured it was Sunday since all that would play on the FV were religious programs, Jake or one of the other brutal senior guards came up and used her roughly for an hour or more. Rocco started using her less and less.

It was winter. Ruth had figured it was probably somewhere between mid to late February. She had been brought to Rocco's in early October. The days were getting longer again and there had been two heavy snowfalls. In one, Ruth sat in her alcove and watched the snow come down in buckets. The highway she could see from her window became all clogged up. The side streets she could see, with their tiny, little houses, about the size of houses in a model railroad display, were covered and cars struggled to get up and down them. The houses started looking like little igloos. Rather than the six or seven 'clients' as Irma called them, she had only had two, this young, lanky, obviously very wealthy guy with waist length

blonde hair he kept in a ponytail, who had been coming almost every day for a few weeks, and one of the rough guys who came to see her regularly, who treated her callously and brutally. Rocco must have closed up early, since Irma and Selena came in and used her for several hours.

On this day, it was just getting past sundown. The sky was bleeding red in the west. All the street lights down below had already come on. It looked like a big carnival with all the lights of the stores glowing red, green, yellow or blue, some flashing in a come hither routine, some permanently steady. There was a long line of headlights coming from the direction of the city and a somewhat more limited line of red tail lights going the other way. About an hour earlier, the big yellow school bus she liked to watch had worked its way down the highway, darting up the side streets and then coming back.

The red light and the buzzer went on, disturbing her reverie, and the lock around her ankle had sprung open. Her last client had been about 2 hours before and she was all cleaned up and ready. She slowly worked her way to the frame, placing the black ball in her mouth, and then mounted herself.

She waited there about twenty minutes. When the door opened it was a tall and broad shouldered black guy. He was dressed in a very well-tailored business suit with a colorful, silk tie. When he entered, Ruth had the distinct feeling that he was not a regular customer. Not in the sense that she hadn't seen him before, because she hadn't, but more that he seemed to be there for more than just the purpose of fucking her.

He stripped down right away. He had hard, clear eyes. His skin was sleek and very black. His hands were delicate, but strong. His thigh muscles were taut and well defined. His hair was cut short and was very curly, like a woven rug across his head. His face was strong and intelligent. He had on a musky cologne, very light, which she didn't notice until he was very close to her.

He freed her from the frame. Rather than call her over to the bed, he brought her to the center of the room on her knees and crouched down next to her. He went on to examine, it seemed, every inch of her body. He looked at her face intently, holding her chin in his large, strong hand, and turning her head either way. He peered deeply into her eyes. He examined all of her tattoos with extreme interest. He pressed on and kneaded her breasts. He examined her little rear hole, slipping his fingers into it and running them around the interior. He made her lie on her back and bring her knees way up while he minutely examined her pussy, spreading her outer lips, running his fingers up and down it until it was wet and he could slip his fingers inside her.

When he had finished looking her over, he had her kneel up in front of him. He knelt up in front of her and began to manipulate her crux. He made her hotter and hotter while he kept his gaze affixed to her face. Occasionally, he would lean

over and nip his lips over her teats, suckling on them intently for a few moments and then bringing his head back up to look at her face. When she came, she shook and shuddered and called out, while he watched neutrally.

He brought her up to the bed and had her suck him for a long, long time, without coming, and then piled her on her back and rogered her expertly until she had come twice, gripping him tightly with her arms and thighs. He didn't come then either, but had her come up to her knees with her head down and fucked her some more from behind until she went over the top again.

Ruth was disconcerted. It was like she was undergoing some test or review. She shuddered in fear, but couldn't stop herself from coming. When her contractions wound down, he entered her rear and this time fucked her until he came, issuing a roar and pounding away at her like he was trying to push all of himself inside of her.

He left her like that. He poured himself a drink, lit a cigarette and sat in the easy chair. He told her to lift her behind and she raised her hips so he could get a better view of her pussy and its colorful insect. His voice was deep. He had hardly spoken to her at all, but rather had communicated his demands by pulling or pushing her body into the contortion he desired. But he spoke enough for her to know that he had a heavy, foreign accent.

When he had finished his cigarette and his drink, he went into the bathroom and took a shower. He came back and dressed. He snapped his fingers when he wanted her attention and pointed to the frame. Ruth sadly climbed off of the bed and lowered herself into it. He flicked the switch and she placed her limbs and neck in the proper positions so that the magnets could capture her. He had placed her black rubber ball on the floor next to the frame before he had released her. He picked it up, took it into the bathroom and washed it. He brought it back and presented it to her lips. She opened her mouth and he slid it in firmly, but gently. He smiled at her, patted her right cheek a few times and left.

She knew something was wrong when one of the grandmothers didn't come in right away to clean up. She began to become terrified. She whined and yanked and pulled at her implacable bonds. She started crying. Something was happening! She just knew it! She just knew it!

She knelt there for more than two hours. When the door opened, it was not one of the grandmothers. It was not Irma or Selena. It was Jake and two other guards that she did not know. Jake knelt down in front of her. He teased her crux and pulled at and squeezed her breasts. "It's time to say good-bye, Sparkle," he told her. "You're going on a little trip."

He released her from the frame. The other two guards seized her right away. Her hands were joined behind her and a hood was pulled over her head. The two guards grabbed her arms above her elbows and dragged her from the room. Misery

and fear seized her as she recalled the business-like black man who had just visited her. Her intuition that he had been examining her for suitability more than just using her had been confirmed. The fact of his accent made her body chill and her stomach turn. Where would he be taking her?

The guards barely let her feet touch the ground. She struggled and whined, but they paid her no mind. She heard the elevator open and they pulled her in. It went down, down, down and then the door opened again. They hustled her down the hall. They went down the elevator to the basement, the opposite way that she had come. They went through several doors. Ruth was crying. "Where are they taking me?" she whined inside.

They brought her to a room. She was manhandled this way and that as her bracelets and collar were removed by a saw. The whining of the blade as it cut through the metal made her shiver. The saw was calibrated perfectly so that it did not cut her skin. When everything was removed, she was dragged into another room and made to stand. A leather harness was applied to her body. It was pulled tight. Someone brought her arms up above her back and they were strapped in place, straight up, her elbows jammed together. She whined and cried out at the discomfort. Her hood was removed. Jake, who had been poking and prodding her and issuing taunting remarks the whole time, was in front of her. He removed her hood and then the black ball from her mouth.

The man who had assessed her was standing there. He had a leather head harness in his hand. She struggled and writhed, refusing to open her mouth, but between the men, they managed to draw it open sufficient for the leather prong attached to it to be inserted. The harness was strapped tightly to her head. The black man touched a button on the outside of the prong and it expanded immediately to fill her entire mouth. It was a spongy thing which she could depress slightly by trying to force her mouth closed, but it had little give.

Someone attached shackles between her ankles.

A leash was attached to the front of the harness and the black man pulled her from the room. They went down a short hallway, her shuffling behind him, and into a kind of waiting room with comfortable looking easy chairs, some tables, a little bar and a coffee machine. The black man snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor. Her whole body shuddering and trembling with fear, she dropped to her knees at attention position. The black man patted her cheek, removed the leash and connected a ring in the back of her harness to a ring in the wall.

She knelt there for a while. They were waiting for something. The black man got himself a cup of coffee, which Ruth noticed he took black, sat in the chair nearest her and lit a cigarette. He pulled out his celly and started typing messages to someone. He read others and replied to them. He looked up at her occasionally, giving her a polite smile and went back to his business.

About a half hour later, Madeline came in. She was holding some paperwork. "Sorry for the delay, Mr. Ntombe," she said. "We had to locate Sparkle's Female Classification Card so that it could be endorsed to you. Here it is along with a paper copy of the bill of sale which has been forwarded to you electronically. We really liked Sparkle and I'm sure that you'll be happy with her. If we can ever fulfill one of your needs again, just give me a call and we'll see what we can do."

The man didn't say anything, but just took the documents from Madeline. She was wearing a revealing blue dress that came down just below the knee and advertised her full breasts. She was wearing black high heeled shoes.

She turned to Ruth. "Good luck, Sparkle," she said lightly. "I'm going to miss you. I know that Mr. Marchetti will too. Be a good girl and don't let any complaints come back to us."

Ruth merely whined. Tears were flowing down her face. Her shoulders ached from the cruel confinement. She was overwhelmed with terror. Where was the black man taking her? What would he do to her?

The man, Mr. Ntombe, at least she knew his name now, put the documents into his inside jacket pocket. He took the leash off of the hook and motioned for her to rise. Madeline led him through a couple of doors and all of a sudden they were outside. It was cold and dark, the cloudy skies obscuring the moon and the stars. They were in the rear of the building. A spotlight shone over the loading platform and there was a flood light on a large pole in the middle of the parking lot. Three laughing men were walking towards the building. They gave Ruth brief glances and passed them on their way inside.

Mr. Ntombe led her through the parking lot to a big, black car. She had to shuffle along behind him. The parking lot was of unpaved stone and a couple of times the stones poked into her bare feet making her squeal. Mr. Ntombe led her to the rear passenger side door. Before he put her in, he snapped his finger and pointed down. Ruth got the message. She crouched down, closed her eyes and peed. When she was done, she looked up. He pulled a handkerchief out of his jacket pocket and wiped her with it.

He motioned for her to get up. He opened the rear passenger door and indicated that she should get in. When she was seated, leaning back on her bound arms. He strapped her in with belts that draped on both sides from her shoulders to her waist. He connected her shackle to something on the floor. He closed the door, went over to the driver's side, engaged the engine and they drove away.

The car was luxurious and had soft, comfortable seats. The back of her seat was cushioned so that leaning on her arms was not too uncomfortable. The man turned on some music which seemed to be a fusion of Western style jazz with a distinct African beat. He smoked a bit. The inside of the car was dark except for a glow from the dashboard. Ruth could see the world whizzing by.

They drove for a short distance and got on US 275. They headed north. As soon as they got on the Interstate, Mr. Ntombe engaged the automatic driver and leaned back. He took up a CPad and started scrolling through it, starting and stopping. At one point he put on the FV. He watched and listened to a program where all the people spoke a strange, musical language.

Ruth just stared out the window listlessly. They seemed to be going on and on. She fell asleep at one point and then awoke with a start. The car slowed and then came to a stop. There was traffic straight ahead. They crawled along for about 25 minutes. Then she saw flashing lights and all the cars were forced into one lane. It was some kind of a police roadblock. When they came up to the barrier, Mr. Ntombe lowered the window and stopped. A police officer asked him to place his thumb on his handheld, looked at it and looked back.

“Turn on the overhead light, please, sir,” the officer said politely. Mr. Ntombe complied. The cop looked back at Ruth, her head and body all harnessed, gagged, and strapped in like the prisoner she was. Her eyes looked at him pleadingly. “You got paperwork for her?” he asked. Ntombe said that he had and showed them to the officer. He looked at it and then asked Ntombe politely to pull over to the side.

They sat there on the shoulder for a while. Then another officer came up.

“Where are you headed, sir?” he asked.

“Chicago,” Ntombe replied.

“Where are you coming from?”

“Cincinnati,” Ntombe answered.

“You mind if I take a look at the girl?” he asked.

“Go right ahead, officer,” Ntombe told him in his deep, melodious voice.

The cop came around to the passenger side. He opened the passenger door and unfastened Ruth from the seat. He took hold of a ring on the front of her harness and pulled her out. He brought her to the front of the car.

He looked at her for a few moments. Then he called over his shoulder, “Hey, Jack, get a load of this.”

One of the other officers came over. He looked at Ruth too. There was a streetlight over them and she could be clearly seen. They made her turn around.

“Nice,” Jack said.

The first officer placed her thumb on his handheld. He looked at it. He looked at her FC Card. Apparently, it checked out. A couple of the other officers came over to look at her. They made her turn around. The first officer went back to the driver’s window. He looked at his handheld.

“This says that she’s not to travel more than 100 miles from Milford, Ohio. Why are you taking her to Chicago?”

“If you look at the paperwork, officer, there’s a transfer certificate.”

The cop shuffled through the papers. He looked at one of them for a few

moments.

Ruth stood there shivering. It was way below freezing. A couple of snowflakes were floating around. The cars that were being stopped and questioned went past their car slowly. Everybody seemed to gawk at her. She started crying again.

“Okay, sir,” the officer said. “You mind if we look in the trunk?”

“No, go right ahead,” Ntombe replied politely.

The officer went to the back of the car and Ntombe popped the trunk lid. A few moments later the trunk lid shut and the officer came back. “Okay, sir,” you can go,” he said.

“What’s this all about, officer?” Ntombe asked.

“We’re looking for some Women’s Liberty Group fugitives.”

“Well, good luck,” Ntombe answered.

The second officer, the one called Jack, escorted Ruth back to the car. She was sobbing. Like Mr. Anderson had said, the whole world was against her. She lived in a world where you could keep a bound and gagged, naked woman in the back seat of your car as long as you had the right paperwork. And she was going to Chicago! What was in Chicago? Was Mr. Ntombe going to be her new owner, or was he acting for someone else? Whatever it was, she clearly had no right to know.

The officer settled her in the back seat and strapped her in again. He gave her nipples a pinch and then closed the door. The officers all stepped aside and waved the car on.

They drove for about another hour. At a 150 miles an hour, Cincinnati to Chicago was only a few hours’ trip. She figured that it was about 1 in the morning when she saw the tall buildings of the windy city. She had to pee desperately. They got off of the Interstate and went down a ramp. They drove for a little while. They were in an industrial type neighborhood. They made some turns and then entered the parking lot of a big, long building. The parking lot was well lit. There was a big sign that said, “Southside Transfer and Shipping Corp.” in big white letters. Ruth didn’t like the look of that.

Ntombe parked the car. He came over to the passenger side and got her out. She stepped out onto the freezing cold macadam. He snapped his fingers and pointed to the ground. She crouched and peed. He wiped her with the handkerchief and then had her stand. He attached the leash to the front of her harness and started pulling her towards a steel door with a spotlight over it. A sign over the door said, “Office”.

Ntombe pressed a button next to the door. There was a viddy camera with a squawk box. “Southside,” a rough voice answered.

“My name is Chinenye Ntombe, I have a dropoff,” Ntombe said in his deep, accented English.

“Wait a second,” the voice replied. It was even colder than it had been when the police had stopped them. Ruth cringed and shivered. Didn’t anybody have a consideration for her? Wasn’t she even human?

The voice came back on. “Okay,” it said. The lock on the door buzzed and Ntombe dragged her in.

It was a small anteroom. It was poorly lit with a tiny window on the outside wall. It was chilly, but still way warmer than outside. The room was about 15’ long by 10’ deep. The floor was grimy vinyl tile. The walls were very dark wooden paneling. A 30ish man with blond hair that was a little overgrown sat behind a wooden counter. He was smoking a cigarette. There were metal screens on either side of him along the top of the counter leaving a little window where he sat. The screens were painted white, but had clearly been painted a long time ago.

Ntombe pulled her up to the counter and presented his paperwork. The man looked at it, looked at Ruth, stamped out his cigarette and then looked up something on his CPad. “Okay,” he said. “Ruth Silverman, 4379912NJ,” he confirmed. “Hold on a minute.”

They waited for about 2 minutes. Ruth shook and whined. “Transfer and Shipping.” What did that mean? The man had told the cop he was taking her to Chicago. Well, they were in Chicago. Why did he need to ship or transfer her? And to where?

There was a steel door in the wall to their right. After the two minutes went by, the door buzzed and a woman emerged. She was wearing blue jeans and boots and a maroon t-shirt with ST&S printed on it over her left breast in white. She looked to be about 25 or 26. She had shoulder length, greasy black hair and was a tad overweight. Her demeanor indicated that guys showing up with naked, bound girls in tow at this hour of the morning were a pain in the ass. She had a handheld on her belt along with what Ruth recognized as a zapper. She removed the handheld and placed Ruth’s thumb on it. She looked at it. She turned to the guy at the desk. “Ruth Silverberg, 4379912NJ,” she said morosely.

“Silverberg or Silverman?” the blond man asked.

The woman looked at the handheld again. “Silverman,” she confirmed.

“Okay, bring her in,” the man said.

Ruth wanted desperately to fight and scream and claw her way to freedom, but she knew that any resistance would be ruthlessly suppressed. Ntombe released her leash. The woman took hold of the ring in the front of her harness between her breasts and yanked her roughly towards the door. She took hold of the door knob, and when the lock buzzed again, pulled her through it. They made a quick left and she brought her behind the counter area.

It was about 10’ deep. The back wall was of dark stained wood, just like the counter. It had all kinds of paper notices posted on it. There was a movey picture

of a naked, voluptuous woman going through her paces. Next to the window where the man was sitting were a series of large drawers. He was sitting on a steel stool. He was wearing the same t-shirt and jeans as the girl.

“We’ll be just a second,” the man told Ntombe.

The girl released her wrists from the back of the harness while the man stood in front of her. Ruth groaned as her arms were lowered. The body harness was removed. The girl kept her wrists together behind her with one hand, palms in. She wrapped something around them several times and they stuck together. The man was loosening the harness on her head. He pressed the front of the gag and the sponge-like thing that was in her mouth reduced. He pulled it out and drew the harness off. The girl put something around her neck and connected it behind her. The man went into a bin, pulled out an object and held it to her mouth.

“Open up, Ruthie,” he told her.

She sadly spread her lips and the object was put inside. A second later, it expanded like the one from the harness had, filling her. She released a muffled squeal. She felt something like a sheath being drawn up her bound arms, covering them. It came up to a bit above her elbows. The girl pulled on something and the covering tightened, bringing her elbows close together and her upper arms almost touching. Ruth whined as her shoulders were strained.

The man asked Ntombe for the key to the shackles around her ankles. Ntombe handed it to him through the window. He unlocked the manacles and put the chain on the desk and shoved it over to Ntombe along with the gag and harnesses, while the girl put another set of shackles on her. The man did some touches on his CPad and a plastic card popped out of a printer followed by a paper with a QR square on it. He looked at the card. It had the picture they had taken of her at Rocco’s when she first got there. He attached it to a ring in the front of the collar the girl had put on her. He pulled the backer off of the shiny paper with the QR code on it and applied it to her chest just above her left breast. He tapped some more entries into the CPad and then looked up at Ntombe.

“The receipt should be on your celly,” he told him.

Ntombe looked down on his celly and acknowledged it.

“She hasn’t eaten and she needs something to drink,” he told the blond man.

“Don’t worry, Mr. Ntombe,” the man said. “We’ll take good care of her.”

Ntombe looked at her, paused as if he wanted to say something and then turned and left.

The girl made her turn towards her and pinched and shook her breasts by her nipples. She didn’t say anything. Then the blond man said to her, “Unit B15.”

The girl nodded. She took a leash off of a hook with about ten or fifteen other ones hanging there and attached it to Ruth’s collar. She pulled it tight, causing Ruth to stumble forward a step.

“Listen Ruthie,” she told her sternly. “Don’t give me any shit. As long as you cooperate here, nobody’s going to hurt you. But the moment you give anybody a problem, they’ll zap you with one of these.” She had detached the zapper from her belt and showed it to her. “And if that’s not enough, they’ll put you in administrative segregation. And believe me, honey, you don’t want to go there. Got it?”

Ruth nodded sadly. The woman gave her leash a tug and Ruth shuffled along behind her. She opened another steel door on the other side of the room from where she had brought Ruth in. She had to use a thumb to get the door to open.

They stepped into a brightly lit warehouse. The ceiling was about 20’ or 25’ high. Large, long lighting fixtures were overhead. The floor was of almost spotless, shiny, smooth, gray cement. The walls were of cinder block. The room was chilly. It was about 200’ long and wide. Along the back wall were several large garage doors.

Between the entrance and the back, there were multiple rows of shiny steel cages. Each row had cages on both side. The cages on the right side of the first row backed up against the cages on the left side of the second row. Painted in front of each corridor on the floor were big, bright blue block letters “A” to “E”.

The girl quick walked Ruth to row ‘B’. They turned down the corridor. Painted on the floor in front of each cell was the letter of the row and the number of the cage. On her left, there was B1 to B10. On her right was B11 to B20.

The room seemed utterly quiet, but as they passed some cages, Ruth detected faint sounds of forlorn whining. A couple of the cages were empty, but most of them had women crouched down, kneeling in them. The girl took her down to cage B15. She unlocked the cage and swung the door open.

The cage stood about 7’ tall and was about 7’ wide. At the back of the cage was a steel toilet. On the floor, in the middle of the cage, towards the back, there were two steel tubes about 6” in length and about 8” around. There was a shiny steel ring in the floor between the tubes and about 2’ back. In front of the rings and in the middle, was another steel ring, about 4’ away. The shiny steel rings and tubes were emerging through an olive green rubber mat that covered the whole of the cage floor.

The girl pulled Ruth into the cage. “Do you have to piss or shit?” the girl asked her curtly. Ruth shook her head sadly, no.

“Okay, then, get down on your knees facing the door,” the girl told her. Ruth did what she was told. The girl told her to shuffle back, back, back, and then told her to hold it. “Spread your legs,” she spat out. Ruth moved her legs further apart, as far as the shackle would allow. The girl removed it and told her to spread her feet a little bit more. She captured one ankle in a steel tube and then the other, locking them in place. She told her to bend over. Her neck was just above the ring

by the door. The ring had a rope with a slide on it and a clasp on the end. While she was crouching down, the girl attached the end of the rope via the clasp to her collar. Then she moved the slide downwards and Ruth's head was pulled down so that she was looking at the floor, about 2' above it. Her breasts were pressed against her thighs.

She whined and struggled. The girl went behind her and attached a rope leading from the ring just past her feet to a ring on the sleeve she had pulled over her arms. She pulled that rope tight, straining Ruth's shoulders painfully. She stepped towards the front of the cage. Ruth whined and pulled at her bonds. She looked up at the girl as best as she could. "Please don't leave me like this!" she wanted to plead.

The girl turned to her. "I'll bring you something to eat in a little bit," she told her. She slammed the cage door closed. The sound reverberated in the otherwise mostly silent room. She locked it and moved off.

Ruth struggled and whined. Why was everything always getting worse for her? How long would she be tied down like this? She was able to move her head slightly to the right. There was a girl with long blond hair kneeling as she was in the cage next to her. She looked to the left. There was a kneeling girl there too. She looked across the way through the steel squares of her cell door and there was a girl struggling to look up at her across the 10' wide aisle.

Deep, deep despair shot through her. She had a woeful dread about everything that was being done to her. It kept coming back to her. They were in Chicago. Why did she have to be sent somewhere else? Why couldn't they have sent her to wherever she was going to go from Rocco's. They shipped that black girl, Henrietta to Minneapolis.

Something terribly, terribly wrong was happening. She just knew it. The place she was at was designed to accommodate the sale and shipment of females on an industrial scale. She was used to being bound and forced to stay motionless in one place, but the way it was being done and all the other similarly bound women was distressing. The cold, cold brutality of it was virulently oppressive.

The girl did come back in about half an hour. She was rolling a little shiny steel cart. Everything was so clean and neat in the warehouse they might have been processing medical supplies. The girl opened the cage door. She released Ruth's neck from the floor and told her to kneel up. He pressed the lever on her gag and it shrunk to removable proportions. She pulled it out and stepped out and put it on the cart. She picked up a long, clear tube, about 4" around, filled with a grayish brown sludge. She brought it into the cage.

"Open your mouth," the girl told her. Ruth shuddered and remembered what she had been told about being obedient. She spread her lips. The girl pressed the end of the tube between her lips. "Close your mouth around it," she told her

sharply. Ruth closed her mouth over it.

Holding onto the end near her mouth with one hand, the girl used her other hand to press a plunger down on the other end. The sludge started entering her mouth. She panicked and looked up at the girl. She wasn't smiling or anything like she was imposing a form of torture. It was just business as usual. She did her best to swallow the gunk, not wanting to chance missing a meal. The girl pressed the plunger down slowly and stopped a couple of times when Ruth's mouth was getting backed up. The gunk was bland with a musty taste like something that had been stored for a long time. It was fluid enough so that she could drink it down and not have to chew it.

When the tube was empty, the girl pulled it from her mouth. Ruth was sobbing quietly. Indignity after indignity, humiliation after humiliation. That was what she was suffering. If only she had the courage and the will to resist them. But the thought of what administrative segregation meant made her body chill. She didn't want to find out what it meant, what would happen there. Did that make her a coward? Maybe. But it was easy to be brave when there was a chance of success. The game would be worth the candle. But she knew that any rebellion she made would be immediately crushed. And they wouldn't give up torturing and abusing her until she died or did what they wanted. To be docile and obedient.

She thought of that woman she had met that day who was destined for the IFC. She had sworn never to be a slave. Why hadn't God given her that courage? Why impose all these travails and not give her the ability to endure them? And what would make a girl like this want to work in a place where they callously tortured women, dozens of them and dozens of them, day after day?

The girl returned with another tube. It had something white in it. She put it to Ruth's mouth and she dolefully accepted it. This tube was a little narrower than the first one. The girl pressed the plunger slowly. The liquid eased out a little faster than the other, and it was more fluid too. Ruth swallowed it easily. It actually had a taste to it, kind of fruity, but unidentifiable as any particular fruit.

The girl put the narrow tube on the cart when Ruth was finished drinking from it. There was a paper napkin on the cart and she used it to brush her lips clean. She brought back the gag and installed it. Ruth released little squeal when it popped open inside her mouth.

The girl pulled on the rope attached to her collar until Ruth was kneeling face down again. She closed the cage door and locked it. She rolled the cart away. It had rubber wheels and hardly made a sound.

She heard a door open and slam shut somewhere in the building, presumably the girl returning to the kitchen to bring back the empty tubes. The sound echoed widely.

And that began the wait. She struggled and whined a bit, cried and cried. Even

sobbed. She tried desperately to bring herself under control. “How long would she be here? Where was the black man, African, she assumed, taking her? What would be done to her there? Was she ever going to get the chance to lead a normal life? Why were people so cruel? She remembered the blond man’s statement to Mr. Ntombe. “We’ll take good care of her.” This is what he meant. A frantic girl, driven to near insanity by fear, might smash herself against something. She might find a way to cut herself or to harm herself in some way. She could move around and incite the other girls to rebellion, even if she were bound and gagged. This way, other than some painful cramping, she would be released in pretty much the same shape as she came in, unless the experience of being bound absolutely still for hours and hours and hours drove her into some form of psychosis.

Ruth began to feel languid and tired. It had to be somewhere around 2:30 or 3 in the morning by now. She was often kept up until about this time, servicing a late night guest, so it wasn’t that. And she had slept some in the car. She realized that there was something in the food. Something was slowing everything down and making things hazy. She tried to fight it off, but after a while she just gave in. She started to doze.

She awoke with a start and instantly began trying to move. After a few moments she realized why she could not and started to cry. There was no way to tell how much time had passed. Everything was as bright as when she came in. She heard the girl to her left issue a violent moan and break out into doleful sobs. The sound of it overwhelmed her, as if the things were contagious. The girl across the way, issued a loud, muffled shriek. It made her feel like roaring. But the other girls settled down right away, realizing that their expressions of sorrow and anger were useless. Nobody cared what they thought.

About an hour later, she heard some men’s voices. They were shucking and jiving each other merrily like normal workmen at the beginning of a normal day. After a little while, two of them came down the aisle and opened a cage. She could hear them tell the girl to pee. There was a pause, and the girl was taken out of the cage. They shuffled her off to the back of the building.

One of the garage doors opened. Three men came around the corner up at the front. They were leading three girls in a coffle. The girls were sobbing. They stopped at a cage two cages down from Ruth. They released the girl inside it and told her to pee. A little while later, she heard one of the men call out, “Why you fucking cunt!” There was a zap and a scream. Then another zap and another scream. Then another zap and a scream much more piteous than the rest. The girl was dragged out of her cage sobbing virulently. She was added to the coffle and the men moved it on.

There was silence for a long time. Then she heard activity somewhere down to her right, towards the rear of the building. She strained to look and she saw two

young girls, each with her own silvery cart working their way down the line of cages. They would open a cage door and then there would be a pause for about fifteen minutes and then the cage door would shut. Sometimes, in between, there would be a female whine or two. One girl actually spoke, whining, "Please let me out of here! Pl...." and then there was a zap and a scream. Then there was silence again.

The girls worked their way up to her cage. The one doing her side was about 22. She had long, chestnut colored hair and a sweet face. Her modest breasts pushed out her maroon t-shirt. She was wearing blue jeans and black boots. She opened Ruth's cage and released her collar from the ring. She had her kneel up. She looked at her for a few moments. "Hey, Gail," she shouted out. "Come here and take a look at this one."

The other girl, who was servicing the cage across the way, sidled over. She had blond hair pulled into a ponytail. She was more petit than the brunette and had apple sized breasts.

"Jeeeeeeese!" the blond girl said. "Will you look at that!"

"I think it's cool," the brunette said.

"I think it's sick," the blond said. "Why would a guy want to do that to a girl?"

"Oh, I don't know, it probably makes it more exciting to fuck her."

"Would you want your boyfriend to do that to you?"

"No. Definitely not," the brunette replied.

"So it's okay on her, but not on you?"

"If you put it that way...."

"It's okay to see if, but not to wear it!"

The brunette laughed. "I just think it looks cool. That's all."

The blond girl stepped back over to her cart and opened the cage across from Ruth. The brunette stepped up to Ruth, deflated her gag and removed it. Ruth was quietly sobbing. The brunette patted her cheek. "I still think it looks nice, honey," she said.

She fed her the glop from the tube, the same glop she had eaten last night and a tube of the fruity mix. She bound her back up, closed the cage and moved on.

After feeding them breakfast, the girls went around together and released each girl from her bonds so she could use the toilet. They did it two on one in case the girl gave them a hard time about getting back into position. It helped that the girls would be woozy from the tincture of Gabutal, a nonaddictive morphine derivative, in the food. When they came to release her, Ruth had become frantic about the necessity of relieving herself and was grateful for the opportunity. She let herself be bound again without incident.

The next chore for Gail and Brenda, the brunette, while other teams worked

the other corridors, was the washing out of the cages. They each dragged a long hose the length of the corridor. The nozzle on the hose had an attachment for the release of a relatively benign soap. Brenda opened the first cage on her side, turned on the spigot and inundated the inside of the cage and its occupant with a warm soapy mixture while the girl screeched and sobbed. Once everything had been soaped up, she used the warm water alone to wash it all off. The cage had a slight slope to it and all the liquid ran down to a little trough and whisked away. The procedure was discomforting for their charges, but there really wasn't time to get them all out and give them a shower, so this was the next best thing. When they were done, they would close and lock the cage door and let the interior, including its occupant, dry itself.

Ruth screeched and complained when she was inundated by the hose. She couldn't do anything though, other than to close her eyes. She shivered for about a half hour while she dried.

The warehouse remained mostly quiet after that for several hours. Later, while Brenda and Gail were serving their corridor lunch, another truck pulled in. Ruth watched as new girls were put into the cages that had been emptied. After they had all been stored, the men came around and removed a few more girls to be placed on the truck on its outward journey. Ruth noticed that the three girls that were delivered to her aisle seemed to be Asian.

More trucks came in the afternoon. Girls were brought in and girls were brought out. In between the coming and going of trucks, there was virtual silence. Gail and Brenda patrolled corridor 'B' every once in a while to make sure that none of the girls was suffering too much distress or had an issue to be dealt with. They just walked silently up and down, peering into each cage at the supine and bound girl inside.

She and the other girls were fed lunch and then dinner and allowed to pee or shit again. Then the warehouse became completely silent. Sadly, filled with a terrible despair, Ruth settled in for another long, long night.

It was just before lunch the next day that Ruth heard some voices coming down the aisle from her left, towards the front of the warehouse. She strained to look up and saw a woman who seemed to be in her mid to late forties, dressed in a business like, rose colored skirt and jacket over a white blouse, and wearing red high heels, leading three nuns dressed in their formal, black habits down the aisle. Two of the nuns were young, with fresh, pretty faces that peered out from amidst their wimples. They lagged behind. Walking even with the well-dressed woman was an older nun with a lined, very business-like face.

"As you can see, Mother," the business woman was saying, "the cages are very clean. The packages are confined in a manner that they cannot do themselves any harm and so they will have relative comfort while awaiting shipment. They are

fed and bathed regularly and freed once every 6 hours to use the toilets.”

“I am impressed with the orderliness and cleanliness,” the Mother replied. “They may be whores, but they are still children of God. The monsignor has received some very bad reports about mistreatment and he has asked me to tour various facilities to assess living conditions. How long are the girls typically held here?”

They were walking slowly down the aisle, peering into each cage.

“The typical stay here is between 24 and 72 hours,” the woman replied. “Packages going to destinations in the US can normally be shipped out within 24 to 48 hours. International shipments take a little longer due to flight schedules and the need to have enough packages for a particular destination to make the flight economically viable.”

“Why do you call them ‘packages’, Miss Taylor?” the mother superior asked as she came to a halt. “Isn’t that a little cold? They are human beings after all.”

“It’s part of our policy to take the human element out of it as much as possible, Mother,” Miss Taylor replied. “The staff needs to have a certain detachment in order to do their job professionally. It’s difficult sometimes to ensure that the females are all properly confined and cared for. They often whimper and cry and sometimes even get disruptive. You can’t blame them, after all. And so a certain coldness is required.”

“I don’t know about the ‘you can’t blame them,’ part,” the mother superior countered. “All their so-called suffering has been ordained by God. They are all serving a very important role in God’s plan, in accordance with the doctrines established by the Global Unity Convention. They need to accept that.” The head sister turned and looked at the novitiates, nodding her head at them. They smiled and nodded their heads back.

“Well, it’s human nature to yearn for freedom,” Miss Taylor returned. The group had stopped about 2 cages down from Ruth. She could hear every word that they said.

“But it is freedom, particularly so called female freedom, which led to all the moral excesses of the pre-revolutionary period,” the sister countered. “God will reward the docile and obedient. These, ‘packages’, as you refer to them, have a greater opportunity, through their physical discomforts, to demonstrate and embrace those principals. In essence, they are serving penance for all the so-called ‘free’ females who resist God’s natural order. God will reward them.”

“Yes, sister,” Ms. Taylor agreed neutrally.

“It is only their baser natures which resist the discipline which must be enforced on them.”

“Yes, sister,” Ms. Taylor replied.

The mother superior peered into a cage opposite Ruth. “And this girl, what is

her name?"

Ms. Taylor scrolled her CPad for a moment. "Her name is Lauren, sister," Ms. Taylor answered.

"May I see her?"

"Of course, sister," Ms. Taylor replied.

The blond and brunette girls had been trailing behind. The blond one, Gail, jumped up and opened the cage. She crouched down and released the rope holding the girl's head down.

"Up!" Gail ordered sternly.

The girl raised her head slowly. She was slender, but had heavy breasts. She looked to be between 25 and 30 years old. There was a large 'MR' tattooed on her belly in bold, black letters. Her eyes were darting back and forth among the people surrounding her cage. The younger sisters were peering over the mother superior's shoulders so they could get a good look.

"Very pretty," the mother superior commented. "Can I speak to her?"

"We prefer not to have any talking, Mother," Miss Taylor protested. "It's not good for discipline. They all cry and whine and beg to be released. It's discomfiting for my staff."

"Well, I can't assess how you treat your charges without speaking to them," the head nun insisted.

"Very well," Ms. Taylor agreed. She nodded to Gail. Gail deflated the gag in Lauren's mouth and pulled it out.

"How have they been treating you, child?" the mother superior asked her.

Lauren's lips trembled and she looked at Gail fearfully. The nun would leave, but Gail would remain. And what would protesting do anyway? The nun was cold to their suffering, believed that God had ordained it. Considered it as a road to virtual sainthood.

"W-well, ma'm," Lauren replied hesitatingly.

"That's , 'Well, Mother!'" Gail spat out at her harshly.

"W-well, Mother!" the girl blurted out fearfully.

"And are you getting enough to eat?"

"Y-yes, Mother," she replied quickly.

"Are they mistreating you?"

Lauren glanced quickly at Gail again, who was hovering over her. And then back at the mother superior. She was trembling. She was naked and bound, spent 99% of her time here gagged and helpless, bound into immobility. She had heard other women scream and screech as they had been zapped. There was absolutely no chance that she would be able to escape or avoid whatever fate had in store for her. And how did you define mistreatment if the sexual enslavement of women did not offend you?

“N-no, Mother,” Lauren replied meekly.

“I’m glad to hear it, Lauren,” the nun returned. “And God bless you for your obedience.”

