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Sentenced to Servitude



Paul Little

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Sentenced to Servitude

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Chapter 1

GENERAL NARRATIVE

Certainly Basil Rothberg had imbibed more wine than was usual for him—he had never before let himself speak so frankly to his companion, Lord Hilary Amberson.

Moreover, what Basil Rothberg did not know was that, thanks to a curious acoustical effect, his words were clearly audible in the alcove above, in which, seated alone, Lady Fiona Savage was listening intently.

"It infuriates me to see that little vixen behave the way she does!" Basil exclaimed. "Just look at her now!"

He lifted his glass to point out a young woman who moved from one group of guests to another, chatting gaily. Lord Hilary adjusted his monocle, considered the scene, and remarked, "I've always considered young Caroline quite intelligent, but remember, Basil, that today is her first official ball given in honor of her twentieth birthday."

While the two men spoke, their eyes did not leave the magnificent young girl who wore a superb white satin evening gown and carried herself with the haughty, disdainful grace of a high-fashion model. They watched her lift a forefinger in an imperious signal to inform a waiter that she wished another goblet of champagne.

"Bah!" Basil sniffed as he emptied his own glass. "Miss Caroline Martin is too intoxicated by her own person and her social rank. Seeing how she treats everyone who approaches her, I for one would like to be able to take her over my knees and smack her bottom the way one does a badly brought-up child!"

Lord Hilary smiled at his friend. "Yes," he agreed gently, "I think you'd be quite capable of doing just that. Not that I can blame you, to be sure! On the contrary, I've an idea it wouldn't be unpleasant at all. It reminds me of once in Paris—"

He was interrupted by the arrival of a waiter carrying a tray of goblets filled to the brim with sparkling champagne.

"I suppose you must have run into a little whore who agreed to let herself be spanked, eh?" Basil chuckled.

"It can be quite amusing; I don't dispute it. However, it in no way can compare with the experience of spanking the bare behind of a young and very respectable debutante—don't you agree?" And both men, eyeing each other, uttered a suppressed laugh.

"Nothing comparable indeed," Basil agreed. "A debutante most in the public view this season. What a comedown it would be, to be sure!" Both men lifted their glasses and drank slowly. At the same moment, Caroline Martin crossed the salon and came toward them.

What a superb young woman she was! Her evening gown, which delicately molded out her charms, displayed her youthful beauty. Her firm, high-set breasts were audaciously revealed by the bold décolletage of the gown, whose elegant cut accentuated the slimness of her waist and the roundness of her thighs which one divined through the glossy, immaculate satin, as well as her excit-

ingly long legs. Her bare arms and shoulders had the creamy softness of a camellia. Her warm auburn hair fell in thick curls down her neck and danced at her every movement. Her large, wide, imperious eyes, more green than chestnut, seemed to flash little golden points. Her lips were full and sensual. In a word, she was a ravishing beauty, all the more desirable because of her stunning insolence of carriage and manner.

Basil Rothberg felt a flood of desire surge through him as he watched her approach. By God, he wanted her. She must be his!

He began to rise to greet her, but at that exact moment she changed direction swiftly and, with a haughty glance full of derision, moved past the two men toward a group of guests who welcomed her joyously. Basil remained stunned. Her subtle and exciting perfume titillated his nostrils. Then, red with confusion and rage, he sank back down into his chair, swearing under his breath.

He was a rather patrician-looking man of about forty-seven; but now beads of sweat stood out on his forehead, and his pale lips were compressed to hide the anger which seethed within him. "Do you see what I mean, Hilary?" he demanded, quivering with fury.

Lord Hilary, who had witnessed Caroline Martin's maneuver with astonishment and who admired the suggestive undulations of her behind under that clinging satin evening gown, nodded. "She deliberately sought to insult you," he declared. "But tell me, Basil, is there a reason?"

"Yes," Basil replied after a momentary hesitation.

In her little alcove above the salon, Lady Fiona Savage followed this dialogue with burning attentiveness.

"Yes," Basil resumed, "I think I can tell you what it's all about. Recently, I invited Caroline out for the evening. Dinner, the theater—you know. I frankly admit that my real intentions were not entirely honest, but so what? In short, we were in the taxi, and—the devil,

it's ridiculous to tell you such a thing, it's so commonplace! At any rate, I put my hand on her knee—over her dress, mind you. Just a companionable gesture, you understand. And then—do you know what happened? She slapped me! Not only that, but she made a real scene, called me all sorts of disagreeable names, and then cut me cold for the rest of the evening. Yes, Hilary, just as if I were a clumsy lout just out of college and not a man of my status and fortune!"

Lord Hilary shook his head sympathetically. "A most embarrassing scene, my dear friend. I recall finding myself in a somewhat similar situation. It makes one's blood boil, doesn't it? Your disappointment and, above all, your anger in discovering that the girl won't play the game you'd hoped to get her to cooperate in—but when these vixens won't play, there's not much a man can do, eh?"

Basil Rothberg growled menacingly, "I'd like to be able to force her to play, to use your phrase! Yes—I'd give a lot to have that happen, I would!"

Inflamed by the many glasses of champagne he had emptied, his mind began to conjure up fantasies of what he could do to a Caroline helplessly subjected to his most uninhibited desires....

In her alcove, Lady Fiona Savage smiled with intense satisfaction. She was already formulating a plan that would lead to the project she intended to turn into profitable reality. Caroline Martin, young, charming, popular debutante, a beauty surely destined for a wealthy husband from the most exclusive social set...never before had such a project tempted Lady Fiona, and what pride it would give her to bring it off successfully!

Chapter 2

GENERAL NARRATIVE, CONTINUED

The day after Caroline Martin's twentieth birthday, Basil Rothberg received a strange telephone call at his luxurious residence in Belgravia Court, from a certain Lady Fiona Savage.

"You wish to see me in private? Is this something concerning my business affairs?" he demanded.

"In a sense, yes," she replied. "And I can assure you it will be to your advantage."

He made a skeptical grimace, for he was often solicited by unknown persons who sought to interest him in dubious ventures. However, something in Lady Fiona's tone began to intrigue him. "Very well," he agreed brusquely. "Meet me at the Dorchester bar at noon."

"No," Lady Fiona Savage parried, "this is an extremely private matter. Can you receive me at your flat?"

"So be it." He replaced the phone, frowning thoughtfully. He

guessed that there would be something bizarre and interesting in the forthcoming proposal, but he had no idea what it might be.

"The subject is rather delicate, Mr. Rothberg," Lady Fiona declared, "but I think you're a man of sufficient experience so we may have our discussion without either false modesty or hypocritical restraint. I feel that if what I have to say to you does not interest you, then we have only to forget this conversation."

He glanced at the elegantly attired woman seated opposite him in an armchair, trying to evaluate the proposal she was about to reveal. After all, who was she? These British gentry, who adorned themselves with a thousand and one hypocritical virtues, were capable, he knew well, of more tricks than a tribe of Barbary apes! "You may speak freely," he assured her, "and you may be sure of my complete discretion as a man of honor."

"I'm sure of that, Mr. Rothberg, or I shouldn't have contacted you. Now, you must know that, quite by a fortunate chance, I happened to overhear the private conversation which you had with Lord Hilary Amberson on the evening of Caroline Martin's birthday."

His face contracted with anger. "What's this? Blackmail?"

She began to laugh. "Do you take me for a child or a fool, Mr. Rothberg? Be reassured. Like yourself, I'm trustworthy and discreet. In no case would I reveal your secret. And now I must tell you that I very sincerely approve of the sentiments you expressed so freely. Like yourself, I find Caroline a young scamp who needs to be put in her place!"

Basil smiled. Lady Fiona was beginning to please him. "And so?" His tone betrayed growing curiosity.

"Well, I think, my dear sir, that I may be able to help you realize the desire you expressed to Lord Hilary."

He felt a sudden shiver of excitement stir him. "What exactly do you want to tell me?" he demanded.

"I think I may lay my cards on the table," Lady Fiona continued.

"However, I must have your word that all this will remain quite confidential between us. Good. From what I understood of your conversation, you desire to possess Miss Martin so as to subject her to discipline and force her to satisfy you. Let's be frank—is that correct?"

For a moment, he felt embarrassed, but finally he decided it was better not to deny it, since his conversation had been overheard. "That's correct...I want her," he admitted sadly.

She smiled complacently. "Very good. But now what would you say if I announced to you a certain way of achieving your goal? And believe me, I'm not speaking of marriage. No, what I'm thinking of, Mr. Rothberg, is the method by which you can do whatever you wish to her. When...or how...just as your fancy dictates! And she to be submissive to all this in the most exact sense of the word. In the sense the Roman patricians meant when they spoke of their girl-slaves!"

As he heard these surprising words, Basil Rothberg felt a wave of lubricity thrill him with eager hope. Lady Fiona was proposing to him exactly what he had been dreaming of for quite some time; and so, despite his business sagacity and his habit of never revealing his true sentiments, he could not restrain himself from exclaiming: "I'd do anything to have that!"

Lady Fiona smiled with satisfaction. The battle was already half-won.

Yet his instinctive distrust led him to pursue the issue. "But how could that be possible? You're speaking of fantasy—but this is the twentieth century, and such things aren't possible!"

"No?" She threw him a mocking smile and resumed, "You would be quite surprised, Mr. Rothberg, if I were to tell you all the things reputedly impossible yet which are reality just the same, believe me! In the case that interests us, yes, it's quite possible, but it will also be quite expensive!"

Needless to say, this direct allusion to his bank account did

not trouble Basil in the least, so tempted was he by the perspective which had been revealed. He gestured, as if to say that the question of money was hardly of any consequence to a man of his importance.

"I can give you concrete examples of similar cases with which I myself have been involved," she declared, "but unfortunately, not here. I don't have what is needed. All I can tell you for the moment is that, in the past few years, a certain number of lovely young girls have disappeared suddenly. They are considered dead, but I can personally assure you they're quite alive! They were shipped to foreign lands for the pleasure of certain men who desired them, in the same way and for the same purposes that you hope to possess Caroline Martin."

Basil Rothberg leaned forward. His hands clutched the arms of his chair. He was quite aware that the woman opposite him had set a trap for him and fairly caught him in it. Yet whereas in a business deal he would have been violently irritated to find himself so ensnared, now he felt only an intense curiosity. "Are you really sure of what you claim?" he demanded. "Are such things truly possible? I hope you aren't trying to trick me."

"Trick you?" she echoed. "No, Mr. Rothberg, hardly. I'm not a charlatan. I simply deal in a special kind of business, with a certain kind of wealthy persons like yourself. I regret I cannot immediately give you the indisputable proofs of what I've mentioned just now, but I shall certainly do so before we come to any agreement at all. I only wish to tell you this now—according to my own confidential sources of information, at this very moment, if a certain Miss Jane Rayner, who is a very charming young girl of nineteen, does not obey the orders which are being given her, I can assure you that she is going to be whipped very severely. Yes, whipped, and on her naked bottom, by the man who has become her master. And the same punishment awaits two or three other lovely young girls whom I myself have procured for gentlemen who wished to turn

them into their personal slaves. The names of these girls are Miss Barbara Lambourne, Miss Tessa Milne, and Miss Joan Logan."

Basil no longer had any doubts. Her tone did not suggest she was deceiving him; she was too calm, too sure of herself to be saying anything but the truth. Excitement mounted in him like an attack of malaria. This could be either the most sensational or the most disastrous affair that had ever been proposed to him! Yet it was so extraordinary that he could not help questioning her again: "You really think it can be brought off?"

Lady Fiona declared firmly, "I think it can indeed; otherwise I should be wasting my time. Above all, I shouldn't permit myself to persuade you to waste yours. But let me repeat: it will cost a great deal of money. Happily, I know you're wealthy, and that you aren't niggardly when it comes to spending for your pleasure."

He gave her a cynical smile. "It's true I'm affluent, but that's something hardly prudent to admit when one is discussing business."

Realizing that her eventual client sought to change the subject, Lady Fiona hastened to turn the conversation toward a more attractive topic. "Perhaps you'd prefer to imagine Miss Caroline Martin in the same situation as that in which Miss Jane Rayner now finds herself? Can you imagine that, Mr. Rothberg? Caroline, her bottom naked and you near her, a whip in your hand. Free to use it as you please. To whip her bottom, as much as it pleases you to do so, to make her cry, to make her shriek, to have her at your knees, ready to obey your every whim!"

"That's enough!" His face reddened with excitement. "No need to tempt me anymore. You've won me over and you know it. You ask me if I can imagine myself about to whip Caroline without mercy? Oh, yes, Lady Fiona, I imagine it quite well. In fact, I must admit that there's nothing that could please me more, for you've guessed it quite shrewdly—I'm a true sadist, and I adore whipping those lovely girls who fall into my clutches. Yes, Lady Fiona, I'm a sadist!"

"But there's no shame in being sadistic and admitting it, Mr. Rothberg." Lady Fiona smiled. "Indeed, many persons have instincts of domination and sadism, but few have occasion to give free rein to these secret desires. You, by good fortune, are not in that weak category. And now, dear Mr. Rothberg, are you sufficiently interested to discuss my little idea in more detail?"

"You know my answer," he chuckled.

"Good!"

"Normally an operation of this type," Lady Fiona Savage explained, "costs about £20,000, but let me also inform you that the young lady in question can be resold for a good price when you are tired of her. You have only to let me know, and I can arrange such a sale easily. I know a few Arabian rulers who will still pay a handsome price for a white slave, even if she has already been in another's service. But in Caroline Martin's case, considering that she comes from the highest society and in view of her great beauty and the difficulty of this enterprise, the price will be higher—£30,000!"

Basil started, for that was quite a sum, even for a man as rich as he was. But he knew that even if Lady Fiona had said £300,000, he would have accepted her terms. "But—assuming I accept your price, how—I mean—how will I know that I'm going to get what I want? I mean—will I really be able to make her do anything I want?"

Lady Fiona began to laugh at his nervous faltering and waved her hand reassuringly. "My dear Mr. Rothberg, I see you didn't understand me clearly. The most important clause in our agreement will be this: Before the young lady is delivered to you, quite discreetly and without any risk for you, she will undergo a special training which will condition her for her new existence as a love-slave. I can promise you that she will be most deliciously submissive and obedient when the time has come to serve you."

Basil felt his blood boil at the thought of being able to savor the physical charms of the beautiful Caroline Martin according to his

most despotic whims. But £30,000, all the same! And then again, how could he be certain that Lady Fiona's predictions would really come true? All this seemed so much like an incredible dream!

As if divining his doubts, she continued: "Naturally, you haven't yet given me your full confidence. Oh, yes, I see that clearly! I'm not surprised, and I admire your prudence. However, to give you definite proof that this is not a trick in bad taste to mulct you of your money, let me offer this proposition. First, £5,000 in advance. Next, £10,000 when you learn of Caroline's disappearance. Then £10,000 more upon delivery, and the remaining £5,000 after a week's trial, in order to assure yourself that she will give you full satisfaction. Which, by the way, I am absolutely positive she will."

He remained seated, silent, meditative, for a long moment, seeking to reason calmly; but each time the staggeringly high sum made him think of refusing, the very idea that so much money would procure for him undreamed-of delights made him shudder with anticipatory pleasure.

If all this was true—if everything happened as Lady Fiona had assured him it would—then the £30,000 would assuredly be well spent. If—

Lady Fiona Savage rose. "I don't want to hurry your decision." She smiled as she drew on her gloves. "Will you call me in two or three days when you've thought it over? Here's my phone number." And she gave him her calling card. He pocketed it without a word and amiably escorted her to the door.

Basil Rothberg was leafing through the pile of newspapers and magazine articles he had been clipping for the past two or three years. All of them pertained to the object of his obsession: Caroline Martin. He had photos of her from seventeen till the present time, and all of them underlined the arrogance and disdain imprinted on her charming face. That arrogance was emphasized even more strikingly in the collection of news articles and gossip columns:

"'Men only bore me,' says the deb of the year, Caroline Martin."

"'Marriage doesn't tempt me at all!' Miss Caroline Martin told us."