Lauren didn’t know how to reply to that. Gail had her zapper out and ready. She poked it harshly into Lauren’s ribs, making her moan. “Thank the mother superior for her blessing!” Gail snarled.

“Th-thank you, Mother,” Lauren whined.

The mother superior nodded to Miss Taylor who nodded to Gail. Gail brought the gag back to Lauren’s mouth, inserted it and inflated it.

“And where is she destined for?” the nun asked as Gail was preparing to pull the girl’s neck down.

Miss Taylor scanned her CPad. “Thailand, Mother. Bangkok.”

Lauren stiffened and screeched. Her body began to shake and writhe. Gail pulled her head down with difficulty. Once she had it down, Lauren continued to sob virulently.

The mother superior stepped forward and laid a hand on her stilled head. She looked up at the ceiling and muttered a prayer. “There, there, Lauren,” she said afterwards. “It’s God’s will and you must accept it. God will go with you.”

She retreated and nodded to Miss Taylor. Miss Taylor gave Gail the nod and she closed the cage door and locked it. Miss Taylor was pissed off. The mother superior had caused a disruption to their otherwise calm and orderly life. But she had been sent by the monsignor, who was on the Northern Illinois Board of the College of Bishops, Rabbis and Imams, and that made him very powerful.

They moved down a few cages. “And who is this?” the mother superior asked.

Miss Taylor consulted her CPad once again. “Rosita, Mother,” she told her.

“Don’t they have last names?” the mother superior asked.

“That information is highly confidential,” Miss Taylor replied.

“Oh,” the nun answered. “Can I see her?”

Miss Taylor tried to hide her exasperation. She signaled to Gail who opened the cage. Rosita was staring upwards forlornly. Gail released her head and made her kneel up, communicating with her by hand signals.

The nun came forward and stroked her pretty, but unhappy face. “And where is Rosita going?” she asked.

Miss Taylor looked at the CPad. “She’s from Honduras, Mother. She’s going to a mandatory procreation facility in Nevada.”

“Not to a brothel?”

“No, Mother. See her wide hips and nice sized breasts. She’s perfect for reproduction.”

“Can I talk to her?”

“No, mother, she doesn’t speak English.”

“How do you know that?”

“It’s right in her file, Mother.”

“Oh.” The mother crept closer to Miss Taylor and spoke to her conspiratorially. “And are they breeding Hispanics?”

“No, Mother,” Miss Taylor replied. “This facility in Nevada only produces white female offspring. Rosita will be implanted with two fertilized Caucasian female zygotes and carry them to term. They’re for the export market.”

“Oh,” the mother replied. “Twins?” she asked.

“No, Mother, not technically. They’ll be from two separate donors. In the interests of biological diversity.”

Gail pulled Rosita’s head down again and locked it off. She started sobbing and muttering something, looking pleadingly up at the nun. Once the cage was closed, they stepped away. The mother superior crossed the aisle. “And how about his one?” she asked. Miss Taylor came over, scrolling her CPad.

“Her name is Neiyan, Mother,” Miss Taylor replied.

She didn’t wait for the nun to ask, but told Brenda, this was her side of the aisle, to open the cage. Brenda hustled and opened it and without being asked, released the girl’s head and pulled it up by the hair. When she saw the small crowd peering in and examining her, she started to cry. She was thin and brown skinned and had long, black hair.

“Neiyan, that’s an unusual name,” the nun commented.

“Yes, Mother,” Miss Taylor replied. “She’s Burmese. She was imported yesterday. She and four other young Burmese girls are headed for the Unsupervised Female Pool in Hartford, Connecticut, where they’ll be put up for sale.”

“Not a brothel?” the nun asked.

“No, Mother, not a brothel.”

“So you don’t just have whores here?”

“No, Mother. We have all kinds of females here.”

“Oh....,” the nun replied.

She stared at the girl for a few moments. “She’s quite exotically beautiful,” the nun observed. “Do you know who imports them?”

“I can look it up for you, Mother,” Miss Taylor replied.

“Well,” the nun said, almost whispering, “we’ve been wondering what to get the monsignor for his name day. It’s like buying a present for a man who has everything. I’m thinking he would like to have a cute, little Burmese girl like this for his seraglio.” She leaned even closer and whispered, “He’s been fucking the novices and I’m not sure that I approve. So, anything to take his mind off of them...”

“I’m sure something can be arranged, Mother,” Miss Taylor replied.

Management, she thought, would be very grateful if something nice could be done for the monsignor. The corporation which owned Southside Transfer and Shipping owned several high class brothels in the greater Chicago area. If the monsignor could be persuaded to recommend them to the friends of the archdiocese, well that would be a good thing for the company and for her.

“She would have to be trained first, Mother,” she advised her.

“Oh, don’t worry about that. The monsignor is very strict and is very severe with his girls. She’ll learn to perform her duties with alacrity very quickly, I can assure you.”

Miss Taylor signaled Brenda to restore the girl and close the cage. She made a note on her CPad for the girl to be held temporarily pending further action. They didn’t like to make it widely known, but the Burmese import operation was a sideline of Southside and the girl still belonged to them. The girl whined and complained and struggled as she was reconfined. Gail had to come in and press her head down violently while Brenda shortened the rope and tied it off.

“Oh, my,” the mother nun blurted out.

“You see why our treatment of the females must remain impersonal, Mother?”

“Oh, yes. I see that very clearly.,” the mother agreed. “The monsignor wanted me to ask one thing in particular, if you don’t mind?” she continued.

“And what’s that, Mother?”

“The monsignor wanted to know what you do to help maintain the spirituality of the ‘packages’ as you call them. After all, that is the point of the whole thing.”

“Every Sunday morning we broadcast over the loudspeakers the mass from St. Ignatius’s over on 30th Street,” Miss Taylor answered her, “And then a sermon from one of the series sponsored by the College of Bishops, Rabbis and Imams for imbonded females, and then some religious music, some hymns and whatnot.”

“That sounds marvelous,” the mother superior exclaimed. “I know Father Carmichael from over at St. Ignatius. He’s wonderful. Very holy.”

“Yes, we are one of his missions,” Miss Taylor continued. “He comes by twice a week and blesses the girls.”

“Oh, how nice. I wonder if you might consider a program for our novices. They could come by every day and offer prayers up for them. It might be very good for their morale. And it would be a good lesson in humility for our young girls to be kneeling outside of the cage of someone less fortunate and praising God for his justice and mercy.”

“I’ll look into it, sister,” Miss Taylor replied nervously. “It might interfere with operations.”

“Oh, I’m sure they’ll stay out of the way,” the mother superior returned blithely.

Ms. Taylor changed the subject. “Now, would you like to see a shipment of

packages arriving? There's a truck due in about fifteen minutes. We can have some coffee while we wait."

"Yes, that would be very interesting," the nun replied. "And after that, the kitchen? Sister Marguerite is very interested in seeing how the meals are prepared."

"Of course. And we have a feeding coming up in an hour or so. Would you like to watch that?"

All the nuns nodded excitedly.

They strolled off chatting. One of the young nuns peered into Ruth's cage, looked at her wide eyed and left. The girl across the way, the girl going to Thailand, was still sobbing quietly. All of the girls seemed to be murmuring and whining. Brenda and Gail came back down the line of cages, banging their zappers on the doors, calling out, "Settle down, girls! Settle down!" The sound of the loud, clang! on her cell door made Ruth jump. She discovered that she had been whining too and cut it off. The last thing she wanted was a fierce zap!

She had learned two things. One was very bad. She was going to be sent overseas. All the girls here seemed to be on their way in or out via international flights. And from the accent of Mr. Ntombe, his name, the music he had listened to, she was probably going to Africa! That news, or, rather, confirmation, made her cry for a long, long time. The other thing that she had learned, or, rather, had reinforced, was just how cruel the world was and how heartless some women could be about other women's suffering. And all the mother superior's theories about the holiness of suffering were just excuses for cruelty.

Later in the day, the sounds all quieted down and Ruth figured that it was now after quitting time. The girls came back and served them dinner and let them use the toilets again. Then there was nothing for a long, long time. Ruth went in and out of consciousness. She knew it would be better if she could sleep, but the position she was in made it difficult as did the constant worry that she had. She cried and struggled and miserated. You could hear the sounds of the other girls sobbing from time to time. Occasionally, one would release a muffled roar of rage and woe.

She knelt there all through the night, her head down, her arms forcibly drawn back behind her. It was almost like they had been forgotten about. The utter silence was soul deadening. A vision, taken in her imagination from above, of all those kneeling, fixated, virtually anonymous women kept coming into her head. Five rows of cages, 20 cages in each row, that made a hundred naked, frightened, helpless women, give or take a few empty cages here and there, all kneeling like abject supplicants, bound into immobility, all awaiting terrible fates.

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was sometime after lunch the next day that they came for her. She had been locked in her cage for approximately 72 hours. Several coffles of girls had come by earlier and Ruth had been both hoping and fearing that it was her turn to leave. Every cell around her had changed except for the one across the way holding the girl who was going to Thailand. The poor girl couldn't stop moaning and sobbing. Ruth had been trying not to do that, but she hadn't been totally successful. At one point, the brown haired girl who was responsible for her side of the aisle opened her cage, came in and gave her several zaps, screaming at her to, "Shut the fuck up!" Ruth sobbed and wailed and she made an extra effort afterwards to remain quiet.

When the coffle with three girls on it stopped at her cage, and a man dressed in a maroon t-shirt and black pants opened her cage door, her stomach turned over and her whole body went cold. There were three men. Two of them unbound her from the floor and brought her to her unsteady feet as the third stood watch over the coffle. The two men brought her to the toilet and ordered her to pee. When she arose, one of them applied a thick pad with adhesive all around it over her mons. Her knees were weak and she felt like she was going to faint when she was taken outside her cage added to the coffle's end. All the other girls were sniffing and crying. They knew that they were on their way to unhappy destinations as well. The men attached a shackle between her ankles.

All the time she had been waiting in her cage, Ruth had been hoping against hope that she was wrong. Maybe Mr. Ntombe was redecorating his penthouse apartment and couldn't accommodate her right away. Maybe he had to take a trip and didn't have anyone to take care of her. Maybe he had bought her for a special friend and was waiting for his birthday to bring her to him and didn't have anywhere else to store her.

All these flights of fancy were dashed when she found herself being added to the coffle. If any of those or the hundred other less horrible scenarios she had thought of had been true, it would be Mr. Ntombe picking her up himself. Since he wasn't, that meant that the other horrible thing she had imagined was going to happen.

After picking her up, the coffle shuffled over to aisle 'A', where they picked

up a fifth girl. She was as unhappy as the rest of them. When the fifth girl was added, the men marched the unhappy, sniffling and whining coffle towards the back of the building where the loading doors were. When they got there, the men had them kneel at rest in a line facing an empty loading bay while they went off to assemble another coffle. Two men stood over them, watching them. The others came back about fifteen minutes later with another line of chained girls who they made kneel there too.

They knelt there for about 45 minutes. A quietude had descended of them as if they were girding themselves for a terrible ordeal, which, for all intents and purposes, they were about to experience. A couple of small vans pulled in dropping off or picking up one, two or three girls. They had a receiving desk like they had in the front and all of the girls coming in through the back were processed there, shedding the bonds they had come in with and being accoutered with new ones before being marched away.

Finally, the bay door in front of them roared open. All the girls started whining and crying again as they watched the truck back in. When it got to the dock, the bay door closed and the driver and a helper came around and opened the rear door to the truck. It took them about fifteen minutes to unload a collection of what looked like naked and bound, black haired Japanese or Chinese girls. They were led over to the reception desk in coffles and processed one by one. The driver and the helper went away for a little while. They came back very shortly holding paper coffee cups and eating doughnuts. They watched while the processing of the gloomy and subdued Asian girls was concluded and each one marched off to be confined in a cage. They double checked the acknowledgment of their receipt on a handheld.⁵

⁵ They were, in fact, Japanese. They had been exported from the Yokohama Sexual Resource Sector, or the *Yokohama Sekusharurisōsu Būmon*. Unlike the Burmese girls, they were not destined for any Unsupervised Female Pool. They all bore a four inch high, black “MR” tattooed on their lower bellies. The MR marking had been adopted almost universally as a symbol denoting girls who could be assigned to brothels and/or traded internationally. The girls were all newly drafted and, as yet, untrained and unsullied. A Yakuza gang had kidnapped them all from a female dorm at Yokohama National University and had them processed illicitly as mandatory recruits. The girls had all been preselected based upon their hacked college records, which included their full body, nude photographs taken at their mandatory maturity exams when they had turned 18. Stripped, bound and gagged, the college freshman girls were one by one brought the same evening before a hastily assembled tribunal which received un rebutted testimony from a Yakuza shill that he had paid them for oral sexual favors, which made them unauthorized whores subject to mandatory lifetime sentences as Judicially Decreed Sexual Service Workers, or *Uzaihanketsu o Uketa-sei Hōshi Rōdō-sha*. The hearing officer did not find it odd that a solitary male witness had paid each one of the twenty-five sobbing and distraught female divinity students, almost all of them virgins, ¥1000 yen (\$10) for oral sex all on the same day. None of the “hearings” took more than two minutes and, pursuant to *Dansei no Yūi-sei ni Taisuru Kami no Ishi* (Divine Will for Male Superiority), no testimony from the females was permitted. They were marked immediately after the hearing and transported within the hour to the cargo jet which flew them directly to Chicago from Yokohama International Airport.

They were all destined for a high class, start-up brothel on the 105th floor of the Sears Tower in Chicago. It was a joint venture between Mizuho Financial Group, a Japanese conglomerate, and Wynn Resorts, which had branched

Once the sobbing and moaning, delectable, young Asian girls had been shuffled off, the driver and helper came over to the waiting American girls. They went down the line scanning in the QR codes on each girl's chest and confirming the girl's presence on their list. All the girls were sobbing and/or whining. The girl behind Ruth had started wailing violently. One of the guards came up to her, cuffed her on the head brutally and yelled, "Shut your pie hole, cunt!" She quieted down after that.

The coffle which was kneeling to their right was led into the truck first. The guards made them stand and shuffle over to the edge of the dock. They were detached from the coffle and led inside one by one. When all those girls were done, Ruth's coffle was brought up. Ruth peered into the truck above the shoulder of the girl in front of her. There was a line of cages on both sides. The first coffle had been loaded into the cages on the right. The men were now loading her coffle one by one into the cages on the left. When it came to be her turn, two guards grabbed her arms, lifted her and dragged her in. Inside, there was a cacophony of sobbing and wailing. There were seven cages on each side but only five girls on each coffle.⁶ Ruth was shoved into the fourth cage down from the nose. It was small and she had to scrunch herself all up. When her cage door closed and locked, she joined the general caterwauling. The last girl was brought in to be loaded into the cage next to her. At the last minute, she began to struggle and fight, writhing her body and making horrific noises. One of the men zapped her and she screamed. He zapped her again and again. Her screams became screeches. After that, they tumbled her into the cage easily.

The men left, the door to the truck closed. It became absolutely dark. About

out from the casino and entertainment business to the sex industry and which franchised 250 brothels across the United States. The brothel was designed to cater to upper level Japanese managers who worked in the Mercantile Exchange and related businesses, and to serve as a place of entertainment for major Japanese corporations courting American customers. Similar facilities were planned for Manhattan, Washington D.C., Dallas, Los Angeles and Miami. The newly enslaved girls would be stored for a week or so and then be trucked out to the new facility once all the trainers and security guards being imported from Japan had arrived and all the contractors' punch lists for the interior construction had been resolved.

It turned out that one of the girls, Yukio Kunami, was the daughter of a minor bureaucrat working for the ruling Divine Council, (*Kami no Hyōgi-kai*). A petition to reverse the judicial decree as to her was filed and a suit instituted against the Mizuho Financial Group. After five years of litigation, the petition was granted and the father awarded a settlement consisting of ¥1,000,000 yen, approximately \$10,000, and 1500 shares of Mizuho premium stock. Mizuho was ordered to locate the girl, purchase her and return her to her father. Unfortunately, by then, Yukio, a very attractive, big breasted girl, had been sold several times, the last time to an Eastern European broker who maintained that he had lost track of her. It was academic in any case. Mizuho obtained a stay of the judgment and appealed. Three years later it was reversed. Yukio's father was ordered to pay Mizuho's legal costs, which amounted to ¥39,806,045, or \$359,721.75. Pursuant to Japanese law, because he couldn't pay, Yukio's three sisters, all still in their twenties, and 12 1st and 2nd female cousins, all between 18 and 24, were levied on by Mizuho and sold to satisfy the debt. As levied upon females, they were all considered Judicially Decreed Sexual Service Workers and declared whores for life.

⁶ The balance of the newly minted Japanese whores were on the next truck.

fifteen minutes later, the truck shuddered and then it was on its way.

The ride was about 45 minutes. Ruth lay there, all scrunched up, trying not to sob, but bewailing her fate. She remembered how proud she had been to watch her father challenge the men on the county ruling council about the bias in their so called 'draft'. He had stood up to villainy. But look what the consequences had been. She had spoken to her mother three times over the viddy since she was released from Rocco's and Mr. Anderson had let her meet with her once for lunch. It was a very sorrowful meeting and she didn't really have much to say. Her mother kept peppering her with questions about how Mr. Anderson was treating her. This was after she had gotten her pussy and back tattoos, but not her others, and she had said nothing to her mother about them. She deflected the questions as best she could. Her mother gave up after a while and they filled the rest of their time talking about her childhood and how this or that relative was doing.

Now, she would never see her again. She didn't even know whether the information on their Female Classification Cards was public record or not. She assumed that they were not because so much else was kept secret. So her mother would never know what had happened to her, just that she was not with Mr. Anderson anymore.

The truck slowed, stopped. It was terrible to be taken to your doom without knowing what was going on outside. The inside of the truck was ice cold. If there was any heat coming back there it couldn't have been much. Ruth assumed that they were at the entrance to the airport and that the driver was checking in. After about a minute, the truck stated up again. A couple of turns and maneuvers later, the truck came to a stop, paused, and then backed up. It stopped again.

The girls were all whining and crying. One girl, Ruth had no way of knowing who in the dark, but it sounded as if it was right across from her, was sobbing louder than the rest. The sounds subsided after a while as they all waited for the next development. The waiting was agonizing. About 20 minutes after the truck had come to a halt, the door rolled open with an ominous rumble.

Light and a blast of cold air roared in. The driver and the helper hopped up. They started unloading the cages. They were wearing heavy jackets, flannel hats and heavy boots. They began with the one nearest the tail on the side opposite from Ruth. They brought the unhappy, naked girl out and, taking hold of her arms, dropped her to the two cargo handlers who were waiting. While the driver and helper got the second girl out, the handlers brought the first one to a position about 40' away and left her standing and shivering. Another handler, dressed as warmly as the driver and helper, overwatched her.

When the right side of the truck had been emptied, the men started on the left hand side, Ruth's side, beginning, as before, nearest the tail. Wind was whipping into the box and Ruth and the remaining girls were huddling for warmth. When it

became Ruth's turn, she began shivering and shaking as soon as she hit the ground. The first five girls had been cuffed and they were standing and shivering a few feet ahead. Ruth's collar was connected to the girl in front of her. Three girls went on behind her. At that point, the first cuffle began shuffling away; the second cuffle followed them.

The large, long blue and white plane was up ahead of them about 100 yards away. Bright lights shined everywhere giving the place the aura of a staging place for an invasion. You could hear the whines of superjet engines. Off in the distance a giant red and white plane that said, 'American Airways' took off and disappeared into the night. Tractors were hauling carts full of boxes and crates. Men were wandering around. The wind was whipping papers and snow here and there. There was a large terminal to her left. A jet was taxiing its way across the tarmac either in preparation for or in the last stages of flight.

The girls were ushered into a narrow chute with high sides that provided some wind protection. They stood there, freezing and whining for a few minutes. They were then led out of the chute one by one and up to a gate with a small gap in it. Two men were standing there. They both had heavy winter wear on. The first shivering girl was led up to him. The sleeve was removed from her arms and one of the men took a thumb from her. He looked at his CPad and tapped it a few times. He looked up and nodded to the second man. A small piece of paper with an official seal on it came out of a small printer. He took the paper and with a small, handheld device stapled it to the girl's right earlobe, making her screech. Two waiting men pulled her through the gap, reattached the sleeve to her arms and made her stand about 30-40' away.

They did the entire first cuffle. When they were all lined up, moaning and crying, shivering and huddling, they were shuffled off towards the plane. They started on Ruth's cuffle. She was cursing the world and all mankind for the callousness that let these men stand them around so long in the bitter cold. There were high snowbanks almost everywhere you looked and iced up puddles here and there. She had never been so cold in her life. Her feet were freezing. She tried to stop shivering but couldn't. She was grateful when the girl ahead of her was pulled up to the customs inspectors.

Then she saw Mr. Ntombe there. He was dressed in a long, black overcoat, a scarf and a black woolen hat. He was wearing warm looking black leather gloves. He was standing there doing little jumps to make himself warm. Had he come to save her? Ruth's heart leapt for a moment, but then she realized that it was a false hope. He was probably there to make sure his valuable property was loaded on the plane correctly.

It was Ruth's turn to shuffle up. She considered refusing. When they disconnected her from the girl behind her, she could take the opportunity to shuffle

away as fast as she could. Maybe something would happen and she would get away. Maybe it would cause just enough commotion so that she would miss the flight and between this one and the next something might happen. Maybe she would look so piteous that someone would intervene. But when the back of her collar was released from the girl behind her and one of the cargo handlers took hold of her arm and led her up to the customs men, she didn't resist, even though she burst out into tears.

They removed the encasement holding her arms close together. She felt her thumb pressed into the thumb. There was a pause. It was longer than the other pauses. She looked at the customs inspector. The driver of the truck was nearby.

"Hey, Roy," the customs man yelled at him. "This one's not cleared for export! She's not even an MR!" The customs guy looked at her belly. "There's no tattoo!" he exclaimed. "What the fuck is going on here?"

Ruth's heart leapt. She had always believed that only girls marked as mandatory recruits could be exported. They and the Section 7 girls who were raised through the Female Adjustment Bureau's Mandatory Procreation Program. It seemed that she had been right! They weren't going to be able to send her to Africa! Mr. Ntombe would have to sell her and maybe somebody better would buy her! Despite the cold, her body was filled with glee.

Mr. Ntombe stepped up. "I have the export license right here," he said, pulling an envelope out of his interior coat pocket. He had removed his gloves and they were jammed into his side pockets.

The customs guy looked at him. "So, show it to me!" he insisted. He was a scrawny man, early sixties. His head was covered by a dark brown woolen cap. He was wearing a heavy, dark green overcoat that had the seal of the Blessed U.S. Customs Bureau on his right sleeve by his shoulder.

"Come here and I'll show it to you," Ntombe said.

Exasperated, the customs guy stepped away and over to Ntombe. Ntombe maneuvered him so that his own back was to the other official. He showed the envelope to the first customs guy. It was bulky and full. The customs guy looked at the envelope, back up at Mr. Ntombe and back at the envelope. He took the envelope into his hands. He opened the unsealed top. Ruth caught a glimpse of crisp currency. The customs guy flipped through the bills with his thumb. He looked at Ntombe. He looked at Ruth. He looked at his coworker who was looking back at him expectantly. He looked at Ruth again, and then all around him as if to see if anyone was watching. He opened his coat and put the envelope into an inside pocket. He came back to the gap in the fencing.

"This one's clear," he said to his mate. Ruth burst out into sobs. Two of the cargo handlers had to rush to her side to hold her up. The second customs guy put the printed and sealed paper up against her right earlobe and stapled it into place.

Because of the cold, the pain was multiplied a hundred times. She howled. The cargo handlers brought her up to her reassembled coffle. They re-enclosed her arms in the black sheath and tightened it up. She was connected to the girl in front of her. They released her to go get the next girl.

Ruth was immersed in misery. Her last, best chance of redemption had been extinguished by an envelope full of cash. How much did it cost? \$1,000? \$2,000? Were the bills all tens? So maybe a couple of hundred bucks? What was the going rate for letting a so called 'free' woman be shipped out of the country as a slave? They all talked about how the letter of the law applied to her. When was it going to apply to the people who oppressed her? Was there anything in the General Public Order or the New Society Program that said you could keep free women in chains and in cages like Mr. Anderson had? Or whore her out to innumerable 'friends' as Rocco had? Or to let men sell women like chattel who were not, or at least no longer, compelled sexual workers?

The last woman had been brought through the customs line. Rachel had heard her whoop of pain as the customs clearance form was stapled to her ear. The cargo men started hustling them to the plane. She looked ahead as it got closer and closer. If it was the harbinger of her doom, at least it would be a place of warmth. The plane had 'Ghanaian Airways' painted on it. The coffle line came to the back. There was a ramp leading into the cargo compartment. They were hurried up it. A young, slim, smiling black woman in a stylish, light blue stewardess uniform and round pillbox hat was helping the cargo men load the prisoners into cages that lined the walls of the fuselage. She checked the customs clearance form of each of them before they were forced into the 4' high by 3' wide enclosures, scanning it with a handheld. They were forced to kneel down in the rest position. There was little room to go forward or to move side to side.

When everyone was in, the stewardess did a manual count to make sure that all ten slaves were there. She smiled and thanked the cargo handlers for their help. The handlers went down the ramp. The stewardess punched a button. The ramp folded up onto itself and slid back until the rear of the plane was sealed. A man's voice, speaking in that musical language, came over the handheld on the waitress's belt. She spoke the musical language back and the man seemed to be satisfied. The stewardess tested all the cage doors to make sure they were secured and then vanished into the front part of the plane. The lights in the cargo compartment dimmed, but did not go out.

Ruth looked around at her fellow captives. The cage across from her was only 6' or so away. The girl in it had long brown hair. Like Ruth, she was gagged and her cheeks bulged. She looked back at Ruth forlornly. All the girls looked as miserable as she felt. Anyone who had missed the words, 'Ghanaian Airways' painted so big and boldly on the side of the plane would have to be an idiot. So

everyone knew where they were going. But where was Ghana anyway? She knew it was in Africa, of course, but where? She seemed to remember it being on the west coast somewhere. She couldn't remember if it was on the hump or below the hump. In fourth grade all the kids in her class had to do a report on an African country. She had gotten Kenya. She remembered that stuff pretty good, but nothing of the report on Ghana or even who had given it.

What were people in Ghana like? She imagined vast jungles and grass huts. But they had to have cities too, didn't they? At least one to serve as the capital. And an international airport. And enough sophistication to have their own airline. And whorehouses too. Of course, they were everywhere. Even since the dawn of time. Ever since Neanderthal One had offered Neanderthal Two his favorite stone axe if he could fuck his wife, women had been sold by men. Was Mr. Ntombe taking her to serve in a brothel owned by him? Or was he just an agent who looked for unusual women to staff his employer's doxy house? Was Ntombe the agent of some wealthy tribal leader who was going to hold her captive and practice terrible evil rites on her?

She had fucked plenty of black men in her days as a whore, and they were just men like other men. But these men would be foreigners who spoke a foreign language that she didn't understand. And have foreign practices and preferences. On the other hand, fucking was fucking and what difference was it where she did it or what the color of the men was who used her, since she apparently was going to be a whore for the rest of her useful life?

Suddenly, the engines of the plane fired. The fuselage began to shake. It went on for about twenty minutes. A black man dressed in a dark blue pilot's uniform came back into the cargo compartment and double checked the cage doors and that everything was secure. When he came to Ruth's cage he crouched down to get a better look at her. He smiled, but didn't say anything. He left. A few minutes later, the plane started rolling. Ruth's belly turned over. A couple of the women began to sob violently.

The plane stopped for a bit. Then the engines roared and the plane started moving very fast. After a bit she felt it lift into the air. She imagined in her mind the airport getting smaller and smaller and then disappearing from view. She was pressed against the right side of her cage. All the other girls were looking around, wide eyed. Yes, they were up in the air. Yes, they were on their way to Africa. Yes, they were going to a country that none of them could probably even locate on a map.

She knelt in position since there was nothing else she could do. She imagined them flying thousands and thousands of feet in the air and all the things on the ground seeming like little toys. It was night so you wouldn't be able to see much except for the bright lights of the towns and cities. How long did it take to fly to

Ghana from Chicago? She had no idea. She wondered if they would be flying over New Jersey. She had a fantasy of her waving to her mother and father as they flew by. "Goodbye, Mommy! Goodbye, Daddy! See you in the next life!"

If there was a next life. If there was, she deserved to be a princess, or a famous movie star, or a ballerina, or maybe just somebody that didn't have to worry about being made into a slave. Funny, she never thought of coming back as a man. There would be some good things if she did. She could be the fucker rather than the fuckee. She would be strong rather than weak. She could have that swagger that all the men seemed to have. But virtually all the men she had ever met, especially since she had been drafted, had been assholes, and she didn't want to be one of those.

She knew that they were in for a long flight. She closed her eyes and tried to calm the terrible turmoil inside her. She tried to think about the good things she had experienced in her life. Her childhood had been happy. The times they had spent at the shore had been wonderful. Her mother and father had been kind and supportive of everything she did. She had had good friends.

And Anthony, if only for a brief, brief time. She sometimes wondered about where he was, what had become of him. He was such a nice guy she was sure that he would have met a nice girl. They would have married and settled down and had multiple children. Maybe he had taken over his father's bakery. He had said he wanted to be an engineer. Maybe he did that. She hoped that he had a good life.

And since she had been drafted, what good things had there been? The only one she could really think of was her short, doomed love affair with Sheila. It had been wonderful to be in someone's loving arms. And Mrs. Rawlings. Maybe she could find out that she had been illegally sold overseas and do something about it. But she hadn't been able to save her from Rocco's, so there wasn't much hope for that either.

Would there be good things in her life ahead? She didn't see how there could be. The only good things she had were her sexual passions and sexual pleasure, but maybe they would take those things away too.

About four hours into the flight, the stewardess came back. She didn't do anything. She just seemed to be waiting for something. She was leaning against the cage opposite Ruth. There was only about 6' or so between them. Her face was well made up and pleasing and her black hair was curly and bushy around her head. A little while later, a man came into the room. His skin was coal black. He was wearing a pilot's uniform, without the jacket, but it wasn't the same guy who had inspected the cages before they took off. He was taller than the other man and he seemed older. His face was broad and his short hair was gray and black.

The stewardess stood up straight. Her face had been pensive, even worried, but now it broke out into a smile. It seemed forced. The tall man said something to

her as he lowered his fly. She nodded and dropped to her knees. He drew his cock from his pants. He said something else to the woman. She nodded. She drew off the light blue vest with gold piping she was wearing and placed it neatly beside her. She had a white blouse underneath and she unbuttoned it and drew it off. Underneath was a lacy, cream colored bra. She reached behind her back, unclasped it and drew it down her arms. It joined the neat pile of clothes next to her. She kept her light blue, pillbox hat on. She had nice sized breasts, a bit lighter than her dark chocolate skin. The man reached down and squeezed them and played with her nipples. Then he stood up again and proffered her his cock.

She placed her hands on the man's thighs to balance herself and she took his black cock into her mouth. She worked it slowly and expertly. They were right outside Ruth's cage. She had seen other women sucking men's cocks before, but she had usually been busy either sucking one of her own, or getting fucked. She watched the woman's bright red lips as they travelled up and down the man's pole. Her jaw seemed to be working it. Her cheeks pushed in and out as she filled her mouth with him and then retreated. Her eyes were closed as if she were blocking everything out.

The man started moaning. Every once in a while, the plane shifted on some air current and he had to balance himself by placing his hand on her cage. He stopped the woman a couple of times, making her hold his cock in her mouth while he cooled his ardor. He tapped her on the head when he wanted her to resume.

After about ten minutes, he pushed her forehead away from him. The stewardess retreated and his cock dropped out of her mouth. He gave her another instruction. She seemed distressed at the man's command, but she didn't argue. She reached behind her and lowered the zipper on her short, blue skirt. She pushed the skirt down her thighs and then rolled to her back. She pushed the skirt the rest of the way down her legs and drew it over her shiny black high heels. She was wearing cream colored, lacy underwear. It seemed bright against her coffee colored skin. She hooked her thumbs in the gusset and drew them down her long, graceful legs. She had folded her skirt and placed it on the other clothes and she placed the panties on top of it. She leaned back onto the floor, raised her knees and spread them. She was still wearing sheer black, self-supporting stockings with lacy tops. Her black high heel shoes were pressed hard into the floor. She placed her hand on her quim. It was bordered by neatly trimmed black hair. She looked up at the man and stared, rubbing her little button. She rubbed and she rubbed and she rubbed. The man was leering down at her, rubbing his still stiff cock.

Her quim was soon moist and she ran her hand up and down it and into her little hole. That was all the man needed to see. He sank to his knees and came between her thighs. She removed her hand and lifted her rear slightly, the better to receive him. He lay atop her, one hand to her right side, propping himself up, while

his left hand directed his prick to her opening. They both moaned as he slid himself in.

They rutted there for a long time. The man was in no hurry to come. The woman's pants became louder and louder and then she erupted into a series of anguished sounding grunts. Her high heels dragged along the carpeted floor and her hands were gripped tightly on his shoulders. He fucked right through her orgasm. Then his panting and moaning became more intense. The stewardess was releasing a low, steady moan. He began to grunt again and again. His thrusts became harder and faster. She started releasing short, staccato moans. The man stiffened, groaned deeply and began giving her steady, hard, purposeful thrusts. A few moments later, he was done.

They both lay there for a while, coupled at the loins, while they recovered from their excitement. Then the man rose, first to his knees and then to his feet. The stewardess started to get up as well, but he countermanded it with a short, curt command. He put his cock away and left.

She lay there, her knees up and spread. Her hand went to her crux and she rubbed it almost idly. About a minute after the man had left, the other man came through the door which connected the cargo area from the front cabin. His face was dark brown. He smiled broadly and said something to the woman. He was not as tall as the older man, but he was broader. His black hair was short and his face had an eager intensity to it.

The woman raised herself to her knees. She shuffled over to the man, looked up at him and then applied her hands to his crotch. She lowered his fly and then reached in with her right hand. She brought out his cock, it was in the process of tumescing. She gave it a few rubs with her hand and then put her mouth around it.

She worked him much like the other man. But while the other man had been content to let her do the work, this man took hold of her hair at the back of her head and began pumping it up and down while thrusting his hips at her. He was grunting and groaning and she was whining and complaining. After going on for a while, he suddenly yanked her head off of his cock. She released a mild shriek. He held her there with his eyes closed as if he was trying to hold himself back. After about a minute, he opened his eyes, released the girl's hair and spat an order out to her.

She turned and lowered her head to the floor on her folded arms and spread her knees, raising her rear. The man sank down to his knees and approached her. With one hand on her lower back, he used his other hand to aim his cock at her puss. He slid it up and down her crevasse several times and then slid himself home.

He began pumping hard at her. She started releasing little high pitched grunts at each blow. He went on for some time. His eyes were closed to slits as he reveled in the delightful friction on his cock. He suddenly pulled out. He pressed on her

lower back, lowering her rear. He probed his cock at her little, pinkish star and he began to press forward. The girl struggled, dislodging him. He brought his right hand down hard on her right buttock and roared a command at her. She started sobbing, but remained still. His left hand pressed firmly on her lower back, he inserted the tip of his member at the edge of her little opening. He started pushing forward. This time the girl did not move, but released a long, piteous whine as he entered her.

He began pounding away as soon as he was fully lodged. The girl was crying and sobbing, but she offered no resistance. It did not take long for the man's grunts to become urgent. His hands were on her hips and he pulled her towards him with each forward thrust. Suddenly, he growled. He gave the girl six or seven hard thrusts, grunting loudly at each one and then came to a halt. He rested for a few moments, drawing himself back and forth slowly. Then he withdrew, gave the woman a solid whack on her rear and rose to his feet. He put his cock away, brought up his zipper, turned and left.

The stewardess remained as she was for a few minutes. She was so close to the cages that, if her hands had been free, Ruth could have reached out and touched her. She was crying softly. Ruth and the other girls looked at her with no little sympathy, but sympathy tinged with the knowledge that she was still a free woman and that they were not. They were slaves, while she was not.

Finally, she rose. When she got to her feet, she walked briskly to a cabinet built into the wall up towards the passenger cabin. She opened it and took out a small cardboard box of tissues. She used one to clean up her pussy, pushing it afterwards into a trash compartment below the cabinet. Then she did her rear. There was a little sink there and she washed her hands. She came back to her clothes and dressed. When she had all of her clothes on, she ran her hands over herself to make sure that they were all on straight, paused, as if steeling herself, and then strode to the door to the other compartment. She passed through it and closed the door.

That was the most interesting event of the trip. They all just knelt there as the engines droned on and on. It was warm at least. And they hadn't turned out all the lights, which made things a little bit better than they could have been otherwise. The stewardess came back twice. She checked to make sure all the cages were locked and shined a light from her handheld into each one to make sure that its occupant was not in physical distress. Ruth was thirsty and hungry, but realized that the practical difficulties inherent in trying to water and feed ten bound up women were severe. And what if one of them rebelled and somehow freed herself from her bonds? She could wreak havoc. It was better just to leave them as they were.

Ruth held off peeing as long as she could. But she couldn't hold off for the

entire flight. The pad over her quim absorbed the liquid well. The only problem was that it gave off a slight odor of urine. There was nothing she could do about it.

After a long, long time, after hours and hours of fretting and worrying, painful sadness, and cold, cold fear, the plane suddenly seemed to slow as if it had flown into a cloud full of Jello. A queer feeling in her belly told her that it was descending. It seemed to bank to the left and kept going down. She could hear the air rushing over the tail fins as the flaps put up resistance to the flow of air. A terrible chill went through her.

The plane shuddered and there was a heavy jolt as it hit the runway. It took a long time to slow down. Once it had slowed it seemed to keep on rolling for a while and made a turn. Then it stopped. A few moments later, the engines shut down.

About fifteen minutes later, the stewardess came back. She pressed the button which lowered the ramp at the tail and it groaned as it unfolded. Almost immediately, two black men dressed in khaki work clothes and wearing red baseball caps came in. Hot, moist air was flooding the compartment. They unloaded the right side first, escorting each girl down the ramp as she whined and trembled. Ruth was second in her row. When they came down the ramp a wall of hot air greeted her. There was a truck there with a tall cage built into the back. The girls who had been unloaded before her were sitting on benches along the sides. One of the cargo men got in and helped the other one lift her into it. The man pulled her deep into the cage and forced her down on a bench on the right side. The man who was apparently the driver of the truck stood by the end smoking a cigarette.

When the last girl had been loaded, the door to the cage was shut and locked. The driver, dressed in khaki and a red hat like the others, got into the driver's side. A few moments later, the truck moved off.

They whizzed by a large terminal. A number of other planes were parked on the tarmac at various angles. Black men dressed in khaki were scurrying around busily. A long coiffe of naked and bound black women were shuffling towards a different plane. They drove to a small building. It was made of corrugated steel, like a Quonset hut. Its arched roof was of dark shingles. The driver stopped the truck and went inside. It was a bright, sunny day and the hot sun was beating down on them. The driver emerged from the hut and two men dressed in blue jeans and faded blue t-shirts emerged with him.

The three men stood around for a while, joking and laughing. They were young, between 25 and 30, tall and lanky. They didn't seem to pay much attention to the truckload of female flesh. They smoked and bantered. One of men from the building went back in for a moment and he emerged with 3 plastic bottles of Coca Cola. They drank them down relatively quickly. When the bottles were empty they

all tossed them at a rusted, green painted, open 55 gallon drum that sat about 20' away from the doorway. The first two went in and the third hit the rim and bounced out. The other two men ridiculed the man who had missed. He strolled over there sheepishly, picked up the bottle and slam dunked it into the drum. The other two men applauded.

Ruth and all the women looked at the men. Their nonchalance about their suffering was soul deadening. They huddled together, separated from the world by the iron bars of the cage. Their only unobstructed view was of each other, the rest of the universe being divided into little squares. Once again, Ruth felt like there were two kinds of people in the world, those naked and bound and locked into cages, at the mercy of callous, brutal forces, and everybody else. No one in the world, except other powerless, enslaved women who had been through the same thing, could understand how they felt. Dread at their unknown futures. Fear of pain and suffering. Nausea at their total and complete powerlessness. Dismay at the indifference of virtually everyone.

The women awaited their fate morosely, some crying softly, others sobbing audibly, some just dully staring off at nothing. All of them full of remorse at the lives they had lost. Nobody cared that they were baking in the hot tropical sun. Nobody cared that they couldn't talk, couldn't move, couldn't register a single protest at their treatment. What they felt was of total indifference to the world, of total indifference to the men joking and laughing with each other as they sat there unhappily. It was as if the emanation of their suffering evaporated as soon as it exited their psyches, was converted to an ephemeral mist that was wafted away by the subtle, almost nonexistent breeze..

About 20 minutes after the truck arrived at the Quonset hut, a small, white Toyota pickup truck pulled to a halt near them. Two men got out. The driver was young, not much more than 19 or 20. He was dressed in dungarees and a white t-shirt. The man who got out to the passenger side was much older, perhaps in his middle fifties. He was wearing black dress pants, a white dress shirt and a green and red tie. The young man, who wore a large, black afro, had a stamping mechanism in his hand. The older man held a CPad and had a handheld on his belt.

They came over to the rear of the truck and the three men greeted the older man deferentially. He grunted in response and gave a sharp order to the driver. The driver went up to the back of the truck and waved the electronic key at the cage door. The lock clicked and he pulled the door open. With a hand signal and a string of verbal abuse, he ordered the first girl on the right, on Ruth's side, to step out of the truck. The girl got up from her seat uncertainly and shuffled to the tail of the truck. She bent over uncertainly, as if she were going to jump off. The two men who had come out from the Quonset hut reached up and grabbed her arms and pulled her down.

She landed with a squeal. The men ignored her. The older man looked at her face and then at the card that had been placed on her collar at Southside with her picture on it. He took his handheld and scanned the QR code on her chest above her left breast. Then he scanned the customs tag that was still hanging from her right ear. He looked at his CPad, confirmed something and then gave the young man who had come with him an order. The young man took the stamping mechanism and pressed it against the middle of the girl's chest. The girl squealed. He removed the stamping device and there was a square, inked, red imprint of something that looked official. One of the men pulled her toward the door to the hut, and then brought her in. He came out again right afterwards.

They did the next two girls in Ruth's row, and then they did her. When she hit the ground, her knees bent and she almost fell. A strong hand steadied her on each side. The men were impressed with her decorations, making her turn around so they could see the back. Her joined arms in the sheath blocked most of what was there, but they made her bend over and display the brilliant foliage that adorned her rear and the back of her thighs. One of the men fondled her crevasse, tickling it while the other men held her legs apart, until she moistened and shuddered, releasing a forlorn whine. Everybody laughed.

When they were done looking and handling her, the older man reviewed her picture, scanned her QR code on her chest and the customs tag. When the young man went to apply the red stamp to her, there was no place on her chest to put it where it wouldn't be lost in the colorful, jumbled designs. After a few moments of indecision, he grabbed her right breast to hold it in position, and put the stamp on her there.

She was guided forward and brought to the door. It was steel and the man put his thumb in the coder and it clacked open. She was pulled inside.

Two of the girls who had been processed before her were standing in front of a long counter. There was a gap in it just in front of them. The room was cooled. Behind the counter were three rows of narrow, 7' high black cages. A man there dressed in a bright green t-shirt and jeans used a handheld to scan in the girl who was first in line. He handed her off to another man, who was wearing a light blue polo shirt. That man walked the girl towards the cages and placed her in one. They did the girl in front of Ruth and then it was her turn. The man at the counter scanned her QR code and the other man took her away. The rows of cages extended about 100'. There was one row set against the right wall, one set against the left wall and a double row of cages back to back in the middle.

The man led Ruth up the right corridor and stopped at a cage which had its back against the outside wall. It was about 6' deep and 4' wide. There was a bench at the back. The man brought Ruth inside the cage and pushed her down on the bench. He reached behind her and attached a chain that led from the wall to the

back of her collar. He unhooked the picture which had been on her collar since she had arrived at Southside and took it. He stepped out of the cage, closed the door. It clicked closed. He hung the picture on the door.

Ruth couldn't determine how many cages there were, but there looked to be about 50. Quite a few of them had clearly already been occupied when the first girl from their shipment came in. She watched as the other girls from her shipment were brought in and loaded into their own cages. When they all had been fully processed, the men went to the front of the building.

Ruth was understandably distraught that she wasn't given something to drink or eat. Or at least that they would let her pee and remove the pad on her sex. She was also terribly frightened that she would soon learn her ultimate fate. She had to pee again and finally had to release it. The only thing that assuaged her humiliation was the fact that it was certain that the other women were doing the same thing.

Every once in a while, a tall, fat black man wearing a loose, multicolored pullover shirt would come back with one of the men who had been outside. He would have a piece of paper in his hand and go down the row of cages until he found the picture of the girl he was looking for. The girl would be hauled out of the cage and taken up to the front of the building. Sometimes he collected more than one and the man who was with him would put them in a coffle and lead them away.

Hours went by, and Ruth began to despair that she would ever be retrieved. Her stomach literally ached from hunger and her throat was dry and irritated by lack of something to drink. At one point a girl dressed in a blue denim miniskirt came by pushing a cart. She was wearing a sleeveless chartreuse top. The cart had a large, white water jug on it with a spigot. Next to the jug was a large, white ceramic mug with a logo on it. The girl was about 21 or 22. She wore a black leather collar and bracelets. On her feet were high heeled, open sandals. She had a morose demeanor. Her face was pretty and she had short, black frizzy hair.

She filled the cup with water from the jug and then went up to the first cage in Ruth's row. She opened the door and put the mug on the bench next to the girl. She removed the girl's gag and then let her drink from the cup. The girl took it hungrily. When the mug was emptied, the black girl proffered her her gag. She took it back sadly.

Ruth's was the fifth cage down and she awaited her turn anxiously. When the black girl watered the girl next to her, the girl, after she had finished drinking, started into whining and uttering pleading words in a harsh, guttural language. She had long, stringy black hair and was a little plump. The black girl's right hand lashed out and she gave the distraught white girl a heavy slap, that made her screech. The white girl kept pleading and begging. The black girl hit her three times, until the girl stopped. Each time the blow seemed harder and more vicious.

Finally, sobbing, the white girl opened her mouth and received her gag back. The girl exited the cage and locked it.

Ruth gave her no trouble, even though, like the girl before her, she wanted to beg and plead for something to eat, for freedom, for an explanation of how long she would be sitting there, where she was going. Some of those questions Ruth knew the girl would have no answer for, but she needed to ask someone, anyone! She remained silent though. The water felt heavenly as it descended her throat. When the girl pulled the empty mug away, Ruth wanted to beg her for another, but was too afraid of being slapped. When the girl presented the gag to her, she opened her mouth and reluctantly received it.

The black girl didn't have trouble with any of the other captives. When the jug was empty, she pulled another one from the bottom and replaced it. When all the girls had been watered, she slowly rolled the cart away to the front of the building.

More girls were taken away. After a while, a shipment of Hispanic looking girls began to arrive. They had mostly black hair and their skin ranged from dark brown to café au lait. One was a blonde. They were all processed and placed in cages. They all wore the red stamp on their chest which indicated that they had cleared customs.

There was a lot of sobbing and whining among the caged girls. Frequently, Ruth felt compelled to join them, but held herself back. She couldn't tell whether all the girls from her flight had been taken away, but she had the distinct impression that they had. There were long, narrow, horizontal windows along the walls up by the ceiling and she could see that it was getting darker outside. A few times, the fat man checked her picture on her door, giving her hope, but he always moved on.

She didn't know what time their plane had arrived, but she was pretty certain that it was midafternoon. Now it was getting towards dusk. She figured that she had been sitting in her cage for about five or six hours. She had had to pee a couple more times. The girl with the water came by again once. She would descend into fits of sobbing and whining, overwhelmed with unhappiness. She began to fear that she would be left in her cage overnight, that maybe whoever was supposed to come get her had gotten the day wrong. Or maybe she had just been forgotten and would have to spend days and days like this, hungry and sitting in her own pee.

When the fat man came down, checked her picture and then opened her cage, she was effused with joy. The blue shirted man who was with him, came into the cage, unchained her from the wall and, taking her by the arm, helped her to her feet. She was brought out and then led down the row of cages to the front of the building. Several men were standing around. The front wall had two large glass windows in it, extending from about 3' from the floor to the ceiling. There was a glass door. She could see that something was painted onto it in dark blue

backwards writing. She assumed that it was the name of the place she was in. The floor was dusty and the side walls were covered with russet colored paneling.

She had hoped maybe to see Mr. Ntombe there, but he was not one of the men. She was led to the counter. The fat man scanned her QR code and made some notations in a CPad. There was a lanky black man standing on the other side. He was wearing a black t-shirt that said 'Oakland Raiders' on it in white over a logo of the team. He seemed to be in his mid-thirties. He had a black goatee and was wearing a blue baseball cap. His skin was very black. He seemed to be swaying.

The fat man made the lanky man place his thumb on a thumbby. That generated a sheet of paper to be printed by a nearby printer. The fat man took the piece of paper and gave it to the lanky man. He folded it and put it into the pocket of his black jeans. The lanky man stepped over to her, took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and began to drag her to the outside door.

Ruth stumbled after the man. It was dark out. The muggy heat hit her right away. The outside of the building had floodlights on either corner illuminating a small parking area. There were several cars parked here. The lanky man led her over to a faded red pickup truck. The tail gate had 'FORD' across it in dirty white letters. The man stared at her for a few moments, taking in her decorated body. He smiled at her in a sickening way. He took hold of her breasts and squeezed them and then pulled on her nipples. He was about a foot away from her and she could smell beer on his breath. He released her teats.

He lowered the tailgate. There was a cage sitting on the bed. It was a little bit back from the tail. It was about 4' high and 3' wide. The man reached in and opened it. Ruth knew that it was for her, and her heart sank at one more cruel imprisonment. There was no way for her to climb into it with her hands bound. The man took her by the hips and sat her down on the tailgate. He climbed up, took hold of the ring in her collar and practically dragged her over to the cage. She struggled to get in. He started kicking her and yelling at her. She squiggled in as best she could. She started sobbing again. As soon as she was in, the man slammed the cage door closed. It banged up against her feet and bounced back. She quickly pulled her legs in further. He slammed the cage door closed again, harder this time. It caught. He waved an electronic card at it and it locked.

He jumped off of the tailgate, turned and slammed it up. He walked around to the driver's side and got in. The engine whirred. He backed up and turned the rear of the truck towards the building. Ruth looked at it. You could see two white captives standing by the counter while the fat man did their paperwork. Another black man dressed in khaki pants and a blue dress shirt was waiting for them.

They pulled out of the parking area and took a left. They were on a narrow, two lane road. It weaved between a couple of buildings and then they came to a gate. A guard at the gate looked over the driver's paperwork, gave it back to him

and they took off again.

They drove along a two lane road for a while. There were occasional street lamps and cars coming the other way. Ruth had maneuvered herself in the cage so that she could kneel with her neck a little bent. She couldn't see much because there was darkness everywhere. Then they slowed. The driver made a left turn onto a ramp. They went up the ramp and entered a four lane highway.

Off in the distance she could see a major city with its lights shining brightly. They were pulling further and further away from it. Ruth had hoped that her destination would be a short distance from the airport, but that didn't seem that it would be the case. They drove on and on. She got tired of looking at lights flying by and darkness all around. She turned and lay on her side on the thin pad that served as the cage's bottom. She closed her eyes and tried to sleep. Her hunger had turned into a dull ache and she was thirsty again. Her fear of where she was going and what was going to happen to her had turned dull too.

What did it matter? Wherever she was going, she knew that it would involve some form of sexual servitude. She had endured thirteen years at whorehouses, a year with Mr. Anderson, fucking all of his friends, and several more months with Rocco. How much worse could it be than any of that? She just had to figure out a way to kill herself that wouldn't involve too much pain and would be certain.

After about three hours of driving, the truck slowed and then made a turn to the right. There were bright lights and the sound of raucous music. Ruth popped her head up and saw that they were at some kind of roadhouse. There were cars everywhere and a low slung brick building with a big sign over it spelling out words she did not know. She heard the sound of a woman's laughter as three people passed the truck on their way inside. The driver got out of the truck, locked it and headed inside the bar.

She just lay there, despondent and miserable. After a few hours, she heard the tailgate of the truck being lowered. She turned quickly and saw a tall, thin black lady there. She was wearing a flowery house dress. She looked 40ish or so. Her hair was kept back on her head with a red band. She had the electronic key in her hand and she waved it at the lock. It popped open.

"Come, missie!" she called out to Ruth in a shrill voice. "You be commin' wid me!"

Ruth didn't know what she should do. The woman had the key. Had the lanky man given it to her, or had she stolen it somehow. She imagined the man drunk and passed out and people going through his pockets. On the other hand, being out of the cage seemed a wondrous thing. And what did it matter to her who owned her? Maybe it was better this way.

She crept out of the cage as best she could. She slid herself to the tailgate and swung her legs around until she was sitting on it. The woman took hold of the ring

in her collar and pulled her down. Her feet struck rough gravel. The woman looked at her for a moment. She looked down at the pad between her legs. She looked at her stringy, scraggly hair. She shook her head and made a disapproving noise.

“Come on! Come on, missie!” the woman exclaimed as she began to pull her along. They walked down past the roadhouse. There was another set of buildings. One was a flimsy house with two stories. The other was a long, one story building with numerous doors like a motel. The woman led her to the house. The entrance was ground level. They walked into what was arranged as a motel office with a counter and a couple of low, metal framed, padded chairs. There was a soda machine and an ice machine. A large potted plant sat between the chairs. The end of the counter was against the wall on the left. It was about 6’ long. At its nearer end was a 4’ high barrier that extended the rest of the way across the room. There was a little swinging gate so you could go past it.

The woman pulled Ruth through the little gate and up to the counter. She held her there a minute, made some entries on a CPad and then led her away. They went through a locked door and into a hall. The woman brought her to a door on the left and they entered a large, brightly lit bathroom. The walls were painted sea green. The toilet and the sink were white. There was a greenish blue vinyl tile floor. She pulled Ruth over to the toilet. Gingerly, she drew the pad off of her.

“Phew!” she said. “You a mess, missy!”

She tossed the soggy pad into a little trash basket near the toilet. It was lined with a small, plastic, white bag. The woman sat Ruth down. Ruth blessed her as she released a stream of water. In the meantime, the woman was running the water in the sink and soaping up a pink washcloth. When Ruth was done, the woman told her to stand and spread her legs. The woman used the washcloth to clean all over her mons and upper thighs. To Ruth it felt wonderful.

She rinsed out the washcloth and then wiped her again. Then she dried her with a small towel.

“That be better, missy,” the woman told her. Her voice wasn’t exactly kindly, but there was no harshness in it. She washed her hands. She led her from the bathroom and they went a little further down the hall. A set of stairs went off to the right up to the second floor. On the left was a kitchen. She brought Ruth into the kitchen and had her kneel on a 4’ by 6’ rug. The kitchen had a large, white refrigerator, a white porcelain sink and wooden cabinets all around stained a light brown. There was a circular table with four chairs around it.

The woman went into a cabinet and took out a large, low, silver colored bowl. She went to the sink, ran the water for a bit and then filled the bowl. She brought it over to Ruth and laid it on the floor.

“Now I be takin out de tingy in yer maut, missy, but you no bein gibbin de talkin, you hear?” she said sternly.

Ruth nodded frantically yes. The woman reached out to her mouth and pressed the button which deflated the gag. She pulled it free. Ruth experienced a rush of joy. She started to cry. The woman patted her firmly on the cheek. "You take de big drink, missy," she said. "I get you sometin to eat."

Ruth looked down at the bowl of water. It looked splendid. She spread her knees and bent over and started sucking it up. It was just a little cooler than lukewarm. But it was delicious. She drank for a while, paused and raised her head for a moment, relishing the sensation of being quenched. The woman had taken a big bowl out of the refrigerator and emptied some of it into a small one. Ruth watched as the woman put the smaller bowl in a microwave and turned it on. She bowed her head again and finished off all the water in the bowl in front of her.

The microwave dinged and the woman brought the blue bowl over to her and put it down, replacing the steel one. Ruth looked up for permission. The woman looked amused. "Eat! Eat!" she said merrily.

Ruth dove in. It was a mixture of what seemed like sweet potatoes and other vegetables, with brown colored rice in an orangey brown sauce. It was a little hot at first, but Ruth managed to get some down right away. When she swallowed the first mashed up sweet potato, she released an unintentional moan of satisfaction.

While Ruth ate, the woman made herself a cup of tea. She let it steep for a while and then started sipping it. After the first two large mouthfuls, Ruth was taking her time eating the rest. The sauce was spicy, but not hot. The rice was chewy. She would gather a small mouthful and then lean up and chew it until it was all mashed up before swallowing. She was savoring every bit of taste and flavor.

When she was done, she licked the bowl clean. All of a sudden, a great tiredness came over her. It was funny that it took until that moment to wonder who this woman was and why she was taking care of her. The woman wetted a paper towel, brought it over and cleaned her mouth. Ruth wanted to thank her. But she had given her a promise not to speak and she didn't want to break it. The woman rinsed her gag in the sink and brought it over. Without having to be told to do so, Ruth spread her lips and received it. The woman pushed the button and it expanded. She patted Ruth on the cheek and said, "That better, missy?"

Ruth nodded vociferously yes.

The woman took hold of her collar and gently urged her to her feet. She took her back down the hallway from which they had come. She unlocked a steel reinforced door on the left with a thumb device and a heavy lock clacked open. She brought her into a dimly lit room with no window. There were six long, 4' high cages, three on either side of the room. Two of them were occupied by young black women wearing steel bracelets and collars. One was asleep, but the other looked up. She was wearing a shield gag that obscured her mouth. Her wrists were chained to her collar.

The cages had thick, soft pallets in them. The woman opened a cage across from the two other girls, and told Ruth to get in. Ruth crawled in on her knees. The woman closed the cage door and locked it. Without saying anything, she left. Ruth heard the heavy lock to the door clack shut.

She would have preferred it if the woman had released her arms from behind her back, but she didn't quibble. It was the nicest accommodation she had had for days. There was even a little pillow on the end nearest the wall. She lowered herself to her belly. The shackles were still on her legs. The young girl who had awoken had lain back down. Ruth could hear both hers and the other girls' rhythmic, deep breaths. She closed her eyes. She had no idea where she was or where she was going, but for now, there was peace. Her belly was full and she had been cleaned. She turned her head sideways to the left on the pillow. She quickly fell asleep.

When she awoke, she thought immediately that this would be her first full day in Africa. And she would be in Africa all that day. And all the next and the next and the next. She was almost certainly never going back to her home. She closed her eyes and tried to think that thought away. The dim light was still on in the room. It was not possible to know how long she had slept, but it felt like a long time. The young girl who had awoken when she came in last night was awake and seated up, looking at her. No words could be exchanged, but Ruth felt a shared emotion with her of loneliness and unhappiness. She came to her knees, the only position she could assume other than lying on her belly. She knelt there for a while, wondering what additional unhappiness this day would bring.

The woman came in. The other black girl rose to a sitting position. The woman, dressed in another house dress with blue flowers and ruffles along the hem, let the first girl out of the cage, urging her out in their native language, and led her away. About ten minutes later, she brought her back and reinstalled her in her cage. She brought out the second girl and then returned her like the first. She came to Ruth. "I be takin' you to pee an I don't wan no trouble," she told her sternly. Ruth nodded. She let her out, brought her to the bathroom and let her use the toilet and then led her back.

She left and came back about fifteen minutes later with a small cart. It had three covered bowls on it. She placed a bowl outside of each of the cages and opened the doors. As each of them snuck their heads out, she removed their gags. Being all trained to obedience, they all waited for a sign from her that they could eat. She uttered a word that Ruth didn't understand and the two young girls bent to the bowls and began to eat. Ruth followed suit.

It was a porridge mixed with nuts and honey. Ruth was glad to have it. She looked up at the woman as she ate. Today she was wearing a zipper on a leather belt around her waist. With three slaves to control, she had armed herself. She was

standing by the open door and there was nothing stopping Ruth and the other two girls from rushing her and passing through it. But then where would they go? Unable to use their hands, there was no way they could open any doors, especially locked ones. They might be able to break out through a window, but what would that get them? They could run around all they wanted, screaming for help and all that would happen would be that someone would subdue them and return them to their rightful owner. Ruth had learned that no law enforcement officer would ever help them since what was being done to them was perfectly legal.

She and the other girls finished their meals. The woman took out a large carafe and poured something milky in their bowls. Ruth drank it up readily, not knowing when she would again have something liquid to consume. When they had drunk everything down, the woman washed their faces with a cloth, restored their gags and ordered them back in their cages.

When she had been in the bathroom, Ruth had been able to look out of the window. It was still mostly dark out with the nascence of daylight. She didn't know what time the man would come to get her, but the woman had made sure that she and the other girls would be ready when they were called for.

About an hour after they were all fed, the door opened again. The woman came in. Following her was a large man. He was wearing a loose, colorful shirt with a 'V' neck. On his head he wore a multicolored, round brimless hat. His arms were large and the shirt tightened around his biceps. His face was rugged with a dark brow. His skin was dark chocolate colored. He stood at least 6' tall, probably more. His face wore a scowl.

The woman pointed out the two girls in the cage opposite her. They seemed to cringe back when they saw him. The woman and the man were exchanging conversation. He looked over at Ruth. She shrank back. He said something to the woman which they both found amusing. He crouched down to get a better look at her. He gave her a covetous grin. Ruth's body chilled. She still didn't know whether the woman had taken her on her own or at the behest of the driver. Was she going to sell her to the cruel looking man?

He stood up. He had some chains over his shoulder. The woman unlocked the other girls' cages. The doors were pulled open. The man said something ominous sounding to the girls. They both gave him unhappy looks and began to crawl out. When they were standing one behind the other, looking at him, he took one of the chains and attached it first to the back of the first girl's collar and then to the front of the other's. The first girl was just a little on the plump side, about 5'6" tall. Her breasts were round and held high. Her black hair was long and a little wild. She looked to be maybe 23 or 24. The girl behind her was more diminutive. Her hair was short and kinky. She was thin, with apple sized breasts. As soon as the chain was affixed to her collar she began to cry. The man said something rough to her

and fear crossed her face. The man took the second chain, which was a leash, and attached it to the front of the first girl's collar. He gave it an intense yank, causing the first girl to stumble. Her eyes were worried and started to water. He led them shuffling out of the room. The woman followed. The door 'clacked' when it closed.

She was alone. She was glad that the big black man hadn't taken her. He reminded her a little of Rocco, except Rocco was a little shorter and his cruelty was a little subtler. The world was full of Roccos of all shades and stripes. The doctrines adopted by the Global Unity Convention so many years ago had unleashed them. It was almost as if the world had reverted to the Middle Ages. A thousand years of progress for women had been wiped out.

She waited and waited and waited for the driver to come and get her. She imagined him somewhere sleeping off a hangover from the night before. She wondered if this was his usual stop in his trips from wherever it was that he had picked her up to wherever they were going. Did he come down every couple of days, pick women up at the airport and drive them someplace deep into the Ghana hinterland? She feared that he would take her to the edge of civilization where he would turn her over to some tribe who would take her deep into the jungle to be the village whore. Or use her in some ritualistic sacrifice.

About two hours after the big man had come and retrieved his two slave girls, the door opened. The woman came in. The driver was right behind her. She opened Ruth's cage and told her to come out. Ruth felt just fine where she was. Couldn't she just live here in her cage for a little while? Did she have to go where this man was taking her? Was there anyway she could avoid her fate?

She suppressed a sob and climbed out of the cage. The woman smiled and patted her on the cheek. She had a nice little sideline here, providing a convenient overnight storage facility for enslaved women. It was like a kennel where you could keep your dog overnight because you weren't allowed to take it into your hotel room. The driver smiled at her evilly. He was wearing the same Oakland Raiders t-shirt and red hat. He reached out and took hold of the ends of her breasts and squeezed them. She tried to retreat, but he held onto them. The woman said something harsh and he let go. He took hold of the ring in her collar and led her from the room.

The woman escorted them to the office. She made him place his thumb on her CPad. She looked at it, confirming something, and then gave the man a nod. He pulled her through the little gate and then through the door to the outside. Ruth felt the wall of heat. He pulled her down the step to the parking lot and then swiftly over to the truck. He had mounted white steel poles at the corners and had stretched a black canvas over the back. Ruth was comforted that at least she would be in the shade rather than exposed to the sun all day. They duplicated the

procedure from when he had picked her up at the airport. He sat her up on the tailgate and then she crawled to the cage. It had been set back a little bit so that it would be fully under the awning.

When the man opened the cage door she crawled into it as fast as she could to avoid being kicked again. Her alacrity seemed to satisfy him. He slammed the cage door shut and jumped off of the tailgate. He swung it up with a 'clang!' and walked to the front of the truck. Ruth heard the engine whirr and felt the vibration underneath her. A second later, the driver pulled to the edge of the parking lot, waited for a couple of cars to pass, and then pulled out in the direction they had been going the night before.

Kneeling, she looked out the back of the truck over the tailgate. They were on a four lane, newly paved road. It was busy. The truck was limited in its speed and cars kept passing them to their left. Ruth had had no idea how modern a country this was. She had expected mud huts and small jungle roads. She could see the fading buildings of the city which they had just skirted. She couldn't see the signs for the way they were going, but she saw a big green sign go behind them in the opposite lane of travel with reflective silver letters that said "Kumasi 10 km."

The further they got away from the city, the less built up the area was. On either side of the highway were deep forests. The cars became fewer and fewer. Eventually, the road turned into two lanes. There were fewer stores and other signs of civilization.

She got tired of watching the road and lay back as best she could. She fretted about where they were going and who would be her owner. She hoped that he would not be cruel like the man who had come in and collected the young black girls that morning. And then a lassitude would come over her and she would cease to care.

There were two stops that they made. At one point, about 4 hours into their trip, the truck pulled into a large gravel parking lot. The driver pulled the truck up to a recharging station. He got out of the truck, slipped a Debbie into the meter and then hooked the charging cord to the plug at the truck's side. Ruth reached her head up to the top of the cage and watched him stroll into a store. It looked like any convenience store you would find at home, with large glass windows with all kinds of advertisements posted on them. The driver came back out in about fifteen minutes. He was carrying a sandwich wrapped in paper and a liter bottle of beer. He put them in the cab of the truck, disconnected the charger and then pulled the truck under a large, shady tree.

There were some picnic tables and benches there. He lowered the tailgate and then took his sandwich and beer from the truck and sat at a table from a position where he could see her and she him. The sandwich looked like it was served on a kind of pita bread. She could see the large sausage in it and potatoes and onions.

She was hungry too. She looked at him forlornly, hoping that she could shame him into feeding her, but it had no effect on him. He just kept eating his sandwich and drinking from his liter bottle. A family had been sitting at a nearby table. A man, his apparent wife and two small girls and a boy. The man kept staring at her lustfully. The woman, when she did look at her, had disdain in her eyes. Ruth could hear her apparently reprimanding her children for looking. They finished quickly, packed up and moved away.

The man finished his sandwich. He took out a cigarette and lit it up, smoking it calmly while he finished his beer. He kept gazing at her and she was sure that he was tempted to pull the truck over somewhere and fuck her. She cringed at the thought. She gave up looking at him and leaned back, closing her eyes so that she wouldn't see him.

She heard him toss his beer bottle in a garbage can. He walked back over to the store and came out a few minutes later with another paper bag. She could see the tops of two beer bottles poking out of it. He came back to the picnic table and put the bottles down on it. He took one out of the bag, cracked the top and took a long drink.

He sat there drinking and smoking cigarettes for the better part of an hour. A man came by in a beat up, old, white Toyota. He got out of the driver's side and went around to the passenger's. He was wearing a torn red t-shirt and canvas pants. He was big, with a large gut. His face was pudgy and he had porcine eyes. He pulled a thin young girl, maybe 19 or 20, out of the car. Her hands were tied in front of her. A rope led from the tie to the man's hand. She tried to pull back, but he gave the rope a hard yank, making the girl stumble. She was pretty with short black hair that was done up in ringlets. She wore a red and yellow miniskirt and a yellow halter top. She was barefoot.

The man approached the driver. He said something rapidly and pointed to the girl. The driver waived him off. The man took the straps from the girl's halter and brought them down her shoulders, displaying firm, perky, grapefruit sized breasts. The driver waived him off again. The driver and the man talked some more. The man said something and the driver shrugged his shoulders. The man tugged the young girl over to the truck. He stepped up on the bumper and tied off the rope to the frame which was holding up the black tarp above Ruth. The girl's hands went up in the air and she hopped around as if she were on tip toes. He strolled off to the store.

The driver kept looking at the girl. The straps on her halter top had risen back up to her shoulders, but the bodice had been pulled under her breasts and they were still bare. He had finished the second liter of beer and was working on the third. The girl was only three feet away from Ruth and she could see that she was crying.

The man who had brought her returned with his own bottle. He sat at the table

opposite the driver and started to drink. After a while they were having a merry old time. At one point the driver brought the man over to the truck so that he could get a better look at Ruth. She shied away as best she could from his glare. The other man started to extol the virtues of his prisoner. He squeezed her breasts. He lowered the zipper on her miniskirt and pulled it down.

The driver looked pensive. Then the other man said something as if he were proffering a price. The driver shook his head. The man invited him to feel her breasts. The driver reached his hands up and started kneading them. He pulled at the nipples and shook them. He turned and made an offer to the man. The man smiled broadly. He made a counteroffer. The driver nodded. He fished into his pants pocket, removed some bills, counted some out and handed them to the man. The man counted them quickly, smiled again, and put the money in his pocket.

The big man stood on the fender again and released the girl's rope. He handed it to the driver. The driver gave the rope a yank and pulled the girl into the little copse of trees. She was wearing no underwear. He went about 100' away, hid partway behind a tree and told the girl to get on her knees. She complied. He released his cock and presented it to her. She took it into her mouth. He started plunging himself back and forth with his hand in her hair.

It only took about three minutes. Ruth heard the driver release a loud groan and then a series of grunts. A few seconds later, he withdrew from the girl's mouth and put his cock away in his pants.

He hauled the unhappy girl back and handed the rope to the other man. He had a sheepish, sleepy look on his face. The two men continued drinking their beers and smoking cigarettes while the girl stood there. Her breasts were still exposed and she was naked from the waist down. Her tears had dried on her cheeks. After a while, another car pulled up and parked nearby. Two young men dressed in jeans and t-shirts emerged. The man said something to the driver. He got up, grabbed the girl's rope and hurried over to the two young men, calling out to them. The girl tumbled after him. The young men stopped. They looked over the girl. Some money was exchanged and the girl was hauled into the woods by one of the men.

The driver emptied his last beer and tossed his bottles into a nearby trash can. He came to the back of the truck, opened the cage and urged her out. She began to have a hope that he would at least give her something to eat or drink. But when he had her standing, he motioned to the ground with his hand. She cringed, but was grateful for the opportunity to relieve herself. She peed in the dirt between her spread feet. When she was done, he didn't bother to wipe her or anything. He just lifted her back up onto the tailgate. She crawled into the cage and he locked it. He jumped off of the tailgate and closed it. He got back into the truck, weaving, and they were back on the road. Ruth looked back. The girl was being led back into the woods by the second young man.

Ruth began to pray that the man would crash the truck and she would be killed. It seemed the best solution to everything. A couple of times she could see that the truck had crossed the line in the middle of the road and then swerved back. One time, a car coming the other way hit its horn at him and then whizzed by.

The next stop was about 2 hours later. The truck came to a halt and then began advancing slowly in starts and stops. She couldn't see in front so she couldn't determine what was going on. The car behind them had a man driving and a young girl in the passenger seat. They kept staring at her.

It took about 30 minutes to get to the front of the line. As they got closer, she saw soldiers standing around in green camouflage uniforms and soft hats. They were carrying zip rifles. When they got to the head of the line, she heard someone questioning the driver sternly. She assumed that he was checking his papers. It was funny that despite all the CPads and thumbys and other digital stuff people still relied on paper. There was something about feeling a piece of paper in your hand that made the information on it seem more real.

She saw the army officer walk down the side of the truck. He was young and sharp looking. He was wearing a black brimmed cap with an insignia in the middle. He looked at her as he came by. She tried to shrink in her cage. He came to the back and lowered the tailgate. For a moment she thought that he was going to take her out. She didn't want to be displayed before all the armed men. And who knew what he would do. He might insist that she service him as the price of moving on.

Apparently, all he wanted to do was to look at her. He still had the papers in his hand. He looked her up and down. She was trying her best to avoid his view. She crouched down and scrunched her shoulders. Suddenly, he spoke.