"Scandal at a fashion show! 'I'm able to show clothes better than all these models,' Caroline Martin disdainfully declares!"

Dozens of such articles demonstrated the mercurial and infuriating character of the young beauty. Finally Basil's attention centered on a clipping of more than usual interest:

"Caroline Martin slaps the photographer and tries to break his camera," read the caption. A photo showed a furious Caroline in a bathing suit, which displayed all the beauty of the voluptuous body of a veritable young goddess. The episode had occurred at a beach on the French Riviera, and the newspaper article related in detail the incident in which Caroline had slapped the unfortunate photographer for having taken her picture without her permission. As she later explained, it was intolerable to permit anyone in the world to see her in such an intimate outfit. She—Caroline Martin—felt herself far too distinguished to be displayed like any commoner to the hoi polloi.

Basil reassembled his pile of clippings with a cynical smile. Oh, yes, he knew very well that Caroline was a saucy baggage who fancied herself privileged by dint of birth and beauty.

Suddenly Lady Fiona Savage's words came back to him: "She will be quite deliciously submissive and obedient."

What supreme joy it would give him to be able to force her to do certain things the very thought of which made his heart pound wildly! He grabbed the phone and dialed Caroline's number.

"This is Basil Rothberg," he said.

"Oh, you!" At once he detected the clearly disgusted tone she used in pronouncing those two words. "What do *you* want?"

"I was wondering if you'd accept an invitation to dinner and the theater next week."

She laughed derisively. "An invitation to repeat the little scene

in the taxi that other time, I suppose? Well, certainly not! In any case, I'm not accustomed to accepting invitations to charity balls. I ask you not to telephone me again, Mr. Rothberg."

And there was a click as she hung up.

Rage and frustration swept him, his face purple with anger. "The filthy little bitch! That damned, insolent vixen!"

In his fury, he was about to dial Lady Fiona's number at once, but instead poured himself a stiff whiskey, flung himself into an armchair, and struggled to regain his self-control. His thoughts began to wander and, quite naturally sought to concoct a vengeance wherein he would have free rein to chastise Caroline for her insolence. After a few moments, he had come to a decision; he would accept Lady Fiona's proposition. The idea of having Caroline at his mercy suddenly seemed so marvelous that he began to laugh. What would the proud Caroline Martin say if she suspected he was ready to pay the first installment of the sum whose stake she was?

So, the next morning, after having obtained an appointment by telephone, Basil went to Lady Fiona's flat. She received him graciously. The £5,000 in £100 notes changed hands; then, after she had placed the money in a little coffer, Basil asked her to give him some additional details on how Caroline was to be carried off.

"You must understand, Mr. Rothberg, that I absolutely cannot give you the slightest explanation of the methods or the techniques of the organization to whom I belong. I can, however, assure you that it will not be more than a month—or at the very latest five or six weeks—before our young friend 'disappears.'"

"But how will it happen? Won't it lead to a terrible scandal?"

"Not necessarily. Many persons disappear whose bodies are never recovered. Others fall prey to a strong nervous depression and must be shut up discreetly in private sanitariums. Still others suffer amnesia and are heard from only after long years."

She rose abruptly, adding, "We'll go into the study where we shan't be disturbed." Basil followed her eagerly into a little room.

A movie projector and screen installed at one of the sides of the room were ready for use. "Sit down, Mr. Rothberg," she invited him, "while I get the film ready. You will see several sessions of training and special discipline to which a little shopgirl is subjected, the same as will be applied to Caroline Martin."

Chapter 3

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF BASIL ROTHBERG

I'm a man of experience who has had a fair share of erotic adventures. However, I must admit, the one in which I was now involving myself was rather exceptional. Rarely had I experienced such anticipatory excitement as I now felt come over me. Lady Fiona Savage turned off the light and set the projector running with an assurance which demonstrated better than words how certain she was of this affair.

Upon the screen there first appeared letters and figures in an incomprehensible order. "Merely a code," she explained to me. But then suddenly there appeared a close-up of the young shopgirl, Jane Rayner. No doubt was possible—her face was marked by despair and terror.

The film's impeccable clarity rendered every detail in a most exceptional way. The first thing that struck me was that Jane Rayner was gagged. A kind of apparatus formed out of a short steel bar, made somewhat like a bit for a horse, had been placed

in her mouth and fixed behind her head with thin leather straps. The gleaming steel bar buried itself harshly against her lips and cheeks, which must have hurt her atrociously, though, in a cruel irony, the instrument widened her mouth pitilessly into a rictus that suggested laughter. Her eyes had the look of a wounded animal, and great tears rolled down her cheeks.

The camera held that close-up for a long moment, so I had ample time to observe the horror and despair on that charming face and in her lovely large eyes supremely dilated by her anguish.

"The form of discipline which you see applied here," Lady Fiona Savage explained to me softly, "was probably inflicted as a punishment for a fault of speech. Perhaps Jane Rayner spoke without permission, or perhaps, again, in a moment of rage, she forgot herself sufficiently to utter insulting words in the presence of her trainers." She smiled at me. "Sometimes, when this is not the first fault of this kind which is to be punished, they use a bar studded with tiny sharp points."

Jane's gaze and the way she shook her head sufficed to tell me what torture she was experiencing during filming. Suddenly the camera began to pan slowly. An iron or steel collar round the girl's slim white neck held a chain which, in turn, was fastened to a huge metal ring set into the wall.

"You see, she's in a cell," Lady Fiona told me. "Quite naked, as you'll soon observe. Chained as she is, this constitutes an excellent disciplinary method."

The camera seemed to draw back. Now the young girl was visible to her waist. As Lady Fiona had said, Jane Rayner was naked. Her breasts were really lovely. Young, splendidly firm, with delicious dark aureoles and nipples quite well developed: little, but out-thrusting. Just from seeing her splendid bosom, my hands trembled as if I were about to touch her warm young flesh.

"Lovely breasts, aren't they?" Lady Fiona commented. "You can see why Jane was able to attract our client!"

"Yes," I replied. I noted with vexation that my voice was much hoarser than I wanted her to hear.

Again, the camera took in a little more range, revealing all of the girl's bosom, then the delightfully curved little belly marked in its center by a darling little navel. And then lower still—

I was terribly excited, in full erection!

I could see Jane's pussy now. I started in surprise. The girl's vulva had been depilated most carefully, which enabled me to examine her enchanting slit and the two plump lips of her pussy as bare as those of a little girl.

Lady Fiona murmured to me, "The hairs which hid her slit were removed purposely, so she might feel herself still more naked and must expose her most intimate parts to the eyes of her trainers without in any way being able to conceal them. Believe me, it's a very fine psychological training technique. I can assure you that Caroline will lose much of her insolence at the same time she loses her pubic hair!"

At the thought that one day soon I could see Caroline Martin's pussy as bare and revealed as Jane's, I felt my cock throb with excitement and stiffen till it ached. I would have liked to be alone so that I might have caressed it lingeringly while I thought of my pleasures with Caroline. But apart from the fact that Lady Fiona was beside me, the film which continued anew attracted my intense attention.

This time, I had a complete view of Jane, naked and chained to the wall and gagged cruelly with the steel bar.

"Have you noticed the marks on the sides of her thighs?" Lady Fiona asked.

Till she drew my attention to that area, I actually hadn't, absorbed as I was by the fascinating tableau; but now I could perceive the marks she mentioned.

"Those are the stripes left by the lash," Lady Fiona pointed out. And, as if to whet my lust the more, she added, "In a few moments,

you'll see her bottom. Her trainer—or, rather, I should say, her assistant trainer—is coming for her. I must explain to you, Mr. Rothberg, that Jane's Master is actually a woman who often uses a male assistant—ah, here he is now!"

The camera seemed to turn toward the door of the cell, which opened slowly. Framed in the doorway stood a tall, slender man, of nervously muscular appearance. His age was rather hard to determine because his face was covered with a black silk mask—but that mask was his only covering. Thus my gaze was drawn immediately toward his cock, for it was thick and long, and it hung heavily in a state of flaccidity between his muscular thighs. That massive weapon, circumcised, which made it look still more obscene, was thrust forward by the oblong mass of two enormous testicles which accentuated that disturbing virility; and I found myself wondering whether that masked man used his cock during his "educational sessions." Then his female pupils must surely feel it!

Lady Fiona explained, "Ordinarily, the assistant trainer isn't masked, but for this film it was deemed best for security reasons."

The camera again directed itself toward Jane, who was showing visible signs of agitation. Her eyes had dilated with apprehension, her face had turned a little to one side as if she sought to escape from the obscene vision of the naked man. She had recoiled and pressed herself instinctively against the stone wall of her cell.

The man approached, and I saw him talking to the young girl. She nodded vigorously to show her obedience. The masked trainer came very close to her, and I noticed her shrinking back as if to try to avoid contact with his naked body; but he, perhaps to emphasize the futility of such an effort, clutched her titties with both hands and began to press them together, then began to slap them lightly from top to base to make them jiggle.

His mask did not hide his sadistic smile during this "exercise." Now—suddenly—he took hold of his heavy penis between two

fingers and began to rub its enormous head against the depilated vulva of the lovely captive, who stiffened with revulsion at this obscene contact which she obviously loathed. Ah, how I envied that man; just seeing him, I had the hard-on of an animal in rut!

Ceasing his tantalizing little game, he now removed the girl's gag. Then I knew how cruel her ordeal had really been, for the camera showed a close-up of the implement, and I perceived that the steel bar shaped like a horse's bit had in its middle a metal ball studded all over with tiny points which, when the gag was in place, dug viciously into the victim's mouth.

Jane lowered her head and panted with relief. Two long streaks marked her cheeks, where the steel bar had compressed her tender flesh.

"I hardly think she'll try anymore tricks after a little treatment like that," Lady Fiona remarked in an amused tone.

"No, no, I don't think she'd care to try," I agreed laughingly.

How strange it was—already I felt completely at ease with this woman, nor did I try to hide the pleasure this film was giving me. Now I saw upon the screen that the masked assistant was unlocking the collar from Jane Rayner's neck. Then his lips moved, evidently to give his pupil an order, for I saw her sink down to her knees, then on all fours and, bowing her head docilely, kiss the feet of her "professor of deportment."

"This is an exercise in humility," was Lady Fiona's comment.

Meanwhile, the camera moved behind the crouching young beauty, and my excitement grew much more intense, for now I could see not only Jane Rayner's voluptuous naked behind but also all her secret parts. The camera close-up fixed on the two globes, distended in the girl's humiliating posture. Those hillocks were streaked with long dark stripes, evident testimony of a recent flogging. But the most exciting nuance was that the entire furrow between her bottomcheeks was fully in view; her hairless pussy emerged at the back, opening like an obscene mouth, the thick lips

parted slightly as if inviting the massive weapon which hung between her trainer's thighs. Above, with not a hair or the slightest down showing in the delicate folds, appeared Jane Rayner's delicate anus.

I need not underline the fact that very rarely can a man thus contemplate the two most intimate orifices of a young woman. Hence I could particularly appreciate this charming and maddeningly provocative vista. Truly, it was one of the most sensational experiences I had ever known!

And Lady Fiona roused my passions still more by remarking complacently, "Your true satisfaction will come, Mr. Rothberg, when you're able to contemplate the most intimate parts of your beautiful Caroline in the same way!"

Truly, at that moment I told myself that £30,000 to have "my" Caroline thus proffered was, after all, not so dear!

The film ended and the screen went blank. I felt a vague disappointment, for I wished it might go on. But again Lady Fiona showed herself a psychological expert in pushing forward my desires. She hovered around the projector and said to me, so I would remain patient during this interval, "In the second reel, you'll see young Jane Rayner whipped by her trainers."

This time, the first person to appear on the screen was a woman clad severely in a dress of black silk with a high neck in true Victorian mode. She wore black kid boots laced tightly over beautiful legs sheathed in black nylon stockings. She, too, wore a mask, which hid most of her face, but her mouth with its compressed, thin lips revealed a cruel, sadistic nature. From a nearby table, she took a leather-handled long yellow wicker switch, and bent it between her hands as if to test its suppleness.

"This is the Mistress of Education and Deportment. We call her 'the Countess,'" Lady Fiona informed me. "I believe that the scene we are going to watch must have been filmed at the beginning of

Jane's training, for you can see that the whip which will be used to punish her does not belong to the severer species."

Severer? Yet it seemed to me quite sufficiently severe, just looking at it. What must poor Jane, who was about to feel it land across her bottomcheeks, think of it? I was not to be long in finding out, for the camera moved again. I saw her, still naked, kneeling, her arms stretched out in supplication. Her lips were moving, and it was easy to guess that she was begging for mercy. Behind her, masked, his cock still obscenely in display, stood the assistant I had observed in the previous film; he was there, naked and motionless, his arms crossed, visibly awaiting the orders of the Countess.

Chapter 4

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF BASIL ROTHBERG, CONTINUED

"Let me point out to you," Lady Fiona observed, "that this does not take place in the real Room of Punishments. I think it must be in the Countess's office, which confirms my belief that we shall witness a film made at the beginning of Jane Rayner's educational training. Probably Jason—that's the assistant trainer's name—is just going to begin his work."

"Yes, yes, I see," I said nervously, for I needed no more explanations; the films were superbly sharp as to detail, lighting, presentation. I could only wish that I owned such stimulating expositions of erotic adventures!

The Countess made a sign to Jason, who advanced quickly and plunged his hand into Jane's tresses; the young girl started with terror and began to struggle violently. This struggle to escape her torturers was captured admirably by the camera.

Her eyes widened in fear. Her face contorted in apprehension.

Her lovely naked breasts swayed and jiggled from left to right at each violent movement she made, her body shuddering like that of a rebellious young mare, her long legs rippling with nervous spasms. In seeking a firm hold, Jason's hands seemed to glide all over the supple naked body which struggled in his arms, as in a series of vicious caresses. He visibly took advantage of his grasp by manipulating her breasts and pinching her nipples wickedly.

Then—suddenly—the screen showed a huge close-up of his hand about to smack her naked backside. Then it slipped between her thighs from behind to disappear till I saw his wrist press just under her bare bottom. Now a new angle of the camera showed his hand reappearing at the base of her abdomen, its fingers closing over her hairless pussy. He had found an irresistible grip!

Lifted by her pussy while Jason's other hand plunged into her disheveled tresses, Jane Rayner found herself raised off the floor without being able to display any other resistance than futile kicks, while her mouth gaped in a silent shriek of suffering and terror.

With the end of her long switch, the Countess tapped the arm of an old leather club chair. Jason effortlessly carried his charming prey to the chair and flung her down like a bundle of rags over the thick chair arm; then, before she had time to straighten up, he fell on her, mashing her bare breasts against the seat and, seizing her wrists, pulled them pitilessly behind her back as in a judo hold.

Then he stood up slowly; but to prevent Jane's escaping his hold, he applied a knee against her neck, forcing her contorted, tear-stained face against the cold leather chair seat.

We next had a series of huge close-ups directed to various parts of Jane's body: her loins, and all the magnificence of her backside which was lifted up by the chair arm, and her long bare legs which angled down to the rug.

She writhed and twisted frantically in the vain hope of disengaging herself, which enabled me to perceive, in thrilling flashes, the vista of her hairless pussy.

"Just as I told you, a simple little shopgirl, but I think you already understand why our client was smitten with such a mad desire for her," Lady Fiona commented wryly.

To be sure, I understood! Despite her humble background, lovely young Jane Rayner had more than one point in common with my own haughty beauty Caroline! I asked myself what Jane's new Master must have paid for her, considering her social status. On the screen, the Countess was speaking, seemingly lecturing her pupil, and I waited with feverish impatience for the moment when she would begin the training and chastise her undisciplined beauty.

Finally the moment seemed to have arrived! The Countess stood behind the captive and, with the end of her switch, calculated the necessary distance. Then, raising the instrument of punishment, she slashed it violently across the victim's naked bottomcheeks. My heart leaped in my breast as the willow switch kissed the pale flesh of Jane's bare behind ferociously, streaking it instantly with a thick, livid welt, while her entire bottom gave vent to a veritable bout of suffering. Once again the willow switch rose and fell with full fury....