"Kneel up, girlie!" he spat out in clipped English. "Let me see them titties!"

A couple of soldiers had joined him at the back of the truck and they were peering around him. She brought herself up as far as she could. She thrust her breasts out. He stared at them for a few moments. Then he said, "Okay! Okay!" and slammed the tailgate shut. He went back to the driver and handed him back his papers. The truck pulled away.

CHAPTER NINE

They drove for a couple of more hours. They stopped several times so that the driver could piss. Things were getting built up again. She realized unhappily that they must be several hundred miles from where she arrived. She was tired and hungry and thirsty and frightened. The further deeper into the country they went to worse it seemed to her. It was getting to dusk. She had been locked in her cage for the whole day. She had to pee desperately. They were skirting another large city on her left. The truck stopped and then made a left hand turn. They were on a smaller road. They drove for several miles. They drove past a couple of farms. Finally, the truck slowed, turned left and entered a driveway, drove for a hundred yards again and the truck stopped. The driver spoke to someone; there was a clatter and the sound of a gate opening. Icy cold fear struck her. The truck scooted up about fifty more yards and then stopped.

Ruth looked over the side of the truck. They were next to a big round house two stories high, extending for 200' or so with white columns every fifty feet. The walls were of sand colored stucco. She started to shiver and started to cry. On all the journey through the long day she hadn't cried although she had wanted to many times. The house was surrounded by a large wall of the same design with cut glass and a vee of barbed wire at the top. There was a big garage with several cars. The courtyard was well swept, yellowish stone. Large, colorful, buoyant flowers surrounded the house. A floodlight on the garage and one on the house above the door made everything as bright as day.

The driver was standing by the end of the truck smoking a cigarette, staring at her as if he regretted not fucking her. She whined as her body trembled. How far was it from Ghana to New Jersey, she wondered fretfully. What miracle would have to occur in her life for her to ever get back?

She heard the door to the house open. It was a large, dark stained double door with a golden crest of a snarling lion outlined in red that divided when the doors opened. The first one out was a young black girl. She was thin and had her black hair tied off behind her in a long ponytail. She was wearing a brown sheath dress tied around the waist. Ruth noted the glittering silver colored confinements around her neck, wrists and ankles. She held the door open. Through it walked a tall, heavily built black woman wearing a flowery bright yellow and blue strapless

dress that was held up by her large, heavy breasts and went down to her ankles. She had a strong, round face and her skin was a dark butternut. Her nose was broad and long and she had a stern mouth and a strong chin. There was a colorful concoction on her head that matched the dress.

She strode out of the house as if she were late for an appointment carrying a 4' long, well-polished mahogany stick with a carving on its top. She dropped down the steps from the house to the courtyard and made a beeline for the driver. He looked at her wide eyed and seemed as if he was about to take off and run.

It was too late. The big woman laid into him with the stick. She cracked him over his shoulder and across his back when he turned away from her. He tried to get away, but the woman clocked him on the head, bringing him down. She was screaming and yelling at him ferociously. She gave him another three strokes which he took on his legs, his back and his shoulders. He was howling and crying for mercy. She held out her hand and demanded something. Sobbing, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the electronic key. The woman snatched it out of his hand and called over the young girl, who had been watching, mesmerized. She handed her the electronic key. The girl pulled down the tailgate with some difficulty and then climbed up. She waved the key at the lock and opened the door. "Out! Out! Out, missy! Out!" she exclaimed.

Ruth was petrified. She had seen plenty of violence, but most of it had been cold and calculating. And she had never, never seen a woman beating a man. The driver was lying on the ground, moaning. Terrible, cold, fear seized her. As long as she stayed in the cage, the woman could not beat her.

"Come, come, missy!" the girl shouted at her louder. The big woman looked at her sternly. She banged the stick on the side of the truck three times. It made a loud, resonating boom. "Out! Out!" she called out.

Ruth trembled. She would have to get out of the cage sooner or later, she knew that. The longer she waited, the worse it would be. She kned herself to the opening of the cage and slithered out. She brought herself to the edge of the tailgate. She was trembling all over. The big woman put her heavy stick under her arm and brought her to the ground. She tousled her hair. "Dere, dere, missy," she told her, "eberyting is gwon to be all right! You see!"

Ruth burst into tears. The woman signaled to the girl who hopped off of the truck and proceeded towards the house. The young girl took hold of the ring in her collar and pulled Ruth to follow her. The big woman opened the door and the small girl led her through. They entered a large, cavernous anteroom with a set of dark stained stairs that curved towards the upper floor. The walls were all white. A tall statute carved of wood of a black, native warrior holding a sharp tipped spear stood by one side. The floor was of rust colored ceramic tiles. Straight ahead was a hallway that led to a heavy wooden door with recessed panels. To the right was a

large reception room with luxurious furniture and a powder blue rug. To the left were a set of curtained glass doors which Ruth assumed led to a formal dining room.

The woman started marching up the stairs. The young girl tugged Ruth shuffling behind her. They went up, up, up until they reached a landing. Straight ahead there were a series of doors to the left and right. Immediately to the right was another large paneled door with a thumb device on it. The large woman went to the door, placed her thumb in the device and the lock clacked. She swung the door open and held it there until the young girl and Ruth had passed. They entered into a large room. There were couches and a large flat screen TV, wild paintings of African themes on the walls. There were a couple of large ottomans and some easy chairs.

Ruth didn't have much time to look around. Once the big lady came in she marched through the room and the young girl followed. They went down a short hall and entered a room on the right.

It was a small room. The walls were ochre and the rug brown. A dark blue pallet lay off to the right against the wall. There was a large armoire and a chain dangling from the ceiling in the corner. A strange device with an upright pole and a tube across it in the back was pushed up against the far wall. A large barred window with orange curtains exuded the outside darkness. Overhead was a lamp with a white glass shade on it decorated with yellow and blue flowers. A long, rolled up green mat sat in one corner. The girl pulled Ruth into the center of the room.

"So, let me see you, girlie," the big woman said. All of the anger was gone from her voice. The woman said something to the girl and she scurried through a door to the left. Standing before her, the big woman took Ruth by the shoulders at arm's distance and examined her.

"Very pretty, very pretty," she said sweetly as her large, power exuding brown eyes scanned her flesh. She used her hands to turn her and she looked at her back. "Poor little girlie, all bound up like dat!" she said sympathetically. Ruth felt her unfasten the sheath that had held her arms together for three days or more. She released a sob as a sharp, wrenching pain shot through her shoulders. The woman tossed the sheath aside and released the band around her wrists.

Ruth felt so relieved that she almost fainted. The woman grabbed her upper arms from behind and steadied her. "Poor little girlie," she said again soothingly. She put her hands on her shoulders and pushed her down until she was kneeling. She crouched down behind her, moving Ruth's hands aside, and ran her hands over her back. "Very pretty, very pretty," she cooed. One large hand on her belly and one on her back, she guided her over until her forehead was on the floor. She ran her hands over her verdant colored rear mounds. "Very nice! Very nice!" she said.

She ran her fingers around the bright mandala in the small of her back. “Lovely, lovely,” she cooed. She had her spread her thighs and raise her hips. She ran her hands all over, humming her appreciation of the verdant display and then drifted a hand ran over her mons. She caressed it briefly, sliding a thick finger along her crevasse. She maneuvered her to her back and lifted and spread her thighs so that her puss was exposed.

“Oh, dat’s so pretty!” she exclaimed when she saw her brightly winged butterfly. “Oh, you be de right girl, all right!” she said excitedly. She ran her hands down her thighs and over her belly. She placed a hand over her mons again and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Oh, you be de perfect little girlie!” she confirmed.

She looked her in the face. Ruth was crying heavily. She was so frightened that she thought she might pee. Her bladder was near to bursting anyway and she wanted to beg the woman to let her go, to free her, to send her back from whence she came. The woman was so strong and domineering that she trembled to be in her custody and control. She couldn’t get out of her mind the beating she had given the driver. The 4’ long stick was lying on the floor next to her. The young girl came back into the room and said something. The woman looked at her and acknowledged her message with a nod.

“I am Lady Dzifa,” the woman told Ruth in a kindly voice. “Today you name be Rihana. Dat de good name fer de sweet little girlie. Lady Dzifa take good care of Rihana. I give Rihana nice bath now and den de eatin’. And den de sleepin’. You see, Lady Dzifa treat Rihana nice.”

Ruth didn’t know whether to believe her or not. So many bad things had happened to her. And did she come half way around the world to become the plaything of this fearsome woman?

The woman took hold of her hand and brought her to her feet. Gripping her wrist firmly, she took her to the door the young girl had come through. On the other side was a large bathroom with a large sunken tub filled with steaming hot water. The bathroom and tub were tiled in brilliant turquoise. The tub had a border of reddish brown curved tiles. There was a light green toilet and sink on a light green porcelain pedestal. On the right was a long vanity with a gilt edged mirror. There was a large shower stall with etched, frosted glass. A series of shelves held bright white, fluffy towels.

Lady Dzifa led Ruth to the edge of the tub. She drew the bodice of the strapless dress she was wearing over her breasts, down over her hips and stepped out of it. She wasn’t wearing anything underneath. She had fearsome well-developed arms and thighs. Her breasts where heavy and firm with wide, dark areolas and thick, prominent nipples. Between her thighs was a liberal thatch of black hair. Her stomach was flat, but with just a little bit of a roll to it. Her shiny skin was like ebony.

She handed her dress and headpiece off to the young girl who ran off with them. She took Ruth to the toilet and let her use it. Then she took her by the hand and led her into the large, sunken tub. She removed the collar she had been adorned with at the storage facility. As they descended the two steps down, the warmth of the water began to comfort her. She was still frightened about what this powerful woman portended for her, but the idea of a luxurious bath was powerfully enticing. When they reached the bottom of the steps, the water came up just above her knees. The woman placed her hands on her shoulders and encouraged her to lower herself into the water. Ruth sighed as the wonderful warmth subsumed her. The woman had lowered herself as well and urged Ruth to the far side where there was a little slope built in. She brought her to it and had her lean back against it. Ruth just let her whole body relax. She closed her eyes and allowed the delicious sensations to comfort her.

The large black woman leaned up against the slope next to her. Ruth looked at her warily. The woman nestled up to her, laying her arm across her shoulders, pulling her in. Ruth's first impulse was to resist and her body stiffened. The servant girl had taken a kneeling position and was watching.

"Der, dere, little girlie," the large woman hummed. "She be gibben' de relaxin'. Dere be nobody gwan to hurt de little girlie. She gwan to be habbin' de happy home with Lady Dzifa. She see. Ebery ting is gwan to be all right."

Ruth felt that the woman's words were all too good to be true. How could she be happy if she was thousands of miles away from her true home, deep in a country she didn't know or understand, and a defenseless, owned slave? There had been a small cage in the room they had first come into and a cage in the second as well. She had read somewhere that an author had said that if a gun was present in the first act of a play, you could be sure that somebody would use it before the play was over. So if there were cages, they would be used too. And what made Lady Dzifa happy would not necessarily make her happy. If she really wanted to make her happy she should set her free and give her a plane ticket back to New Jersey. But there was a zero possibility of that happening.

She tried to put all that aside. A woeful tiredness swept through her. All the tension of the last few days had taken its toll. She blocked out everything around her. Even the woman's arm across her back and her warm, firm body lying up against her right side began to feel comforting. Let tomorrow worry about tomorrow, she thought. If having been a slave for more than a decade had taught her anything, it had taught her to take pleasure when she could. She had little or no control over what happened to her, so what was the sense in worrying about it. She had survived everything else, she would survive this as well.

She realized that she had dozed off when the woman next to her moved. She rose to her knees and gently urged her up as well. She made her stand. The woman

nodded to the servant girl who had brought over some plastic bottles and a large, soft sponge. The girl quickly doffed her brown dress and stepped into the water. She was thin, but not scrawny and sported a thick, golden ring through her lower left labial lip. She brought one of the bottles and the sponge over to the woman, dipped the sponge into the water and squeezed some pasty white liquid into it. Lady Dzifa took it from her.

The big woman proceeded gently to wash Ruth's body. She soaped it up all over. She was murmuring a sweet sounding song, interspersing praise for her as a 'good little girlie,' or a 'pretty little girlie.' Ruth closed her eyes and let the woman have her way. When she had finished soaping her up, she made her kneel down and bend over so that it was all rinsed away and that her head was all wet. She had her kneel up and washed her hair. When all the soap was rinsed out, she applied some conditioner. She was able to pull the sticker with her QR code on it from her chest with too much of a problem. But Ruth squeaked when she pulled out the staple that connected her customs tag to her ear. When it was out, the woman stroked her head and told her, "Poor little girlie."

The servant girl handed the woman a pink washcloth which had been inundated with a sweet smelling soap. She used the washcloth to wash Ruth's face. When she had handed the wash cloth back to the girl, she took a moment to look admiringly at her. Her gag was still in. The woman deflated it, removed it from her mouth and handed it to the girl. She brushed her hand along the side of Ruth's face. "What a pretty girlie," she repeated again. She had brought her body up close to her. Kneeling straight up, she was much taller than Ruth and she towered above her. She placed her hands on Ruth's breasts and gave them a gentle caress. She pulled delicately at her nipples. She had a broad smile across her face. She brought her right hand behind her head and gently pulled her forward. She leaned down and placed their lips together.

Ruth shivered as the woman's tongue entered her and dominated her mouth. She was dismayed at the invasion, but not surprised since she knew why she had been brought here. The woman's large, muscular body was pressed against her, her large breasts pushing down on hers. Their wet bodies were slick against each other. The tongue went on and on. The woman's left hand had circled around her back and was pressing their bodies tightly together. She tentatively placed her hands on the woman's hips, like the good whore that she was. The heat from the kiss was warming her puss. Had she been brought here to be this woman's sex slave? Would she be kind or cruel? Would she lend her out to her friends? Would she make her fuck the little servant girl? Was the house she was in actually a big whorehouse and would she be the newest whore on offer?

Lady Dzifa broke their kiss. She pulled her head back and gave her a big smile. "What a good little girlie," she beamed. And then, "Okay, okay, time to get

out. Uppy, uppy,” she told her.

She took hold of Ruth’s arm and brought her to her feet. The servant girl rose out of the tub and went to a closet where she drew out two large, fluffy, white towels. She was standing by the edge of the tub as Ruth and Lady Dzifa emerged. She handed one towel to Lady Dzifa and used the other one to dry off Ruth. Ruth stood there and let the girl do whatever she wanted. When her body was dry, the girl instructed her to kneel and she dried off her hair. Putting the towel aside, she went to the sink and took a hairbrush out of a drawer. It was wrapped in plastic and the girl pulled it off. She proceeded to run the brush through her hair until it was all straight and knot free. She returned it to the drawer.

Lady Dzifa had finished drying herself and had donned her dress. The servant girl had Ruth stand and she escorted her over to the sink. She went into the drawer again and took out a toothbrush also wrapped in plastic. She removed the plastic, put some toothpaste on it and handed it to Lady Dzifa. Lady Dzifa placed her left hand on Ruth’s chin, pulling her mouth open and proceeded to give her teeth a good brushing. She had her spit into the sink several times. When done, she had her take a mouthful of mouthwash, slosh it around her mouth and then spit that out as well.

She handed the toothbrush off to the servant girl who put it into a ceramic mount on the side of the sink. She took hold of Ruth’s arm and led her to the door they had entered by. Ruth noticed that there was a similar door on the other side of the tub which she assumed led to a bedroom on that side. They went through the door and into the room with the pallet and the cage. Lady Dzifa had her kneel and gave the servant girl an instruction. The servant girl rushed out of the room and returned a few moments later holding a wooden box. She proffered Lady Dzifa the box, opening it. Lady Dzifa looked into it and drew out a brown leather collar. She buckled it around Ruth’s neck. There were matching bracelets which went around her wrists and ankles. When they were all applied, Lady Dzifa rose and ordered her, “Hands and knees!”

Ruth leaned over and went to all fours. The servant girl brought over a 6’ long leash and Lady Dzifa attached it to the front of the collar. She gave another order to the girl and she rushed back into the bathroom. She came out with her gag and handed it to her mistress. Lady Dzifa crouched down and told Ruth, “Open up, sweetie.” When Ruth sadly spread her lips, Lady Dzifa inserted the gag and reinflated it. She rose and patted Ruth on the head. “Good girl,” she cooed.

She gave a little tug to the leash and walked to the door. Ruth dutifully followed her on her hands and knees. They left the small room, entered the hallway and turned left. They went down the hallway, past an elegant looking dining room on their left and up to a swinging door. Lady Dzifa pushed it open and held it while Ruth crawled past her.

They were in a large kitchen. It was as modern as any Ruth had seen in the States. The floor was made up of red and black soft tiles. There was a long island with a black and white marble countertop. A large, shiny steel refrigerator was off to the right. On the other side of the island was a long black stove and the kitchen sink. Off in the left hand corner was a 8' long table with a colorful vinyl tablecloth over it. It was surrounded by three comfortable looking chairs on each side. A large black woman was sitting at the table. She was smoking a cigarette and had what looked like a mug of coffee in front of her. She was dressed in a blue, yellow and green housedress covered with a white apron which covered her chest and tied behind her neck.

When she saw Lady Dzifa enter the room, the woman stood. Lady Dzifa gave her a sharp order and the woman darted off to the refrigerator. She opened it and removed a large, covered, plastic bowl. She brought it over to the counter next to the sink, opened a drawer and pulled out a large spoon.

Lady Dzifa gave Ruth's leash a gentle tug and she led her over to a rubber mat on the other side of the refrigerator and near the table. It was next to a 4' by 3' steel cage. She maneuvered her so that she was on top of the mat and gave the leash several sharp tugs upwards, saying, "Uppy, uppy." Ruth knew right away what she should do. She rose up into a kneeling position as high as she could, spread her knees and arched her back. Lady Dzifa smiled and tousled her hair. "Good girlie," she told her.

She released the leash and placed it on a hook on the wall. She instructed her to bend over and she locked her wrists together. She told her, "Uppy, uppy," again and Ruth rose up into her prior position. There was a chain affixed to the wall behind her and Lady Dzifa attached it to the back of her collar. She tousled her hair again and stepped over to the counter. There was a small coffee maker there with almost a full pot. Lady Dzifa took a white mug from a nearby cabinet and poured herself a cup. She spooned some sugar into it and stirred it with a spoon she got from drawer. She went to the refrigerator, took out a small container of cream and poured a few dollops in. She stirred it again.

In the meantime, the cook had spooned out whatever was in the plastic container into a dark green bowl and placed it into the microwave. While the microwave was warming it, she brought out another bowl, a silver one, took a carton of milk from the refrigerator and filled it up. She placed it in front of Ruth, a little bit to the side. The microwave dinged. The cook went over to it and removed the bowl. She gave its contents a thorough stir and put the bowl back in. While the microwave whirled, she turned and looked at Ruth for the first time.

Ruth quailed as she examined her. The woman had a round face and black skin. Her nose was pudgy and her lips prominent. Her hair was black and streaked with gray. She looked to be about 5'10" or so, a few inches shorter than Lady

Dzifa. She was heavyset with a roundish belly, an occupational hazard for most cooks.

The microwave dinged again. The cook removed the bowl, gave it another couple of stirs and tested its contents for warmth. Satisfied, she brought the dark green bowl over to Ruth and set it down in front of her. Ruth flinched when she reached for her mouth, but then held herself still while she deflated her gag. She pulled it out and stepped back. She gave Ruth a sharp command which Ruth interpreted as an order to eat. She didn't have to be told twice. Lady Dzifa had sat down at the table facing Ruth so that she could watch her. The cook placed Ruth's gag down on the counter. She took her coffee cup up off of the table and topped it off. She dropped a spoonful of sugar in it and returned to her place all the way down the table off to Lady Dzifa's left.

The food was delicious. There were soft chunks of meat in it which Ruth couldn't identify. There were sweet potatoes and some green vegetables that she couldn't identify either but which tasted good. It was all covered with a tasty, brownish sauce. She alternated between scooping up mouthfuls of the stew and drinking the milk. She was being treated like a dog again, or some kind of pet, but she was used to that by now and didn't expect anything different. There was one consolation. It was not Rocco's. Whatever her future portended it was a certainty that she would never have to see him again. She had to travel to Timbuctoo, or wherever it was she was at, for that to happen, but maybe it was worth it.

Lady Dzifa and the cook were having a lively conversation in their native tongue. They both kept their eyes on Ruth while they sipped at their coffee. The servant girl was standing rigid at the doorway. She had redonned her brown dress. Ruth tried to ignore the piercing gazes of the two African women and concentrate on filling her belly. She got to the bottom of the bowl of stew and licked it clean. She lapped up the last of the milk. When she was done, she rose up to attention position and looked over at her mistress. The cook seemed to be telling her a long story that was making her laugh. When the cook was done with her story, she looked over at Ruth and, seeing her done, rose up. She collected the empty bowls and put them on the counter. She returned with a wet cloth and wiped her face. She rinsed out the bowls and placed them in a dishwasher.

Lady Dzifa was finishing her coffee. She took a last, long drink and placed the mug down. She rose from her chair, retrieved the leash and attached it to the front of Ruth's collar. She released the chain from the back and released her bound wrists. The cook came over with her gag and proffered it to her mouth. Ruth sadly spread her lips and let her put it inside her. She pressed the buttoned and it filled her cavity. Lady Dzifa said something to her and the cook responded politely. There was a firm but not harsh tug on her collar and she went down to all fours again and followed Lady Dzifa out. They went down the hall and entered the little

room again.

She was maneuvered onto the soft pallet. The leash was removed. She had her raise her hands and she chained her wrists to the front of her collar. She told her to lie on her back. She connected a chain to the back of her collar and one to her left ankle. Leaning over, she gave her a friendly pat on her cheek and a broad smile. “What a good little girlie,” she complimented her. “Lady Dzifa see Rihana in de mornin’. She hab a good sleep till den.”

She rose and headed to the door. She opened it and held it open until the servant girl had scooted out past her. There was a dimmer switch on the overhead light and Lady Dzifa brought it down low. She closed the door. The lock clanked shut.

CHAPTER TEN

Ruth cried and cried. There was nothing else she could do. She was a chained prisoner deep in Africa. In Ghana! Wherever that was. And hours and hours and hours and almost certainly hundreds of miles deep into the country. Lady Dzifa didn't seem cruel, but it was early yet. And she had seen her belabor the driver with that stick. What would she do when she disappointed her? Disobeyed her? Or wasn't compliant, or passionate, or obsequious enough? What would she do then?

And almost everywhere she had gone she had received a whipping first thing. Was this place going to be any different? She remembered that very first night at that very first whorehouse she had been sent to. The man had told her almost casually that she would be whipped in the morning and she had fretted and agonized about it all night. She had the same feeling about it now. And if the big, black woman wanted to whip her, there would be nothing she could do about it.

Over the years she had thought many times about how it was unfair that you couldn't just blink yourself out of existence. If she could, she would have done it long ago. All the time she had been a whore it had been drummed into her that it was God's will. Even Mr. Anderson had said so. But why did God hate her so? It was the only explanation. Was she doing penance for some evil deed she had performed in a prior life? Had she been as dastardly and mean to someone as everybody seemed to be to her? Would her next life be better, that is, if there was one?

The last few days had been horrific. All the people had acted against her with such casual cruelty. It seemed like a hundred years since she had been at Rocco's. A thousand since she had been with Mr. Anderson, and a hundred thousand since she had first met Mrs. Rawlings and for such a brief, brief time had had her freedom. What would her life here be like? Lady Dzifa had exclaimed, "Oh you be the right girl, all right!" What did she mean by that? The right girl for what? And what did Mr. Ntombe have to do with Lady Dzifa and her present fate? Was he just the agent who had selected her or was he in some way a principal? He had been cold and calculating, but he hadn't been cruel. He hadn't whipped her. Should she be afraid of meeting with him again?

She rolled to her side and drew her feet up as far as the chain on her left ankle would allow. The pallet, while not an actual bed, was thick and firm and not

uncomfortable. Was this going to be her room now? Would she spend night after night after night after night chained up here all alone in the dim light? At least Lady Dzifa had left the light on. It would be so much more horrible to be completely in the dark.

She was in a little room in what seemed to be an apartment in a huge structure. What was the rest of the building for? Would she ever learn? Or would she be kept prisoner in these several rooms for months and months and months or years and years. Like a prisoner in the worst kind of prison. Not even getting to see the daylight, the sun shine, the flowers grow, the birds sing.

Her crying fell off. Her body and mind sank into a numbing tiredness. There was no sense in worrying. What would be, would be. There was nothing she could do to change anything. She drifted off to sleep.

* * * * *

She was still asleep when the door to her room opened. She awoke to a gentle nudge on her arm. She opened her eyes to see the face of the servant girl hovering over her. She had a broad smile. “Wakie, wakie, Rihana,” she told her in a soft, sweet voice. Her face was narrow and long. Her black hair was long down her back. Her lips were thin and she had a short nose. Her eyes were deep brown. She was wearing a lime green sheath dress like the day before with a brown leather belt.

When she was satisfied that Ruth was fully awake, she released the chains that held her collar and ankle bracelet bound to the floor. She freed her wrists from their confinement. She was holding the leash that Lady Dzifa had used on her last night and she clipped it to the front of her collar. “Come, get up! Get up!” she exclaimed not impatiently. She gave her collar a little tug.

Ruth climbed obediently off of the pallet. The girl rose, but she didn’t signal her to. Rather than risk some punishment, even one from a girl who she might be able to snap in half, she rose to her knees and came erect, placing her hands behind her back. The girl beamed at her. “Dat’s de good girlie!” she pronounced. When Lady say, ‘*Pa madzulo!*’ you do dat.”

She pushed on Ruth’s shoulders gently until she was kneeling back on her legs. “Dat be ‘*pa mwando.*’ When Lady say, ‘*Pa mwando!*’ you do dat.”

Ruth nodded at her. She tried to fix the instructions in her mind.

The girl pulled at her leash. Ruth understood her to be ordering her to kneel on all fours. She fell to her hands and knees. The girl smiled broadly. “Dat’s de good girlie!” she rewarded her. “An when Lady say, ‘*Pa ngani galu!*’ you do dat. Unnerstan?”

Ruth nodded.

“Pa madzulo!” she spat out. Ruth rose to a kneeling erect position. The girl tousled her hair. “Good! Good!” she said. *“Chabwino!”* And then she ordered curtly, *“Pa mwando!”* Ruth lowered herself to her haunches, keeping her back arched and her breasts thrust out. The girl patted her on the cheek. “Good! Good!” she rewarded her. And then, *“Pa ngani galu!”* Ruth fell to all fours. “Oh, dat’s de good little girlie,” the girl exclaimed. *“Msungwana wabwino!”* She patted her on the hair again.

“My name is Yaaba,” she told her. “I take good care of Rihana. You bey Yaaba all de time we get along good. You no bey Yaaba, Yaaba give Rihana de beaten. Unnerstan?”

Ruth nodded at the girl.

“Chabwino!” the girl responded, smiling.

She gave her leash a tug and brought her to the bathroom door. It was apparently coded for her thumbprint and they were allowed to pass. She led her over to the toilet. Next to it was a silver depression about 2’ wide. The girl pointed at it with her foot. “De doggie girl go pee pee here. You de doggie girl. *Galu wamng’ono*. You make pee pee here.”

Ruth looked up at her sadly. She had been demoted below even a slave. Were they going to make her bark and do tricks? The girl looked at her impatiently. *“Galu wamng’ono!”* she growled at her. “Make de *konzani!*”

Ruth maneuvered herself over the bowl. She had to pee. There was no question about that. She squatted and released her water. She began to see that the servant girl was not all sweetness. She noticed for the first time that on her belt the girl was sporting a long, thin wooden stick. She was certain that the girl would have no hesitancy at using it.

When she finished, the girl urged her up and on to her hands and knees again. She wiped her and then led her back out of the bathroom. They went through the door to the hallway, apparently the girl’s thumb was coded for at least the inner locks, and she marched her down to the kitchen. She brought her over to the mat she had knelt on the night before and maneuvered her onto it. *“Pa madzulo!”* she ordered curtly. Ruth had to think for a moment, but guessed. She knelt up in attention position. The girl smiled. She released the leash and put it on the wall. She affixed her wrists together behind her back and attached the wall chain to the back of her collar.

She came in front of her. *“Pa mwando!”* she commanded. Ruth went back into a rest position. The girl smiled again and patted her cheek.

The cook from the night before was there. She was swirling a wooden spoon in a small pot on the stove. The girl, Yaaba, took a kneeling position on another mat nearby. After a little bit, the cook took the pot off of the stove and emptied its contents into a green bowl like the one that had been used the night before. She

came over and placed it down in front of her. She filled the silver bowl from the night before with milk and placed it next to the other. She reached to Ruth's mouth and deflated her gag, removing it. "*Idyani!*" she spat out, which Ruth took as the command to eat. She looked down. The bowl was still steaming. It looked like a corn mash with colorful vegetables in it. She lowered her face to it and tested it with her tongue. It was hot, very hot, and she recoiled from it. The cook laughed. "Mebbe Rihana wait," she said, chuckling.

The cook prepared similar bowls for Yaaba and placed them down in front of her. There was something satisfying to Ruth about seeing the young black girl being treated like herself. The cook just went on busily chopping and mixing and moving back and forth from the refrigerator to the stove to the sink. Ruth waited and waited for her food to cool. She was finally able to lick up a bit from the edges. An idea seized her. She leaned over to the bowl of milk and took some into her mouth. She leaned back over the bowl of corn mush and spit the cooler milk into it. She did it again and again until the top layer of the corn mash was covered with milk. She waited a bit, tested it, and found that it was now cool enough to eat.

When she finished, she brought herself up to attention position. Yaaba was finishing up as well. When she was done, she rose and brought her empty bowls to the sink. She grabbed a paper napkin and wiped her mouth. She came over and retrieved Ruth's bowls and then wiped her mouth as well. She released her wrists and her collar from the wall and gave her the order to get on her hands and knees. She replaced her gag, reattached her leash and marched her from the room.

They went back to the room where Ruth had slept. Yaaba maneuvered her so that she was facing the door. She released the leash and placed it on a hook. She went behind her and Ruth heard her dragging something out. She pushed it up between her legs until a pole came up against her behind. Ruth realized that it was the contraption she had seen when she had first come into the room. Something was going to happen that she wasn't going to like.

Yaaba came in front of her. "When Yaaba say, '*Pamimba mwako*,' Rihana get on her belly." Ruth nodded understanding to her. "*Pamimba mwako*," Yaaba ordered her curtly. Ruth lowered herself to her stomach. The contraption had a metal plate which extended from it and when she lay down her belly covered it.

Yaaba went behind her. She lifted Ruth's right ankle and, bending her leg back, attached it to a bar extending perpendicular from the pole between her legs. Her knee was lifted into the air and she felt her back curl. The girl went around and connected her other ankle similarly. She came to the front and pulled Ruth's right arm back as far as it would go. Ruth felt her back curl some more. Then she did her left wrist. Her torso was suspended in the air. Her breasts were free. Her posture became uncomfortable right away. She began to get frightened. She looked up at the girl. "Please don't leave me like this," she begged in her mind.

Yaaba came around in front and deflated her gag, removing it from her mouth. She went over to a cabinet by the side of the room and returned with a leather harness with a thick leather plug on it. Yaaba presented the plug to her mouth. Ruth compressed her lips and shook her head, 'no'. She didn't want that thing in her. Yaaba sneered at her. She slipped her thin stick off of her belt and without preliminaries, swung it hard against her dangling breasts. It stung fiercely. She did it again and again and again, in rapid succession. Ruth squealed violently. There was nothing she could do to avoid the blows. She started to cry.

Yaaba stopped as suddenly as she started. "Rihana no gib Yaaba de bey, Rihana get de whippy!" she screamed at her. She reared back and gave her three more swift blows. Ruth screeched and wailed. "Rihana de doggie girl! *Galu wamng'ono!*" She gib de bey all de time! Rihana no talk! Rihana no tink! Rihana no do nuttin widdout de say so! Rihana no bey Yaaba, Yaaba tell Lady Dzifa and Lady Dzifa be gibben Rihana de whippin fer sure! Unnerstan?"

Ruth nodded dolefully. She understood completely. And no, she definitely didn't want Lady Dzifa to whip her. She had seen what she had done with the big stick yesterday. She resolved to obey Yaaba in all things.

"Okay den," Yaaba said somewhat more calmly. She reattached her whippy stick to her belt. She represented the leather prong to Ruth's mouth. Sadly, Ruth spread her lips and received it. It was about 6" around and it spread her lips widely. Its round, bulgy end pressed up against the back of her mouth. It had a leather shield that covered from the base of her nose to just above her chin. Yaaba draped the harness portion over her head and fastened it tightly. She felt her head tugged back and Yaaba attached the harness to the pole behind her. There were straps that came off of the sides of the shield. They were pulled back and attached to the pole as well.

Yaaba stood in front of her. Ruth could hardly move a muscle. She couldn't raise her head up or down or move it from side to side. Yaaba smiled. "You be stayin' like dat," she said self-satisfactorily. She leaned over and took hold of her dangling breasts. She squeezed them and pulled on her nipples. "Lady Dzifa come see you soon. Den we see," she said ominously.

Ruth was facing the door of the room. Yaaba rolled something on a stand out from the corner. It was a large mirror. She rolled it directly in front of Ruth. "You look!" Yaaba said gleefully. "You look, you see de new doggie girl! Rihana be de new doggie girl!" Yaaba patted her on the head, turned, and left the room.

Ruth looked into her own face sadly. All she could really see were her nose and her eyes. The rest was just a broad band of leather. There was a brass ring embedded in it in the middle. "Something to attach me with," she noted sadly. Lady Dzifa would come see her soon. What would happen then?

The time passed slowly. She couldn't get her gaze off of her own forlorn

visage peering back at her. She tried closing her eyes, but that just seemed to make everything worse, making everything dark around her. She could look down in the mirror on her colorfully decorated chest and see the black snakes slithering over her breasts. Lady Dzifa had said she was the right girl. But for what? Yaaba had said that she would come in soon. What would she do when she got here? Was she due a beating? Would Yaaba tell her that she had been disobedient?

She almost felt like she was in midair, falling from some great height. The only thing touching the floor was her belly. Her thighs and torso were elevated. The pole had been jammed up close to her so that it was up against her sex. There was some kind of soft rubber ridge along it.

The room was lit brightly by the barred window behind her. It made a sparkle on the mirror in front of her. Ruth pulled and tugged at her bonds, knowing that it was fruitless, but of necessity as the mercilessness of them made her belly sour. It was similar to the frame she had been mounted on several times a day for long, soul killing periods back at Rocco's. Why did they have to do this to her? Would they mount her like this every day? Would she spend most of her time like this when she wasn't being used? What was going to happen when Lady Dzifa came? What new torment would she add?

The door opened about an hour after she had been mounted. She was only able to see who it was by shifting her eyes, since she couldn't move her head. It was Lady Dzifa, as promised. She was wearing a white dress like she had worn yesterday. It was covered with forest green leaves and foliage. Her head was covered by a matching concoction.

Lady Dzifa was not alone. She was accompanied by a tall, slender woman. She was dressed similarly to Lady Dzifa. Her dress and matching headdress was a swirl of orange and blue. Her face was boney and she looked stern. She was accompanied by a young female assistant who was carrying a large black case. Lady Dzifa moved aside the big mirror Ruth had been staring into. Yaaba had come in with the women. She was carrying a large tray with several small, blue and white covered bowls on it, two matching handleless teacups and a matching tea pot. Lady Dzifa and the other woman knelt down, resting on their thighs, about 5' away from her. Yaaba set the tray down and placed the little bowls around the women. She set the teacups in front of them and filled them with an aromatic tea. She went off to the women's right and knelt to their side. The stern lady's assistant, a slight, morose looking girl, dressed in a purple sheath dress like Yaaba wore, knelt to the women's right, facing Yaaba.

The stern looking woman looked at Ruth and smiled. She leaned over and caressed her head, tousling her hair. She said something to Lady Dzifa and Lady Dzifa smiled back and said something in return. The stern lady leaned back, but not before groping Ruth's exposed breasts and giving them solid, almost harsh

squeezes.

The two women had an animated conversation. They laughed and chuckled, eating with their hands nuts and dried fruits from the bowls, drinking their tea. Their eyes flitted towards Ruth from time to time. They didn't seem to be discussing her, but rather catching up on gossip and telling each other stories. Yaaba and the other girl knelt there silently.

Ruth knew that something was going to happen. The women's insouciance and lack of regard for her discomfort and grotesque bindings soured her belly. Did the stern looking woman have something to do with her being, 'the right girl'? What was in the black bag? She knew that it couldn't be anything good.

Finally, it seemed that the women got down to business. The stern woman opened the case and removed what looked like brochures. She handed them one by one to Lady Dzifa who looked them over carefully. She held them back out to the stern woman from time to time, pointing things out. At one point, Lady Dzifa folded up the brochure and brought it over to her, holding it up against her as if comparing what she was looking at to her skin. They would have a further discussion and a decision would be made. As they came to agreements, the stern lady would make a note on the brochure.

Lady Dzifa, having made all of her selections said something to the stern woman as if she were giving her a goodbye. The women leaned together and hugged, placing little kisses on each other's cheeks. Lady Dzifa rose and left the room. Yaaba gathered up all the bowls and the cups, placed them on the tray and followed her.

That left Ruth alone with the stern lady and her assistant. The stern lady gave an instruction to the girl and she pulled a seamstress's tape measure from the bag. The girl came up and released Ruth's limbs one by one and measured her wrists and ankles, calling out the measurements to her mistress, who wrote them down on a pad. She measured her neck. She put the tape measure back and began removing more items from the bag. There was what looked like a mouthpiece and a tube of ointment or gel. While the stern lady smiled at Ruth and played with her breasts, the girl loaded up the mouthpiece and the top and bottom with gel from the tube, leveling it off with a small, flat stick.

When she had the mouthpiece fully prepared, she announced that fact to the stern woman. The stern woman leaned forward and released the harness from Ruth's head, drawing out the long, thick prong. The girl handed the mouthpiece to the stern woman who moved herself closer to Ruth. Holding the mouthpiece in one hand, she pressed on her chin to try and urge her mouth open. Ruth refused. She knew that she was courting disaster, but she couldn't conceive of the mouthpiece of having anything but a heinous purpose. Her eyes filled with tears and she begged the woman with her eyes not to do whatever she was going to do. The

woman leaned back, an angry look on her face. She issued a sharp order to the girl. The girl reached into the case and pulled out something Ruth recognized right away.

It was a zapper. The girl handed it to the woman, who turned it on. Ruth panicked. She started to whine and squeal right away. She opened her mouth to show that she would cooperate, but it was too late. She had been disobedient and disobedience needed to be punished. The woman pressed the zapper up against her breast. Ruth tried to move back. She knew that she couldn't beg and plead, but she released a long, plaintive hum. The zapper issued a loud crackle and her breast received a fierce jolt. Ruth screamed and started to sob. The woman went to press the zapper against her other breast, but Ruth lowered her head, trying to hide it away. The woman issued another sharp command to the girl. She came over and took a tight hold on Ruth's hair and yanked at her head hard. Ruth was forced to raise it. As soon as her breast was exposed, the woman pressed the zapper against it. There was another loud crackle and Ruth's breast received a fierce jolt to match the first. She screamed again. She was blubbering and sobbing.

The woman looked into her eyes. Her eyes were deadly, like a snake's. "De stupid girlie learn de lesson?" she asked demandingly.

Ruth tried to shake her head 'yes', but the girl was still holding onto her hair tightly. The message seemed to get across though. The woman put the zapper down and re-presented the mouthpiece to her. Ruth sadly opened her mouth. The mouthpiece was about 3" thick. It slid in easily. The woman lodged it on her lower teeth and then pressed her jaw up so that her upper teeth were immersed in the gel. She said something to the girl. She went over to the bag and drew out a harness. The woman placed it around her head. It had a cup for her chin. It was pulled tight so that her jaw was clamped down on the mouthpiece firmly. Her lower teeth were pressed into the gel on the underside. The woman patted Ruth on her cheek and said something. Ruth whined in return.

The woman rose to her feet and gave an instruction to the girl. The girl answered affirmatively. The woman left the room. The girl took up her former position, kneeling about 3' away from Ruth.

She had apparently been left behind to make sure that Ruth did not screw up the setting of the gel in her mouth. She gave Ruth a smile that was not entirely friendly and patted her on the cheek. She reached down and took hold of her breasts. Her hands were small and barely encompassed them. She squeezed them nonetheless. She pulled and pinched at her nipples and then used them to give them a good shake, making them shimmer. Ruth tried to hide her sadness. The girl was wearing the same silver ankle and wrist bracelets and collar that Yaaba wore. Ruth concluded that she was the stern woman's slave. As a slave, didn't she have some sympathy for her? Didn't she know what Ruth was experiencing?

As a slave with considerable years' experience, Ruth knew that the measurements the girl had taken were for the purpose of fitting her out with unique and form fitting restraining devices. She knew that she had to resign herself to the fact that she was going to be treated as some kind of less than human beast that would need to be confined most of the time. But the reality of it still made her virulently miserable. She had never gotten over the injustice of being deprived of a human life, and she never would. How could she, when she saw normal human life all around her. Lady Dzifa and the stern women had been young girls once. They didn't seem young enough to have had to endure the terror of being subject to a CSW draft, but they certainly should be able to understand what a horrible thing it was to have all your human rights taken away.

Maybe Ghana didn't have a draft the way they did at home. Maybe they determined what young women would be whores and which ones would not some other way. It was more than 25 years since the Global Unity Convention. Maybe all the slave girls here were graduates from the local mandatory procreation program. She had met quite a few 'Section 7 girls' back at home during her years as a whore. They tended to be emotionless and resigned. She couldn't imagine what it would be like to not even have a normal childhood. She wondered when they first learned that they had been bred to be whores. If they didn't tell them, then what did they tell them about being isolated from the world and living in a world of just females? What a shock it must be for them to be suddenly at the age of eighteen subject to the dominance of men, who up to that time were more theoretical creatures than real. Like a species of a different race. And what was it like to learn that they were destined to be their playthings for the rest of their lives?

None of the Section Seven girls she had met had ever wanted to talk about it, had ever wanted to talk about anything really.

The girl quickly grew tired of playing with her breasts. She knelt back and just stared at her dully. If, as it appeared to be, that the stern looking woman was in the business of outfitting slaves, then being a watchdog for her must be an almost daily chore. Ruth shuddered as she wondered trepidatiously about what cruel device was being formulated for her mouth. Lady Dzifa had had a friendly, kindly mien last night when she arrived, but her friendliness and kind nature clearly only went so far. Was it better to be subject to someone who made it clear that they were your enemy, like Rocco, or to be subject to someone who pretended to be your friend? Mr. Anderson was kind of like that and she had been lulled into complacency about what she really was to him, how disposable she was. Even Consuela's friendliness was conditional and only went so far. True, she had been genuinely upset when she had been essentially repossessed by Rocco's men, but she had still bound her up and confined her and treated her like a slave.

It was after about 20 minutes that the door opened again. The stern woman

reentered. The girl got up and moved to the side. The woman removed the harness that had held her jaws together. She thrust her fingers into Ruth's mouth and with some difficulty dislodged the mouthpiece from her teeth. She inspected it and looked satisfied. She handed it to the girl who placed it in a clear ziplock bag and put it into the case.

Ruth had hoped that they were done with her, that her torment was over, but the girl brought some more things out of the case. There was a plastic bottle of what looked like alcohol based hand cleaner, a box of blue, rubber surgical gloves. A clear plastic bag that contained things that looked like awls, a box of tissues, a small jar with a screw top and a box of wooden probes with cotton tops.

Ruth's belly turned to ice as she realized what was going to happen. The awls said it all. She was going to be pierced. She started to cry. The woman grabbed her chin and pushed her head back, looking into her nose. That was the dead giveaway. Ruth started to whine. The girl proffered the hand wipe to the woman. She pushed out a large dollop and covered her hands with it. Next was the box of gloves. The woman took two and placed them over her black hands. The girl unscrewed the little jar and handed the woman one of the probes. The woman dipped the end into the jar, took hold of Ruth's chin again, tilted her head back and rubbed the ointment in the interior of her nose on both sides. She handed the probe back to the girl. The girl handed the woman the bag with the awls in it. She took out one with a thin prong. It seemed very sharp at the tip.

Ruth wanted to beg and plead for the woman not to pierce her. She thought of twisting and turning her head to frustrate her, but she remembered well the zaps she had gotten. Tears were flowing down her face.

The girl crawled over until she was next to Ruth. She waited until the stern woman gave her a nod and then circled Ruth's head with her arm, holding it tightly. The woman had hold of her chin. Ruth stiffened and whined when she brought the awl close to her face. Despite her fear of punishment, she tried to move and shake her head, but the girl held her too tightly. No doubt that they performed this procedure many, many times. She felt the tip of the awl enter her left nostril. She released a long, piteous whine. The woman said something to her that was meant to be soothing. Then, with a flick of her wrist, she jammed the tip of the awl through her septum. Ruth stiffened and howled. The woman ran it through several times to make sure that the hole was clear. She placed the awl on a tissue that the girl had laid out and took the larger one from the bag. Ruth was still whining and crying. The woman took hold of her chin again, presented the awl to her nose and again, with an expert and practiced movement of her right hand, ran it through the hole, expanding it to about the size of a dime. Ruth howled and struggled and strained at her bonds. After running the awl back and forth a few times, the woman pulled it out, tapped her on the cheek and said, "All done!"

The girl released her head. The woman put the awl away. She opened another bag with a white pencil like thing in it. The girl had come around and was stemming the blood flowing from her wound. The woman took the pencil like thing into her right hand and grabbed her chin again with her left. "Now hold still, girlie," she told her forcefully. She applied the pencil to the hole. It stung fiercely and Ruth tried to move away, but the woman's grip on her chin was secure. She ran the pencil in and out a few times and then shifted it to her left hand, placing her right on her jaw and ran the pencil in and out the other way.

She put the pencil away. The girl kept patting her upper lip, wiping away blood for a little while. Then she looked at her nose for a few moments and announced something to the woman. Apparently the bleeding had stopped. The woman took the prong, dipped it into the jar again and gently rubbed it through the opening. She took a round piece of white plastic from another bag. It was about the size of the hole she had made. She signaled the girl and she placed her arm around Ruth's head again. The woman brought the plastic piece to her nose. She pushed it in through her right nostril and jammed it into the hole. Ruth screamed. She used the fingers of her left and right hands to make sure the piece was stable and centered and then leaned back.

The girl put everything away. The woman took the opportunity to tweak and pull at her nipples and play with her breasts some more. When everything was back in the bag, the woman retrieved the head harness that Yaaba had placed on her. She presented the prong to Ruth's mouth and she sadly accepted it. She buckled the harness to her head tightly, careful not to press the front shield up against her nose. She connected the straps to the pole behind her immobilizing her head again. She patted her on the cheek again. "Good girl," she told her almost sweetly, "*Msungwana wabwino.*"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Her nose burned on the inside as if someone had put a cigarette out in it. She couldn't move her head and so couldn't give into the impulse to shake it back and forth. When they left, the woman and the girl had restored the mirror to its place. Ruth realized that this might be the last time she would see her nose without a ring through it. What other terrible things were they going to do to her? How cruel would they be? How horrible was her existence going to be?

Yaaba came back in a little while. She was carrying a pint sized bottle with a greenish brown liquid in it and a covered bowl on a tray. She knelt down in front of Ruth and removed her head harness and gag. "You drink all uppa!" she told Ruth sternly. "*Nuq ya niile!*"

Ruth cringed. Consuela had fed her a concoction every day. She had received some kind of potion or drug in her food at Rocco's. They had both made her pussy itch with need. Was this more of the same? What would happen if she refused to drink it?

The girl put the bottle to her lips. Ruth sadly parted them. Yaaba kept tilting the bottle until she had drunk it all. When it was all gone, she patted her on the cheek, said, "*Msungwana wabwino.*" Good girl.

Yaaba uncovered the bowl. It was a corn porridge with bits of meat in it. Yaaba made sure that she ate all of that too. She restored the head harness, smiled at her, patting her chin, and left.

Ruth could do nothing but look at herself. She tried to stay calm, but terrible unhappiness swept through her again and again. After about fifteen minutes from when Yaaba left, she began to feel a little woozy. It wasn't like drunk or anything, but it was more like everything had become hazy and slow. It began to become difficult to think. She knew she was being drugged when she drank the concoction, but she hadn't known what it would do to her. And then a little burn began to arise in her loins, like someone had turned it on and it was warming up. She tried to ignore it even as she tried to think through the thick fog which had permeated her brain.

The warmth in her lower belly grew hotter and was mixed with an undifferentiated yearning. Her breasts began to tingle. She started to perspire. An urge was building up inside her. She didn't know when it began, but she suddenly

realized that she was rubbing her conch up against the knobs on the pole behind her. It felt good.

She stopped herself. That couldn't lead to anything positive. The wooziness continued. She tried to focus, thinking of everything that had happened to her since she left that shipping and storage place, the ride in the truck, standing there in the freezing cold, the sight of that man who had bought her handing an envelope full of bills to the customs guy, sealing her doom. The plane ride and the beautiful black stewardess who had to give in to the pilot and co-pilot. The time in the cage at the airport, the long ride here, watching that little, unhappy, young black girl give her driver a blowjob. But her thoughts kept getting lost along the way and she would have to start over again. Her pussy was exuding a fierce yearning feeling and she caught herself rubbing her pussy up against the knobs on the pole behind her several times. She would look at her face in the mirror and say, Control yourself! Persevere!" Wherever she was and whatever they were going to do to her, she knew one thing for sure, and that was that it would change. That it was only temporary. All she had to do was survive.

The burning in her puss was getting worse. It started getting harder and harder to stop rubbing it up against the pole. Finally, something clicked and she couldn't summon the willpower to cease the frantic grinding motions she was giving it. "Give in! Give in! Give in!" her befuddled mind urged her. She kept rubbing and rubbing. She was alert enough to know that what she was doing was exactly what they wanted her doing. That it had all been set up that way. That the potion that Yaaba had given her was having the desired effect. Part of her wanted desperately to resist, to not surrender to it, to hold onto some semblance of pride, but the other part, the part that was in control, just kept her conch rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing.

Her lust grew increasingly stronger. Oh, it felt so good! And all she needed was one measly orgasm and her need would be assuaged. Just one! Couldn't she permit herself just one? After all that had been done to her, what was one more small detraction from her self-respect?

Her pussy flooded with need. The abrasions of her dilated, needy cunt against the pole became more urgent, more intense, more fervent. She was climbing, climbing, climbing up a tall mountain, rising inexorably towards the pinnacle. And when she reached the pinnacle, she knew that wondrous, wondrous things would happen. As she got closer and closer, the rivers of pleasurable sensations grew more intense, more exquisite. It was just ahead of her. She rubbed and rubbed and rubbed against the pole frantically. It seemed like the closer and closer she got to the top the harder the effort became, until she was measuring her progress by inches instead of yards. She heard herself moaning and groaning. The half face staring back at her looked anguished and primeval.

And then she achieved the summit! Her passion had become mindless. Everything in the world had been compressed into her raging cunt. It exploded with a wild ferocity. Her innards clenched and twisted and throbbed and pulsed sending tempestuous, cascading torrents of pleasure all through her body and mind.

The raging began to subside. Her wrenching pussy eased its contortions. Her heart was beating wildly. She was drawing in long, labored breaths through her nose. She slowed her abrasions on the pole. A surge of satisfaction flowed through her. It was over! The need had been satisfied. She felt relived and tried to settle herself back into the foggy, drug induced state which had preceded her delirious need.

For a few moments it worked. Her thoughts began to whirl around confusedly. She closed her eyes and let her mind go. And then, as if somehow her lower half was regulated by a separate brain, like that dinosaur with one in its tail, one that was beyond the control of the other, she realized that her loins were in motion again. She strained to still them. A ferocious need seized her. Her pussy began grinding up and down, up and down. The ridges on the pole designed expertly for this purpose, caused waves of wonderfulness to suffuse from her puss to her belly, down her thighs, up to her breasts, down to her feet and up to her brain.

The little brain down there terminated all relations with the bigger, more conscious one in her head. She made a feeble effort to restore them, but all that returned was a dead blankness. "Let it go, let it go," her woozy mind murmured. Control over her pussy, her urges, her need was conceded, surrendered, abdicated. Quickly, all conscious thought of interfering with the little brain's designs disappeared. She absorbed the wave after wave after wave of sharp edged pleasure that her puss was sending her. This time her orgasm was hard, pounding, vehement. She groaned and groaned and groaned, snorted and whined and moaned, and pulled desperately at her bonds.

It ended. The little brain was sated. It was content to slide her pussy up and down against the ridges desultorily, letting soft, almost comforting post orgasmic pulses slowly subside.

But her languished respite did not last for long. She was sobbing and wailing when the door opened. It was Yaaba leading the way with Lady Dzifa right behind. Ruth strained mightily to cease all of her pussy's contortions. Yaaba was carrying a tray with a teapot, a cup and saucer and a small pitcher of milk on a tray. She put it down on the floor and rolled the large mirror away. Lady Dzifa set herself down in a kneeling position about 5' away from Ruth. She was wearing a purple and red strapless dress much like the other ones. Yaaba moved the tray off to Lady Dzifa's side so that it would be convenient for her, poured some tea into the cup and then a small dollop of milk. Lady Dzifa smiled, picked up the cup, taking a dainty sip and

the set it down again. She turned her attention to Ruth. She gave her a big smile and patted her on her cheek. "*Msungwana wabwino*," she said sweetly. Good girl.

Ruth was straining and straining not to disgrace herself before the woman. She fought and fought the resurgence of the terrible need in her loins. She started crying and released a long, high pitched whine. She knew that Lady Dzifa had come to observe her in her stress and was waiting for a performance from her. Ruth vowed mightily not to give her one. She strained and strained. The movement back behind her was, at first, barely perceptible. Ruth was only aware of it because of the tremor that shot through her. She bit down on her gag, tried to shake and squirm her body, tugged fervently at her bonds. Lady Dzifa just kept smiling at her and sipping her tea. Yaaba had knelt down in a position to her left and was watching her expectantly as well.

"Just a little bit," she told herself as she began the movements once more. But each tendril of pleasure that her movement induced demanded another. And then another. And then another. Each one stronger than the last. It was clear that Lady Dzifa had taken note and she was gazing at her approvingly. Ruth made one last, intense, desperate effort at freezing her pussy in place. The need just built and built and built. She felt like a wire was being pulled taut inside her, and was being pulled tighter and tighter and tighter, until it was as tight as a piano string.

And then the wire snapped in two and she found that she could resist the violent urgings of her lusts no more. She began rubbing and rubbing and rubbing once again. Madam Dzifa chuckled at her display. She put down her teacup and took hold of her breasts, squeezing them and kneading them. Ruth began to grunt and moan. Her body gave one, two, three, four shattering shudders and her puss exploded again. She grunted and groaned and shook and quaked. Lady Dzifa kept kneading and squeezing her breasts and started cooing something unintelligible to her.

Ruth broke out into sobs when her cunt's contortions finally wound down. Lady Dzifa released her breasts and leaned back, pleased and amused. She gave a command to Yaaba who jumped up and dashed over to Ruth. She released her ankles from their confines and lowered her legs gently. She released the straps on her head harness which connected it to the pole behind her. She freed her arms. As soon as her arms were free, Ruth lowered her forehead to the floor, in shame and dismay. The apparatus was dragged back away from her. Lady Dzifa just let her lay there for a bit. Yaaba hovered nearby. Lady Dzifa finished off her cup of tea and gave Yaaba an order. Yaaba prodded Ruth with her stick. "*Pa madzulo! Pa madzulo!*" she ordered her. It took Ruth a few moments to decipher what the words meant. Yaaba prodded her again, harder this time. "*Pa madzulo! Pa madzulo!*" she shouted. "*Pa madzulo, galu wamng'ono!* On knees, doggie girl!

Ruth realized what was wanted from her and she pushed herself up into

presentation position facing Lady Dzifa. Yaaba came behind her, seized her wrists and confined them. Lady Dzifa urged her over to her. Dismayed, Ruth shuffled over on her knees. Lady Dzifa grabbed her, maneuvering her as if she were a rag doll, and laid her across her lap. She removed her head harness and handed it off to Yaaba. She stroked Ruth gently on her cheek several times and then lowered the bodice of her dress. She pulled Ruth's head close with her left hand while she presented her large, round, firm left breast to her. Ruth hesitated although she knew what Lady Dzifa wanted. The woman urged her again with her left arm. "Give Lady Dzifa de suckee," she said to her sweetly. "Lady Dzifa hab wat be good for de *galu wamng'ono*."

Fearing punishment, Ruth strained her head upwards and took Lady Dzifa's impressive teat between her lips. She started kissing and nibbling at it. Lady Dzifa shook her. "No, she reprimanded her. "Gib Lady Dzifa de suckee suckee!"

Ruth latched her lips around her nipple and began to suck. After a few moments, to her shock, a semi-sweet, creamy substance came out. She pulled her head back. Lady Dzifa shoved it back into place. "De *galu wamn'ono* gib de suckee suckee or she be getting de cane fer sure!" she ordered her sternly.

Unhappy, but obedient, Ruth latched on again. She suckled and suckled. Within a few seconds, the creamy substance was replaced by warm, free flowing milk.

"Dat's de good girlie," Lady Dzifa exclaimed softly, humming. "Dat's de good doggie girlie."

Ruth was revolted at first, but the warmth of the substance began to calm her. Lady Dzifa was cradling her and singing some kind of childish sounding native song to her. The wooziness she had experienced started to return. Lady Dzifa kept her cradled tightly against her. Her free hand kept stroking and caressing her face as she drank.

When the breast could give no more, Lady Dzifa turned her and proffered her her other teat. Ruth needed no prodding. She seized it between her lips and started pulling at it. The creaminess was followed by warm, sweet tasting milk. She drank and drank and drank, her head swimming, her body lolling. She kept suckling lazily even when the flow ceased. Lady Dzifa gently pried her mouth off of her teat. She pulled her up, as easily as if she had been in reality a good little girl and sat her on her left thigh. She leaned her back and pushed her thighs apart. Ruth did not, could not resist. She started running her right hand all over her, starting with a soft caress of her cheek, down over her shoulder, across her breasts, down her belly and down and up her spread thighs. The hand was comforting, mesmerizing. Ruth tried to shake off her mystical torpor. Lady Dzifa, smiling, her large, now empty breasts still exposed, took her chin from underneath and brought her face close. She softly placed her lips on hers. Ruth could taste her hot breath and it sent a

shiver through her. Before she could manage to close her mouth to resist, Lady Dzifa's thick tongue was in her mouth.

She moaned and tried to struggle, but her body was in such a languished state that all she managed was a desultory squirm. The woman's hot tongue swirled and swirled, chasing her own. Ruth could do nothing other than to let its heat transmit itself to her, down her spine, down her thighs, down her belly. She pulled lazily at her bound arms and, for a moment, rebelled at the thought of the slender, young black slave girl being a witness to her degradation. Lady Dzifa's right hand slipped down to her left breast, gave it a proprietary squeeze, moved to the other and did the same. When the hand went down her belly, through her fog, Ruth guessed its destination and she made a feeble attempt at drawing her thighs together. Lady Dzifa merely pushed them apart again and then her hand encompassed the entirety of her mons. She began stroking it softly, slowly. Her need erupted right away. She tried to push herself up off of the mighty woman's lap, but she held her fast and pressed down harder with her mouth.

Swirls of lust flowed through her. She couldn't prevent her tongue engaging with the invader. She shuddered and squirmed and couldn't tell whether her efforts were driven by a need to escape the woman's domineering embrace or in reaction to the pleasurable vibrations that were travelling through her. She moaned and was shamed. Why was this happening? How did she get here? A vision of the day the DCR officers, her friend, Ben, and that hostile sergeant had taken her. She remembered standing before them exposed, naked, shivering with fear. How did she get from there to here? She remembered cowering in her room, her last moments of freedom. How she wished that she could have just disappeared, just dissolved into nothingness. And even now, as the dark woman's hand stroked and caressed her loins, couldn't she just melt away? Couldn't she just vanish? Wasn't there anything she could do to conjure up a different reality, slip into a different dimension, send her consciousness somewhere else, into another person or being? Couldn't she do anything?

Lady Dzifa broke their kiss. Her thick fingers began to run up and down her already slick divide. That tingling, that urge, that need that the potion had engendered revived. She cringed and whined, a sickening sensation sparked by powerlessness, despair, unhappiness, travelled up from her belly and spread all throughout her. "Please! Please! Please someone, something, anything, please take the hand away! Please make this all be untrue!

The fingers began a soft, almost ephemeral stroking of her little bud. The sickening feeling was pushed aside by the messages of nascent ecstasy transmitted by her electrified nubbin. She moaned and squirmed and tried to fight them off, but to no avail. The messages just kept coming and coming and coming. She had closed her eyes and now opened them. Lady Dzifa's smiling, pleased face hovered

over her. She moaned and squirmed again. “Dat’s de good little girlie,” Lady Dzifa cooed. “Dat’s da good girlie. Let the goodies come. Let the goodies flow. Rihana be de good little doggie girl. She be de right girlie all right. She gib it all to Lady Dzifa. She let de goodies flow all ober her.”

Ruth cringed at the appellations, but could not resist the big brown woman’s ministrations. She slipped two thick fingers into her channel and began to run them in and out while her thumb maintained the gentle torture of her little button. The woman’s mouth descended onto hers again. Her tongue slipped between her lips and she felt a great surge of lustful need fill her. It was coming! It was coming! A great immanency was building there down below. All of her resistance faded away. Nothing now was more important than to fulfillment of that immanency, the explosion of ecstasy which it prefigured.

She began to moan and shudder. Her hips rotated of their own accord. She pressed her loins up against the hand. All the world spun around her coosh. A great tidal wave was cresting. At the last second what was left of her will tried desperately to hold it back. As it topped, the most exquisite agony tore through her. Lady Dzifa broke their kiss again and stared into her contorted face.

“Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh!” she groaned helplessly. Her pussy throbbed and convulsed and twisted and knotted. She spread her thighs as far apart as she could muster as her body reveled joyously.

The hand mercifully slowed its efforts. Her pussy’s pulses wound down. A terrible languidness spread through her. As she returned to conscious thought, she began to miserate at her disgrace. What did the woman want from her? Why was she the ‘right girl’? What were these people going to do to her?

The woman’s hand surrendered possession of her puss and flowed up along her belly, over her breasts, down her highs and back again. It was as if she was sealing in the lesson she had just given her. Sealing in her ownership, her dominion. Her hand rose and caressed her cheek. “Dat’s de good little girlie,” she murmured sweetly. “*Ezigbo nwa agboghọ.*”

She pushed her off of her thigh into a kneeling position. She caressed her head and then gave Yaaba an order. She pulled her dress up over her breasts and stood. She gave Ruth a pat on the head, turned and left the room.

Yaaba had retrieved the expanding gag and proffered it to her mouth. Ruth was dazed and deadened by sadness and just stared at her dolefully. Yaaba reared back her hand and gave her a sharp slap. Ruth squealed and looked at her piteously. “*Meghee ọnu gị!* Open de mouth!” she yelled angrily. Ruth sadly obeyed. The gag was thrust in. Yaaba pressed the button and it expanded rapidly, filling her cavity. Yaaba stood and went over to the cage. She opened it and rapped at it sharply with her stick. “*Lowani! Lowani!* Get in! Get in!” she ordered forcefully. Ruth looked at the yawning cage and then at the girl. She reared back her stick and

struck her with it across her shoulder and then, moving quickly, once, twice, three times across her back. Ruth sobbed and cowered before the assault.

“Lowani! Lowani!” she screamed again. Ruth kned herself over to the cage. She crawled in and drew back her legs. The cage door slammed closed and locked. She looked up miserably. Yaaba was already gathering the tea cup and placing it on the tray. Without looking at her, she went to the door and placed her thumb on the reader. The lock clacked open and she pushed against the door. It swung open and she exited through it. It swung closed and the lock clacked again. Ruth curled herself into a ball and began to sob.

* * * * *

It was hours later when Yaaba came back. She released Ruth from the cage and released her arms from behind. She let her use the doggie toilet and then brought her to the kitchen for dinner, which she ate on her knees beside her. Through the kitchen window Ruth could see that it had grown dark. After they had eaten, and the cook had had a merry time playing with her breasts, she was led back to her room. To Ruth’s dismay, she was remounted in the device, her legs and arms drawn back to each other. Yaaba had taken from a cabinet in the kitchen another pint sized jar of the evil fluid she had fed her earlier. Ruth steadfastly refused to drink it, even after Yaaba had administered a series of painful strokes of her stick to her breasts.

She put the bottle down and left the room. Ruth quailed at what fate was in store for her for her disobedience. About a minute later, Yaaba came back, followed by Lady Dzifa. She was carrying the long, heavy stick she had seen her with yesterday when she had arrived. She remembered her pummeling the driver with it and his howls of pain and dismay. Ruth shuddered and quaked in fear. Lady Dzifa towered over her, her fiery eyes piercing her. She gave an instruction to Yaaba. Yaaba picked up the bottle and brought it back over to Ruth. She presented it to her lips. Ruth trembled. She looked at Lady Dzifa. Looked at her stick. She started to cry. Her body was filled with soul souring fear. She opened her mouth. Yaaba poured the foul substance in. It had a burnt taste as if it was imbued with charcoal ash.

Yaaba made sure that she drank it all. She stuffed her mouth with the thick, leather prong and administered the harness to her head. Her head was secured to the pole behind her. Lady Dzifa gave her some words of warning. *“De doggie girl got no sayso. De doggie girl do what she be told. De next time, I beat the doggie girl til she be all black and blue!”* She turned and left.

Yaaba gave her a sardonic smile. She removed her whippy stick from her belt and gave her exposed breasts five lashing strokes. Ruth sobbed and howled. She put the stick back on her belt and left.

The evil elixir produced the same results. After a short while she could not prevent her puss from running up and down the ridges behind her. She stopped and started, stopped and started, stopped and started, struggling to put off her impending orgasm as long as she could. Ultimately, her loins refused to obey her and continued her pussy's abrasions until it was engulfed in the dreaded, mighty throbs and convulsions that wracked her whole body with unwanted pleasure.

She was mounting to her third orgasm when Yaaba and Lady Dzifa came back. Instead of tea, Yaaba had a bottle of Courvoisier on a tray and a snifter glass. Lady Dzifa knelt down before her and Yaaba poured several fingers of the cognac into the glass. She handed it to her mistress and took a perch off to her left.

Lady Dzifa sipped her libation calmly, waiting for Ruth to succumb once more to the potion. She put it off as long as she could but was soon grunting and whining and sobbing as she ground her sex on the knobs. She came again, explosively. Lady Dzifa smiled and patted her on the cheek. "Good girlie," she said, smiling.

She had Yaaba release her again. After her arms were bound behind her, Lady Dzifa pulled down her bodice, revealing her breasts. Ruth sadly crawled up on her lap and allowed the woman to maneuver her into position. She did not have to be told, but subsumed her teat automatically. After she had emptied both mammaries, her heady woozy and her body sated and languid, Lady Dzifa brought her around so that she was sitting on her lap, her back to her breasts. The woman gave Yaaba an order. She smiled and nodded her head. She crawled in front of Ruth. Lady Dzifa had one hand around her waist. The other was kneading and mauling her breasts. Yaaba pushed her legs apart, stroked her thighs a few times and then bent to her task.

As soon as the young girl's lips encircled her love bud, Ruth released a heavy sigh. Her mouth worked up and down her puss. She shuddered and squirmed and whined. She could feel Lady Dzifa's naked breasts pressed against her back. She played with her breasts, squeezing and mauling them, tweaking her nipples. Yaaba's tongue roamed up and down her slice, delved into her hole, flicked at her button. Her hands pressed her thighs wide apart, frustrating Ruth's feeble efforts at closing them. Ruth squirmed and moaned and groaned. She hissed with delightful agony when the girl nipped at her nubbin and then subsumed it in her mouth, suckling at it mightily. When she came, she groaned and shook and shuddered and released a series of animalistic grunts.

She was dull and lifeless when Lady Dzifa released her. She was led into the bathroom where Lady Dzifa bathed her in the huge sunken tub and then bathed

herself as Ruth knelt on a folded towel outside the tub watching. She was allowed to use the toilet and then, her arms bound behind her, marched through the door on the opposite side. As Ruth had surmised, it led to Lady Dzifa's elegant and well-appointed boudoir. Her arms were released and Lady Dzifa ordered her to turn down the bed. She ordered her up onto it and followed. She rolled Ruth to her back, slipped her powerful left thigh between hers, leaned over and took her mouth.

They fucked for about an hour. Despite her earlier bouts, Ruth's passions arose again immediately. Lady Dzifa fingered her to a moaning, groaning state and then rolled to her back and had her get between her legs. Ruth serviced the big woman's hairy conch assiduously. When the woman came, she shouted it out, grabbing the back of Ruth's hair and shoving her face down hard on her crotch. She made Ruth get on her back, turned around and presented her now mushy slice to her from above. As Ruth began to work it, Lady Dzifa dropped her mouth to her crux and reciprocated. She made Ruth come twice, bellowing her pleasure into the woman's gap before she came again, pressing her sex down hard on Ruth's face and grinding on it hard.

The woman arose. Ruth prayed that they were finished. When she saw Lady Dzifa remove a thick, black prong from a drawer in the bedside table and strap it on, she whined and pressed her thighs together. Lady Dzifa merely got up on the bed and pushed her knees aside. She activated a vibrator on the end of the prong nestled up against her button, slipped the ribbed faux cock up and down along her crevasse, lodged it at her opening and slid it in.

Ruth sobbed and wailed as the rigid prong plowed her. Lady Dzifa's thrusts were not subtle, but hard and long. Ruth drew her knees up as far as they would go in an effort to press them against the mad woman's hips to slow her down, but it availed her nothing. She dragged her heels up and down the bed as her conch grew nearer and nearer to explosion. It erupted and she grunted and groaned and held onto the woman for dear life. Her pussy's paroxysms had just begun to abate when the big woman thrust her tongue into her mouth and swirled it around her own. It shot Ruth back deep into lust as if a booster rocket had been fired, accelerating her faster and faster to a looming, bright burning sun-like orb.

Lady Dzifa exploded into an orgasm of her own and her hips pounded down on her hard as if trying to flatten her. The projectile that was her lust was captured by the big, burning orb and sucked rapidly in, culminating in a massive eruption as it was obliterated by the all-consuming fire.

The big, brown skinned woman fell atop her as if someone had turned off her batteries. She was huffing and puffing. She had broken their kiss at the commencement of her eruption and took her mouth again now, swirling her tongue around as she enjoyed the fading echoes of her climax.

Finally, she rose off of her, drawing the penis-like prong from her belly. She sat up on the side of the bed the now dormant prong jutting out from her loins like a horn. Yaaba was kneeling there expectantly and she poured Lady Dzifa three more fingers of cognac. Ruth was laying on her back trying to regain her equanimity. Her mind was spinning. The massive, powerful woman had launched an all-out assault on her. Was she going to have to bear this night after night after night? Lady Dzifa turned to her and gave her a mighty slap on her thigh. "Get up, doggie girl!" she spat out. "Outta de bed! Yaaba going to put de doggie girl away!"

Ruth winced at the blow. She immediately drew herself up as best she could and crawled to the edge of the bed. Yaaba was standing there, looking at her. "*Aka na ikpere!*" she shouted. "Hands and knees!"

Ruth fell down on the floor. As soon as she was in the correct posture, Yaaba clipped a leash to her collar and began to drag her away. She brought her back through the bathroom and into her little room. She had her kneel up and she chained her wrists to her neck. She ordered her down on her pallet and chained her ankle to the floor and then applied the chain up near her head to her collar. She gave Ruth's mons a couple of rubs, smiled and dashed off to the bathroom door. She lowered the lights, hustled herself through it and it closed behind her. Her excitement told Ruth that it was now going to be her turn up on the bed.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Ruth lay there in the quiet room. Her puss still burned and if her hands had been free she would have been stroking it to try and put out the fire. Her mind ran through the events of her first full day as an inmate here. Her first full day as their new doggie girl. She wondered how she could get them to kill her, but knew that they would try everything else first before they finally threw her away as useless. She knew that she would never withstand the beatings and other punishments so it was a futile thought.

Drinking from Lady Dzifa's breasts was a new thing. Nobody had ever made her do that before. Rocco liked to keep a girl or two in milk for guys who liked that sort of thing. He hadn't done it to her and she had been grateful for that small mercy. The idea of strange men supping from her body, taking nourishment from it, was soul sickening. It kind of moved you from the status of a barely human slave to that of a farm animal.