Again, Jane's bottomcheeks started convulsively. I saw the stripe of a frightfully swollen mark, extremely torturing if I were to judge from the wild kicks which agitated poor Jane's lovely long naked legs....

The switch rose and once again slashed furiously over Jane's bounding naked behind, and a new welt encircled the plump globes. Now the camera turned upon the face of the young shopgirl, pressed against the leather chair cushion by the weight of Jason's knee. Those beautiful eyes, drowned in tears, bulged under the goad of the suffering which ravaged her tender bottom—her gaping mouth must have released a torrent of cries and shrieks—alas, inaudible in this silent film, a fact I regretted deeply!

"Yes!" Lady Fiona remarked. "This whipping must indeed have been inflicted at the start of her arrival in our organization, for the girl seems to be extremely sensitive, you see. Later on, such captives

are better trained and can be subjected to far more severe thrashings than this mere dusting-off!"

I was astonished by the calm tone of her voice; true, she was used to such scenes—ah, much more than I was. My heart thudded madly, my cock in such erection, it felt as hard as an iron stake!

My eyes burning with concentration, I followed Jane's flagellation without letting a single detail escape. The Countess applied ten lashes with the switch on her pupil's naked bottomcheeks; and although it seemed impossible to me each time, each such lash provoked a frenzied redoubling of kicks and contortions brought on by an excess of agony.

The camera remained fixed for a long moment after the last lash had danced across Jane's magnificent bare backside, so that I could behold the long streaks turning mauve, obviously so this portion of the film might show the spectator the effects of her painful punishment. Then the Countess put the switch back in her desk. Jason lifted his knee from Jane Rayner's neck, but he retained hold of her wrists and made her slip down from the armchair to kneel before the Countess. Then we were given a panning shot to a close-up of the girl's entrancing face, streaked with tears and moistened with saliva, as well as of the naked bosom agitated by shudderings and heavings, for poor Jane was sobbing with all her heart in a way which made my erection threaten to burst, even though I could not hear a sound of her agonized cries.

The Countess began to speak; doubtless she was continuing the lecture which she had begun before applying the switch. Jane nodded, sobbing with despair. Then, at a sign from the masked woman, Jason plunged both hands into Jane's hair and lifted her to her feet, tearing new cries from her before he left the room, dragging his helpless naked captive behind him.

Toward what new ordeals? Ah, how I should have loved to see them!

"I think you might like something to drink, Mr. Rothberg."

A few minutes had passed since the second film ended, which had enabled me to regain my composure by the time Lady Fiona offered her invitation. "Yes, yes, indeed, it wouldn't go badly," I agreed, "for, you see, I'm much less accustomed than you are to witness such a spectacle!"

"I don't doubt that at all, sir, but don't forget that what you have seen are things you can do every day when Caroline Martin is your possession!"

I followed her into the salon and, while she served me a brandy, I installed myself in a comfortable armchair.

"Are you perhaps somewhat more convinced now that I'm not trying to trick you, as you thought at the start?" she asked in a mocking tone, as she held out to me a box of excellent Havana panatelas, one of which she lit for herself.

"I'm entirely convinced," I replied. "The only thing I'd like to know now is the delay you're going to impose on me before I can take possession of my new purchase."

She lifted an appeasing hand. "A certain length of time is quite essential, dear Mr. Rothberg. However, I advise you to read the newspapers attentively—oh, say, about a month from now. They will certainly report something of prime interest to you."

I smiled with satisfaction. "Am I also to understand that Caroline is going to endure the same fate and the same kind of educational training—as you call it—that I just saw in those two films?"

"Exactly the same!"

I felt the blood surge to my face at the thrill these simple words evoked, and at all they let me divine and foresee. I was silent for a moment as I drew on the fragrant Havana cigar. Then a new idea seized me. "I shouldn't want to be too demanding, but mightn't I witness these educational sessions?"

Lady Fiona shook her head. "I'm sorry to refuse you, Mr. Rothberg. The Countess, who is the head of our organization,

would never permit it. You must content yourself with the product that will be delivered to you after the disciplinary training has taken place."

I felt an intense frustration at this, but then I told myself that, after all, I really had nothing to complain about. The organization, I said to myself, worked according to certain well-established rules, which I could hardly expect them to relax for me. As if to make me forget this summary refusal, Lady Fiona gave me an amicable smile. "You must always remember, Mr. Rothberg, that this 'educational training' does not necessarily cease with the delivery of the subject. It's very possible you may discern faults in Caroline's future behavior, despite the severe training we shall make her undergo."

And, leaning toward me, her smile deepening, she added significantly, "In that case, the task to remedy her misconduct would be yours!"

My heart began to beat madly while Lady Fiona went on, in a harsher, more cruel tone: "And for that, I feel that the best method for you would be to thrash her, to whip her, to spank her, each time the desire to do so takes hold of you, since—and never forget this—you will be her absolute Master, with every right over her! Having told you this, I place myself entirely at your discretion. As soon as you will have read the news of the disappearance of your future slave, I'll contact you. A week later, at the very most. Till then, you must be patient. You understand that in this kind of operation, we must all act with extreme prudence, for this is no children's game. And now, a last glass before we say au revoir?"

A month later, I was in my office one fine morning. As I opened the newspapers, my heart bounded. The picture of Caroline Martin was in the center of the front page—and there was news, great news!

And what had happened to her? What did the story say?

Quite simply this:

> Debutante Caroline Martin, age twenty, has disappeared with her boat. She had taken out her little sailboat in spite of alarming weather reports. What happened to this courageous young girl? It seems to be a mystery. The little sailboat was found, half-shattered against the rocks, but her body has not yet been found. the search goes on for the past two days, but in vain; it is believed the young woman must have been drowned while swimming in a powerful undertow. Ah, the mad temerity of youth!

I burst into uncontrollable laughter. At that moment I understood that my money had begun to pay dividends! Caroline Martin had just begun a long and painful voyage, and it would be myself whom she would find at the end of the road, to welcome her—warmly!

Chapter 5

GENERAL NARRATIVE

The organization to which Basil Rothberg had confided the charge of fulfilling his most secret desires and which had the code name "Rio 9" was, in reality, a kind of specialized secret service which undertook the kidnapping and training of young women destined for very rich clients. In the present case, "Rio 9" had abducted Miss Caroline Martin, while astutely camouflaging that feat under the guise of a boating accident and drowning due to the young woman's imprudence.

In reality, Miss Martin had been "shipped" to Morocco, to a secret abode where she would be subjected to severe training in order to be conditioned to the special desires of Basil Rothberg. The Countess was one of the key figures of "Rio 9"; indeed, she was one of the leaders of this ingenious ring of slave traders. At the moment, her headquarters were located in the heart of the Atlas Mountains. That desolate area was the best for the assembling of the various victims and their methodical training.

Moreover, "Rio 9" had a magnificent "front." No one would ever have suspected the Countess of her actual activities; her real name was the Countess of Messina and she ranked among Europe's oldest nobility. Married three times, she had acquired an enormous fortune from her successive spouses. The child of a noble Italian family who had always indulged her wildest whims, she had now retired from the conventional world to live in peace, so she said, in her North African domain.

But this domain was in a setting so wild and inaccessible that no one had ever had the courage to pay her a visit. The ancient Arabian fortress was situated on so precipitous a mountain as to be thought deserted now. Moreover, the natives shunned it, for they considered it under the baleful influence of a curse.

How far they were from suspecting that the inside of this old fortress had been furnished with a luxury and comfort that could be equaled only by sumptuous palaces in Rome, or the French Riviera, or those lordly villas of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires! Thus hidden away from civilization, the Countess and her personnel, all members of "Rio 9," were visited only by couriers and agents of their organization.

It was to this fortress that Caroline Martin was sent. The young woman had absolutely no knowledge of that fateful journey, for she had been drugged heavily and bound inside a packing case bearing a Red Cross label that read "Medical Supplies. Handle With Care—Fragile!" She had been taken by airplane to Casablanca under the aegis of an association allegedly affiliated with the Swedish Red Cross, so that there was no trouble whatsoever with customs. And finally, that packing case had been conveyed by jeep to Ben-Abar, the castle of the Countess. She had no way of knowing it, but she was now the property of "Rio 9."

The Countess, clad as usual in a long, severely tailored black silk dress of Victorian style, pressed the intercom button on her desk. A few seconds later, a man's voice responded: "Yes, Madame?"

"Please come to my office at once, Jason," she remarked, then cut off the connection and began to study a stack of papers before her. The new arrival seemed to be quite interesting...an excellent sale price...Caroline Marshall, age just past twenty, a debutante from the highest English aristocracy...characterized as very proud and haughty...bought from "Rio 9" by Basil Rothberg, a wealthy industrialist, for delivery after complete training.

"Excellent!" the Countess murmured as she pored through a scrapbook illustrated with clippings and press clippings—the "dossier" of the newcomer. "This young lady truly seems to have quite a temper!"

Jason Vanwell entered the office.

He was a tall, slender, handsome man of forty with silver at the temples and a long, aristocratic face. His swarthy complexion, shining white teeth, the steely glare of his gray-blue eyes, gave him a most personable mien, though his face sometimes displayed a strange expression created by vice and cruelty. He inclined his head respectfully before the woman in black.

"Jason," the Countess declared, "we're about to receive a new shipment, and we must go back to work! By the way, I must pass on to you management's congratulations on Jane Rayner, the slave we delivered recently. Her new Master is enchanted with her; it appears that she is completely submissive and executes her purchaser's most complex wishes."

Jason nodded and smiled. "After the training we administered, I should have been surprised only if there had been no compliment on her obedience. In any case, I'm quite happy that our work is appreciated by the heads of our organization."

The Countess continued, "The new arrival will be a girl from the highest London society. We will have both beauty and class to deal with. That will make our task more interesting, don't you think?"

A lascivious smile curved his sensual lips. "Yes, I think so, Madame."

She nodded. "The reception will take place tomorrow at noon. So make the customary arrangements for tomorrow evening."

"Very good, Countess." He bowed again and left her office.

The use of tranquilizing drugs as well as a most meticulous "packing" by the agents of "Rio 9" enabled Caroline Martin to arrive at Ben-Abar and to be delivered to the Countess as "fresh" as when she had been captured in England. Still under the influence of drugs, the young girl now found herself at the end of her journey, in the office of the Countess, who was about to subject her to what the mysterious noblewoman called "the preliminary interview."

Caroline was seated in a tall, heavy oak armchair facing the Countess's desk. Two leather straps bound her wrists to the arm of the chair, while two more immobilized her ankles to the chair's front legs. She was dressed simply, but her attire obviously bore the cut of a famous designer and was extremely expensive. A pale blue silk blouse buttoned low at her throat, a white silk belt, long straight skirt of fine white linen, and matching silk pumps and purse. Sheer silk stockings completed a most elegant attire.

The Countess rose and went to a little table on which reposed a case containing a hypodermic syringe. She plunged the needle into a little flask before returning to the girl who remained in a lethargic stupor. She inserted the needle into the base of Caroline's neck expertly before returning to her seat to observe her victim's reactions. After a moment, Caroline's eyes began to blink like those of a slowly awakening sleeper.

Instantly, the Countess turned on a wire recorder whose earphones were clamped about Caroline's head. This technique, developed by an agent of "Rio 9," was designed to work with the potent drug just administered; in the girl's half-conscious state, she would hear a carefully prepared, hypnotic explanation of how she was to comport herself. This was intended to prevent her

trying to escape during the worst moments of her training or, what would be far worse, seeking to commit suicide to escape the suffering she would be called upon to endure. After ten minutes of this essential preparation, the Countess turned off the apparatus and readied herself, with a voluptuous shiver, for her first contact with her new pupil.

Caroline's eyelids fluttered open. "W-Where am I?" Her voice was weak, uncertain. "H-Have I had an acc-accident? Am—Am I—in—in a h-hospital?"

Her widened eyes fixed uncomprehendingly on her wrists bound to the arms of the chair.

"You are in the Fortress of Ben-Abar," the Countess announced coldly. "You have been brought here by an organization which specializes in the abduction of young women." Since she had nothing to fear from any eventual indiscretion, she preferred direct and brutal truth.

Caroline tugged against the leather thongs with an air of annoyance, then exclaimed impatiently, "What's this story? What's this idiotic game?"

And her brows knitted, anger beginning to redden her lovely, haughty face: "I don't like this at all! Let me think—the—the last thing I remember—" Then her voice died away. She fixed the Countess with an uncertain look. "Who are you?"

"I am known as the Countess," was the curt reply. "But you, from this moment forth, are to address me as 'Mistress.'"

Caroline began to laugh. "Mistress, is it? Are you mad, my good woman? Come now, untie me at once and stop saying imbecilities and trying to carry on this ridiculous game!"

"The report I have received concerning you is that you are an arrogant creature," the Countess riposted coldly. "I quite agree with that judgment! However, we know how to cure such a defect here!"

"How dare you take such a tone with me, you filthy woman? Untie me at once! I order you to untie me! Otherwise, I'll make you

pay dearly for it! I don't mind a prank or two, but you go beyond the limit of my patience now!"

A mocking smile appeared on the face of the Countess. It only increased Caroline's anger. "I told you that this wasn't a game. You've been carried off, kidnapped, if you prefer. More than that, you've been bought by one of our clients."

"Bought???" Caroline almost shrieked out the word, overwhelmed by a furious indignation which could not be suppressed.

"Yes, bought," the Countess continued smilingly, "and at quite a high price, I can assure you. Now you'll remain here at Ben-Abar to be trained to obey and to satisfy the tastes of your future Master."

Caroline's lovely face was red with anger; when she tried to speak, the words nearly strangled her. "You—you—you must be crazy!" she cried. "Let me go this instant! How dare you permit yourself such words to me? Do you know who I am?"

The Countess retorted calmly, "Naturally I know, since you were selected, and I was given a complete report on your background."

"Let me go! Untie me!" Caroline shrieked, mad with anger, writhing vainly in her imprisoning armchair.

The Countess waited patiently till the crisis of rage began to ebb a little. Then she began to speak—calmly, firmly—ignoring the indignant interruptions of her lovely captive. She explained in lengthy detail what she proposed to inflict upon Caroline, what educational processes would be administered; and in her discourse, the Countess savored with a secret delectation the expressions of rage, hate, and fear which, one by one, contorted the enchanting face before her.

She concluded, "I am sure that with your arrogant attitude, we shall be obliged to administer a foretaste of the discipline you may expect henceforth. Yes, I feel it will be an excellent aperitif, which will convince you of the truth of all that I have just explained to you."

Suddenly, the fury which had sustained Caroline's defiance seemed to abandon her. She sagged in the chair and began to weep softly. "Oh—Oh, my God...it's h-horrible, wh-what you've told me.... It—it's disgusting...oh, oooh! I—I don't know...who...who you are...but...but I can pay you...if you let me go.... I beg of you.... Ohh—how can you treat me so and...and tell me such...such frightful things? You, a w-woman like m-myself!"

The Countess did not answer. She contented herself with rising and picking up another syringe, already prepared. Seeing it, fear dilated Caroline's lovely tear-blurred eyes. "W-What are--are y-you g-going to—to do?" she stammered.

"I'm going to give you a little injection to keep you wide awake and quite alert. Indeed, the drug in this hypodermic has a special restorative ingredient which will keep you from fainting, a reaction which would risk interrupting quickly the education to which you will now be subjected."

Immobilized and unable to defend herself, Caroline began to shriek the moment the needle pricked her flesh. "Monster—you're a monster—stop—oh, God, stop, I tell you!"

Calmly paying her victim not the slightest heed, the Countess administered the injection, then returned to her chair behind the desk, and pressed a button on her intercom. "I've just called my assistant," she explained ironically. "His name is Jason Vanwell. Since you are a bit headstrong by nature, I felt it best to summon him directly. As you'll see, he's a specialist in the art of mastering rebellious pupils."

Caroline stared at the woman in black in fixed horror. "A—A man!" Her voice was choking.

The Countess nodded sardonically.