Her mouth recalled the sensation of suckling on Lady Dzifa's mammeries. It had so strange. Was it done to infantilize her? To emphasize her powerlessness and the fact that they could make her do anything they wanted? It certainly had brought home to her Lady Dzifa's powerful body, her dominion over her. And the fact that all things from now on would come from her. Even her life's nourishment.

The wooziness from the potion Yaaba had fed her was starting to dissipate, but her head was still swimming. She closed her eyes and let her brain whirl. What were they going to do to her, she wondered unhappily. What did Lady Dzifa mean by saying that she was "the right girl?" She was being trained for something. Something terrible was going to happen to her. Something even worse than being flown thousands and thousands of miles away from her home and being made prisoner in a strange, foreign land. She had tried not to be prejudiced as she was growing up and her mother and father had certainly taught her that it was wrong. But black people had always seemed different kinds of beings. In America, white people were still on top, although their mastery had been receding for years. But here everything was turned around. Here black people were on top. White people like her were on bottom. She was going to be ruled by a foreign and strange race of people. Their blackness seemed like a form of hostility. "I'm black and see what I can do to you!" it said to her.

She passed off to restless sleep. Tomorrow would be another day. What new bad things would happen to her?

She awoke to Yaaba prodding her with her whippy stick. “Wakie, wakie, doggie girl!” she barked at her. “Wakie, wakie!”

The girl released her from her chains and brought her into the bathroom. She let her use the toilet and then gave her teeth a firm brushing. She led her to the kitchen where she ate a bowl of some kind of porridge laced with honey and nuts. Lady Dzifa came in while she was eating. She was wearing one of her colorful dresses. She made her kneel up and tousled her hair, smiling down at her like she was a favorite pet. She went to the counter, poured herself a cup of steaming coffee and sat down at the table. The cook brought her over a bowl of the mush that Ruth and Yaaba were eating. She had a CPad with her and Ruth watched her scrolling through it, catching up on the day’s news or maybe her investments or something like that.

When breakfast was done, Yaaba took her back to her room and mounted her in her device. She went into the bathroom and came out holding a bowl of steaming water, some scissors and what looked like a shaving brush, a shaving cup and a razor.

Ruth didn’t like the look of that. Yaaba hadn’t installed her in the head harness and so her head was free. She had the expanding gag in her mouth. She cringed as Yaaba placed a large towel under her. She had a large comb and she combed out her hair until it was straight and unknotted. When she saw the young girl pick up the scissors, she lost it.

“..eeeease ...ohn ...ooouis!” she screeched through her gag. “...eeeeeease!”

Yaaba looked at her. “De doggie girl be not getting de learnin’!” she scolded her. “De doggie girl no be givin’ the talkin’! If de doggie girl be not getting’ the learnin’ she be getting de big beatin’! Lady Dzifa told de doggie girl yesterday dat de doggie girl not havin’ no sayso! She be holdin’ her head still and be lettin’ Yaaba do her work! Unnerstan?”

The big beating! The big beating with that large, deadly stick that Lady Dzifa carried around no doubt! The image of the big, muscular woman pummeling her mercilessly with that weapon made her stomach sour. She never wanted to be beaten like that! The threat was almost certainly real. She cursed herself for her cowardice and became silent. What the girl was going to do, she was powerless to prevent. She closed her eyes and felt her misery permeate her body.

Yaaba started to snip away. Great clumps of her blond hair fell off of her head. She was snipping it down almost to her scalp. She left a thick strand of hair at the back of her head. Ruth held herself still, crying and cursing everyone who had ever done anything bad to her. Cursing Rocco for selling her to that black man.

Cursing Ben and that sergeant for enslaving her. Cursing all the people who had ever used and abused her. Cursing Mr. Anderson and Consuela. Cursing even Mrs. Rawlings for failing to save her.

When the hair was all snipped away, Yaaba brushed up some lather in the shaving mug and inundated her head with it. She shaved her carefully and thoroughly, dipping the razor into the bowl of hot water after each long stroke. When she was done, she took Ruth by the chin and turned her head right and then left. She smiled wryly. "Now you look like de doggie girl for sure," she taunted her.

She leaned into her and Ruth felt her twisting and turning the long, thick strand of hair she had let at the back of her head. She passed an elastic ring around it and brought it close to her scalp. She placed a couple more on it so that the strand would be held together. She rubbed lotion into her now bare scalp. She got up and put everything away. She carefully rolled up the towel full of hair and carried it off. She came back with one of those bottles she had forced on her yesterday. Ruth whined and shuddered when she deflated her gag and removed it. No way did she want to go through what she had done the day before. But she cooperatively spread her lips and drank it down when Yaaba proffered it to her. When the bottle was empty, she installed to head harness with its long, thick prong and fastened it to the pole behind her. She brought the mirror over so that Ruth could see herself. Ruth cringed as she saw that all of her humanity had been stripped away. She was filled with a deadening despair. She had wondered last night what new horrors she would face today and here was one right in front of her.

Yaaba left. She closed her eyes so she wouldn't have to see herself, wouldn't have to see her cue ball head. Her mind grew foggier and foggier. That urgency arose again in her conch. Soon she was stroking it onto the soft ridges built into the pole between her raised legs.

She was working on her third orgasm when Lady Dzifa and Yaaba came in. Like yesterday, Lady Dzifa knelt in front of her, drinking tea while she tried to hold herself back, to no avail. After she had disgraced herself in front of the smiling, appreciative woman once more, Yaaba released her from the device and bound her wrists together behind her. Lady Dzifa brought her up onto her lap, sitting on her left thigh, and manipulated her puss until she groaned and screamed out another climax. She fed her then from both her breasts and then held her on her lap while Yaaba happily gemauched her until she came again.

Lady Dzifa moved her off of her lap. Yaaba ordered her up onto her knees before her mistress. Lady Dzifa ran her hand over her bald head appreciatively. "Dat's de good doggie girl," she said, smiling. Yaaba restored her inflatable gag and she was placed in her cage. The two women left.

Ruth knelt in her cage, unhappy, dismal, forlorn, until Yaaba brought her out for lunch. She was happy, or perhaps not happy, but, perhaps, relieved is the better word, when Yaaba put her back into her cage instead of mounting her in the device. She knelt there, forlorn and unhappy, until the door opened again about an hour later. It was the tall, thin, stern woman from the day before. Yaaba led her and her assistant in and left. The woman knelt down near the cage, smiled at Ruth and began taking things out of the large black valise that the girl had been carrying. She gave the girl an order. She came over to the cage, unlocked the door and urged Ruth out. "*Tulukani! Tulukani!*" she urged her sharply.

Ruth reluctantly emerged. She knelt herself over to the stern woman. She had put a pair of rubber surgical gloves on her hands. She took Ruth by the chin and examined the puncture inside her nose. She thrust her fingers inside and removed the white plastic placeholder she had put there. The girl handed her an open, clear, plastic bag and the woman took something out of it. She showed it to Ruth. It was a golden medallion with a thin, gold clasp. On the medallion, outlined in red, was the image of the mighty lion that she had seen on the door from the outside and which had been on the rug in the foyer. She had feared that the woman was going to install a big, thick golden ring like oxen wear and to which a chain could be attached and she could be dragged around with it. But, what she was showing her was, in some ways, worse. She would be exhibiting, whenever she showed her face, the emblem of her owner, whoever that really was. She would be advertised as property. She would carry it on her face wherever she went. It would be the first thing that people would see.

She held back a torrent of tears as the woman slid the clasp into her nose. Its ends were just big enough to slide over her septum. The woman was practically atop her. She took a very thin pair of pliers and inserted it. She gave the clasp a mighty squeeze and its ends met through the hole she had made yesterday. She knelt back and gave the medallion several tugs, making Ruth wince. She smiled, satisfied.

The woman gave the girl a sharp order. She had been kneeling expectantly at her side. She got up and circled her arm around Ruth's neck and held her head fast. The stern woman brought something to her face. Ruth struggled, but the girl pulled her arm tighter around her neck, choking her, forcing her still. The woman pressed something up against the side of her nose, just about at the point where the edge of her nostril met her cartilage. She pressed down and Ruth felt a fierce point of pain. Something had pierced her. The woman pressed the thing down hard. She slid her long finger of her left hand inside and pressed something down. The pain in her nostril grew more intense. The woman leaned back and looked at her handiwork admiringly. She took out another object and repeated the procedure on the right side. Ruth released a squeal when her nostril was pierced, but didn't fight.

Whatever the woman was doing, she was going to do no matter what she did. When the woman leaned back, Ruth looked down her nose. There was something red and sparkly on each side. The woman patted her on the cheek and smiled.

The girl removed the collar around her neck. The woman, gloves off now, produced from the bag a 4" wide multicolored, woven cloth band. There were two golden rings embedded into it. The band was yellow and had wild, green, red and blue designs embroidered into it. The woman placed the cloth band around Ruth's neck. The girl held in place from behind while the stern lady stitched it closed on the right side of her neck. She was using a very thin copper wire which she had to cut with a steel snipper when she was done. She curled the ends at the top and the bottom and covered them with a glob of thick, red wax. She spread the wax along the seam. Within about a minute, it was as strong as iron. It would take a chisel to get it off.

While Ruth was steeped in dismay, the woman did both of her wrists and her ankles. Each time, when she was done sewing it closed, she sealed it off with the metallic wax. She used a small piece of super coarse sand paper to round off the wax once it approached hardness, making it nice and smooth.

The girl grabbed hold of her head again. She held it fast while the stern lady pierced both of her ears, making her whine and shudder. She placed large studs in them, which Ruth didn't get a chance to see. The door opened and Yaaba came in with a tray of tea. She placed it down and left, giving Ruth an amused glance.

The woman's assistant poured her a cup. There were two, and, after asking the woman for permission, filled the other one. They both knelt in front of Ruth admiring her while they sipped their repast. The woman turned her head this and that way several times relishing her handiwork. She said something to the girl that made her giggle. Ruth just watched them sadly. She was just someone upon whom anything could be imposed, if she was a someone at all, there seemed to be sufficient argument that she wasn't a someone anymore. She was "the right girl." Whatever that meant. And "the right girl" needed to be decorated adequately.

Next the woman produced from her bag the mouthpiece she had done the mold for yesterday. It was gleaming white and rubberized on the inside. The girl deflated her gag and drew it from her mouth. Ruth looked at the mouthpiece with fear. It had been fitted to her perfectly. At first, she refused to spread her lips when the woman presented it to her. The woman frowned and glared at her. All of a sudden, her right hand lashed out and she gave her a resounding slap to her left cheek. Ruth howled and started to sob.

"De doggie girl opens de maut when she be told!" the woman snarled at her.

She presented the mouthpiece to her again. Ruth sadly spread her lips. The woman thrust the mouthpiece in backwards. It had a spring inside and lodged on her tongue and the roof of her mouth. The woman used her long fingers to settle

her teeth into the molds. She then placed her left hand on her face just below her nose and the other one below her jaw. She pressed them together. Ruth, startled, felt something click inside her mouth. The woman leaned back. She pulled on her chin harshly, but Ruth's mouth didn't separate. She smiled again and patted her cheek.

Ruth desperately tried to separate her jaws. They were clamped as firmly closed as if they had been welded shut. She whined and moaned and shook her head. Tears started flowing down her cheeks. This seemed to be the most horrible thing that had ever been done to her. She pulled and pulled and pulled at her jaws, but they didn't move. The woman laughed and patted her on the cheek again.

"Hold still!" She barked at her and grabbed her face by the jaw. She held her firmly still while she pressed her fingers into her mouth between her lips and the device. Ruth felt something release and her jaws sprung open. The woman reached into her mouth and pulled the mouthpiece free. She nodded to herself as if she was pleased to be able to take it out without much effort. Ruth's lips were trembling when she proffered it to her again. She whined as she felt it lodged in place. The woman forced her jaws closed. The mouthpiece clicked and her mouth was jammed down shut once more.

There was something else. The woman pulled from her bag a round, convex piece of red glass. It was surrounded by glittery green. It had been molded into the design of a bright red flower. It had a 4" long rubberized prong on it. The woman presented it to Ruth's locked mouth. Ruth, fearful of further indignity, didn't know what she should do. Her teeth were jammed down, maybe 2" apart. The woman pressed the prong towards the exposed part of the mouthpiece between her lips. There was a hole there between her front upper and lower teeth. The woman slid the prong through the hole. The rubberized portion of it collapsed as it passed through the hole and then expanded again on the other side. The woman pressed until the glass was lodged against the outer portion of the mouthpiece. It spread her lips open into a pronounced pout.

Ruth whined. The woman gave her a snarly look and then another fierce slap. Ruth released a muted shriek.

"De doggie girl no make no noise!" the woman told her angrily.

Ruth started sobbing, but no sounds could come out of her mouth. The girl and the woman each had another cup of tea. Ruth just knelt there sad and forlorn. The gags had been bad enough. But this was several degrees worse. She felt like some supernatural command had sealed her mouth, like some curse had been cast upon her. She couldn't make anything that approximated words now. Even the shriek she had released when she had been slapped had been muted so well it might as well have come from another room.

The woman told the girl to roll over the mirror. She ordered Ruth to turn and look into it. What she saw appalled her. In the sides of her nostrils were two large rubies, or at least they looked like rubies. They were surrounded by a thin collar of glittering green which she assumed were emeralds. The ear posts were of the same design, as was the large glass jewel outside her mouth. The golden medallion, laden with the snarling lion outlined in red, sparkled on her upper lip and was pushed out a bit as the result of her upper lip's forced pout as if she were presenting it to the viewer. It was her and yet it was not her. They had made her into something different. Their doggie girl. Not quite a doggie, but not quite a girl either. Her bald head gleamed and the absence of hair made all the jewelry stand out starkly. She knew that the rubies and emeralds must have cost a fortune. It bespoke Lady Dzifa's great wealth and power. What chance did she have against her? The stark yellow collar with its vibrant designs added to the splendor above. The golden ring embedded in it sparkled. She realized, despairingly, that she was going to look like this for a very, very long time.

The stern woman was not done imposing humiliations upon her. She pulled another glass thing, sparkly red and green like the thing in her mouth, designed to imitate a flower. It had a larger, longer, thicker prong on it. The woman ordered her to turn around and place her forehead on the floor. Ruth felt the woman probe with it at her little brown star and push it in. The thick prong filled her and she resisted the urge to moan unhappily. It had a lip up near the jewel like flower and her little ring snapped closed inside it. No amount of squeezing would ever get it out. The woman patted her on the behind several times and told her to turn around again. Ruth knelt in front of her, trembling. What else could the woman do? How else could she humiliate her, degrade her. She pulled one last thing from her valise. It was a golden medallion about 3 sizes bigger than the one on her lip. It had red writing etched into it. The woman showed it to her. In an arc at the top in scriptive letters was her new name, "*RIHANA*." On the bottom were scriptive capital letters of the same design in the native language. In the middle, outlined in red, was an etching of a delightful looking dog's head, facing the viewer, its mouth open in a doggie grin, its tongue lolling outside of its mouth. The woman ran her finger across the writing at the bottom of the medallion. "Doggie girl," she explained to her mockingly.

Ruth cringed. They weren't going to make her wear that, were they? The answer came in a moment when the woman attached it to her collar. It had two interlocking rings so that it could lay flat on her upper chest. The woman indicated that she should look into the mirror again. The neck medallion added just the right touch. It made her degradation complete. She saw her new name written backwards and those horrible words underneath it. The doggie on it looked out at her gaily, as if eager to make friends and go for a romp. She couldn't even sum up

the effort to cry. It was all so horrible. It was all Mr. Anderson's fault. He could have sold her to anybody, but he had sold her to Rocco. She had served him dutifully and eagerly and this was her reward. She wondered unhappily if her degradations were now complete. What more could they do to her?

The woman gave the girl an order. She got up and left the room while the woman put her stuff away. She rolled away the mirror to make some room in front of her. A minute or so later, Lady Dzifa came bursting in, as if eager to see the new Rihanna. She knelt down in front of her and oohed and ahhed as she turned her head this way and that. She pulled hard on her chin until she was satisfied that nothing would pry her jaws open. She flipped the medallion on her upper lip up and down a few times, remarking on it. Her greatest glee seemed to arise from the larger medallion on her chest. She fingered it and rubbed it with her thumb. She looked at Ruth, beaming. She rubbed her hand over her bald head. "She be a good little doggie girl!" she exclaimed to herself. "She de right girl fer sure!"

She ordered her to keel up and for Yaaba to get behind her. Yaaba ran her hand over her conch from behind and began stroking it gently. The effect of that morning's potion had not completely left her. Her puss began to warm right away. Lady Dzifa and the stern woman watched her carefully, drinking tea and eating some chocolate covered cookies, as her lust started growing higher and higher. She begged the hand to stop. She begged her pussy to resist. She begged the world to remove her instantaneously from where she knelt, like the beam up thing on those old science fiction shows.

Her body began to shudder. She couldn't help rotating her hips. She felt Yaaba's fingers flicking *rapidamente* at her electrified nubbin. She tried desperately to hold back. It was like her mind was in a tug of war with her cunt. And her mind was losing, creeping closer and closer to the abyss which separated them. Her mind dug in its heels. It shouted and groaned. But it kept slipping, slipping, slipping closer to oblivion. And then her mind began to totter over the edge. Sharp electrical impulses were running about her body. Her cunt gave the rope one more, hearty tug. Her mind was losing its balance. It released the rope. But it was too late. Into the abyss her mind plunged as vicious throbs and contortions wracked her puss. She shouted and moaned through her cemented mouth, releasing sounds more like suppressed murmurs than grunts and screams.

Yaaba mercifully slowed her caresses. Lady Dzifa and the stern woman were chortling with glee. She had put on quite a show for them. Lady Dzifa indicated that she could kneel back while she and the stern lady finished their tea and their snacks. When they were done, they both rose. They hugged and exchanged kisses. Lady Dzifa led her and her assistant through the door. But not before issuing Yaaba an instruction. Yaaba brought out the fiendish device and made her lay in it. Her ankles and wrists were connected to it. Yaaba left the room and returned with

one of those bottles. Ruth whined and squirmed. There was no need to release the mouthpiece and remove it. Yaaba drew out the cut glass flower from between her lips. She took out a white plastic funnel with an 8” long hose on the end. Yaaba worked the tip of the hose through the gap in the mouthpiece and ran it to the back of her mouth. She poured the potion into the funnel and the liquid rushed in. It was all Ruth could do to swallow it and not drown. When the bottle was empty, Yaaba drew out the white tube, put the large, red, cut glass rose back in place and brought the implement into the bathroom to rinse it out.

She returned within 20 seconds. There was no need for the pronged gag anymore and so a harness with just a leather shield that went across the mouth was applied. Yaaba was careful to ensure that the medallion in her nose wasn’t covered up, but draped outside so it could be seen. She fastened her head to the pole behind her and ran the mirror in front of her. She gave her a little kiss on the top of her gleaming, hairless head and patted her cheek. “*Ezigbo nwa nkịta!*” she told her. Good little doggie girl. And then she left.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

And so began her new life in earnest. She was dosed three times a day, in the morning, the afternoon and in the early evening. She cried and moaned and did all she could do to resist, but would find herself rubbing, rubbing, rubbing her coosh on the delicate knobs and bringing her to repeated climaxes. Her head was in a continuous swim. She found it hard to think. It would be like she had dozed off, but she hadn't been asleep. Her attention would just drift off.

After she had been tortured on the device for an hour or so, Lady Dzifa would come in with Yaaba. She would be released from the torture device, made to drink from Lady Dzifa's breasts and then brought to orgasm once again, either by Lady Dzifa's hand, or Yaaba's mouth. Sometimes Yaaba would roll out a green rubber mat and she would have to form the two backed beast with her while Lady Dzifa watched. She would devour Yaaba's slice animalistically, making the young girl howl and she would howl in return. After her sessions with the two women, she would be ensconced in her cage, bound and with her jaw sealed shut until mealtime or bed.

And her pussy always seemed to be aching for attention. Frequently she awoke during the night to find her pussy pulsing and contorting after some salacious dream. She would close her eyes and ride it out, yearning to free her bound hands so that she could encourage it. In the mornings it would be so bad that she would wake even before Yaaba arrived and begin rubbing, rubbing, rubbing her thighs together in a futile effort to stimulate her puss. After the third day, on the morning of the fourth, before she was brought into the kitchen for breakfast, Yaaba started giving her a 'good morning' orgasm. She would have her kneel with her hands at her chin, her forehead on the floor, her thighs spread, and she would manipulate her from behind, one merciless hand in her puss and the other on her neck, forcing her head down hard. Ruth would groan and shudder and shake and then release a powerful, deep grateful sigh.

Every night, the muscular Lady Dzifa would bring her to her bed and ravage her. There was never anything subtle or tender in her efforts. Whenever Ruth was not performing to her standards, she would give her a mighty slap. Once, when Ruth was too overwhelmed with sadness and self-pity to gemauch her energetically, she dragged her out of the bed and back into her little room. She

raised her wrists in the chain in the corner and gave her a vicious beating with her cane. She left her there all night, her body pulsing with pain. The next day, her body was covered with deep purple bruises.

Otherwise, Lady Dzifa was almost kind to her, more playful than stern. She would murmur little, soft endearments to her while she suckled her, caress her lovingly when they were done with her. Sometimes, before she was released from her device, she would feed her some candied treats, smiling and patting her cheek as she chewed them.

In the evenings, after their sessions, Yaaba would lead her out into the spacious living room where she would be mounted on a stand, held high by her neck, her knees forced open. Lady Dzifa would sit on the couch and Yaaba would kneel at her feet and they would watch FV. Ruth was always facing them so that she would be presented for Lady Dzifa's visual pleasure, and could never see what was on. Sometimes the shows were in their jibbery, musical African language, sometimes they were in English. When they were in English, she would try and follow the story, but it was hard, not being able to see the pictures. And her mind just kept spinning and spinning so she would lose the thread. She understood the words, but they kept on getting jumbled up in her head. While she was deciphering one sentence, two or three more would come in behind it, jamming them all together. She would have to toss them all out and start all over again.

Sometimes they watched comedy shows and Lady Dzifa and Yaaba would laugh and laugh.

One afternoon, about a week after she had arrived, she was taken out into the living room after she and Yaaba had eaten their lunch on their knees in the kitchen. She was mounted as she was in the evenings. Yaaba kept dashing back and forth. She spread out into a semi-circle several large pillows with colorful, woven covers and placed a vibrantly decorated straw mat on the floor. She brought out bowls of nuts and fruit and a large pitcher of what looked like red wine. There were four short crystal glasses and large delicately designed plates which she placed on the floor in a wide half circle. Elegant looking silverware was laid out. Lady Dzifa came out to inspect the girl's efforts draped in a more formal dress than usual. Her face was made up and her hair seemed to be styled.

Yaaba seemed to be finished and Lady Dzifa examined her handiwork carefully. She gave Yaaba an instruction and she ran off. She came back with a beautiful centerpiece in a large straw basket. It was full of brilliant flowers mixed in with sprays of what looked like ferns. Yaaba placed it in the center of the mat.

The living room was elegantly appointed. The couch and matching easy chairs were upholstered in a delicate light blue. The rug was deep pile, colored a deep, forest green. The walls were very light blue, almost like a blue tinted white. There was a large painting, about 6' long and 4' tall, of a savannah scene at sunset, a tall

and wide Acacia tree sprawled in the center. A pride of lions was resting underneath it. Far off to the left, a jangle of impalas were dancing away into tall greenish brown grass and several mottled grey elephants were loitering by a partial view of a azure lake way off to the right. A flock of barely discernable birds was fleeing toward the horizon. Various shades of orange and red dominated the sky and the sun seemingly tottered at the edge of the border between earth and the heavens. Ruth, when propped up in her stand, spent many hours viewing it and wishing that she was there rather than here.

A gentle chime sounded by the door. Yaaba had adorned herself with a red, blue and green diamond patterned shift, belted at the waist with a wide band of black leather. She was wearing rouge and lipstick. She gave Lady Dzifa a tentative look. Lady Dzifa nodded and she dashed off to the door. The locked clacked. She stood aside and three African ladies came gliding in.

They were dressed in fine gowns, like Lady Dzifa. The first one, a dark black woman as wide as Lady Dzifa but not as tall, was wearing a dress constructed out of iridescent red fabric. It came down off of her left shoulder, connecting to her well filled out bodice and descended to below her knees. Her face was wide and pudgy. The second woman, with dark brown skin, was tall and thin. She was wearing a long, yellow and blue gown with narrow straps over her shoulders. Her face was narrow and boney. The third woman was short and delicate. Her dark blue dress covered her shoulders but opened into a trapezoid shaped neckline. She had a fine figure with breasts large enough to show a nice bit of cleavage.

They were all adorned with bright, expensive looking jewelry and large bejeweled rings on their hands. On their heads they wore tangled, blooming confections to match their attire. They were smiling and laughing as they floated into the living room. Lady Dzifa, was adorned with fine jewelry of her own, which included a golden necklace embedded with large, bluish white opals. She greeted her friends with a loud exclamation and wide open arms. She enwrapped one after the other in her arms and gave their cheeks sincere, prolonged kisses.

The women laughed and exchanged pleasantries. Lady Dzifa led them over to where Ruth knelt. The woman all expressed admiration for her, giving her decorations long, pleased gazes. The petite one drew her dress up her legs and crouched down in front of her. Although Ruth had been spared her afternoon session on the device, she had been fed her potion and her mind was filled with a dizzying cloud. Her skin felt as taut as a drumhead and was shimmering with electrified sensation. A serious need was burning in her crux and she had been struggling not to squirm and whine. The small woman, who looked to be in her early or mid-forties, and had bright eyes, reached over and took Ruth's breasts in her hands. She hefted them, as if weighing them and gave them a few little bounces which made them tremble. She ran her hand over her bald head, which Yaaba had

shaved and polished this morning. She said something quick in their language and gave Ruth a broad smile. Before she stood, she gave her slice a few strokes, gliding her fingers up and down her divide. A flood of sensation rushed through her. She moaned and shuddered and struggled in her confines. All of the women laughed.

Lady Dzifa waved her hand at the semi-circle of pillows and the women stepped over and knelt in front of the plates, the fat one to Ruth's far left, the thin one to her right and the small one next to her. Lady Dzifa knelt on the far right end and she signaled Yaaba to proffer the clear, glass wine pitcher to the women. They held out their glasses as Yaaba filled them and all took deep draughts. The women began to chatter noisily as the bowls of nuts and fruits were passed around. The tall thin one told a story that made everybody laugh. The big one on the end seemed to get worked up over something and the other women all nodded seriously, giving her sympathetic looks.

The small one piped up with something that they all agreed with and seemed to make them pleased. Yaaba came out with a large silver tray. She set it down on one of the ottomans and then started to hand out platters and bowls to the fat lady on the far left, who then took a portion onto her plate and passed it on. There were kitten sized hens broiled to a delicious looking brown, white rice mixed with peas and onions, a leafy salad mixed with small tangerine sections and what looked like walnuts.

The women tore into the hens and the other delights. There would be silence for a while and then one of them would think of something to say and there would be a short, general discussion, and then they would go back to eating voraciously, like predators mauling their catch. They were all facing Ruth and their eyes continuously perused her exposed and proffered flesh. Ruth's pussy was screaming with need and she yearned to be placed in the fiendish device in her room so that she could massage it on the knobs. She tried to keep her squirming down to a minimum but suppressed only about half of the needy whines which crept up her throat. The women took in her anguished display with great, appreciative interest, recognizing that Lady Dzifa had arranged a bit of amusement for them to enjoy during their meal. At one point the fat lady said something which made them all look up at Ruth. She was rotating her hips feverishly and trying to jam her pinioned knees together. They all watched her for a few moments until Lady Dzifa said something which made them all laugh again. They resumed eating.

Ruth knew what she looked like. She had spent many, many hours staring at her visage in the mirror in her little room while fastened into her device. She looked garish and animalistic. Yaaba had shaved away her eyebrows to make her seem even less human. For today's party, she had outlined her eyes with kohl and painted her eyelids lime green. Ruth, up to now, had displayed herself in all her demeaning accouterments only to Lady Dzifa, Yaaba and the cook. Now she felt

that she was being exhibited to the world, a kind of coming out party. She rued the large, red, cut glass rose between her lips, the dangling medallion over her upper lip, the two sparkly rubies in her nostrils and the dark red, almost maroon adornments to her ears. The women had taken especial notice of the doggy medallion on her collar, the fat one remarking on it and giving it a few insouciant flips.

After about a half hour or forty minutes, they had had their surfeit. The fat lady had devoured three hens, the thin lady and the petite woman, one, and Lady Dzifa two. They had all had several rounds of wine and were getting a little giddy. Yaaba began clearing away all of the dishes. She brought out warm, wet cloth napkins so that the women could wash their mouths and decorated fingers. After everything had been carted off to the kitchen, she came back and, with Lady Dzifa's approval rolled up the lovely straw mat and hauled it and the centerpiece away.

Yaaba brought out a large pot of coffee, some cups and saucers and cream and sugar out on the tray. She distributed the cups and saucers and poured the coffee. There was a large porcelain blue and white bowl that contained bon bons wrapped in gold metallic paper. Yaaba distributed little plates and the bowl was passed, each woman taking a few candies. Yaaba brought out the green rubber mat they used in Ruth's room and spread it out where the straw mat had been. She released Ruth from her platform and, her hands still bound behind her, made her knee walk over to the mat. She brought her to attention on it. She knelt up high, her breasts thrust out, her artwork displayed. She had learned at Rocco's to turn her knees outwards so that the snarling, fiery dragons on her thighs were prominent. The shield of bluish gray embellishments ascended from her lower belly to just below her breasts. The colorful curlicues covered her chest, surrounding her mammaries, with two snakes black slithering out of them, their snarling heads emerging on her breasts. She was about 5' away from the women and after they had examined her front to their satisfaction, Yaaba released her hands and ordered her to her back, her thighs spread and raised, her hips elevated. All of the women delighted in her colorful butterfly. The stern woman had come back and at Lady Dzifa's instruction, embedded an emerald surrounded ruby in her belly just above the head of the butterfly.

After displaying her gash so ludely, Yaaba ordered her back up onto her knees and made her turn her back to the women, her hands on her head. Ruth could hear the women's intake of breath as they admired the beautiful seductive succubus spread out over her back. When they had had enough, Yaaba instructed her to place her forehead on the floor, spread her knees, to lift her rear and arch her back. They had practiced this posture many times in her room. Her adorned conch was

displayed from behind amidst the verdant finery that Scotty, the tattoo artist had put there.

Ruth was shamed to her core as the women admired her. When she bent over, she realized that she was displaying the rose colored flower in her rear entrance. She had never seen it, not in place, but she could imagine how it appeared, a large, orb-like, dark red flower encircled in bright green, lodged amidst the flowing and intertwined forest green leaves spread over her rear mounds and the back of her thighs, little blue, green and pink moths fluttering among them.

Yaaba ordered her to turn back around and kneel up. She crouched down behind her and Ruth felt her nimble hand slide up over her mons from behind. She released a great sigh as the contact soothed her pussy's needs if only momentarily. The girl began to delicately and skillfully manipulate her for the women's visual delight. Ruth sighed and moaned and groaned as the girl excited her. She slid her fingers up and down her mushy gash, lingered on her little, stiff button and then came down again. The fingers slid easily into her entrance and traversed back and forth until she felt she could tolerate no more. Her body shuddered and she felt a surge of lust. Yaaba began to tweak and rub at her nubbin, sending electrical charges all through her.

She tried not to look at the women, but she had been instructed to always keep her eyes open and she could not prevent herself from absorbing their lecherous gazes as they sipped their coffee and stuffed their mouths with the little chocolate delights. She felt her need rising higher and higher. She quickly abandoned all thought of fighting her passions as it was clear that the women were expecting to see her orgasm and Yaaba was not in a mood to deny them. The surge in her puss became stronger and stronger. Her body was subsumed with misery tinted pleasure. "I'm a whore! I'm a slave! I'm in Africa! I'll never, ever get free!" she thought madly. The exquisiteness of the sensations in her puss threatened to blow her apart. She moaned and groaned and shuddered.

Yaaba thrust her thumb into her cavern and began to slide it in and out while her fingers tormented her bud. It was all she could stand. A huge blister burst deep inside her and poisonous, suppurating pleasure ran through her veins. She cried out frantically with a voice loud enough to shatter the walls, but all that emerged from her cemented mouth were desperate, muffled murmurs.

Yaaba mercifully let her wind down. When it was clear that her pussy's convulsions had subsided, the three women broke out into excited applause. Ruth glanced over at Lady Dzifa and she was beaming at her proudly. She was glad that she had not disgraced her. Her body still bore some of the evidence of her beating with the cane. She couldn't imagine what she would do to her if she disappointed her friends.

Yaaba left her there kneeling up as she dashed away again. She came back with a silver tray, smaller than the first one, with four glass snifters and a bottle of cognac. She handed out the snifters and poured several fingers of golden brown liquor into each one of them. She left the bottle within the women's access and slid to the side of the room. The lights in the room grew suddenly dim. All except a small spotlight surrounding Ruth. Lady Dzifa said something to Yaaba and she rushed off. She came back a little later and all the women sprang to attention.

Ruth couldn't see what they were looking at, but she sensed that someone new had come into the room. She cast a quick, surreptitious glance over her shoulder. There was a large, deep brown skinned man dressed in a brown and gold satin robe. His face was strong and harsh looking. His hair was close cropped and black. His eyes were devouring her.

She quickly looked forwards again. She hoped desperately what seemed to be going to happen was not going to happen. Her foolish hopes were dashed when she heard the sound of the satin robe sliding off of the man's skin. She sensed him standing next to her, exhibiting his maleness to the appreciative woman. The petite woman said something and they all released nervous laughter.

The man came behind Ruth and knelt down so that his chest was up against her back. She had obediently crossed her hands behind her while Yaaba was tormenting her, and she could feel the man's fleshy package press up against them. She shuddered and her eyes moistened with tears. When Lady Dzifa fucked her at night with the faux cock, it drove her wild. She couldn't imagine what a real male appendage would do. She didn't want to find out. She quivered and whined as she felt the man's heat against her. A cloud of his male smell wafted around her.

He started by running his hands up her sides and up over her shoulders. He did this slowly several times. Ruth could feel her heat already building. Then his dark brown hands slid up over her distended thighs, stroking her dragons as if for good luck. His hands slid northwards, over her slightly roundish belly, the cook had been feeding her well, and then encircled her breasts. He gave them a soft squeeze that became harder and harder and harder, until she moaned.

His hands caressed and kneaded her breasts. He tweaked her nipples, pulling at them, pinching them, twisting them until she groaned. His right hand slid down her belly and laid itself over her mons and began stroking it. Unconsciously, she arched her back and thrust her puss out towards it. A wonderful trilling filled her brain as he ran his fingers up and down her divide and then gently rubbed little circles around her nubbin.

It seemed like weeks since a man had had his hands on her. As detestable as it was to be so handled before the gawking coterie, there was something soothing, even right about the feel of his powerful, masculine appendages. Lady Dzifa was strong and mighty, but her hands were still unmistakably women's hands. These

were men's hands. She had had inculcated into her as a growing child, a nascent adult, and for many, many years while serving as an enslaved whore, that men were dominant. Men were superior. Men had the right to use you as they pleased. That a woman's role was to surrender to them, to be docile and obedient. It was God's law. And even as she cursed the whole system which had enslaved her, spurned the ideology which had condemned her, she could not help feeling that a piece of the puzzle had been put back in place, the final piece, the piece that completed her and which she had been subconsciously missing.

His heat was burning into her back. The same inner voice that was enjoining her to remain obedient, to remain docile, to give her better his due, was urging her to spurn the feelings he was bringing her, to reject his ministrations, to rebel against the whole system that had led her to here, this room, this house, this country, this continent. She had been free once, and she wanted to be free again. She wanted to reach out and crush the hands that were tormenting her, reduce them to dust. She wanted to rise and spurn the attentions the women were giving her, blast out through the door into the hallway, parade proudly and fearlessly down the stairs, blow through the outer doors and find her moment in the sun. She would sprout wings and fly away, circling above the compound three times, creating a whirlwind that would destroy it and then soar into the stratosphere, and ride the freedom giving winds home.