Caroline's mouth opened, but no sound emerged. She was terrified. Suddenly she began to tremble. For the first time, she could clearly perceive the horrible situation in which she found herself, and terror began to dominate her usually haughty, intrepid spirit....

Chapter 6

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF JASON VANWELL

The moment I entered the office of the Countess, my eyes fixed on the "newcomer." Caroline Martin was even more beautiful and desirable than I had hoped. She was without a doubt a girl of great beauty with distinguished social background, all of which was visible at first glimpse. Delicious! Delicious! I hoped she'd provide me with much pleasure. I adore training young ladies!

"You rang, Madame?" I asked as I bowed before the Countess.

"Yes, Jason. Here's Caroline, your new pupil."

I turned to Caroline, who stammered indignantly, "You—you—whoever you are...perhaps you'll stop this ridiculous nonsense. If—If—you have the slightest decency—you—you can't allow a—a woman to—to be treated this way before you! I—I think she must be insane.... Oh, the horrible things she told me!"

I knew what to do. I approached Caroline and, without warning, slapped her violently. "Silence, little wretch!" I snapped at her.

"Ohh! Ohh—you—you—you filthy brute!" she spat.

"This young lady needs to be taught good manners, it seems to me," I said as I turned toward the Countess.

"I—I'll kill you for that! I'll kill you! I'll kill you!" Caroline was visibly beside herself, overcome by a paroxysm of fury at my unexpected gesture.

I slapped her again, harshly, first her right cheek, then the left, with a deft backhanded blow. "I said, 'Be quiet!' " I scolded.

As if shocked by those repeated slaps, she sank back in her chair and began to sob. Her cheeks bore the scarlet imprint of my hand.

"That's the best way to inculcate a feeling for good manners," the Countess said, satisfied.

I nodded. "Have you given her a preview of what awaits her, Madame?"

"Yes, my dear Jason, but I fear that she didn't entirely believe me."

"I shall take charge of convincing her very rapidly." Turning back to the young girl, I glided my hand to the bodice of her silk blouse. "If we might see what's underneath," I suggested slyly.

Caroline writhed in her chair, her gaze murderous. "Don't touch me! You filthy creature, don't touch me, or you'll pay dearly!" Her cultivated voice was low, shuddering with anger. Suddenly she took me by surprise; she bent her head and bit my finger, intending to hurt me as badly as she could. But she only succeeded in scratching the skin before I pulled my hand away. "Pig! Pig! I forbid you to touch me!" she cried.

I plunged my hand into her hair and jerked her head forward. Her hair was soft and thick under my fingers, and when I leaned toward her terror-stricken face, her exciting smell titillated my nostrils. "I'll make you pay for that a little later, young lady," I said. "And when I've finished with you, I don't think you'll want to bite anybody again. But for the moment, I'm going to administer a temporary remedy that will calm you."

She panted savagely like a beautiful animal caught in a trap, and her superb breasts lifted the silken bodice of her blouse in anger and fear. I was happy she was so rebellious, for the pleasure of training her would be only the more intense.

Naturally, at Ben-Abar, I could do exactly what I wanted with her. I was certainly not going to deprive myself of that right, for she excited me enormously. Moreover, our last pupil, Jane Rayner, had already been delivered to her new owner some time ago, and after that enforced abstinence, I found myself in a full period of furious rut. As you will see later on, I am extremely well equipped sexually, and because of my powerful sexuality my erotic instincts are mostly transformed into sadism. But it is a calculated and controlled sadism which permits me to enjoy deliciously those pupils delivered up to my good care.

I passed my hand behind the back of the armchair and unhooked a little steel bar fixed to a ringbolt. The bar was like a horse's bit, about eight inches long with two thin little chains at each end. I fixed one of these little chains to a hook into the wood of the chair, on one side of Caroline's head.

"What—What—What are you going—to—to do to me? No, stop! Oh, you must stop! You—You haven't the right—noooooo!" she began to wail.

I chuckled. "Certainly, I'm going to stop, but till then, kindly open your mouth."

"No! I don't want to! I don't want to!" And she turned her head to the other side, compressing her lips as tightly as she could.

Without hesitating, I grabbed one of her breasts. Taking the nipple between thumb and index finger, I pinched it savagely. As she opened her mouth to cry, I pushed home the steel bar. Before she could budge, I had hooked the chain to the second ringbolt.

She was snared! Immobilized, head rigid, pressed against the back of the chair, the steel bar bit deeply into the stretched corners of her tender mouth. She began to sob, and although it was

evidently very difficult for her to speak clearly, she begged, "N—No! Ahhhh! N—No—it h-hurts! No, oh, oooh!" She tried to move her head, writhing against the leather thongs that pinned her to the chair. All this effort was naturally in vain. With delight, I saw terror replace rage in her beautiful large eyes—eyes that beheld me with incredulous horror when my hand seized the opening of her silken bodice. With a violent gesture, I ripped the fine blouse, making the buttons pop out and tearing the costly fabric. Her magnificent breasts, jumped out into my hands. They were barely veiled by a delicate brassiere of white lace made more to decorate than to uplift, and through that dainty lace, the soft rosy points of her nipples were exquisitely visible.

"Very well done," the Countess remarked. "It's easy to understand why she was so expensive."

I placed my hands on those soft, warm globes and began to caress them with great pleasure, thrilled to violate that superb young girl whose tears were running down her cheeks and whose mouth, distended by the cruel steel bar, grimaced in a forced smile that suggested the very opposite of what she must be feeling.

At the contact of my fingers, she began to writhe and twist again, uttering shrill cries: "No! Oh, don't touch me!" she managed to cry. "Filthy swine—beast—take your hands off me!"

I took away my hands—ah yes—but to slap her breasts violently, making her scream with pain and fear. I slapped her superb titties a good dozen times, and they jiggled out of the brassiere, appearing in all their naked loveliness, splotched by red marks that testified where my blows had fallen. Caroline shrieked with terror. Tears of intolerable suffering poured down her face, immobilized by that steel bit.

"She's a stubborn one!" I grimaced as I turned to the Mistress of Ben-Abar.

"Yes, I think she'll give us a great deal of trouble in straightening her out," the Countess observed, witnessing all this from her

chair. And she added casually, "We're going to see if the whip is capable of calming her a little."

Those words, whose outcome I knew so well, made me shudder with anticipatory pleasure. Smiling with expectancy, I stared at Caroline. Despite the cruel bite of the little steel bar which served as a gag, the frightened girl had managed to move her head slightly to the right, then to the left. Slumped in the chair, naked to the waist with the remnants of her tattered silk blouse dangling on each side of her, her lovely breasts reddened from the slaps I had just bestowed, she cried and groaned, her eyes closed.

Her tears mingled with the saliva that oozed from the corners of her mouth which the disciplinary bar stretched so forcibly....

Chapter 7

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF CAROLINE MARTIN

I was struggling in a horrible nightmare. That was what it was—it could only be that! I was going to wake up.... Yes, soon I'd awaken bathed in sweat in my own bed, overwhelmed by this hideous dream.

But—But the bite of that horrible bar which cut my mouth! Those bonds which fixed me to the armchair...that woman in black who frightened me...and then...that—that horrible man with his vicious smile which terrified me just to see it!

I wasn't dreaming. All this was real. Oh, my God! What had happened? What was going to become of me?

Oh, these wicked people...to do such a thing to me, Caroline Martin! Oh, they'll pay for this, they'll pay dearly! I'll do everything in my power to have them condemned to death, especially that man. To have dared put his hand on me...to have dared to beat

me.... Oh, oh, my poor breasts!

I'll kill him; oh, I swear I'll kill him!

If he touches me again, I'll die. Yes, I'd prefer to die.

And that woman—all the horrible things she's just told me, as if in this day such things were possible!

If it weren't so frightful, it would have been laughable....

The Countess was speaking again. What she said made me shudder with fear. "You're going to be untied, Caroline. Then I'm going to give you my first order. It will be to undress yourself...to make yourself completely naked. If you don't obey, you'll be punished! Is that sufficiently clear?"

She must be mad! Completely naked—as if I'd do such a thing! How could she think of such an insane thing? Punished—you'll be punished, she said. As if I were a Victorian schoolgirl. My word, she must be insane!

"And this is what you'll be punished with if you don't obey my orders," she continued, opening a drawer of her desk and taking out a riding crop. Or, rather, a switch. A yellow wicker switch with a handle sheathed in leather. Suddenly I felt afraid. "If you refuse to obey, I shall whip you with this, and on your bare behind, young lady!"

Rage impaired my speech, driving away my momentary fear. How could one say such disgusting things to me? And in front of a man—oh, those ignoble brutes!

"Untie her."

Jason approached. I felt his hands unhooking the chain and removing the frightful bar from my mouth, then untying the leather thongs which imprisoned me.

Suddenly I was free! I sprang from my chair, jostling him as he leaned over it, and rushed toward the door. Alas, in vain I turned the knob again and again. These monsters had foreseen my reaction and had locked the door. In my desperate rage, I hammered

with my fists and kicked the door with my feet, shrieking, "Brutes! Devils! Let me go! Let me go! Open the door! I want to leave. I want to leave!"

Suddenly conscious of the futility of my angry efforts, I burst into tears and sank down to my knees, instinctively pulling my torn blouse over my naked bosom.

The Countess spoke as calmly as if nothing had happened. "After that little exhibition, I order you to strip naked, Caroline. Undress!"

"No, no!" I sobbed. "What do you want of me? Money? No matter how much...yes, I'll get it for you...but stop this, I beg of you!"

"Undress!" Her voice was icy.

Oh, my God, how could all this be possible? I begged her again to let me go.

I heard her say, "Go get her, Jason. We'll see if a whipping can persuade her better than my words."

I felt myself seized in Jason's arms and lifted from the floor as if I weighed no more than a child. God, how strong that man was, and how he clutched me, hard enough to make me faint! "No," I cried, "Stop! Oh, stop! You haven't any right to do all this, you can't! Stop! Stop!!"

I struggled uselessly, crying like a child. He carried me without paying the slightest heed to my resistance.

"Carry her there to my desk, Jason!"

"N-No!"

But despite my protests, he forcibly laid me face down over that dark wooden desk. The Countess seized my wrists. I felt two metal rings lock against them and immobilize me, as I had been in the chair.

Panic flooded me.

"All right, all right!" I heard myself cry out. "You've won! Yes—I—I'll pay— Tell me what you want, and you shall have it. I've lots of money.... Tell me what you want!"

The Countess responded, "I wanted you to strip naked before us,

but you didn't want to obey, and so you shall be punished."

Then—for the first time—I comprehended that all this was real. These people didn't want money. A savage terror took hold of me. I fought wildly to free myself, panting with fear, but I was powerless.

"Lift her skirt and hoist it to her waist, Jason!"

I shrieked, "No! No—oooooh! No, not that! Not that...you have no right—oh, no!"

But oh, the horrible moment when I felt Jason taking my skirt by the hem and lifting it back over my waist. Though it was a tight skirt, he trussed it up in a few seconds, leaving me half-dead with shame at the thought that he could now see my behind, hardly concealed by my little white silk panties.

"Lower her panties, if you please, Jason," the frightful Countess ordered calmly.

"No! No, I—I beg of you! Oooooh, no, not my panties! No, not that, not that!"

Alas, I shrieked in vain. Oh, how unfortunate I was! At that moment, I would have given every penny I owned—I would have done anything in the world—if only they'd spared me such an abomination. But there was nothing I could do or say, except to struggle in vain and sob with shame knowing that Jason's lustful eyes were fixed on me. With a horror impossible to describe, I felt his hands slip under the elastic waistband of my panties...slowly...oh, how horribly slowly, he drew them down...down...till they reached my knees.

Now I felt myself naked and exposed to their gaze from the waist down. Only a woman can understand the abysmal humiliation in which I was plunged at that moment.

"C-Countess, I—I beg you—how can you act thus...to another woman. It's inhuman...I beg of you, I implore you...stop this...tell me what you want...but for the love of God, spare me!"

I pleaded with all my soul now, for rage had abandoned me.

Only fear remained, a fear that clawed at me.

"I told you what I wanted! You refused to obey! And now you're going to learn what it costs to disobey, which will do you the greatest good, my dear Caroline. Yes, a good whipping will be salutary for you and aid you to better understand your situation here," the Countess explained coldly, without the slightest concern for my tears and prayers.

Oh, I wish I could have died!

There was a long silence broken only by my groans, but I felt them behind me staring at my nakedness.

I trembled uncontrollably.

The silence grew intolerable. What was happening?

Suddenly I heard a strange whistling sound...and, with terrifying force, the switch fell right across my naked buttocks.

It cut my breath short. I had anticipated that it would be severe, that it would hurt me—yes, of course—but never, never as horribly as this!

The pain was so frightful that I couldn't breathe. I couldn't think under the atrocious torment without remembering what I must be showing to those two devils who were standing behind me....

Even before the pain which had made me sob and cry out had diminished the least bit, I heard again that same hideous, brief whistling sound. Again the wicker switch flailed the tender flesh of my bare behind.

An incredible agony slashed my bottom as if it were a white-hot flame.

"Aie! Aie! No! No!"

Convulsed with agony, I writhed still more frenziedly across the desk, driven wild in my frantic desire to escape the next stroke of the switch—but quite in vain! For while I shrieked and wept hot tears, the terrible implement fell for the third time.

"Ah! Yyyaiee! Oh, enough! Enough! Stop! Aie!" At that moment, I would have given my very life to escape another stroke, but to no avail. It fell once more, striping my naked buttocks with as venomous a kiss as the three previous lashes, tearing clamorous shrieks of agony from my panting mouth.

Words cannot describe what suffering I knew from that first whipping at Ben-Abar....

The violent bites and the vigorous fall of the switch sent my very heart rushing to my trembling lips in an explosion of suffering which made me writhe in the most feverish, abandoned manner over the Countess's desk. I heard myself shriek, implore, promise everything...everything they wished. But, of course, without effect!

The fifth cut of the switch belabored my bottom with as much violence as the preceding four, plunged me deeper into an abyss of horrible suffering. Choked by tears and sobs, I no longer thought of my shameful nudity, forgot my initial rage and hatred against my tormentors; yes, forgot even my modesty. I was conscious only of the mad burning of my naked buttocks! And my only desire, no matter what else might happen to me, was to have them stop whipping my behind.

Chapter 8

GENERAL NARRATIVE

After the fifth stroke of the switch, the Countess stopped. She savored the frantic wrigglings and agonized contortions of poor Caroline Martin, stretched out across her desk. Then she glanced at Jason, who stood motionless, a cruel smile curving his sensual lips, his eyes fixed on their victim's naked buttocks.

Both the Countess and Jason were fully aware of the other's pleasure derived. They had worked together too often to hide their feelings. This Caroline was a true beauty, a choice patrician morsel. She was endowed with an extremely proud character, but she was equally sensitive to pain, as she had just shown them. This constituted an ideal combination which would provide limitless pleasure for both of them, and the Countess contemplated with cruel joy the five thin weals which marred the satiny skin of Caroline's lovely white buttocks.

Caroline sobbed and continued to writhe, though less fren-

ziedly. Her buttocks tightened convulsively as they sought to dissipate the ferocious suffering that choked her with groans and tears.

"Now, I hope you've finally realized that we aren't playing games, miss," the Countess declared. "Do you want some more? You know, there's practically no limit to what I can give you."

"N-No...oh, no!" Caroline sobbed.

"Are you going to obey? Will you remove your clothes and show yourself completely naked?"

There was no reply, only a flurry of sobs.

"Do you want to receive the switch again, Caroline?"

Those two excitingly contoured hillocks, striped so piteously by red lines, contracted fearfully as Jason, staring at them greedily, continued to smile. "Oh, no, no!"

"Very well. Release her, Jason."

Now Jason took charge. First he pulled up Caroline's dainty little panties, but not without profiting by stroking the lovely shuddering behind outrageously. Then he lowered his victim's skirt. Finally, moving to the other side of the desk, he opened the metal rings which held the young girl's wrists.

"Stand up!" the Countess ordered.

Groaning, Caroline lowered herself painfully from her altar of martyrdom and managed to stand, though she swayed with weakness and suffering. "If—If you please...if you please...let me go, I—I'll pay you—anything you ask!"

"Money doesn't interest us at all," Jason interposed.

"Then wh-what *do* you want?" Caroline stammered.

"Undress. As we've already told you, we want you naked!"

"But...b-but...not that...n-not like that.... I-I couldn't... Oh, no, I—I couldn't—"

The wicker switch whistled viciously through the air. "The next time, you'll receive a really sound thrashing, Caroline!" the Countess remarked.

"Oh, no, no! Oh, I couldn't bear it!"

The Countess began to laugh. "You're joking, my dear child! Five little taps of a switch? Why, that's nothing! You'll learn to endure much worse—yes, much worse, I tell you. And now, enough of this silliness. Undress, or else, the worse for your behind!"

Caroline hesitated, biting her lips. Then, bursting into heartrending tears, she began to undress before her two torturers. But soon she stopped and stood there. Her cheeks pooled with tears. Then she buried her face in her hands and refused to go on. She was supremely provocative in her brassiere, the little panties, a garter belt holding up her sheer stockings, and high-heeled pumps.

"Hurry and take off the rest. Don't make me lose patience with you!" the Countess scolded, flicking the air with her switch.

"I—I can't...oh, I—I—c-can't! Oh—h-how can you demand this—oh, no! No!" And then, overcome by fear, Caroline again lost control of herself and ran to the door, which she tried frantically to open, sobbing and crying out as she beat her little fists against it so futilely.

Jason began to laugh. How beautiful she was; how she excited him! Indeed, no other girl who had come to Ben-Abar had so aroused him from the very start.

"Very well," the Countess decreed calmly. "I warned you, and you really asked for it, didn't you? This time you shall receive a really good whipping!"

Caroline uttered a cry of terror; maddened, she began to run around the office like a wild animal pursued by a pack of hounds.

"Bring her to me, Jason!"

Jason was skilled in hunting this kind of quarry. In a few moments, despite her frantic kicks and her attempted punches, Caroline felt herself seized and lifted off the floor by his powerful arms. With the end of her switch, the Countess indicated a heavy wooden trestle covered with thick black leather. "Tie her to it and strip her naked." she commanded.

This was the kind of order Jason adored.

He ripped away his victim's brassiere, panties, and garter belt, leaving her only her high-heeled pumps. Then he laid her on the trestle and bound her wrists to the front legs of the apparatus with supple leather thongs.

The unfortunate young girl no longer struggled, seeming to accept her fate passively, as nervous sobs shook her lovely naked breasts, flattened against the black leather surface of this new altar of her oncoming martyrdom. When her arms had been immobilized, Jason bound her legs to the rear legs of the trestle. Since they were rather short, he forced his victim to bend her knees, which promptly opened her thighs, immodestly revealing her exquisite vulva, and her slightly distended naked buttocks.

Those rosy lips fringed by a lovely fawn-colored fleece of pubic curls proffered themselves like a plump pouting mouth. And Jason, more and more aroused by his contact with her warm, fragrant nakedness, could not resist the impulse of posing his lips on that gaping pussy, which redoubled the unfortunate Caroline's tears and protests.

The Countess remarked mockingly: "Come, Jason, you've plenty of time for that. Strap a belt round her waist and put a cushion under her belly, so her bottom will be in good position for the whipping!"

Jason brought over a thick round leather cushion. He slipped it forcibly between the trestle and Caroline's belly, arching up and projecting her naked bottom most obscenely.

Then he passed a wide leather belt around her waist, buckling it tightly under the trestle, which further accentuated the arch of her lovely white back, and forced her to thrust up her buttocks still more lasciviously.

"Lovely little ass!" he remarked lewdly as he insinuated his hand along the groove between Caroline's bare buttocks. His victim resumed denouncing his bestiality, crying out that she would pay anything in the world if only they would stop this frightful game.

The Countess sneered, "You're really hard to convince, Miss

Martin! I've already told you several times that money is of no concern in this affair. You are here to endure a special training, training to satisfy the tastes of the Master who has bought you!"

Caroline's heart broke in despair. The feeble last hope abandoned her, and a wave of terror tore a despairing plaint from her lips. "Oh, surely what you say can't be true!" she sobbed.

"All that I've told you is true, as you will soon see for yourself. For the moment, since you've disobeyed, you're going to be whipped—severely whipped."

"No! Oh, no! No more...oh, no more!"

"Yes! Again—and soundly!"

At those last words, the Countess took her place behind the trestle, in the pose of a flagellant, legs spread, measuring the distance with her wicker switch. Then, raising her arm, with a controlled fury, she brought down the flexible withe full across the defenseless naked behind of the unfortunate Caroline.

The Countess employed three customary methods in applying a whipping: rapid, calm, or slow. On this occasion, she employed all three.

The first five cuts of the switch were applied rapidly, with hardly two or three seconds between each sweep of the flexible withe. These rapid lashes produced an immediate cacophony of cries and shrieks from Caroline. At the first blow, which streaked her naked bottom, her head rose convulsively, her neck stretched so tightly that the tendons seemed to burst through the fine white skin; her eyes mad, her mouth yawning, she began to shriek in suffering, like a dog baying at the moon.

She was bound to the trestle so tightly that she could not move her bottom; but under the frightful pain which burned her flesh, her buttocks began to open and close spasmodically as if trying to diminish the torment. His eyes shining with lustful joy, Jason watched the dance of that delectable naked posterior.

Under the compulsion of that pain, Caroline's vulva contracted, like a pouting mouth. Jason, observing that obscene and uncontrollable reaction, felt his penis surge to full erection.

After the fifth stroke, the Countess slackened her rhythm. Now the cuts of the switch, though dealt out with all the force of her supple arm and wrist, were spaced about twenty seconds apart, which gave her victim more time to experience each lash's violent shock and burning agony.

After the tenth stroke, the Countess paused, then resumed in the slow rhythm of fustigation.

"Do you feel yourself more disposed to obey now?" she panted.

Choking with shrill cries and sobs, poor Caroline was incapable of giving an intelligible answer. The wicker switch whistled furiously as it bit across the captive's lividly streaked netherglobes.

"Are you going to obey now?"

"Aie! Aie! Y-yesssss—ooohhhh—y-yes!" And this time, it was really the truth, a cry torn from Caroline's heart itself.

"Say it, then; say it: 'I promise to obey.'" And another ferocious lash made Caroline's naked buttocks fairly jump.

"I—p-promise to—to o-obey—ooooh! Stoppppp!!!"

The switch whistled once more, evilly kissing the lovely naked behind which bounded under its imperious torment.

"Again! Say it, better than that—say it!"

"Aaaaah! Aaaaah! Ooooh! Sto—stopppppp—y-yes— I—I promise—"

With a sadistic grimace, the Countess raised the switch and with all her might cut it across the plumpest summits of the convulsing hemispheres.

"Again! Say it again!"

"I—I—I pr-pro—promise to—to—obey—oooohhhh!"

The woman's arm rose again, and the wicker withe buried into Caroline's tortured naked flesh, wresting strident shrieks from her frenzied young victim.

"Once again, you little wretch!" the Countess rasped as she furi-

ously cut the switch across the cruelly streaked and swollen nether globes of her powerless victim.

At last she stepped back, her lips curving in a perverse smile. She flung herself down into a thickly upholstered armchair. "Ouf! That made me warm. Now we'll see if this method bears results. But this work has made me thirsty. My dear Jason, ring for some champagne. Then you'll release our young pupil. She, too, must drink to toast her welcome to Ben-Abar."

Chapter Nine

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF JASON VANWELL

After Caroline's whipping I had to give the girl smelling salts and even give her a hypodermic injection, so shaken had she been by this, her very first punishment.

As soon as I had thus managed to comfort her a little, she began to complain that it hurt her a great deal. And it is true that the livid weals which striped her beautiful round bottomcheeks hardly improved her well-being! All our captives suffer a great deal the first time, which of course isn't at all surprising. Later on, helped by training, what they manage to endure is almost incredible—particularly if, like Caroline, they are haughty and stubborn.

Obeying the Countess's order, I unfastened the girl, then helped her slide down from the trestle, while I caressed her titties and slid my hand between her thighs to feel her cunt, which made her protest vehemently. She struggled and repulsed me violently, grinding her teeth in anger like a beautiful tigress ready to attack. Very

good. Very good indeed! I love to handle these haughty, high-strung girls.

"Stand up!" The Countess's voice brought us both back to reality. Caroline straightened with a great deal of awkward, painful hesitation, remaining half stooped over, groaning, her arms crossed modestly over her bosom. This was indeed an understandable reaction. After all, twenty strokes from the Countess's switch hardly constitutes a laughing matter! Especially if they're the first strokes you've ever tasted.

The Countess drummed her gloved fingers against the arm of her chair. It would hardly pay Caroline to abuse her patience. The beautiful little debutante realized that for herself, so she straightened up completely, sniffling all the while.

"Now, Caroline, we're going to see if the lesson you've just had has made you reflect on what conduct is essential here. Hold yourself straight and erect...there...your shoulders back! Cross your hands behind your head! Come, now!"

The Countess rose. Going to her desk, she retrieved the switch she had just placed there and slashed it down on the top of the oak desk. Caroline whimpered in terror hearing that cruel sound and, her cheeks red with shame, hurried to put her hands behind her head as ordered. In that pose, her proud young pointed titties thrust out as aggressively as those of a marble statue.

"Now, spread your legs!"

"Oh! Oooh! P-Please, n-not that!"

The Countess lashed the leather top of the trestle with a still more sinister whistling sound. "Do you wish to feel this again on your behind?"

"Oooooooh! N-No!" Caroline held out her hands in a pitiful gesture of supplication.

"Then obey! Do what I tell you immediately. I warn you that I shan't tell you twice. The next time, you'll find yourself again with your bottom in the air over the trestle!" The Countess was truly an

expert in this kind of discipline, lacing her words with just the most potent kind of threats to impress her pupils.

Caroline, hands tightly clasped behind her head, spread her legs slightly.

"Again! Spread them better than that!"

With a piteous sob, the young girl opened her legs more.

The switch delivered its menacing whistle again. "I said, 'Spread them better than that!'" the Countess exclaimed harshly.

Caroline's long, lovely legs spread still more, till the muscles began to quiver under the soft satiny skin of her thighs. Tears of shame and humiliation rolled down her soft cheeks, falling onto her titties, which shook with her convulsive sobs.

The Countess turned to me. "Now, suppose we drink that champagne, my dear Jason!"

"With pleasure, Madame," I said with a satisfied smile.

Seated in a leather armchair near the Countess, my eyes never took themselves off Caroline. I knew from experience all the reactions that could be expected from this proud young beauty. For the moment, the severe punishment just inflicted on her had crushed her spirit by making her taste a degree of suffering which till then she had never even imagined. Yet, despite her fear, her arrogant nature would surely push her to new resistance. I already felt certain that I should have a very great deal of pleasure from Caroline.

"Good. You may now stand normally." Since we had just finished the bottle of champagne, the Countess pronounced these indulgent words.

Caroline started as if she had just awakened, but it was quite doubtful that our poor little captive could have forgotten the agony which those stripes ornamenting her lovely backside caused her. She moved slowly, all the while groaning pitifully. Her tender flesh had been lacerated by the vicious switching, and each movement she made must have been atrociously painful for her. Instinctively,

she covered her lovely titties with one arm and with her other open hand tried to conceal the curly tufts of her cunthole.

"Enough of that childishness!" the Countess said crossly. "You must show your breasts, your sex, and your behind when you are ordered to do so. Take those hands away at once, or you'll taste the switch again!"

With a little sob, Caroline let her arms fall. I saw the cheeks of our new pupil redden, as much as from the anger which was beginning to be reborn within her—just as I had delightedly suspected, I may add!

"And now, make yourself a little useful," the Countess continued. "Open this second bottle of champagne which you see cooling in the ice bucket there. Come on, hurry!" she scolded, pointing her switch at the ice bucket.

Caroline opened the bottle clumsily. She was less accustomed to serving than being served.

"Take a glass!"

The girl's elegantly manicured fingers trembled as they set bottle and glasses down before us.

"Fill the glasses. And now, let us all lift our glasses and drink a toast to our new pupil. Let's wish her a happy stay at Ben-Abar. I drink to your future progress, Caroline!" The Countess smiled cynically.

We waited, watching her closely. Caroline's lips had begun to tremble uncontrollably. Tears began to run down her cheeks again. At last she lifted her glass: "To—to—my—my f-future—p-progress," she managed faintly.

Alas, though we made her drink several glasses, it didn't seem to procure the joy champagne usually does for people. Finally the Countess glanced at her watch, and I felt a shiver of delight run through me. "Very good, Jason," she said. "I think the time has come for you to take charge of this young girl and to chain her up for the night."

At these words, Caroline's eyes dilated with fright. I rose and went to the desk. From its drawer I took a velvet-covered steel collar, to which was riveted a chain about six feet long. Caroline recoiled when she saw me advancing toward her. "What are you g-going to do?" she stammered, the champagne goblet trembling in her hand.

"Lead you to your cell," I replied.

"C-cell?"

"Your cell, yes," I replied, and, advancing swiftly, I seized her. Oh, how pleasurable it is for me to hold a naked woman, shuddering with fear! She began to struggle, of course, but I was used to such things. In about twenty seconds, I had opened the collar and locked it around her lovely, supple white neck.

The Countess rose and nodded. "Go on, take her away, Jason. And follow the usual procedure. From now on, she is your pupil."

"Very good, Madame. I'm at your orders."

I took the light steel chain in my hands and gave it a little tug.

Caroline recoiled with a cry of fear. "Oooooh! No! You c-can't—you mustn't—leave me alone th-thus—with a m-man!"

She turned imploringly toward the Countess, whose only words were, "Take her away, Jason!"

I opened the door and went on, pulling behind me a naked girl who clutched the chain with both hands, vehemently protesting the ignominy and shame of being thus led away, alone with a man....

Caroline tottered behind me on her high heels. She tried to slow our progress by clutching despairingly at anything she found along the passageway: the guardrail of the stairway, the stone pillar, the doorknobs, while we pursued our pathway through the corridors and stairways of the dungeon. Finally, when we came to the heavy iron door, I drew the bolts and swung it wide open. "Here's the place you'll spend your first night, my beauty! Go on, enter!"

I shoved the door farther open with my foot and made Caroline cross the threshold of the cell by fetching her a good smack on her naked bottom. She uttered a cry in which anger and pain were mingled, and turned toward me, her teeth bared, just like a lovely tigress.

"How dare you? How can you do that to a woman? You—you dirty beast!"

Turning on me, she sprang and tried to claw me with her manicured nails, but I seized one wrist, twisted her round with a good shake, and smacked her naked backside again. Violently, crisply, and this time, not just one, but two good smacks!

It was truly delicious to feel that satiny soft flesh, so temptingly rounded and still streaked by the kisses of the switch, bound under my palm.

"Oooh! Oooh! Aaaa-aaaaaah!"

She was really beside herself, choking with indignation and rage, writhing with a fury that made her beautiful naked titties jiggle as she fought to escape my grasp. But I forced her to advance and at last made her enter the cell. "You're going to have to learn to hold your tongue, young lady," I said to her severely as I gave her another good hard smack on her bare behind.

The cell wasn't very large. In the middle rose a thick wooden pillar which held up the ceiling and on which were fixed, at different heights, metal hooks, ringbolts, and handcuffs dangling from short steel chains. On the floor was a thick woolen rug. The bare stone walls served as supports for various apparatuses and implements intended for different kinds of punishments. There were no windows—only a single electric lightbulb which cast the sinister furnishings into disquieting relief.

Despite Caroline's furious struggles, I forced her arms above her head and imprisoned her wrists in a pair of steel bracelets which hung from the end of a chain set into the ceiling. When this was done, she was almost suspended by her wrists, entirely reduced to helplessness, her head bowed, her body shuddering with sobs.

"Oh! Oooh! Help—oh, help me, someone, help me, please! Oh, you—you filthy animal, you monster! How can you do such things to...to a...y-young girl?"