The man had his finger on her button and it was flipping at it lightly, sending a tremulous sensation throughout her. Her mind returned to the immediate, to the now, the real one, and not the fantastical. She was a prisoner. An unknown man was handling her with unrestrained freedom. Three unknown African women, strange and foreign and callous were watching her, reveling in her distress, and her mistress, her owner, her regulator who decided all things pertinent to her, was examining her carefully, measuring her obedience, her hand itchy to feel the firmness of her evil cane, to pummel her, to beat her into subservience if need be.

His hand stopped its trilling of her button. Its fingers took hold of her nubbin, plucking it out, and began a steadily increasing pressure on it. It got stronger and stronger until it passed the point of discomfort and into pain. She squealed and tried to withdraw her hips, to tear her tender protuberance from his hand, but the hand held on ruthlessly, pressing harder and harder and harder. Finally, she released an anguished sob. "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" her mind called out piteously. She released a deep groan. The pain went on and on until she thought that she would not be able to bear it anymore and then it went on and on some more and she did.

When the hand released her, she burst into tears. She looked at the women for succor, but all she saw were fascinated leers. The man took hold of the skein of hair at the back of her head and yanked it, pulling hard as she squealed and tried to

follow where he was leading her. He pulled her until she was facing him, the women off to her left. He brought himself close to her, up to her. His right hand went to her mouth and she felt the glass rose being withdrawn. He tossed it aside, reached in and released the catch that held her jaws locked in place. Her mouth popped open. He pulled on the mouthpiece, removing it and tossing that aside as well. He held hard onto her hair with his powerful left hand. He was staring her straight in the eyes. She saw a dark ferocity there, a will which would punish disobedience, a mind that was used to taking what it wanted. His chest muscles were hard, sculpted. His dark brown eyes seemed black. His nose was wide and flared. She trembled as he pierced her consciousness with his desires. His face was inches away from hers. She could smell his musky breath. She wanted to beg him not to do this, but she couldn't find the words. They had withered and died inside her.

He pressed his face forward and pushed his lips between hers. His tongue thrust out and invaded her, swirling loathsomely around and around as if spreading some disease. She struggled and whined, but his left hand held her fast. His right arm circled around behind her back and drew her into him, her breasts mashed up against his sweaty chest. He was right up against her and she could feel his weapon, his spear, his lance, his cock pressed up against her belly. She kept her hands dutifully crossed behind her, afraid to make any motion contrary to his will.

He kissed her so rudely for the longest time. Her needy pussy was yearning for contact, all too ready to forgive the hand that had tormented it. Her head was swirling, her mind clouded. She had been thinking, she remembered, thinking of flying, going up, up, up into the sky. She felt that her mind had already been uplifted there, that it was weaving in and out of the large, fluffy cumuli, sliding in and out of the sun.

Then her head was rudely yanked away and her consciousness plummeted back to earth like a stone. The man edged himself back and thrust her head down until her breasts were touching her knees. He brought up his thick, stiffened wand and proffered it to her lips. It was deep brown and raging and hard. She swallowed a whine of misery and spread her lips. He moved forward, his immenseness sliding over her tongue, and edged himself closer and closer until he was fully lodged. She closed her mouth around it obediently. She had done this 10,000 times. But now the dark forces of primeval Africa had been unleashed upon her. His fleshy spear, the symbolic spear of a hundred thousand tribesmen, raging to destroy the female consort of the white invader.

He began his motions, grasping tightly the braided skein at the back of her head. She felt his prick's outrageous head sliding over her tongue, the flesh of the stem passing back and forth over her tightly held lips. He started a slow and steady thrusting. He began to move her head back and forth to meet him. He was

dominant over her, a muscled mass, an aroma of maleness, the prong in her mouth that could be nothing but. She wanted to close her eyes but the thought of Lady Dzifa's eyes peering at her warned her off. All she could see was his muscled, dark brown belly. His curly thatch of manly hair. His prick was abrading her mouth like a relentless machine. On and on and on. Then he pulled himself back and proffered her the head. She slurped and suckled at it obediently until he moaned. Then he thrust himself back in and began his motions once more.

He pulled himself back three times, each time relishing the work of her lips and her tongue on his pole. When he thrust himself back in after the third time, he increased his tempo. Her head began to piston back and forth. She was finding it hard to breath. He was grunting and groaning. The women had all come closer together so they could all have a direct view of the man's African manhood piercing her white face again and again and again. She whined and began to gurgle as he struck the back of her mouth repeatedly, edging himself into her throat. She heard one of the women say something but no one reacted. The thrusts were coming harder and harder, faster and faster. Then he gave a great groan and his cock erupted into tumult. It throbbed and jerked and jetted his viscous stream into her mouth. It was a heavy flow, like he had been saving it up for her, and despite her efforts at swallowing it, some of it bubbled out frothily from her lips.

He called out again and again as his orgasm went on and on. The hand on her hair was gripping her so tightly that she thought he might tear it out. His motions began to slow. His grunting subsided. The throbs of his prick became pulses and then faded away. He stopped, finally, and slowly withdrew his now partly flaccid manhood from between her lips.

The women broke out into applause. He had put on a good show for them. But the show wasn't over. He took a moment to absorb their accolades and then represented his cock to her mouth. She accepted in unhappily. It was still thick, if rubbery. She began to suckle on it right away, knowing that he wanted her to get him hard again. She suckled and licked and kissed and tickled with her tongue. The man's grip in her hair was looser now, but still firm and possessive. Her arched back was straining. Her jaw was sore. She ignored the discomforts and kept to her task, assiduously and expertly pleasuring him, knowing full well that she would soon, unfortunately, garnish the product of her efforts.

He drew her mouth off and lifted his cock, holding himself up higher. She took his stones into her mouth and carefully, tenderly sucked on them, caressing them with her tongue. He released a long moan. Then her head was back and his cock was down again. It had substantially hardened and he began to slide it back and forth in her mouth once again.

After a long series of long, slow, steady strokes, he pulled her head up. He pushed at her until she fell to her back. She automatically spread her thighs and

lifted her knees. She brought her hands obediently to the back of her head. He kned himself towards her, between her outstretched legs. He was grinning at her maliciously. He leaned over, supporting himself with his left arm on the floor beside her, and with his right hand drew his solid prong up to her gate. She felt him prodding at it. Her pussy began to celebrate at its upcoming delight, but her mind revolted and strained to conjure mystical, magical, dark forces to bar his way. That familiar sourness spread through her, the sickening feeling she experienced each time she was unwillingly penetrated. Ten thousand cocks and the feeling was still the same, still as intense as that very first time so many years ago.

She tried to freeze out all of the sensations, but she soon felt the man's meat slowly, slowly, slowly sliding in. Her defenses were immediately smashed as her pussy's needs took preeminence. She groaned and her body shuddered as pleasure wafted through her. When he had sunk in to his hilt, he paused as if giving her time to relish her forced occupation. She squirmed and whined, unhappy at the heavy presence, the invasion, the preemption of her inner space with his massiveness. He leaned down over her and took her mouth again. She accepted his tongue and her mouth joined league with her rebellious cunt, drawing on its heat, thrilling in its movements, the enforced fullness, even as her mind cursed her misfortunes.

He kissed her long and hard, keeping his cock perfectly still. He broke the kiss and leaned up. He took her teats into his mouth one by one and suckled them at first gentle and soft, and the harder and harder until she moaned. When he was done, and her body was shuddering with need, he retrieved her mouthpiece and presented it to her. He was done with her mouth for now. It needed to be put away. She sadly spread her lips and let him insert it. He pushed her jaw up with his right hand until it closed and the mouthpiece locked. His hand located her rose and he inserted it into the gap. He smiled at her evilly. He moved his left hand up and gathered her wrists, holding them together and down above her and propping himself up at the same time. He paused to let her helplessness sink in and then he drew back his hips, slowly, slowly, slowly, scouring her inner tissues, and then brought his hips slowly, slowly, slowly back.

He fucked her that way for a long time. She began to squirm and struggle. Great, deep moans escaped as mere murmurs from between her compressed lips. She yanked and pulled at her captured hands in a fruitless effort to bring them to her belly and somehow cease the agonizingly tantalizing currents of unwelcome pleasure that were suffusing her cleft and branching out all over her body. She felt the surge growing in her loins. It was like watching a pot on the stove. The heat keeps building and building as the water starts to swirl. Then there are little bubbles that effervesce to the surface. Then you watch and you watch and you watch and it seems like the water will never explode. And like that pot, the man's

slow, steady, languorous strokes brought her ever, ever, ever so near without fruition.

But then she felt it near. It was coming, coming, coming. Her whole body yearned for release. Just as she was about to go over the top, just as her pussy was about to explode, just as she was squirming and moaning and madly trying to thrust her hips up at the languorous cock, he stopped. She released a great groan and burst into tears. Her pussy throbbed nonetheless, but far from the explosion she craved. More like little rolling waves that gently lifted and lowered her craft, making her whole body tingle.

He waited until the rolling waves had passed. Then to her mind's dismay, but her pussy's joy, he began his motions once again. This time he began to accelerate his strokes. Not a mad pistoning, but a steady drumbeat, heavy and loud. Her needs rose rapidly. Now the relief that she had craved began to seem ominous and soul threatening. She dragged her feet up and down the mat. She pulled and yanked at her confined hands. She squirmed, she shuddered. The rasping went on and on and on at a 2/4 pace, steady, allegro, insistent. She wanted to cry out, to beg for forbearance, but struggle as she might, her jaws wouldn't separate. The man's face loomed over hers, smirking, reveling in her anguish. She saw herself through his eyes, the monstrous rose between her lips, denoting her as some strange, unhuman creature, her baldness, her jeweled face. The medallion on her lip declaring her as somebody's property.

She thrust her hips at him to try and shake him off, but her efforts were useless and only seemed to encourage him. She struck at him with her feet, but he only seemed to think that funny. She begged God to take away the sensations, to put out the fire, but the sensations kept coming on and on and the fire just grew hotter and stronger. It grew so intense that she felt as if she was being consumed. Her pussy exploded. She groaned and bucked and squirmed. Her heels dug hard into the mat. The man's motions just went on and on as her pussy throbbed and contracted and pulsed and contorted. She was grateful when it was over, but the man just kept fucking, fucking, fucking and her loins began to surge all over again.

This time she gave up all resistance. She spread her legs as wide as they would go, her knees elevated few inches off of the mat. She bit down hard on the bit in her mouth. Her body tremored. The allegro rasping went on and on. The next orgasm made everything around her go up in flames. Her eyes were rolled back, her body limply receiving the tortuous wringing of her cunt.

Suddenly, he withdrew. She hardly knew it until she felt him pulling on the ring in her collar, raising her to her knees. As she lolled helplessly, he maneuvered her so that she was facing the women. He gathered her arms behind her back and locked her wrists. He pushed her head down and forced open her knees. When she felt his cock probe at her entrance from behind, she realized too late that she

should have been fighting and clawing and scratching in an effort to bring her ecstatic agony to an end. Instead, he just slid right in and went back to work.

His thrusts were coming harder and harder and faster and faster. He took hold of the ponytail and yanked her head up so that she was facing her oppressors. They were staring at her with devoted, fascinated, fervent interest. "Please make him stop! Please make him stop! Please make him stop!" her mind cried out miserably. Her approaching climax was fearsome and dreadful. She tried and tried and tried to push it away, but it kept coming closer and closer and closer. The man was grunting and roaring. She came, shuddering and screaming. He suddenly slipped from her tunnel and pressed down on her rear. He removed the rose-like stopper that she was wearing and she felt the tip of his cock press against her entrance.

"No, don't do it! No, don't do it! No, don't do it!" she begged inside with all of her might. But he easily passed by the tender gate and was inside. He immediately resumed his rageful thrusts, pounding his thighs at her rear, pulling mightily at her hair. Her torso was uplifted and she could feel her breasts jerking and swaying. It was coming again and she tried to blot out her mind so that the fierce pulses of pleasure would not register. It was useless and soul wracking torrents of ecstasy poured through her.

She didn't realize it at first that he had stopped. Then the impressions of him raging and roaring and growling and groaning slowly came back to her. He was draped over her, having released her hair and allowed her to lower herself. She pleaded with the great beyond that her ordeal was over. She felt the man rise up. His softened cock slipped from her. There was a pause and her demeaning rose was reinstalled in her little, rear ring. He got to his feet. The women burst into applause. He gave them a half bow and then reached down and took hold of her hair again. He forced her up until she was kneeling high and then he made a presentation gesture towards her and the women's applause continued. He reached down and squeezed both of her breasts and slipped his hand possessively across her mons and then rose again.

The women were uttering words of admiration. Her eyes half open, through her haze, she saw the women each give the man a small roll of currency. He nodded at each one of them and then retreated. He drew up his brown and gold satin robe from the floor and put it on. With the cash in his hand, he gave the women another wordless bow and retreated from the room.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Yaaba brought her back to her stand and she was made to kneel there as she cleaned up. Lady Dzifa supervised and then came over to her, crouching down, running her hands over her breasts and belly, and told her what a good little doggie girl she had been. She unhooked her and led her on her hands and knees back to her room where she fed her from her breasts and then had Yaaba sup at her crux, making her moan and groan while she held her in her lap.

A few days later, she was brought back to the living room again after lunch and mounted in her stand. She was woozy from her potion, she was almost always woozy now, and her purse burned with need. Through her haze she detected an air of expectation in Lady Dzifa and Yaaba. After about an hour and a half, the door clacked sharply, making her jump. It opened and a tall, broad shouldered black man came in. She recognized him immediately. It was Mr. Ntombe, the man who had selected her, had bought her, and who was responsible for delivering her here into her newfound Hell. He was dressed in dark brown pants and a loose colorful pullover shirt. He had a large suitcase and a shopping bag in his hands.

Seeing him immediately brought to mind for Ruth the sight of him all bundled up and warm while she and the other unfortunate women stood there naked and shivering, awaiting the men's pleasure. She recalled the glimmer of hope she had experienced when the customs man had observed that she was not export material, and the cruel dashing of those hopes as Mr. Ntombe passed him the cash filled envelope.

Lady Dzifa had been sitting in one of the easy chairs. Yaaba had been across her lap, her skirt raised to her hips and Lady Dzifa had been lazily stroking her slice from behind, making the girl release little, low pitched moans. She jumped to her feet, dumping Yaaba to the floor. She rushed to Mr. Ntombe and encircled him with her arms, squealing in delight like he was a long lost son. He smiled broadly, released his burdens and hugged her back. After a long while, Lady Dzifa released him and led him over to where Ruth was ensconced. He peered down at her. Ruth desperately yearned for a hole to go hide in. She had been a regular woman when he had last seen her. Now she was a doggie girl. He had delivered her to this. He had made her into the gross simulacrum of a woman she was now. She feared his contempt and disdain as to what she had become, but his eyes seemed to brighten

with delight. He crouched down in front of her, carefully examining her decorations. He ran his hand over her bald head, stroking it and flicked at the medallion affixed to her nostrils. He admired the medallion hanging from her colorful collar. He squeezed her breasts and then ran his hands down her side and over her hips. He gave her already tingling crux a few strokes that made her squirm.

Rising, he gave Lady Dzifa effusive praise. She patted her on the head proudly and told him something about her, undoubtedly boasting about how responsive she had made her. Mr. Ntombe picked up the shopping bag; it said Niemen Marcus on it amongst a swirling design. He urged Lady Dzifa over to the couch and he sat in one of the easy chairs nearby. He handed one after the other brightly decorated packages to her. Lady Dzifa tore them open eagerly. In one was a beautiful, diaphanous scarf covered in blue and gold designs. Another contained a thick, golden necklace with a yellow opal pendant in it. Another was a colorful silk blouse. One package contained lacy underthings, which made Lady Dzifa blush and giggle.

When all the packages had been opened, Lady Dzifa rose and made an announcement. She gave an order to Yaaba who had come to her knees and was waiting nearby. Yaaba jumped up, released Ruth from her confines and attached a leash to her collar. She urged her forward on her hands and knees, following Lady Dzifa and Mr. Ntombe into the hallway. They entered a finely appointed dining room, a room Ruth had passed many times but never entered. The dark stained table had been covered with a lacy white tablecloth and set with fine china and crystal glassware. Mr. Ntombe begged off and left the room for a bit, presumably to perform his ablutions after his trip, while Lady Dzifa marched off to the kitchen to give the cook some commands. Yaaba installed Ruth, her arms joined behind her, in a cage with thin black steel bars.

Mr. Ntombe returned and, casting Ruth an approving glance, sat at the head of the table, about 10' away from her, off to his left so that he could see her. Lady Dzifa, dressed in her yellow and blue strapless dress, came and sat next to him, on his right, facing the entrance. Yaaba, who had dashed off, came back holding a broad silver tray. She placed it down on a side table and delivered several steaming dishes to the table. A carafe of wine had already been set down. Lady Dzifa poured Mr. Ntombe and herself a glass and they dug into the food.

Mr. Ntombe and Lady Dzifa chatted excitedly as they ate. Mr. Ntombe told her a story that made her laugh heartily. She apparently kept extolling Ruth's virtues since every once in a while they both looked over at her, examining her. She sensed that Mr. Ntombe was making some kind of suggestion to Lady Dzifa. Lady Dzifa seemed to consider it and then nodded in agreement.

Yaaba cleared the dishes away and brought back coffee. The cook, all smiling and proud brought in a freshly baked cake with yellow cream icing. She cut a nice sized slice for Mr. Ntombe and a somewhat smaller one for Lady Dzifa. After the cake, Mr. Ntombe went to a sideboard and brought out a bottle of Courvoisier. He poured himself a couple of fingers into a snifter. Lady Dzifa declined.

Ruth had been watching them intently. Whenever they seemed to be talking about her, her skin would get all cold and her belly would sour. Her need was on her from her potion and she was struggling not to demean herself before the man. She ended up pressing her thighs tightly together, desperately stifling the whines and moans that arose from her throat.

Lady Dzifa and Mr. Ntombe sat there talking for a long while. Ruth sensed it was about something important. It was terrible to see two otherwise normal looking people jabbering away in a language of which she could make neither head nor tail. It made her feel ignorant and stupid. Like the doggy girl she was, she could recognize some of the sounds that they made, but could derive no meaning from them. It was only from their facial expressions and the tenor of their voices that she could decode their mood.

Mr. Ntombe signaled he was done by throwing back the remnants of his cognac. He rose from the table and gave Yaaba, who had been kneeling nearby the whole time, an order. Yaaba jumped up, grabbed Ruth's leash, which had been in a little pile by the entranceway to the room, and dashed over to the cage. She opened it and commanded the doggy girl Rihana out. She released her hands from behind her back and ordered her to all fours. She held the handle to the leash out to Mr. Ntombe. He took it, gave it a little tug, and led Ruth from the room.

They went down the hallway, past the door to her little room, past what she understood to be Lady Dzifa's room, all the way to the room at the very end. It's door was ornately carved with leafy designs. Mr. Ntombe placed his thumb on a reader and the lock to the door clacked open. He pulled the door towards him, stepped to the side and motioned Ruth in. Ruth crawled in trepidatiously. When she had gone about 5', the man entered the room behind her and closed the door.

It was a large, sumptuous bedroom, bigger and better appointed than Lady Dzifa's. There was a large, four poster bed made from dark mahogany. The rug was soft and thick, a very light sand color. There were several modern looking paintings on the walls, full of colors and bold statements. Along the wall to the right of the bed, to Ruth's left was a large walk in closet. On the left was a large dresser, stained to match the foot and headboards of the bed. Along the wall opposite the bed was a long credenza with a gilt edged mirror going down its length. There was a tall bookcase filled with variegated volumes. A doorway to the right of the bed, next to the closet led to the bathroom.

Frighteningly, in the corner, to their right as they came in was a dangling chain with a clasp on the end. It was far enough away from the corner to give someone complete access, and freedom to swing an instrument of torture as they walked around. A dark stained armoire stood a few steps away, its doors ominously closed, keeping secret, for now, the implements of discipline which it contained.

Ruth's belly soured, but she did not have much time to consider what she had seen. Mr. Ntombe gave her leash a hard yank and he led her into the bathroom. It was tiled in aqua blue up to the middle of the walls. Above it, the wall was painted a light shade of tan, reminiscent of the rug in the bedroom. There was a large shower stall enclosed by etched glass and a large sink and vanity. The vanity was of dark blue marble, the sink shockingly white porcelain. A round rug with dashing blue, red and yellow slices across it lay in the middle of the room. A small crystal chandelier hung from the tall ceiling and there were a row of lights around the mirror over the vanity.

Next to the aqua toilet was a little doggie toilet as in Lady Dzifa's bathroom. Mr. Ntombe guided her towards it and indicated with a gesture that she should use it. She sadly crouched over the little hole and peed while Mr. Ntombe watched her intently. When she was done, she went back down on all fours and he wiped her from behind.

He led her back into the bedroom. Ruth was expecting, more or less hoping, that he would lead her to the bed. Her hope was forlorn. She followed morosely as he pulled her over to the dangling chain. He released her leash, placing it on a nearby hook and motioned her to her feet. She started crying right away. She wanted to beg him not to whip her, to tell him that she would please him like no one had ever pleased him before, but her jaws were cemented shut. She stood there, trembling as he connected her wrists to the chain above her. He pulled on it until her hands were raised far above her. He grabbed her ankles, one by one, moved them out from the center of the little circle of wood underneath her feet and chained them to rings.

He stepped away from her. She was fretting and whining. He leisurely slipped his colorful shirt over his head and placed it in a light blue straw hamper near the closet. His strong, dark brown, hairless chest was revealed. He crouched down, untying his shiny black shoes and urged them off. He removed his black socks, tossing them into the hamper. He undid the buckle to his pants, lowered the zipper and stepped out of them. He stepped into the closet, placing the pants neatly on a hanger and stepped out. Before hanging them up, he removed his celly, a wallet, a billfold, a pack of cigarettes in a white and gold package and a gold plated lighter. He placed them all on the dresser.

He was wearing a pair of dark blue knit boxer shorts. He left them on. On the credenza was a quart sized carafe filled with brownish liquor. Next to it was a pair of crystal old fashion glasses. Mr. Ntombe strolled over to it and poured himself about 3". He took a hearty sip and released a sigh. He put the drink down. He went back to the dresser and shook a cigarette out of the pack and lit it. There was a glass ashtray there and he brought it with him as he strolled over to where Ruth stood. A small dark stained table sat nearby and he dragged it over. He put the cigarette and the ashtray down. Next to the door was a dark chair with a silver and gold upholstered padded seat. He brought it over to a position about 10' from her and next to the table. He retrieved his drink from the credenza and sat down in the chair, resting his elbows on the arms. He took a deep sip, placed it in his left hand and picked up his burning cigarette in his right. He took a deep drag and a cloud of blueish grey smoke emerged from his mouth.

Ruth was observing his movements with rabid interest. Anything he wanted to do other than whip her was fine with her. He could take all the time in the world. Maybe he would change his mind. Maybe Lady Dzifa would call out to him and he would have to leave. Maybe if she looked at him piteously and sadly enough he would have mercy on her. Maybe if she could convey to him mighty brain waves extending from her head to his, that she would be a good little doggie girl. That she would suck and fuck him with wild abandon. That she would bow slavishly before him. Fuck all of his friends. Not say a word or utter a sound of protest. Maybe God, who had ignored all her suffering to date, would finally relent and save her.

She remembered what Mr. Anderson had said. When she was born, God had ordained her fate. At that moment, he knew that some 33 years later she would be standing here awaiting torture by this cold, determined man. If only someone had told her, she could have jumped off of a cliff or something. She could have sailed away to the remotest jungle island in the world and only come out of her little cave at night to capture little rodents and eat them raw, not daring to light a fire. She would run about, naked and wild, become a ghostly legend. They would come and hunt her with nets and cages, but she would ever elude them, killing off the members of the expedition one by one until the rest of them fled. Tall tales would be spread across the Ultranet. She would be attributed with fantastic powers. Some would believe in her, but most would scoff and rank her with the Jersey Devil, Sasquatch and the Loch Ness Monster. Cults to her would spring up around the globe, a bright red, scrolled 'R' as their blessed symbol.

But as she looked at him, looking at her, she knew that none of these things would happen. She was going to be whipped. It was moments away. Her belly soured and icy cold ran through her veins. She started to sweat. She trembled and a long, piteous whine escaped her throat.

“Quiet!” the man snapped at her coldly. She silenced herself, not wanting to engage his wrath.

His dark eyes were burning a hole in her. He smoked and drank, barely taking his eyes off of her. He snuffed out his cigarette and shifted his drink to his right hand. He sipped it slowly. What was he thinking? Was he planning something? Or did he just get enjoyment looking at her, drinking in her inky splashes with his eyes? Was he silently running through his mind the mental image of her screaming and sobbing as he belabored her with blows?

Her fear grew and grew. Surely he was building up his sadistic needs. He was waiting for them to come to a boil, stoking the fires beneath them with his mind. Envisioning, and reveling in in advance, the tortures he was going to inflict.

The vision of what he was seeing, drinking in, crossed her consciousness. Her bald head, the garish jewelry. The red faux flower encircled by her lips. The drawings on her flesh. When he had last seen her she had at least been a real woman. A slave, perhaps, but still in the same cohort of being as him. Now, she was something separate. She had been transformed and all humanity stripped away. Maybe she deserved to be beaten, deserved to be punished, if only for the offense of letting all this happen to her.

She remembered the inventory he had taken of her back at Rocco’s Pussy Palace. She remembered him dragging her to his car, making her pee and installing her in his back seat. She remembered the tremulous ride, not knowing where he was taking her or what would happen to her there. How insouciantly he had handed her over to those people at the slave warehouse. “We’ll take good care of her,” the man had said. Was there anything she could have done to avoid her fate? The whole of society, the whole of world culture seemed dedicated to subjugating women. She had had only one real chance to do anything to free herself forever from embodiment ever since the DCR police had knocked on her bedroom door so many years ago. That was while she had been a free woman for a little over 6 weeks at the recovery center. Hope was a terrible thing. She had had high hopes then of living a reasonable life. She had had fantasies of being selected by someone who would love and care for her. Or at least treated her with kindness. Or at least not treated her with cruelty. If she had only known what would happen. She could have thrown herself in front of a bus or a train on her walks around the city. Maybe she could have disappeared. At least tried.

She had gone out on three dates while at the recovery center. Two of the men were just out and out creeps. One had attacked her in his car when he brought her back to the center and she had had to fight him off. He had ended by giving her a vicious slap and telling her that she was a cunt, “just like all the rest!” But one had been nearly nice. He had taken her to a dance. He had taken her in his arms and glided with her across the dance floor. She had refused liquor and drank sodas. He

had gotten just a little drunk. He was almost good looking, although he was years older than her, maybe 50 or 55. He had a plump belly, fading grey hair and a pock marked face with a battered nose. In spite of all that, he was nice and even made her laugh a time or two. Why hadn't she selected him? It couldn't have been worse than being with Mr. Anderson. It certainly wouldn't have been worse than being sent back to Rocco's or being here awaiting torture. She just couldn't help wanting something better. Mrs. Rawlings should have warned her about what could happen with the unsupervised female pool. But maybe hope had colored her perceptions too.

Mr. Ntombe was in no hurry. His silence and his peering eyes were magnifying her anxiety. She had been whipped before many times. You would think that she would be inured to it. She felt like peering back at him. "I can take it!" her eyes would say. "Do your worst! You can never defeat me!" But she knew that it wasn't true. She felt like she had no courage. Her insides were vibrating with fear. She detected an iron will in the man. She knew that he would keep going and going until he had produced the desired result: a sobbing and wailing victim cowering in terror. Today he would teach her something. Lady Dzifa may be her mistress, but his authority was far superior to hers. He was the true master. She would tremble with fear every time she saw him. Every time he took hold of her leash and led her here. Every time he glanced at her with his cold, cold eyes.

He finished his drink. He put down the glass. He paused and then rose from his chair. A chill went through her. She unconsciously began to squirm and twist at her bindings. She watched him as he slowly and deliberately went over to the nearby armoire. She watched as he opened the door. She watched as he removed an evil looking flail. It had several 2' long leather lashes knotted at the ends. He shook it out as if partaking in some pre-torture ceremony or routine. How many doggie girls had stood here before him in terror? How many had they trained and tormented? What was there ultimate purpose? Why was she, "the right girl?" The right girl for what?

He came closer to her. This time she couldn't suppress the whine. Tears were rolling down her face. "Please don't do this!" her mind begged. "You don't have to do this! I'll be good! I'll be a good doggie girl! Please! Please! Please!"

He reared his hand back and brought the whip forward so quickly that she didn't have the chance to prepare herself for the blow. The flails scoured her breasts like a tiger's claws. She screamed, but her locked lips released little sound. Her breasts erupted into a fierce fire. She was still experiencing the burning effects of the first blow when the second scorched her belly. She was still processing the terrible pain from that one when he gave her the third across her right thigh. Then he did her left. Then he did her breasts again and once more her belly. She danced and struggled and rendered silent screams. He moved to her back and she begged,

begged, begged for him to forbear. The blows there came rapidly, across her upper back, her middle and lower and then three in rapid succession across her rear mounds. She felt like she was engulfed in fire. He did the backs of her legs and moved upwards again. When he came around to her front again, amidst her sobs and wails, she begged, begged, begged the world to spare her from his fiendish intents.

When he had belabored her breasts and belly and thighs once more, he paused. A light sheen of sweat had broken out across his chest. His eyes were no longer cold. A fierceness had alit in them. She stood there blubbing and shaking. Her flesh burned everywhere. She watched as he went back to the armoire. She prayed, prayed, prayed that he was finished. That he would return his instrument to its lair and close the door. When she saw him withdraw the long, thin steel lash something broke in her. Why was he doing this? Why? Why? Why? She had never hurt anyone in her whole life. She had always been a victim. Didn't he know that she was a well-trained whore? A well trained slave? That she would never rebel? That she would worship him with fierce devotion? That she would do anything, be anything he wanted?

He swung the lash in the air and she heard it whizz. She trembled and whined and sobbed. He stood in front of her. This time he brought it back slowly so that she could anticipate its bite. He swung it forwards and a line of fire erupted across her breasts. She screamed. He slowly and methodically belabored her. She lost count of the blows. When he had finished behind her, he came back to the front. He paused for a moment. Then the lash flew out. It struck the heretofore spared inside of her right thigh. She screamed and pulled at her bonds. He did the left. And then the right again. Once more the left, the right and then the left again. Three blows each.

And then he stopped. This time when he went to the armoire, his hands came back empty. She was trembling and shaking and blubbing and moaning. He took up his glass and went over to the credenza and refilled it. He shook out another cigarette from his pack on the dresser, lit it, and calmly glided back to his chair where he sat down. He set his eyes on her again. She stared back at him piteously.

Was he done? Was he recharging himself? Had he achieved his purpose? She tried to control her sobbing. Fires burned all over her body. If his intent was to instill a fiendish terror in her, he had succeeded. Before he had been the cool, determined, steely eyed master. Now he was something else. He was a demon. A fiend. A callous sadist. How often would he beat her? Was it to be just this once? Would he beat her every day? Whenever the whim struck him? It made her long for Lady Dzifa's smothering embrace. Why hadn't she told him what a good doggy girl she had been? Or had she told him and it didn't matter? Did she know that he was going to beat her? There was little doubt that she did. He probably beat all the

doggie girls. How many had there been? What had happened to them? Where had they gone?

He calmly smoked his cigarette and sipped at his drink. She stood there helplessly. She brought her sobs and moans under control. She knew her duty was to be silent. He made her stand there awaiting his pleasure for a long time. Finally, he rose. He placed his empty glass and the ash tray on the credenza. He returned the table and chair to their original positions. He came up to her. She looked at him piteously. He patted her cheek. His face softened. "There, there little doggie girl," he seemed to be saying. "Aren't you glad that that's out of the way?"

He released her hands. She had to stop herself from falling. He snapped his fingers and she dropped to her hands and knees. He released her and led her to the bathroom. He made her kneel up as he washed away the traces of blood from her wounds. There was a terrible coldness inside her. Some threshold had been crossed. She was indisputably and indubitably his. He led her back into the bedroom. Yaaba had already turned down the bed. He gave the leash a little flip and she obediently leapt up. He released the leash. She crawled up, turned to her back, spread and lifted her knees and placed her hands over her head. He stripped himself of his dark blue boxers.

She shivered as he approached her. He connected her hands to the headboard and then lay next to her, to her right, running his right hand across her belly and up to her breasts. He encircled them, squeezing them. He leaned over and took her right nipple in his mouth while his right hand kneaded and worried her left. His mouth was hot as his tongue laved around her teat. He suckled on it softly and it gave her a little pull down below. Despite her beating, her need had returned. She wanted to close her eyes and blot him out, but she knew that that was forbidden.

He raised his head from her right breast and addressed his lips to the other. His right hand slid down her torso, over her hip and then ran up and down her distended thigh. His suckling went on and on and she fought to suppress a moan which had entered her throat. His body was lying against her. She could feel his heat and a slight slickness from his perspiration. He wore a musky scented cologne. It mixed with his manly emanations. He had covered her right leg with his own. His hardened cock pressed against her hip. He released her teat and brought his head lower, lower, lower. He kissed her belly and slid himself fully between her legs. He knelt up, running his hands over her extended thighs, over her belly and up to her breasts. He worked his hands back down again and then lowered his head to her loins. She shuddered as she felt his widened tongue slip up the length of her crevasse.

He worked up and down, up and down. His tongue delved between her lips and toyed with her entrance. He lavished it over her inner flesh and brought it up to

her crux pointing it and running it over and around her clit. He seized her clit with his lips and gave it a little suckle as his hands ran up and down her inner thighs.

She had closed her eyes. The heat of his mouth was stoking her excitement. She yearned to deny him her lust. He had beaten her and now he was loving her. "Give me your pain, your fear and your agony," he had told her, and now he was saying, give me your passion, your lust and your need. They all belong to me. I will take pleasure from them all as it suits me.'

The moan worked its way from deep within her belly, up her chest and to her throat. Her mind struggled to hold it back, but she could not. It emerged as a murmur from between her locked lips. Her hips shifted and began to grind. She yearned to drop her locked hands to his head to push it away. The tongue was inducing a fever in her. Her mind rebelled, but her pussy wanted it, needed it, craved it. It was celebrating fiercely the man's attentions. "Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!" it called out, even as her mind said, "No! No! No!"

She shuddered as a wave of gnawing pleasure engulfed her. She dug her heels into the bed and tried to push off. The man circled his arms around her thighs and buried his head between them. His tongue flicked rabidly at her clit. Her back arched. She bit down on the fiendish apparatus in her mouth. Her pussy exploded into wrenching throbs and pulses. She groaned and writhed and squirmed as a soul eating pleasure surged all through her.

He abandoned his post. He rose between her thighs. She felt his hardness slide along her crevasse. He probed at her entrance, found it and lodged himself there. He paused. He peered into her face. She could sense in his eyes what he saw; the lion medallion through her nose, the almost comical bright red rose circled in green between her lips. Her garish earrings, her bald head, her browless eyes. It sickened her to be seen like this.

His cock lay there She yearned to block him, to forestall yet another callous invasion. He slid himself, slowly, slowly, slowly in, his eyes reveling in her sadness, her resignation, her self-pity. He leaned on his elbows to each side of her. He gave her long, leisurely strokes. The abrasion sent chills all through her. Each molecule of her body leapt with joy even as her belly soured and her mind dissolved in misery. He was in no hurry. Unlike the man a day or so ago, he was not putting on a show for ravenous eyes. This was for him and him alone. He was exercising mastery over her. "See how I can make you squirm and moan?" his eyes demanded. "See what I can do to you? You can't oppose me! You can't resist me! You can't escape me!"

His message seared her brain. She groaned as the unwished for pleasure rolled through her, passing through her in incessant, demanding waves. "Stop! Stop! Stop!" her mind called out. "No! No! Don't listen to her!" her pussy protested. "Fuck me! Stroke me! Abrade me! Ohhhhhhhhhh, yes! Ohhhhhhhhhh, yes!

Ohhhhhhhh, yes!” it called out. It launched a crusade of ravenous soldiers up her belly, down her thighs, all along her chest, into her breasts. Like rapacious condottieri, its soldiers stamped out resistance everywhere they marched, leaving behind piteous, ravaged survivors obsequiously devoted to the imperious, conquering queen between her legs. They bowed to and worshiped her cunt, chanting servile prayers, letting the mesmerizing radiants of pleasure it emanated poison their very souls.