"I can do quite a number of other things," I replied, admiring her superb nakedness openly.

"Ooooooooh!"

"Thus, I can give you a spanking, if I wish—and *when* I wish! Like that!" And I applied two more hearty slaps on her naked backside, stepping aside quickly to avoid her frantic kicks. Ah, my beautiful pupil had lost none of her aggressiveness; that pleased me greatly! I resumed, "If you want to glance to that side, toward the wall, you'll be able to see a couple of instruments I can put to use, besides my hands, for caressing your bare bottom a little each time your naughty behavior earns such attention."

Caroline turned her head. Her eyes bulged when she saw what hung on the wall. The first article was a long switch quite like the one the Countess had used so recently. The other was made of a leather strap fixed to a short wooden handle. This strap was like a soldier's belt: about a foot long and nearly two inches wide, made of rather thick leather. These two implements were there for the use of the trainers in administering punishments during the first part of a new pupil's special training. Other far more biting switches, thicker straps, birch rods, and whips would be employed as this special stage progressed.

"Nooooo! N-Noooooo!" she began to cry out violently. "You—You—You haven't any right—it can't be true! Oooooh! H-Haven't you f-finished with me th-then?"

I couldn't help laughing. "My dear young miss, why, we've hardly even begun. You've still a great deal of time to learn all you must know to become a perfect slave."

She was panting, teeth grinding together, her large eyes full of desperate tears. I stretched out my hand and, taking one of her satiny, firm titties in my palm, began to squeeze and fondle it.

At once, she writhed to escape my touch; then, lowering her head swiftly, tried to bite me. I simply laughed at her attempts. "You see how much you have to learn! For example, one thing is not to resist when I want to touch you."

"Oooooh! You—You—m-monster!" she shrieked.

I slid my hand down from her panting titty along the gentle, shuddering curve of her belly, and then lower still, to the silky, curly tufts of her cunthole. Calmly, with my fingertips, I parted the hairs which hid the sweet vista of her slit, and I stroked the two plump, warm soft lips.

Struggling like one demented from the end of the chain fixed at the ceiling, she tried to kick at me with all her might. I had to abandon my caresses and leap to one side to avoid her furious onslaught. "What a stubborn, ugly girl you are!" I exclaimed sarcastically. "So sensitive over such a little caress! It's high time you learned better self-control, my beauty!"

And, pinning one arm round her waist to prevent her escaping or kicking me, I resumed spanking her bare bottom while she twisted with rage and mounting indignation.

To begin, I gave her a good dozen solid, well-applied blows on her already-warm bottomcheeks. Then I spaced the cadence so I could lecture her at the same time.

"Tomorrow—"

Smack!

"If you don't pay more attention than this—"

Smaaack!

"It won't be my hand—"

Smmaaack!

"You'll feel on your bottom—"

Smaaaaack!

"But the leather strap—"

Smaaaaack!

"And imagine what you'll feel then!"

Smmaaack!

If you've ever had the pleasure of spanking a chained, naked young woman, you are more likely to appreciate what I felt at this moment. If not, I think your imagination will aid you.

After a few dozen smacks, I stopped the spanking. Caroline no longer struggled; now only violent sobs shook her beautiful naked body.

"Good, Caroline. There's no doubt that tomorrow your first lesson will cause you no little surprise. But now the moment is at hand to prepare you for the night." I went to a heavy ironbound chest, and lifted the top.

Chapter 10

GENERAL NARRATIVE

Jason Vanwell opened the chest placed near the wall and took out something which at first glance bore a slight resemblance to an attractive chrome parakeet cage. It was round and had a little door, just like an actual birdcage. Only there was no bottom. But that door had a strange anomaly. Soldered to the flexible wire lattice was a tiny steel bar about an inch and a half long, pointing horizontally toward the center of the cage. It ended in a ball as large as an apricot, studded with tiny little metal points, not unlike a horse chestnut.

This apparatus known at Ben-Abar as the Silver Cage, served to punish and discourage all pupils who had ever tried to bite their trainer. Though she did not yet know the purpose of this singular device, Caroline's eyes widened with fear to see it in Jason's hands. The object's sinister aspect already terrorized her.

"Caroline," he told her, "you've already twice tried to bite me this

evening, and almost succeeded once. Moreover, you've done nothing to moderate your language. On many occasions, you've gone so far as to insult both the Countess and myself. To punish you for all this, I'm going to shut your head up in this lovely little cage."

With these words, he lifted the device above Caroline's head. She was petrified with fear. Holding the little door open, he opened the cage itself into two sections. Then, despite her frantic attempts to move her head away from the instrument of torment, he placed the back section of the cage behind her and, taking advantage of a favorable moment, closed the front part swiftly and bolted it carefully.

Caroline uttered a cry of horror. Now her frightened face could be seen only through the steel latticework of the cage, its base forming an iron collar which imprisoned her white neck. Only the little door with its tiny bar and its spiked ball remained open, exposing her trembling red mouth.

"It's rather heavy and uncomfortable, isn't it?" he asked. "However, let me warn you that I shall subject you to things far more irksome than this if you don't improve yourself quickly or if you continue to show yourself recalcitrant." He paused to let his menacing words sink in, then continued imperturbably, "And now I'm going to close this little door. But for that, as you can see, you must open your mouth."

The round ball with its terrible little spikes bumped against Caroline's clenched teeth.

"Open your mouth!" he repeated sternly.

A cry of refusal escaped through her pearly teeth, locked by fear.

"So you again choose to disobey my order?" He let go of the little door and stepped back a few paces.

"B-But—y-you're going to hurt me—you're going to injure me!" Caroline wailed.

"It's normal for the device to hurt you," he replied. "Only in that

way will you learn to pay attention. Now, are you going to open your mouth?"

Again Caroline's teeth clenched desperately as she saw the steel ball approach.

"Very well!" was his calm reply. "You will simply taste the strap a little sooner than I'd thought."

He went to the bare stone wall and unhooked the wide leather thong. Seeing him brandish the instrument, Caroline began to leap about, trying to escape, crying out her terror.

He brought down the strap violently, and the leather cruelly bit into the soft, tender buttocks of the naked captive. *Thhhhhhhhwaaaaaccccck!!!*

An agonized shriek rent the air.

"I must teach you that disobedience doesn't pay with me," he growled.

And again, *Thhhhhhhhhhhwaaaaaaccccccck!!!*

"Yyaaauiiiiiiiieeeeee! Aaaaaaahhh! Aahhh!!!"

Caroline's behind bounded and writhed convulsively. The wave of burning suffering which ravaged her tender flesh at each ferocious attack of the strap was incredibly painful.

"I—I'll o-obey!" she began to shriek. "Ohh, stop! Stopppppppp!!!"

A smile of cruel satisfaction curved his lips. What a pleasure to have such a charming, beautiful creature at his disposal and to be able to flog her so viciously!

Thhhhwaaaaaccccck!!!

"Aaaaaaggghh! Aaaaaggghh!!"

Locked in the steel cage, Caroline's head flung back each time she shrieked her torment at the cold stone walls. Methodically, ferociously, Jason applied five more strokes of the heavy leather thong across Caroline's bounding behind. The wide red welts left by the thong now hid the thinner stripes left earlier by the Countess's switch. Caroline hung by her wrists at the end of her chain, sobbing hysterically. Never, never had she thought such suffering possible!

Jason replaced the thong on its hook and returned to his victim,

drowned in tears. "It hurts, doesn't it?" he asked sarcastically. "That's the punishment for your disobedience. I hope now, my dear Caroline, that you're going to open your mouth?"

Choked by tears and sobs, Caroline could not answer coherently. But, after a few seconds of hesitation, at last her mouth opened wide.

"That's better," he pronounced. "It's always a pleasure to see how a good thrashing with the strap works on the most rebellious natures."

Then he closed the little door. The steel ball fixed at the end of the tiny rod disappeared into Caroline's mouth, and Jason bolted the little door. Caroline let a stifled groan escape her, a groan that was transformed into a cry filled with despair and horror, at the same time trying to recoil or turn her head; alas, locked in that steel cage, there was absolutely no chance for her to escape its torture.

The little steel spikes which studded the entire surface of the ball must have tortured the tender mucous membrane of her palate and tongue, despite poor Caroline's forcing herself to open her mouth wide to avoid the pain.

"It's bad, isn't it, my pretty one?" Jason remarked calmly. "But the next time you have a notion to bite or say naughty words, you've only to think of this charming little cage, and I'm sure that will help you a great deal in being polite."

Caroline uttered a horrible groan. Such treatment was even beyond what she could have conjured up in her worst nightmares. She found herself entirely naked under the eyes of a man she had never seen before—chained and unable to do anything to free herself. Her poor behind was now a shivering mass of weals and stripes which burned her flesh atrociously. Her head was locked in a cage, and a horrible ball studded with sharp little points was torturing her tender mouth.

She wanted to die—but, alas, the injection which had been given her did not permit her even the respite of a merciful fainting spell.

Jason observed Caroline's torments with lascivious pleasure. "Since you're new here," he announced magnanimously, "I'll let you wear the cage only two and a half hours. However, if you repeat the same faults, you shall be locked up in it for five hours. And, if necessary, for ten! Do I make myself clearly understood?"

Naturally, Caroline was quite incapable of replying. Her heartbreaking groans continued to emerge from the cage, while tears flooded her lovely, terrified face.

Jason glanced at his watch. "I'll return at midnight and take off the cage. Then it will depend only on you, Caroline, whether you receive a second dose of the strap tonight. Think of that.... Think what it feels like under the leather strap...and I think it will help you a great deal in becoming submissive and obedient."

Caroline had listened to his homily, and she nodded to try to convince him that if only the cage were taken off right now, she would truly be ready to show herself submissive and obedient.

To be sure, she didn't know what would be asked of her—but at that moment, she felt she would do anything to end this torment. Unfortunately, she was yet to learn that at Ben-Abar the trainers never went back on a promise of punishment or its duration. And now, for a moment which seemed to her a veritable eternity, Caroline had to endure the contact of Jason's prying hands on her breasts, her bottom, and her vulva. Then he left her, went to the heavy door, opened it, and closed it with a clang. The heavy bolt slammed home.

Now she found herself alone, the prey of her intolerable agony, as much mental as physical. Despair swept over her, and she began to sob hysterically, her body shaking from her ankles to her wrists hauled high above her head by the chain bolted into the ceiling.

With a light heart, Jason returned to the Countess. Ah, things were taking a very good turn. The future had never seemed so bright to him, especially when he began to think of all the things he would

do to Caroline and also those things he was going to force her to do....

The Countess was writing a letter. She raised her head and eyed him questioningly. "I've just locked her up in the Silver Cage and also given her a little foretaste of the strap," he explained as he sank down into an armchair with a sigh of contentment.

"That seems quite good. Anything else?"

"Well, naturally, I permitted myself to touch and fondle her a little bit."

The Countess smiled with amusement. "Knowing you as I do, the opposite would have astonished me. I dare say that only your sense of discipline kept you from fucking her?"

Jason nodded. "That's perfectly correct, Mistress. I had to make quite an effort not to fuck her, but you need have no fear. You know I never lose control of my actions. I shall wait till you give me the order to fuck her...as usual."

"You won't have long to wait, dear Jason. But I don't absolutely forbid you to amuse yourself with her till that time. Quite the contrary, you may enjoy yourself with her as much as your heart dictates, with the exception of any penetration, and I stipulate that even though she isn't a virgin—at least, not in front. So, then, enjoy her as you know how: suck her, have yourself sucked by her; masturbate yourself or masturbate her; fuck her in her mouth or between her breasts! Besides, she has very beautiful breasts which ought to serve marvelously for that kind of special pleasure. Yes, I think one couldn't do more salutary things to a girl with such a fiery spirit. Think, my dear fellow, that she had the effrontery to slap the face of the man who's bought her from us, and simply because he put his hand on her knee. And over her dress, remember. Imagine, then, what she'll feel when you let yourself go."

Jason remained impassive. Finally he said, "I can very well imagine and also divine her reactions. That promises me quite a few satisfactions, as you can doubtless guess."

"Very good," the Countess retorted ironically, "I love men who do their work with such enthusiasm."

Then Jason began to laugh. "You work very late tonight," he remarked.

"Not really. Besides, I was just finishing. I was composing a cable to one of our agents, Lady Fiona Savage, who is our contact in London. I think she'll communicate it to Basil Rothberg, for whom we're preparing Caroline."

"Oh, yes?"

"The telegram says: 'C. M. arrived in excellent state. The training has already begun. C. has already received a first foretaste of discipline with the whip. At this very moment, she is naked, chained in the dungeon of our general quarters. More detailed reports will follow. Signed, C.' Naturally, all that's in code. What do you think of it? I can easily imagine Mr. Rothberg's shock when Lady Fiona hands him this."

"Hmmm. Yes. I'll bet he'll be more impatient than ever to advance the date of delivery," Jason chuckled. Then he rose, bowed to the Countess, and left the room.

Chapter 11

GENERAL NARRATIVE, CONTINUED

A few minutes before midnight, Jason Vanwell visited the dungeons again. This time, he had taken off the white silk shirt and black trousers he usually wore and put on a black silk bodysuit which sheathed him like a second skin from ankles to collarbone. A narrow judiciously placed slit allowed his penis and testicles to emerge; by contrast with the black silk, his sexual organ seemed abnormally and obscenely long and thick. His feet were shod in red leather heel-less Turkish slippers.

It was actually the costume he donned at every training session, save when it took his fancy to be as naked as the pupil. He drew the bolt, entered the cell, and stared through the latticework of the Silver Cage, savoring the desperate eyes of the unfortunate Caroline.

"Do you still feel a desire to bite, my beauty?" he demanded.

There was a prolonged groan. Then—in the cage—Caroline shook her head.

"Good. At any rate, we'll soon see."

He lifted the latch of the little door, drew out the spike-studded steel ball, bolted the two sections of the cage, then took it off. A profound groan of the most intense relief escaped Caroline as her head bent toward her bosom in exhaustion, while heartrending tears trickled down her flushed cheeks onto her passionately swelling breasts.

"Do you feel a little better disposed toward submission now, Caroline?" Jason demanded.

"Y-Y-yes," Caroline groaned. She desired only one thing: to be left alone, to be tormented no more.

"When you address yourself to me or reply to my questions, you must always say 'Sir' or, better still, 'Master,'" he informed her. "It's a mark of respect to me, as well as the mark of your status as a slave. Each time you omit or forget that formality, you will make the acquaintance of this." Striding toward the wall, he took down the heavy leather thong, then went back to her. "Now, I ask you again. Do you feel yourself better disposed to submission?"

With a look of pain and horror, she raised her head.

He moved around behind her. Caroline tried to evade physical contact with him, by moving forward several steps, but the steel chain lifting her arms prevented more than a slight movement of this kind. Following her, he put his arms round her body and cupped her naked breasts, drawing her back against his body.

Trembling with rage and revulsion, Caroline felt the warm, obscene contact of his half-erect penis against her whip-sensitized naked bottom. It prodded her, as if to delve between those two satiny hemispheres which contracted in horror and disgust. Was it possible that such a vile thing could happen to her, the beautiful, seductive, *important* Caroline Martin?

Without being aware of it, she uttered a groan of protest. If at the moment she could have killed him just by lifting her little finger, she would have done so without the slightest remorse. She felt a

mounting nausea as she sensed the hardening of his heavy virility against her shuddering flesh; she wanted to shriek, but the terrible memory of the Silver Cage crowded back into her throat, already choked by sobs as it was, all the curses that leaped into her tormented brain.

His lips curving in a smile of sadistic lubricity, Jason at last released her panting bare breasts, but not before he had tweaked her tensing nipples slyly. He now placed his hands on her burning buttocks and pulled them apart, his fingers gliding into the velvety moist furrow. Now his penis, in rampantly full erection, pointed savagely against her defenseless naked behind.

Suddenly, feeling the contact of the thick, plum-shaped meatus against her anus, and sickened by fear and revulsion, Caroline forgot all prudence. She began to struggle again, seeking furiously to escape that odious, lewd constraint. She cried out. "Let me go—let me be! You filthy swine! You dirty brute! How dare you! You vile wretch!"

For a few moments, Jason pretended not to hear. He continued to fondle her indecently, sliding his entire hand between the lovely naked buttocks to palpate lingeringly the plump orifice of her vulva and the secretive, crinkly anus, paying not the slightest heed to her despairing cries. Then he let her go and stepped back.

"I'm going to teach you to hold your tongue, miss!" He raised his arm. Then the heavy leather strap fell, directed across the huddling twin globes of her naked behind with all his strength.

Once... *Ttttttthhhwwaaaaackkk!!!!*

Twice... *Ttttthhwwwaaaaaaackkkk!!!*

"Since you insulted me again, I shall lock you up in the Silver Cage for five hours," he pronounced.

Rage left Caroline as swiftly as it had taken hold of her. The terrible slashes of the strap had much to do with her conversion, yet overall the terror and suffering of these past hours wrenched a new outpouring of shrill cries and sobs from her: "N-No—n-no—I d-didn't m-mean—ahh—to—to say it—I—I couldn't h-help

m-m-myself—n-no—ohh n-*nooooooo*—I—I won't say it again...S-Sir!"

Jason felt a maddening pleasure surge through every fiber of his being. Again the strap slashed down—*Tttttthhwwaaaaackkk!!!!*

"Will you start it over again?" he shouted. He swept the thong over her writhing naked posterior with all his strength... *Tttttthhwwaaaaaackkk!!!*

"Will you?" *Tttttttthhwwaaaaaaaackkk!!!*

"Eh? Filthy little slut—will you start it again?" *Ttthhwwaaaackkk!!!!*

Under the repeated shock of the thick leather thong, Caroline uttered frightful screams and struggled like a madwoman.

Tttttthhwwaaaackkk!!!!

"Ahr—stopppppp—n-no—noooooo—I—I swear it—I—I won't start it again—"

Tttttthhwwaaaaaackkk!!!!

"You swear it," Jason mocked her. "Yes, you promise now. But I don't think you're really sincere, Caroline."

Tttttthhwwwaaaackkk!!!!

"I'm going to train you to obey, really obey!"

Again he raised the strap, then made it crack furiously against Caroline's lovely naked bottom. Once...twice...a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth time.

Mad with agony, her eyes haggard, shrieking like an animal, Caroline thought of only one thing: to feel no more such lashes, to be at last delivered from her frightful fetters. Finally, after an eternity, as it seemed to her, her wish appeared to be granted, but surely not because she desired it—simply because such was her trainer's good pleasure!

Jason unlocked Caroline's handcuffs. Her resistance crushed, she slumped down on the thick woolen rug, groaning pitifully. She lay on her side, her knees drawn up, a hand feverishly rubbing her horribly burning buttocks, swollen by the long, thick weals imprinted by the heavy thong. She wanted to lie there always—to die like that—if only nothing more would happen to her.

But it was not to be. Jason's pitiless voice drew her from her torpor.

"Get on all fours!"

"Oh...oooooh! N-No...I—I—b-beg of y-you.... Don't beat me any more.... *Noooooo!*"

Tttttthhwwaaaaaaaaackkk!!!!

The thick leather fell like a fiery brand across her scarlet buttocks. Caroline wriggled desperately and shrieked in torment.

"Do what I told you!"

Sobbing with terror, the young girl placed herself on all fours.

"Now don't move. Otherwise, all you've had so far will feel like a gentle caress compared with what I'll give you. I want to inspect you. Spread your knees! Better than that, now...there—now don't stir!"

Shaken with sobs, Caroline, her body stiffening with horror, felt his hands pass between her thighs and palpate the lips of her vulva obscenely. His grazing fingers pushed aside the soft silky hairs which hampered him and forced open the lips of her slit. Revolted, sick with shame, the lovely Caroline fought off the mad impulse to resist the obscene caresses of her tormentor. Leaning over the naked body of his beautiful pupil, Jason was rapt in contemplation, his eyes glistening with rut. "What a lovely cunt! Ah, you've really got a lovely little cunt, dear Caroline! I'm sure you must fuck like a queen. Tell me, are you really a good fucker?" he gloated in a familiar tone for the first time, in token of his mastery over the unfortunate captive.

Choked with tears, Caroline was truly incapable of answering so indecent a question.

"A pity I can't fuck you right now. But you'll lose nothing by waiting, I promise you! I'll teach you to love big hard pricks. With a lovely cunt like yours, it'll be a true pleasure!" As he mouthed these lascivious words, he pried open the rosy petals of her anus and dug one of his fingers into it. This last indecency exceeded all

Caroline could endure. Sobbing, she escaped her trainer's grasp and flung herself flat on the rug, weeping as if her very heart would break.

Jason smiled at her for a moment, while with one hand he caressed his enormous naked penis, thrust out like an iron stake. What a pleasure it would be to fuck her, to impale her, violently, savagely...make her cry, shriek under a good rogering! He well knew the power of his massive ramrod and recalled other victims, other rapes....

Unfortunately, for the time being, he had to control himself; he could enjoy her only when he was permitted to. Such had been the Countess's edict, and he had not the slightest desire to disobey her orders.

"Get up at once!" he ordered sharply. "And kneel down before me!"

Out of the fear of once more feeling the terrible kisses of that dreadful leather thong, Caroline hastened to obey his order. Nonetheless, a terrified groan emerged from her trembling lips after taking the commanded pose. For hardly an inch away from her face, sticking out of the black silk tights, thrust Jason's enormous penis. Her eyes staring, her jaws trembling with stupefied horror, Caroline stared at the thickest, most monstrously huge cock she had ever imagined.

The huge meatus seemed fairly to burst forward from the turgidly veined shaft. And under that shaft dangled two heavy balls big as hens' eggs!

"A tasty tidbit, eh, my dear?" he chuckled, as, shaking himself, he made his huge penis jog up and down in a horribly obscene movement. Caroline drew back, closing her eyes frantically to escape that hideous vision, but Jason plunged both hands into her hair till she cried out with pain. He forced her back toward the loathsome object. "Look! Look at it!" he commanded harshly. "Look at it. Have you ever seen a better one? It's for you...all for you!"

Her eyes stared hypnotically, rolling up to the whites from the vicious traction his fingers enforced on her disheveled hair. Caroline's body was shaken by involuntary tremors. She groaned ceaselessly, like a terrified puppy fascinated by a venomous snake.

"Yes," Jason went on. "Yes, it's all for you, beautiful slave! For your cunt, my lovely miss, for your mouth, for your ass—all for you!"

Moving forward toward that lovely agonized and immobilized face, he twisted his hips, and his heavy penis slapped Caroline's tear-stained cheeks with a moist, exciting smack. "A pity it's so late and that the time has come to prepare you for the night. I'd have loved to play with you a little. However, it's put off only for a while, my beauty. Now get up and follow me at once!"

He led her to the wall, to a place where a huge iron hook was fixed; from it dangled a thin gleaming steel chain attached to a thick leather collar with a spring lock. He buckled the collar around Caroline's neck. Broken by all she had already endured, she had no thought of revolt.

Jason declared, as his penis dwindled slowly, "I've decided to be indulgent with you, in view of your inexperience. I had first thought of sentencing you to the Silver Cage for five hours, which is to say till tomorrow morning, to punish you for your evident bad will and for what you said."

Caroline uttered an indistinct groan.

"However," he continued, "I shan't do it. Nevertheless, understand that if your arrogant behavior occurs tomorrow, I shan't hesitate for an instant!"

Caroline began to weep at this unhoped-for reprieve.

"Th-Th-Thank you...S-Sir.... Ohh...th-thank you," she whispered.

His lips curved in a crafty smile. "However," he went on calmly, "your conduct cannot be totally ignored. So—and let me warn you now—in order that you may make your mind up well in advance on how to act tomorrow morning, when I come to take charge of

you, the first thing I shall do will be to apply twelve strokes of the switch on your naked bottom."

At the announcement of this unexpected punishment Caroline's breath was cut off by a terrified gasp. Her beautiful large doe eyes sent Jason a despairing appeal for mercy while fresh tears began to roll down her cheeks. Yet in the midst of this new, atrocious distress, one faint hope remained: perhaps Jason had told her that only to terrify her, and actually he would not switch her after all.

Jason checked the lock of the thick leather collar, then made Caroline lie down on the warm woolen rug and, squatting down beside her, sucked her nipples voraciously while he slid a hand between her thighs, then between her buttocks to tickle her anus, in order to increase her feeling of total helplessness.

"Sleep well and have good dreams," he jested as he straightened. "Think of this—be sure not to forget!" he chuckled, gesturing to his penis, in half-erection, yet still a monstrous sight. Caroline uttered a dull groan. As if she could forget that horror!

Jason contemplated her with a satisfied smile on his cruel face. Stretched out on her side so as to ease the torment of her swollen and still-burning buttocks, she stared back at him with eyes filled with tears and fright.

"It's quite warm here—you don't need a cover," he added after he had turned out the light and was ready to leave. The heavy door closed with a clang, the bolts thrust home.

Caroline found herself alone with her thoughts, overtaken by the horror of all that had happened to her, and by the terror of all that was yet to happen.

Meanwhile, back in London, Basil Rothberg was seated in his luxurious flat. Lady Fiona Savage had just left him after having come to relay a personal message. That message, of course, was the cable from the Countess which she had received that same morning and which, after decoding, she had transcribed for her client.

Basil Rothberg mopped the fine drops of perspiration from his temples as he read again the message which brought him news of his future slave. He could hardly believe his eyes. It was almost incredible—too good to be true! Caroline Martin, that arrogant young beauty, had already received the whip! For perhaps the tenth time, he reread those titillating words. The message Lady Fiona had given him had said that she had been given the switch and also the leather thong, several times already.

Perhaps the switch was the very one he had seen used in the film on Jane Rayner's naked behind, he thought with mounting delight; and in his febrile imagination, he pictured Caroline in Jane's place, seeing her lovely weaving, jerking naked buttocks, striped pitilessly....

It was already exquisite, just to think of it!

What would it be like when he himself held the switch?

Caroline stark naked.

Caroline chained.

Caroline...whipped!

Incredible.

Incredibly marvelous. Oh, let the moment be soon when she would be delivered to him...soft, submissive slave to all his lusts, slave to his most complete pleasures!

He rose, poured himself a glass of brandy, and drank it slowly. Then, approaching the fireplace, he carefully burned the message as Lady Fiona had suggested. Then he went to his bedroom and undressed. "I'll go to bed naked and think of her," he murmured to himself.

Before getting into bed, he stopped before a tall mirror to admire the rigid thrust of his penis. What an admirable organ it was! He could truly boast of being well endowed there...a handsome cock, worthy of a stallion itself!

He amused himself by caressing it gently, smiling with joy to feel the exceptional weight and the animal warmth of his organ which heated his palms as he stroked it.

When Caroline Martin belonged to him, he thought as he stretched out in bed, he would impose his thick, heavy prick on her in every possible way. As he thought of the vulgar words by which he would make her salute his emblem of manhood, he shuddered. Then, smiling, he began to masturbate very slowly.

Chapter 12

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF CAROLINE MARTIN

A long time passed before I could find sleep during that first night of my captivity. My mind was still too shocked by all the horrors I had endured.

Beaten by that dreadful Countess, subjected to the burning cuts of that wicker switch...again and again and again.

Rigidly chained, all naked, by Jason, in that cell...to have felt myself touched so ignobly, all over my body, and unable to resist it.

To have endured the horrible blows of that terrible strap, shrieking with suffering, begging and imploring mercy, all in vain.

When he finally abandoned me in the darkness after a last outburst of obscenities, I wept and lamented in my wretchedness over my dreadful fate, trying to find in spite of all this some little courage in the hope of eventual escape.

In the end, I suppose that, broken by physical and emotional fatigue, I fell into a deep sleep.

Then I awoke.

Instinctively, the nightmare of the day before flashed back into my mind. It would have been difficult for me to forget it. My poor behind still hurt me a lot, my neck was encircled by the leather collar whose chain riveted to the wall held me prisoner, and I was stark naked, lying on the thick woolen rug.

I didn't know whether it was daylight yet or not, for the darkness in this cell was complete, and not a sound filtered through the thick walls of this dungeon. Was it already morning, or had I slept only a short time?

At any rate, I was most uncomfortable, for I had a frantic urge to make pee...and of course, being bound, there was no way to budge, to go anywhere to do it.

Suddenly, I felt a terrible nausea at the pit of my stomach, and I began to tremble in anguish. That horrible Jason could enter at any moment, and I had just remembered what he had promised he would do when he came in. He was going to whip me with the switch.

At that recollection, I felt myself overcome with panic. He was going to do that to me—and I could do absolutely nothing to stop him.

My poor behind still hurt me so much—oh, no, I couldn't bear it, I knew I couldn't!

Like a wild animal, I began to drag frantically on my collar and the chain. It was stupid, of course, but in view of the circumstances, quite excusable.

I stood up, trembling with terror. Tears began to run down my cheeks. Oh, wasn't there any hope, any escape, possible for me?

Hope?

Perhaps if I begged him...if I promised him never, never again to say ugly things to him; if I promised him to bite my tongue, no matter what. If I promised sincerely enough—yes, sincerely—then perhaps...perhaps...

I didn't want to get the switch! Oh, no, I couldn't stand it!

I'd call him "Sir," or even "Master." I'd submit—I'd promise him that. I—I'd even try not to say anything or move if he wanted to—to touch me again as he had done with his hands...and...and even with his horrible thing.... Yes, yes, I'd do it, if only he wouldn't whip me anymore!

My heart seemed to burst in my bosom when I heard the bolts slide back and saw the door open. Jason entered.

He was clad—if one can call it that—as he had been late last night, in black silk tights from which I could see his naked...thing. It turned my stomach to see that monstrous organ. It was revolting!

"Good morning, Miss Martin. I hope you spent a good night?"

Oh, God! How could he speak so? How could he treat a young girl that way?

He came forward. With a shiver of terror, I noticed a long switch in his right hand. I leaped up and pressed myself, panting, against the cold stone wall. "Nooooo! Oh, please, oh, please, Sir—S-Sir...I'll do all you order me to do...but pl-please, d-don't wh-whip me!"

I was desperate. What more could I do? What else could I say?

He grabbed my hair, drawing my head forward and staring right into my eyes. Oh, God, what a horribly icy gaze he had!

"You promise to do absolutely all I order you to do?" he asked. "How nice of you! I didn't expect to obtain such a complete or rapid submission from you!" And he smiled as he tugged my hair. Through the tears which blurred my eyes—it hurt me so—I saw with horror his frightful, vicious smile. "In spite of that, you're still going to receive the switch on your lovely naked ass!"

"Oh, h-have pity!" The word escaped my lips; yet never in my life would I have thought myself able to utter it, to beg mercy, no matter what would ever happen to me!

"You must not hope for any pity, Caroline, so long as you are disobedient. And you've hardly begun to learn the first rudiments

of obedience." He smiled horribly as he said that. I felt myself grow sick with fear.

"Look, my beauty!" He showed me the switch. "See? It isn't the same one with which your darling backside was already kissed so burningly." He chuckled lewdly. "This one is made from a whalebone stay, such as is used in a corset. I assure you its effect is far superior to that of the simple wicker switch. You will be able to perceive its effects for yourself very soon, and you may believe me when I tell you!"

Despite myself, I stared, fascinatedly, at the thin strip of whalebone which oscillated so menacingly before me. No thicker than one's little finger, about a foot long, it was rounded and white as ivory.

Jason let go of my hair and bent the switch in two to show me its suppleness. Amusing himself for a few moments by frightening me, he put aside the switch and began to unhook the chain fastened to my collar.

"On your knees!" he ordered. And I knelt, my heart beating till I thought it would burst. Each fiber of my being shivered with apprehension.

"Now, for the last time, I order you to put your face flat against the rug and to lift up your charming behind."

Can you imagine a young girl's receiving a more dreadful order? Can you?