Her forces fought a fierce but doomed retreat. Her brain sent out couriers, heralds, messengers. “Hold them back! Don’t give up! Fight! Fight! Fight them to the death!” her mind screamed. But her forces were no match for the ferocious warriors devoted to her cunt. They slashed and burned and slaughtered her feeble minions. Her cunt was celebrating its immanent victory. It burned. It roared. It grew to stupendous size, fueled by its rampaging, conscienceless ally, the ever rasping, ever taunting, ever abrading cock. And then her defenders broke and ran for their lives. The enemy hordes cascaded through all the remaining, flimsy barriers. Her brain was overwhelmed. The warrior planted their flag and declared their victory. Her cunt exploded. Ravaging knots twisted and turned in her cavern. Powerful pulses of pleasure soared through her. She groaned and moaned through her clenched teeth. Her body shuddered and shook. She pleaded with her eyes for mercy, but her pussy’s master, its lord, its god brushed aside her plaintive supplications.

His motions increased. He fucked her harder and harder. She groaned and whined and moaned and pleaded. His face was inches from hers. His eyes devoured her misery. He pounded and pounded and pounded until her pussy began to contort and twist and throb again. And then he went on and on and on and on! Everything inside her was afire. All conscious thought had been swept away. All that was left was her cleft’s ravenous hunger. It demanded more, more, more, even as her mind gurgled and boiled. A huge, towering wave descended and a freshet of sharp edged sensation flowed through her. Through her fog she heard him release a series of great, powerful groans. She sensed his seed coating and flooding her chamber, sensed his member throbbing and pulsing within her.

He continued to ease his cock in and out of her for a while, reveling in his fading spasms. Her pussy was pulsing as if some grievous wound had been inflicted on it, except that the waves of sensation that flowed from it were of pleasure and not of pain. He withdrew and climbed off of her. Her eyes had been shut, but they snapped open in order to discern his intents. He looked at her for a moment and made a decision. He took one of the large, white, fluffy pillows and slid it under her hips, raising her pussy into the air. He slid over the table and chair again and set them at the foot of the bed, about 10’ away. He poured himself some more scotch, if that was what it was, and lit another cigarette. He sat down in his

chair, facing her and took in the view of her distended thighs, her proffered butterfly.

She was lying flat and couldn't see him, but she felt his eyes burning into her cleft. She knew that the fire breathing dragons on her thighs were displayed. She fretted and fretted as he sat there in silence. She knew that he was plotting how best she could serve him next as he recharged. He was a cold yet ferocious presence. He had only said one word to her, telling her, "Quiet!" when she had moaned and whined. Yet he had unleashed a whirlwind of terror on her, driven her to the extremes of pleasure. She wondered if he thought of her as human at all. She was, perhaps like some beast from the jungle that had been captured and tamed. She was attractive and useful, but not worthy of any communication except the kind of one word command you might give to a dog. "Quiet, Fido! Quiet, Lassie! Quiet, Spot! Quiet, Rihanna!" Although he didn't even have to use her name.

Or maybe he was like a member of some alien race that had conquered Earth. They shared shape and form with humans, but were mentally and psychically as far above humans as humans were to cats. They had massacred all the male members of the human race, but had found a continued use for the females. They were convenient depositories for their lusts, but you had to show them who was boss first.

After about 20 minutes, he rose from his chair. He returned the table and chair to their original position and came back up on the bed. He slid the pillow out from under her hips. He released her hands from above her, pulled her up by the ring of her collar, made her turn, and locked her wrists behind her. He piled some pillows up against the headboard and leaned against it. He pulled her by the arm until she was between his thighs. He leaned forward, placing his hand by her face and withdrew her rose colored, glass flower. He flicked the lever inside her lips which unlocked her bit and he pulled it out. He took hold of the skein of hair behind her head and lowered her face to his loins.

She didn't need to be told what to do. She gobbled up his long and thick, flaccid member. She began to suckle on it. It began to grow almost at once. In a short while it was hard and thick and long. It was by now a rare novelty when her mouth was unlocked, when she could move her jaws, her tongue. When she could dispel the vision of the figurative rose between her teeth, looking like she had a ragdoll's mouth if only to have it replaced with a cock. But it at least made her feel almost human again, not like some dumb creature from the forest. She heard him issue a soft sigh as she ran her lips up and down his stem, nestled the head in her throat and then, slowly, slowly, slowly rose until only the end was within her.

He made her work him for a long time. He held onto her ponytail tightly, urging her to go faster or slower as it pleased him. He impelled her into short and fast strokes, then long and slow. Then fast, faster, faster, staccato-like. And then

slow, slow, slow. She glanced up at him. His eyes were closed and his face was at rest, as if he had drifted off to another dimension. For now, all that concerned him was her mouth. Was it obedient? Was it skilled? Was it hot and wet? Did it bring him pleasure?

She had blown thousands of men, but she had never gotten over the sensation of being violated as their cocks occupied her private space. She kept her mind attuned to her task though. The scene of her whipping was only a few steps away. He could easily bring her back there. He might do it anyway. But she didn't want to give him reason to. And, she hoped, by giving him her complete oral devotion, possibly, just possibly, he would find that she was up to whatever high standard he demanded of doggie girls.

She got into the rhythm of the thing. She put everything else out of her mind. The massiveness in her mouth occupied all of her conscious thought. She was delivering to it the most craven obeisance she could muster. Lady Dzifa was certain that she was "the right girl", but she intuited that Mr. Ntombe wasn't quite convinced yet. The right girl for what she wasn't sure, but she desperately wanted to achieve that appellation in his mind. He was so clearly the master and lord here. If, after transporting her thousands of miles, after selecting her especially out of who knew how many other girls, what wrath would he descend on her if she failed to make the grade? What dismal future would be in store for her? Maybe he would just snuff out her life and throw her on a dung heap. Maybe he would sell her to the worst whorehouse on the continent. Maybe he would initiate a conflagration around her, tied to some stake. If she couldn't give him sufficient pleasure as a devoted whore, perhaps her screams of agony and pain as the flames engulfed her would suffice as adequate consolation for his wasted investment.

Her jaw was tired and her back ached from bending over. She attuned herself to the slightest message the hand in possession of her skein of hair sent her. He had her going up and down rapidly, fervently. She thought that at last his lust had overcome his desire for languorous pleasure. Then, to her surprise, he yanked her mouth off of his prick. He rose quickly and determinably. He pulled her to the side and forced her on her knees facing the head of the bed. He drew her head back by its skein and she felt the vile mouthpiece that she wore presented to her. She sadly spread her lips to receive it. When it was mounted in place, he pressed her jaw closed until it clicked.

He released her hair and addressed his cock to her rear passage. She relaxed herself to accommodate him and he slid right in. He began pounding at her voraciously. He was grunting loudly. His hands were on her hips encouraging her to meet his thrusts. His invasion soured her belly; she was eager to bring this use of her to an end. Every point of contact between them was a reminder of his cold viciousness. He went on and on. The tingling from the abrasion of her little ring

sent powerful signals to her conch. She concentrated on it, focused on it. There could still be something in it for her as he spurned use of her sexual organ. His thrusts were getting faster and harder, faster and harder. She was getting close to the edge of apotheosis. "A little more! A little more! Hang on! Hang on!" she encouraged him. And then he released an anguished sounding groan and she knew that he was jetting his spume into her very depths. He slowed and the pleasure from his abrasions waned. Her pussy was burning, but it would just have to burn for now. He wasn't interested in her satisfaction. Her passion was only relevant as an excitement, an ally of his lust. Now that he was sated she ceased to matter.

He pulled himself from her and left the bed. She heard himself washing his cock in the bathroom. He came out 30 seconds later and crawled up on the bed just enough for him to take hold of the hair at the back of her head and draw her up. He pulled her off and then bent her in half. He started pulling her away from the bed, but then stopped. He had forgotten something. Without releasing her, making her stumble and follow him, he returned to the bed and retrieved her little rose colored flower. He lifted her head, held it steady, and inserted the soft tube into the hole in her mouthpiece until it sprang back into shape behind her teeth and the rose was well seated in place. He bent her over again and strode purposely over to the cage on the far wall as if she was a spent casing which required disposal. He forced her to her knees and opened the cage door. He released her hair and prodded her with his foot. She crawled forward until she was inside. He closed and locked the door behind her.

Her back was to him and she struggled to turn herself so that she could face the room. He turned on a lamp on the bed stand and then strode over to the door where he flicked off the overhead light. The room was plunged into semi-darkness. There was about an inch of liquor in his glass on the credenza and he downed it. He went over to the dresser, picked up his celly, made some entries into it and brought it over to the bed where he placed it on the night stand. He slid onto the bed and fluffed the pillows. He drew the silky top sheet half way up and then leaned over and doused the lamp. In a short while she could hear his light snore as slept overtook him.

Ruth figured that it was maybe 6 or 7 in the afternoon. There was just a haze of faint light coming through the barred windows. It took a few moments for her eyes to adjust and then she could just make up the dark shapes of the bed and the other furniture. She tried to shake off her dismay at her rude use. She couldn't decide if it was better to be treated coldly and silently as the man had done or to be treated like a treasured pet as Lady Dzifa did, cooing at her while she stroked her or fed her from her mammaries. She could see that to the man she would be viewed strictly from a utilitarian point of view. Maybe that was better than having her

personality as a woman ground down daily, killed off by purported, relative kindnesses.

It didn't take long for the room to fall into complete darkness. She could hardly make out anything. She could not ignore the man's presence as he lightly zeed away. She tried to remember how long her flight had been from Chicago to Ghana. It was very, very long. She had dozed off for part of it. She realized that he was making up for jetlag. How long would he sleep? When he awoke, would he abuse her again? Would he whip her again? As the time went on her stomach began to call out for nourishment. She had had lunch, but no dinner. Mr. Ntombe and Lady Dzifa had dined splendidly, but no one thought of feeding her.

She dozed a bit. She tried not to concentrate on her unhappiness. She tried to dig deep inside herself and find one little pinpoint light of hope that her life would ever get better. She knew that she would never leave Africa. Here she was a relative rarity. Back home, white female slaves were as common as dirt. Bringing her back to the States would be like carrying coals to Newcastle. Whatever happened, this was her home now, a home that she had seen only from a cage in the back of a truck.

She tried to think whether there was any strategy she could adopt to make Mr. Ntombe think more of her as a human being. She couldn't talk to him. She couldn't proffer him anything that he didn't already have the right to take. All she could do was to look at him sadly, to beg him with her eyes like a sad and lonely dog might do.

Suddenly she was seized with a mighty rage. It was like her insides had all rolled up into a big atomic pile and that a nuclear chain reaction was growing towards immanency. "How could they do this! What right did they have! Why had God abandoned her!" She reveled in the sharp edged hate that had subsumed her. "I hate you all! I hate you all! I hate you all!" her mind screamed. She felt her body swell as if prefatory to an explosion. Maybe if she could build up her inner fury to volcanic proportions she could blast everything away! The room would be turned into instantaneous dust. The building would be shattered into shards. All who resided or dwelled with a hundred miles of her would be vaporized. A river of magma would flow out, a river so large and fast that it rivalled the biggest and wildest rivers in the world. It would spread so fast that no one could escape it. People would run and run and run, but the fiery, molten freshet would overwhelm them. It would keep going until the whole country, the whole continent, the whole world would be covered with a layer a mile thick. Slave girls all over the world would celebrate the destruction of their oppressors, grateful, even as their own terrible, dismal lives were extinguished. And those oppressors who weren't erased by the flow of fiery vengeance would starve since nothing would grow on the earth for a hundred thousand years. All that would be left would be a metal plaque set

upon the highest point of the highest mountain. And on it, in deep, etched letters would be the words, “We’re sorry!” and nothing more.

And then the rage evaporated. It was like a breeze had blown it all away. All that was left was sorrow. Sorrow as deep as the deepest valley, as brittle and desiccated as dried bones. She burst into tears and cried and cried and cried.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

She realized that she had drifted off again when she heard the ‘eeeeeeeeee! eeeeeeeee! eeeeeeeee!’ of the alarm on Mr. Ntombe’s celly. It took him a while to respond. The lamp on the nightstand came on, processing the oppressive jet back darkness into mere somberness. He took hold of the celly and turned off the alarm. He rose from the bed and sat with his feet on the floor for a little while as he gained his bearings. He strode over to the bathroom, flicking on the light. She heard him pissing and then the toilet rumble. She heard the shower being turned on.

He emerged about fifteen minutes later with a large, fluffy, beige towel wrapped around his waist. He stepped into the walk in closet, flicking on the inner light and came out with a colorful short sleeved shirt and a pair of tan pants. He placed them on the bed, discarded the towel and brought a fresh pair of underwear from a dresser drawer. He donned it, and the shirt and pants and then put on some fresh socks and his shiny black shoes. He glanced over at her one or two times while dressing, but his eyes did no more than flit over her. He left the towel on the floor in a bunch and strode out of the room.

Yaaba came in about fifteen minutes later. She removed her from the cage, loosened her wrists from behind her and ordered her to all fours. She took the leash from the wall and led her out into the hallway. She brought her down to the kitchen where the cook was waiting, sitting at the table drinking a cup of coffee and smoking a cigarette. She nodded to Yaaba, indicating that she should have Rihana kneel in place. Yaaba brought her over to her mat, ordered her to keel up on it, locked her hands behind her once again and then applied the chain from the wall to the back of her collar.

The cook took her own time in rising to get her dinner. She was watching something on her CPad, something noisy in what Ruth could only assume was Ghanaian, or some language that she didn’t know the name of. She knelt there at attention knowing that Yaaba, who was kneeling nearby, had her eyes on her. The cook, too, cast her an occasional glance. She was the only one in the house who hadn't struck her, but there was always the chance that she was just awaiting the proper opportunity. The dour looks she gave her and the rough, taunting comments she often issued made it clear that she was no friend.

After about 20 minutes, the cook finally decided that it was time to do her duty. She filled the lime green plastic doggie bowl they used for her with a couple of large scoops of glop from a covered bowl out of the refrigerator and stuck it in the microwave. She stood there idly perusing her as the appliance hummed. The cook was wearing a full, greyish white apron that covered her breasts and ran to behind her neck. Underneath was a dark brown skirt and low heeled, black shoes. Ruth made a little prayer that she would never be obligated to service her.

When the microwave dinged, the cook removed the doggie bowl, stirred its contents around a bit and put it back in for another thirty seconds. When it was done, she stirred it again and placed it on the floor in front of Ruth. She reached towards Ruth's mouth, removing her red flower and placing it on the counter. She reached between her lips and pressed the lever that unlocked her mouthpiece and removed that from her mouth. She stepped back, giving Ruth an ironic look that told her that she could make her wait all night for the order to eat. Ruth looked up at her helplessly. The cook then spat out the word for 'eat' and Ruth bent herself towards the floor.

One thing that Ruth was glad of was that they didn't feed her crap like at Rocco's. There were large chunks of chicken, carrots, some green vegetable that she didn't know what to call but was slightly crunchy. Some pieces of yam. All in a tangy brownish sauce. She tried to put away her sadness and rage so she could enjoy the friendly flavors. She tried to push from her mind the watchful eyes of Yaaba and the cook. And the humiliation of being made to eat dog-like, something you would think she would have been used to by now. Ever since having been purchased by Mr. Anderson, she had mostly eaten her food from her knees with her hands locked behind her. The sole exceptions were when Mr. Anderson took her to restaurants. Even then she had the fear that he would instruct the waitress to put her food on the floor and order her down.

She could never rid herself of the shame of it. With each mouthful a bit of her soul chipped away. How long would it be until nothing was left, she wondered. How long would it take for all the memories of herself as a human woman would fade away into foggy recollection and she became inured to her canine status? They had already taken away her name. She was Rihana now, not Ruth. What was she the 'right' girl for? What were they going to do to her? Mr. Ntombe had treated her callously and coldly and she couldn't get out of her head that it had all been an extended training exercise.

When she was finished and had licked the bowl clean, the cook filled her bowl with the milky concoction. She lapped it all up, knowing that it contained ingredients that would make her more pliant and obedient. When she was finished with that she knelt up again. Lady Dzifa strolled in. She saw Ruth and smiled. "Dere's de doggie girly" she exclaimed happily. She saw that her lips were

surrounded by white traces of the concoction they fed her. She went to the counter, wet a paper towel, brought it over and wiped her. She patted her on the cheek, smiling. “Dat’s de good doggie girl,” she crooned. She snapped an order at Yaaba who leapt to her feet. Lady Dzifa had taken up her mouthpiece and presented it to her lips. Ruth sadly spread her lips as it was inserted and locked. Lady Dzifa took the glass rose and inserted it into the gap. She smiled again and patted her on the head.

Yaaba disconnected her from the wall and released her wrists. She applied the leash and led her away. They went directly to her little room. Ruth was hoping that she would be either placed in her cage or allowed to rest for the night. Her hopes collapsed when Yaaba drew out the heinous training stand. Morosely, she followed Yaaba’s directions, lying down, having the foot of the device slid under her, feeling the knobs on the pole addressed to her quim. Yaaba pulled her feet up and attached them and then drew her hands back and locked them into place.

She left the room for a short while and returned with one of the bottles containing the greenish brown formula that they fed her. Ruth watched sadly as Yaaba drew out the hose and the funnel she would use. She pulled the rose from her mouth and placed it aside. She slid the hose into the gap that the rose had abandoned and pushed it until it peaked into her throat. She held up the funnel and poured the substance into it. It flowed freely and all of its contents descended easily into her belly. Yaaba held the funnel up high to make sure it had all gone down. She eased the hose out, restored the rose and went into the bathroom to clean her instruments. She came back, put them away and then administered the shield that covered her face from the bottom of her nose to the tip of her chin and fastened it to the pole behind her, securing her head in place. She rolled the tall mirror in front of her, gave her a little, friendly pat on the head and withdrew, taking the empty bottle with her.

Ruth stared at her grotesque visage. She knew what was coming and her whole body soured in anticipation. She tried to fight off the wooziness as long as she could, but it descended over her mind like a blanket. She felt the urge in her loins and shortly thereafter her pelvis started to move of its own accord, drawing her slice up and down on the soft knobs.

It was about an hour later that Lady Dzifa and Yaaba came in. Ruth was fighting off her third orgasm. Lady Dzifa knelt in front of her on the back on her legs with Yaaba beside her, drinking tea as they watched Ruth go through her struggles. Ruth held it back, held it back, held it back, but she could not suppress the virulent need to rub her conch on the knobs. And then she came, snorting and emitting violent but audibly barely detectable moans of pleasure.

Lady Dzifa finished her tea and ordered Yaaba to bring her out of her confines. She held Ruth in her lap as she suckled her breasts and then had Yaaba

roll out the mat so that could devour each other's pussies. Ruth was drained and out of breath when Lady Dzifa allowed them to stop. Yaaba led Ruth into the bathroom. She had already run the water. Lady Dzifa stripped and stepped into the tub. Yaaba led Ruth to the edge and she descended the three steps. Lady Dzifa washed her thoroughly, humming and cooing at her, kissing and stroking her. Ruth left the tub first and Yaaba dried her. She knelt there, hands locked behind her, while Lady Dzifa finished her ablutions. When she emerged, Yaaba addressed her body with a fluffy towel and then brushed and blow dried her hair. Ruth was led into the bedroom. Her hands were released and she was ordered to turn down the sheets and get up on her back. Lady Dzifa had her way with her for a long time, making her come with her hand and then had her delve her face between her loins and suckle her to two roaring orgasms. Lady Dzifa thanked her with a kiss. Yaaba led her back to her room, chained her wrists to her collar and then ordered her to lie on her back on her pallet where she installed her neck and ankle chains.

Ruth lay there dispirited and diffused. She had passed through Lady Dzifa's handling of her in a dense fog, from the suckling at her breasts through the final kiss she had given her before Yaaba led her away. It was like everything was happening in a time zone a few seconds ahead of or behind the one she was in. Even now her head spun. And her pussy burned. She rubbed her thighs together. Her wrists strained at their confines. Couldn't she touch it just for a moment, she begged in her mind. Just a touch, or maybe two. Just to take the edge off. They were turning her into a ravenous sex monster. And there was nothing she could do about it. Yaaba didn't even have to tell her to open her mouth to fill her belly with the dreaded elixir. She just slid the hose in between her teeth. She fretted, squirming and twisting for a long time. Lady Dzifa usually fucked her with the faux penis she wore on a belt, but she hadn't tonight. She always dreaded watching her remove it from the bed stand drawer and apply it to her loins, and yet knew that she needed its relief. Deprived of it tonight, her conch was more needy than usual.

She finally fell asleep. Then, it seemed only seconds later, although she knew that it had to be more, someone was leaning over her. The chain from her neck was released. Then her ankle. Yaaba had left only a faint light on, but, as soon as Ruth was able to rearrange her brain cells to understand what was happening, she realized that it was Mr. Ntombe. He took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and pulled her to her feet. He grabbed the skein of hair behind her head, bent her over like a naughty child, and walked her determinably from the room and down the hall. They entered his room again. He dragged her over to the bed. Holding her head down, bending her in half, he drew the top covers all the way down to the foot. He pulled on her hair. "Up!" was all he said. She crawled up and spread herself out on her back. She felt like bursting into sobs as he stripped and then crept up between her thighs. She shuddered as he stroked her still needy cleft,

delving his fingers in between her folds until her moisture had spread. He eased himself up towards her, positioned his cock at her entrance and slid himself forward.

Unlike before, he was in no mood to tarry at his task. He immediately began to thrust in her hard and fast. The domineering rhythm soon had her gasping. She could smell the alcohol on his breath. He had been out drinking with his buddies, undoubtedly bragging about his new doggie girl. And now he was back and satisfying his basic need before retiring. Her hands were still held at her neck and her mouthpiece still kept her jaws cemented closed. He had only turned on the table lamp to her right and its light was dim, making everything in the room soft and indefinite.

He thrust and thrust and thrust. Ruth desperately fought off the climax that was building within her. She had begun to feel that each time her pussy was forced into contortions she was sinking deeper and deeper into the doggie-like state they had prescribed for her. A little bit of Ruth was worn away. The doggie girl Rihana was struggling to emerge. She had to fight her off with all of her might. "Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!" her mind begged. Having been at the disposal of Lady Dzifa had been bad enough. Now she had to cope with the very real possibility that the man would corral her as often as and at any time of the day that pleased him and subject her to his callous use. She was crying and sobbing even as her lusts were building to a violent crescendo. "Don't do it!" she begged her pussy. "Please! Please! Please! Can't you see what they're doing? Can't you see what they are making of us?"

But her pussy didn't answer. It was too busy reveling in the scouring of its walls by the mighty man's prick. "Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmm! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" it was calling out. And then her chasm erupted into violent paroxysms of pleasure. She groaned and squirmed and placed her feet around the back of the man's thighs, seeking to drive him deeper and deeper within her. His apotheosis began right after, and he grunted and roared and pounded away at her unmercifully.

They lay together for a full minute, spent. His breathing was deep and labored as if he had just run a mile. She could still feel her heart pounding and her pussy's walls were still giving off little twitches. Finally, he slipped out and rolled off of her. She thought, and hoped, for a moment that he would fall asleep right there, but he shook off his torpor, took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and pulled her off the bed. With his hand gripping her little fox tail tightly, he bent her over and marched her over to the cage. He opened the door. He forced her down and released her hair. She crawled in quickly to escape the ignominy of being prodded by his foot. He slammed the cage door closed and locked it. He went into the bathroom, took a long piss and then returned. She had turned towards the room.

She watched him crawl into the bed. He reached for the switch on the lamp and turned it off, plunging the room into darkness. Within a minute he began to snore.

She crouched there sadly. She yearned for her little bed. She yearned for a full night's sleep. She yearned to be a thousand miles away from here. The cage in the man's room was smaller by at least half than the cage in her room. Here she was all scrunched up with her knees pulled up against her chest. In the cage in her room there was enough room for her to crawl up to a fetal position and lay there a little extended. She could kneel up and stretch her back. Here, the bars of her confinement were inches away from her all around.

What was it going to be like to be subject to the man's depredations every day, maybe several times a day, and still be subject to the devilish routine that lady Dzifa had devised for her? She tried to count the number of times she had reached climax today. Yaaba had brought her to fruition first thing after she woke, before bringing her to the kitchen for breakfast. Three times in her morning session, twice on the device and once draped over Lady Dzifa's lap. The man had made her come at least three times when he had fucked her in the late afternoon, then three on the device again. Yaaba had made her come twice with her mouth after Lady Dzifa had fed her from her breasts. Lady Dzifa brought her to fruition twice with her hand in her bed. And now, once again. Fifteen times. She wouldn't have thought such a thing possible. Even when she had been servicing Rocco's clientele ten or more times a day she had rarely come more than three or four times. Each one of the fifteen today had chipped a little away at her Ruthness. And the man hadn't been here in the morning, and her afternoon session after lunch had been forestalled by the wait for his arrival. So tomorrow, how many? Twenty? Twenty five? How long could she live like that without going insane? Each orgasm had made her roar and convulse, her orgasm now, at the end of the day, being as strong as, if not stronger than her first this morning.

She fretted for a long time but eventually dozed off. She was jolted into awareness when she heard her cage being unlocked. It was him. It was morning. The room was bright with sunlight. He guided her out and made a motion for her to follow him. He was naked. He brought her to a spot at the foot of the bed and made her kneel up, facing it. He sat down in front of her and released her mouthpiece, removing it. He proffered her his cock. Suppressing a sob, she subsumed it into her mouth.

He didn't take long this time. He held onto the skein of hair at the back of her head, but he let her take her own pace until the end when he began thrusting her face down hard and fast on his loins. He spilled himself into her mouth. She drank it sadly but dutifully. After a moment or two, during which his cock gave a few desultory throbs, he pulled out and restored her mouth piece. He led her back over to the cage and she got back in.

After he dressed and left, Yaaba came and got her. She let her pee and then made her come, right there, on her knees with her head down. She brought her into the kitchen for breakfast. Then into her little room where she mounted her on the device. She spent the whole day in a fog, sometimes having to reach down hard into herself to recall who she was and what they were doing to her. Mr. Ntombe sat in on her afternoon session. He and Lady Dzifa knelt and watched her struggle to no avail not to display her lasciviousness in front of them. Before she was released from the device, Mr. Ntombe removed her mouthpiece and fucked her mouth, kneeling up in front of her as she whined and sobbed. He watched Lady Dzifa feed her and then fucked her on her hands and knees before she was allowed to retreat into her cage.

Later that afternoon, he took her to his room where he ravished her thoroughly. He skipped her after dinner session, but he came in while she was kneeling in the living room while Lady Dzifa and Yaaba were watching the FV. He took her right to his room. That night, after Lady Dzifa had her way with her in her bed, as she was laying on her pallet, he woke her again, took her to his room and fucked her blind, leaving her in the cage for the rest of the night.

The next afternoon, during her after lunch session on the device, he came into her room with the harsh, thin lady who had decorated her with her jewelry and had manufactured the terrible mouthpiece which she wore virtually all of the time. Her slave girl was with her. Ntombe and the woman drank tea while watching her try to fight off her passions. After she had come for them, he spoke to the lady, coming close to Ruth and running his hand over her head several times as if for emphasis. He took her off the device and made her lay back and display her mons as he made more explanations. He took a packet from his pocket which looked like it contained an assembly of tiny, sparkly stones. He showed them to the woman, wrapped them back up and handed them to her. The cruel lady agreed with and acknowledged his explanations. Lady Dzifa came in to feed her and the man explained to her whatever he and the cruel lady had been talking about. Lady Dzifa agreed heartily.

The cruel lady came back the next morning. She had her black valise with her. She had the slave girl remove the shield that connected her head to the device and then wash her scalp thoroughly with an alcohol solution. When Ruth saw the woman draw out a tattoo gun, her fears about what the man had been explaining to the woman were realized. She didn't fight it as the woman etched a design over her scalp from the back of her head to about 4" from her eyes. She cried and cried, but there was nothing she could do about it. When she was done, the woman brought over the mirror and showed Rihana the product of her work. She couldn't see the top of her head, but she could see a complex, deep blue lacy design coming down her brow and ending in a point just short of the bridge of her nose. She started to

sob. The woman just patted her cheek and smiled.

She was removed from the device. The woman had her lay back and spread her legs, revealing her loins. She leaned over her and began to make sharp piercings all along the sides of her mons where she knew the wings of her butterfly lay. Ruth whined and cried as she seemingly stabbed her ten or fifteen times. When she was done, she wiped her loins with alcohol, making it sting.

She sent her slave girl off to find Lady Dzifa and Mr. Ntombe so they could come in and appreciate her handiwork. They came in a minute or two later. They examined her loins with apparent pleasure. They had Ruth kneel up and bend her head down so that they could examine the markings the woman had made. They both expressed their delight. They brought out the mirror and had Ruth kneel in front of it with her knees spread so that she could see what the woman had done. Embedded in her flesh, strewn around the colorful butterfly wings, the woman had installed the tiny, glittering gems, diamonds Ruth presumed. They sparkled in the light, making her conch seem eminently more alluring.

Mr. Ntombe and the cruel lady watched approvingly while Lady Dzifa fed her from her breasts. When she was sated and dizzy, Yaaba brought out the mat. Mr. Ntombe stripped down, had her kneel with her head to the floor and her hands bound behind her and fucked her fore and aft, making her screech out her enforced pleasure several times to the women's delight.

The days went by in a comingled haze. The formula they fed her seemed to have gotten stronger as her need for sexual release became frenetic. Mr. Ntombe went away for a few days. When he returned he beat her again in his room and then fucked her for an hour. Twice Lady Dzifa had her entertain her friends in the living room, the big black man fucking her to their amusement.

And then one day, something special seemed about to occur. After lunch, Yaaba bathed her, shaved her loins and her skull and she made up her face prettily. She was mounted in the living room as everyone seemed to scurry around nervously. Mr. Ntombe dressed himself in a flowing, multicolored robe over a light pair of pants. He adorned himself with a round, colorful, brimless hat. Lady Dzifa dressed herself in finery and adorned herself with sparkly jewelry. Even Yaaba put on something special.

The device was brought out to the living room. Ruth was mounted on it. Mr. Ntombe and Lady Dzifa picked it up and placed it on a small wheeled platform. Yaaba fed her her potion. She was left in the living room, squirming and rubbing her conch against the knobs while the others went into the kitchen and had a snack.

They all came out into the living room. They seemed excited. Yaaba brought out a large, colorful sheet. They draped it over her so that she was completely covered. She felt her cart being moved forward. The outside door was clacked open and she was led thorough it. It was the first time she had been outside the

apartment since she arrived. She was wheeled down the hallway and brought into an elevator. It descended one floor and they rolled her out. Ruth could hear the voices of other, unknown people around them as she was glided along down another long hall. They entered a room. There was a cacophony of excited voices. Everybody seemed to be awaiting something special to happen. Ruth squirmed under the sheet, trying not to rub her pussy against the knobs, but it was impossible to resist it.

There was what sounded like a loud pounding on the floor. Everyone went silent. A few moments later there was wild applause. The crowd silenced itself again. There was the sound of people making short speeches intermingled with applause and expressions of approval. A man's deep voice stood out several times during an interregnum.

She was wheeled forward. She was stopped. She could sense the crowd around her and dozens of unknown eyes upon her concealed form. Mr. Ntombe stepped up next to her and made a short speech. Everyone applauded. There was a moment's silence and then, suddenly, the sheet was whisked off of her.

She saw that she was in a large room. It was decorated with large murals of African themes. The rug was dark purple. In front of her, sitting on what looked like a gilded throne, was a heavysset man. He had short grey hair and was wearing a crown. He was dressed in an ornate, yellow robe with designs of African animals woven into it. He seemed to be in his early sixties. Under the robe he was wearing sharply creased black pants and shiny, dark brown hand tooled boots. His eyes were gleeful, but carried a dark authority. The throne was sitting on a two foot high platform covered with a bright red rug.

Mr. Ntombe was standing by her left side. Lady Dzifa was to her right. He waved at her with his hand at her and made a short speech. The crowd burst into applause. She heard her new name, Rihana, mentioned several times. The regal man waved his hand and everybody went silent. He made some kind of gleeful proclamation which was followed by more applause.

Lady Dzifa and Mr. Ntombe leaned down and began to release Ruth from the device. Once off of it, she was ordered to kneel up in front of the commanding man. Her wrists were connected to the ring in the back of her collar with a short chain. They edged her forward until she was at the very front of the platform and made her exhibit herself. She rued the rose-like decoration in her mouth. The more he saw, the more gleeful the lord-like man became. They made Ruth turn around and show him her back. The man made a delighted sound. They had her get down on her back and present her bejeweled conch. The lord laughed and expressed his approval. They made her turn again, place her forehead on the rug, arch her back and spread her thighs so that this lord could see her conch presented from behind amidst the verdant explosion of leafy greenery. He boomed something approving

sounding and the crowd broke out into applause once again.

Ruth was woozy and overwhelmed. She had mere glances at the crowd. It was filled with black and brown excited faces all dressed in colorful finery. It seemed to be a celebration of some kind, maybe the lord's birthday or the demarking of some other especial date. They made her turn around again until she was facing the lord up in presentation position. Mr. Ntombe drew out her rose and released her mouthpiece. Ruth was trembling with fright. Her stomach was sour. Lady Dzifa had said many times that she was, 'the right girl'. Now she knew for what. She was a present. She was a gift to the lord. She would have to serve him. She detected in him an especial hardness that made her sure that his rule over her would be especially severe. She saw what he saw, her gaudy decorations, her bald, etched head, her exuberant body designs, a fearful, obsequious face. Lady Dzifa gave her a nudge. They had been making her practice a phrase in their native language again and again until she had got it just right. She knew that she was supposed to say it now. She was so frightened that she didn't know if she could get it out. The crowd went silent.

Lips trembling, staring into that hard, cruel face she summoned up all of her strength.

"Ejere gi ozi onyenwe?" she forced out with all her strength.

Something bright exploded on the lord's face. He released a pleased raucous belly laugh. The crowd burst into gleeful applause. He waved his hand and they became silent. He looked at her lecherously. He threw back his robe and drew down the zipper of his pants, exposing his large, thick but flaccid manhood. She now knew what the phrase she emitted meant. "How may I serve you, Lord?"

She didn't have to be told what to do. She felt Lady Dzifa and Mr. Ntombe's eyes burning into her. She remembered Lady Dzifa's cane and the beatings which Mr. Ntombe had rendered upon her. She dared not disappoint or embarrass them.

She crept onto the platform. She edged herself between the lord's knees. She looked up at him as if begging for permission. He smiled leeringly and nodded. She leaned forward, drew his manhood into her mouth and commenced an earnest, devoted suckle.

She served Lord Gwalo for a little over three years. She would spend an afternoon, a night, a week or more in his charge and then be returned to Lady Dzifa and Mr. Ntombe to await his command again. He used her brutally and, although he didn't beat her himself, often had her whipped for his amusement by his commanding major domo, a cruel, thin dark man. She would be brought out to entertain his guests, sometimes being taken by them to one of the Lord's guest rooms for use. There were other girls too, members of Lord Gwalo's extended harem. They were of all different colors and shapes and hues. Like her, they were all gaudily decorated with tattoos and jewels. He would have them cavort with

each other for his amusement or that of his guests. Sometimes she would just kneel there in his throne room, mounted and displayed in a stand while he received dignitaries.

She was always received back by Lady Dzifa with glee when Lord Gwalo was temporarily sated with her company. She and Yaaba took good care of her, making sure that she was always maintained at her sexual height. Mr. Ntombe was often away. But when he was there, he used her voraciously and beat her when it amused him.

She was allowed outside often. Lady Dzifa would bring her out to the garden. There was a semi-circle of comfortable lawn chairs and she would sit there and chat with her fellow ladies with her leashed and kneeling by her side. The other ladies would have their charges too, kneeling upright in presentation position. It was under the shade of a large Acacia tree, cooler than the merciless heat. There was a long, winding path amidst the brilliant, flower strewn garden and she would have Yaaba walk her along it for an hour or more almost daily, guiding her by a leash, to keep her body well exercised.

Her days and nights passed in a thick fog rendered by the potion and her pussy seemed to be in continuous need of attention.

She became the preference of one of Lord Gwalo's guests, a tawny skinned, Arabic coffee trader from Tanzania. He used her often and she was often called over from Lady Dzifa's domain especially for his delight. Sometime after the end of her third year as Lord Gwalo's slave, to her shock and surprise, Lord Gwalo gifted her to him. She was mounted in a cage and trucked to the airport where she was flown to his estate. He took her off of her birth control and fathered three healthy, strong sons on her over four years. When the youngest was weaned, he sold her to a brothel in Dar es Salaam which is where her tale ends.