"F-For the l-love of G-God—how can you ask that of me?" I quavered. I cast an entreating look at him frightfully, conscious of my nakedness, my weakness and my vulnerability. Conscious, too, of the terrible obscenity of the pose he had asked me to take before him.

"If you persist in not obeying immediately when I give you an order, Caroline, it won't be twenty-five but fifty strokes that you'll receive!" he declared coldly. "Now, for the last time—I order you to hoist your backside in the air!"

What could I do? There was no hope, no possibility of escape for me. Sobbing with terror, I bent over till my breasts pressed against the woolen rug.

There was a brief whistling of the white switch—

Suddenly, a horrible pain swept across my buttocks. An intolerable suffering radiated through my poor behind. Under the terrible shock of that violent cut, I fell flat on my belly, kicking and wriggling in my agony. It was worse—much worse than I had suspected. The whalebone switch caused much more frightful pain than the wicker withe.

As soon as I had got back my breath, I began to cry out my suffering. Having turned over onto my back, through my tears, I could see him standing, his feet planted astride my helpless body. In spite of my distress, I could not help noticing with horror that his big naked sex organ began to stiffen and throb like an animal's.

"You're going to get twenty-five just like that one," he announced to me with his frightful smile.

"Nooo! No! Oooh! Noo!" I wailed, for terror had made me hysterical.

"Perhaps you'd prefer to feel the whalebone's caress on your lovely little titties?" he threatened, brandishing the terrible switch above my bosom. The mere thought of such a thing was so dreadful in itself that I turned over onto my belly automatically, to protect my bosom. And at once Jason applied a violent cut of the switch over my buttocks which I had presented to him so amiably. Again, I began to shriek out my suffering, twisting and kicking on the rug.

"Two... You seem to me to be quite sensitive, and something of a baby, Caroline. Isn't that so, my charming beauty?"

"P-pity—p-p-pity—" I sobbed. "D...Don't hit me again...oooh! No...n-n-not again!"

"I want to see that lovely little bottom up in the air—at once!"

The whalebone switch whistled its menace above my breasts; automatically, fear made me turn over onto my belly.

"Aaaaahhhhh!"

A wild shriek tore from my agonized throat. A new lash from the whalebone had just frightfully striped my buttocks, hurting me so much that I couldn't hold myself back. I began to pee while I sobbed with shame and pain.

Jason immediately discovered what had happened to me and, laughing sadistically, told me that if I didn't stop at once, he would whip me "right on your pretty cunt!" My terror was redoubled at that incredible threat. With an effort which made sweat break out on my forehead, I managed to halt the flow of my urine.

"You act like a baby! You've no shame," he chuckled. "Come, stand up! You'll go satisfy your little need, filthy little bitch, but I warn you that you're going to pay for your nasty behavior with more lashes to teach you manners!"

Chapter 13

GENERAL NARRATIVE

Jason chuckled cruelly while he caressed his penis now in full erection, as Caroline rose painfully, uttering heartbreaking groans. Then he led her toward what, at first glance, seemed to be the continuation of the wall of heavy stones. Pressing on a little projection of one of the stones, he stepped back. An electric motor hummed and, a section of the wall pivoted on an axis like a door.

Caroline's eyes widened with surprise when she saw a luxurious little bathroom, all in pink and white, gleaming with chrome and mirrors, whose opulence contrasted incredibly with the medieval austerity of her cell.

"Here's the place you'll tidy up," said Jason, "and where you'll keep up your beauty, for the Countess and I insist that you be always coiffed and made up in impeccable style, failing which your backside will be subjected to the switch. Go on, get in there!"

Caroline, hesitated fearfully. Was this a trap?

But Jason didn't hesitate. Lifting his arm, he swept a violent cut of the whalebone over the naked buttocks of the young English girl. "I said, 'Get in!'"

Caroline needed no further encouragement. With a wail of pain, she sprang forward, both hands clutching her burning buttocks frantically. "Obey when I tell you to," he scolded, again lashing the beautiful bare behind delivered to his merciless sadism.

One large section of the room was occupied by a pale pink tub, and in one corner a little door opened on a small toilet room, whose two unusual features were the Turkish seat and the fact that the room itself was completely mirrored—floors, walls, and ceiling. Jason pushed her inside and forced her to squat down in front of him despite her tears of humiliation and her feverish protests. Thanks to the mirrors, he could see her vulva open like a mouth under the fawn-hued tufts of her pubis, while a golden liquid trickled down the bowl.

When she was finished, Caroline wept, destroyed by shame.

"Now that you've finished this little need of yours," he intoned with a cruel smirk, "let's go back to our affairs. Go put yourself just as you were, your backside up in the air, for I'm far from having finished with you, my beauty!"

Without the slightest warning, he swept the whalebone violently over her two satiny bottomglobes while Caroline uttered a shrill howl.

The cell began again to be filled with cries of wild suffering as poor Caroline was plunged into the torments of her fustigation. Maddened with pain, it seemed to her that Jason was using a white-hot steel wand on the tender, ultrasensitive flesh of her poor martyrized behind.

Chapter 14

GENERAL NARRATIVE, CONTINUED

In this horrible fashion, Caroline received the twenty-five announced strokes, plus the promised supplement of ten additional lashes.

Jason was panting, his forehead damp with sweat. He had the erection of a stallion, and his monstrous penis jerked convulsively with pleasure in spasms that straightened it up against his belly almost vertically.

With a cynical, satisfied smile, he contemplated his naked victim, so pitifully shaken by uncontrollable sobs, while abusing her with his obscene compliments and commentaries which made her shudder with horror even through the intense burning suffering which radiated through her lovely striped behind.

"I love to hear my naughty pupils cry and weep...and so, since you seem not to like the whalebone at all, I've decided that from now on I shall use no other kind of switch to train you."

A particular part of Jason's character was his self-mastery, and though he was ravenous with desire to fall upon the young English girl and fuck her with all the force of his rut, he managed to contain himself and to hold an attitude more in keeping with his function as a proper trainer of slaves.

Indeed, his position as "trainer" in the organization of "Rio 9" imposed certain rules and stipulations which he was obliged to follow. Just so, the training of a new slave called for certain boundaries, which he had to respect. Punishments were imposed with an increasing degree of severity, so as to inflict the maximum suffering on the girl each time.

The same progression was observed with regard to the slave's erotic education, and the diverse obscene maneuvers and carnal unions were equally scheduled in a carefully calculated order to obtain the best results. He bent over the beautiful English girl who was still prostrated before him and slipped his hand between her burning naked buttocks. Feeling his fingers in the furrow of her behind, Caroline, who was still groaning and sobbing, started convulsively as if she had had an electric current surge through her, swaying her swollen behind to the left and right to escape the atrocious caress with such vehemence that her breasts flattened against the rug.

"Don't—do—don't do that," she implored, turning her tear-drenched face toward her tormentor.

Still bent over her, he chuckled. "Try to hold your tongue, my beauty. You know what thoughtless words cost you, don't you? If ever you let yourself go so far as to utter those regrettable words again, you'll feel the lovely whalebone, and even more vigorously. I promise you that!"

After this threat, Jason resumed his immodest caresses callously. This time, his fingers concentrated on the young girl's anus, rubbing the dainty, crinkly rosette in the most lascivious way, even trying to pry it open and insert his fingertip within it.

Then his hand slipped farther on, and his caressing fingers were in contact with the firm, prominent lips of her slightly open vulva, which he opened still more to ferret out the tender pink crest of her clitoris.

Huddling on the rug and groaning with shame, Caroline trembled throughout her entire body, but only an oppressed, whistling sound escaped her lips, which drew back over her clenched teeth in a rictus of supreme revulsion. She had closed her eyes and submitted with almost-nauseating horror to these indecent manipulations, knowing what the slightest movement of revolt would cost her.

"Now, Miss Caroline Martin," Jason remarked gently, "you're not in a London taxi, as you were when you slapped a man simply because he had dared to touch your knee. Now, I can touch you when I wish...and above all, where I wish."

A groan of despair escaped Caroline. She knew very well that what he said was frightfully true; she had to admit that he was touching her most secret parts, and she had to endure that obscene contact. Yet every fiber of her being revolted against it; it was intolerable. And yet, she must keep herself from emitting the slightest word of protest.

Finally Jason interrupted his lewd palpations and ordered her to rise. "I shall leave you alone now, and you'll clean yourself and rest for a bit. I shall come back for you in an hour and a half, in order to continue your education, for you still have a great many things to learn!"

Chapter 15

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF JASON VANWELL

I heard a timid knock at my door, and I bade her enter.

She was still naked, apart from a pair of fine black pumps. Made up impeccably, with her hair neatly combed, as ordered under penalty of whipping. A little pale, her eyes violet-circled, her nervous hands betraying her anguish. Her lovely naked titties, rising and falling quickly, seemed to offer one their rosy nipples—involuntarily, needless to say!

I pretended that I hardly noticed her and gestured toward the little bench placed near my armchair. With a fearful air, she seated herself, her thighs tightly squeezed together, her arms over her bosom to hide her splendid titties.

I smiled with amusement, but said nothing, continuing to smoke my cigarette and read the book I held in my hand. Finally, I decided to hurl my thunderbolt. Turning toward her, I stared straight at her, inwardly enchanted to see the fear that leaped into them.

"You're not at a tea party at the vicarage, Caroline. So it's useless for you to sit like that, with your arms crossed in that ugly way, your legs pressed together like a virgin. You must learn to sit down in a suitable fashion in my presence. Now stand up! Good...now, you're going to sit down as every slave must do before her Master. Now sit down...very straight...hands crossed behind your neck, arms well spread on each side, so as to stick out those lovely little titties you've no reason to hide. Come now, better than that— stick out your titties! Good...now open your legs!"

A shiver that announced imminent tears passed over her pale face, but after a few seconds' hesitation, her knees opened slightly.

"Open them! Spread them better than that! Perhaps you'd prefer to have me take the switch and incite you to livelier obedience?"

Her lips began to tremble, but she opened her legs, revealing the secret of her cunt, which I knew she would have longed to hide from my gaze. "Now that's better. But so it will be perfect, sit on the edge of the bench and push out your darling little cunt!"

She could not suppress another sob, but squirmed forward and arched out that adorable little quim of hers.

I felt passion rise in my prick. As I was completely naked under a silken robe, I should have every license, when the whim took me, to exhibit my big prick to modest little Caroline. For the time being, I leaned toward her and caressed the fawn-hued moss of her armpits, her titties palpitated to the quickened rhythm of her breathing, her belly which tensed under my fingers, and then the curly fur of her cunt whose yawning lips no longer concealed the inside of a lovely hole, bright pink and sweet to fuck!

"You're very lovely and exciting, Caroline," I said, tickling her clitoris, which made her start. I stared at her a moment without a word; then, raising my hand, I slapped her twice, first her right cheek, then the left, wrenching a terrified cry from her.

"No! Master! Master!" she cried shrilly.

"Good! Continue to call me thus. Besides, to refresh your memory

in case you don't, I've the proper stimulant," I told her reaching behind me and bringing out a superb martinet with ebony handle and long green leather thongs. I saw anguish and terror mount in her beautiful tear-filled eyes, and I felt my big prick rise to savor its joy.

"Caroline, we're going to proceed to the first stage of your education as a slave. I'm going to teach you certain words and expressions which will be necessary for you to know and employ at the opportune time. Perhaps you may even already know some of them, but we'll find out. However, I warn you once and for all that a slave must not—must never—lie to her Master. It is an unpardonable fault which is punished very severely. Now, then, consider yourself duly warned."

I then pointed a finger toward her jutting bosom and asked, "Do you know what one calls those lovely things?"

"I-I—I don't know," she stammered, red with confusion.

"They're titties, or bubbies," I said calmly. "And now, tell me what they're called."

"Ah—er—I—m-my—t-titties—my—b-bubbies." Her face was as red as a beet.

Without hesitation, I lifted my arm and slashed the thongs of the martinet over those lovely globes, which seemed to dance under the clinging kiss of the whip, while she fell backward, shrieking with agony, clutching her bosom. Long livid streaks encircled those darling titties, ornamenting them magnificently.

I pointed the martinet at her. "Good. Now, we'll proceed the same way for the other parts of your charming nakedness. The place which the Countess and I have already occupied ourselves a good deal with you is called the ass. But you knew that, didn't you?"

"Y...Yes...M-M-Master."

"Then say it!"

"It is...my...my ass...M-Master...my...a-ass."

And Caroline began to cry.

"Yes, my beautiful miss, it's your ass, your lovely girlish ass, for which I reserve many a surprise, I promise you. But that isn't all. That lovely ass is composed of two beautiful buttocks, and when one spreads them open, what does one see?"

"I—I d-don't know—"

With violent backhand blows, I whipped her titties furiously. A frenzied shriek tore from Caroline who again flung herself, crying and sobbing, on the rug.

"Back in your seat, back, at once!" I cried, slashing the cruel thongs right against her tender satiny belly.

Caroline leaped wildly to her place, crying, and painfully resumed her seat, thighs open, hands behind her neck.

I examined her titties, which had begun to redden and swell where the leather thongs had traced dark pink stripes. I took her nipples between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and squeezed them with all my might as I pulled on them.

Under the torture, Caroline began to totter. Leaving her position, she gripped my wrists to try to release those wounded tidbits, uttering clamorous shrieks.

"Answer me!" I roared. "What do they call what's between your buttocks?"

Choking with agony, Caroline uttered unintelligible cries, and finally managed to articulate:

"Aagghhh...no...nooooooo...ooogggghhhh...aaaanus...m-my aaaanus!!"

I released her. "Little bitch, take the position at once. You see, you knew it, didn't you? I warned you not to lie to me!"

"Oooh...ooooh!" she sobbed. It was enough to move a stone statue—but not myself, I assure you!—P-Pardon...pardon...M-Master...but don't hurt me so...Oooh...oooahhh...my b-breasts... ohh, my breasts!"

"No pity for you if you lie again," I warned as I took up my martinet. "Repeat it now!"

"M-My anus, Master," she groaned, then began to sob hysterically.

"Yes, yes, dear Caroline, it's your anus. Your bunghole...your asshole...and I reserve for that dainty asshole of yours also a special treatment all my own. It's a particularly sensitive spot, quite susceptible in training a disobedient girl like you. Do you know what one can do to a woman's anus?"

"Noooo, M-Master, I—I swear it—"

"I believe you this time, dear Caroline, for these are things which well-brought-up young ladies like you scarcely have occasion to learn, or at least to discuss. That is why I'm going to teach you what awaits you."

I let this sink in for a moment. "First, from the viewpoint of punishment, one can bury various stretching objects in the anus, or whip your bunghole with the aid of a special lash made of rubber, which, I must confess to you, is extremely painful. Or again, in case of refusal to obey, thrust in a cotton tampon soaked in hot eau de cologne, a punishment which causes much suffering."

Caroline stared at me, her mouth gaping with terror. Without taking note of her frightened stupor, I continued jubilantly, "However, before all else, your asshole, lovely slave, is made to be buggered! I mean that for a man—your Master—to bury his erect prick into it and take his full joy within its dainty depths!"

Caroline couldn't hold back a horrified exclamation. "Ooh! No, no!" she protested. "Ooooh! Why—Why do you tell me such horrible things? N-No-No, I beg you...I beg you, Sir!"

"Oh, but yes indeed, my dear! One day you will be bottom-fucked, yes, buggered, and I warn you that generally it hurts...a good deal, especially if the slave is buggered as a punishment." I chuckled as she shrank from me. "Think now"—and I opened my robe to expose my enormous prong standing up like a stallion's cock—"think now, Caroline, what you'll feel when this huge thing buries itself pitilessly in your tight, sensitive asshole. Sincerely, I've

almost pity for you, and yet, you must receive it all...entirely, up to here." I pointed to my heavy balls.

But this time, it was truly too much for her offended modesty and for her pride as a young lady accustomed to the respect and adulation of her admirers.

"Oh, you ignoble brute! How dare you say such things to a young girl? You're low, a shameless creature—oh, I detest you, I hate you!" And she burst into sobs and despairing cries.

To tell the truth, I had expected that, for I had deliberately used crude, obscene words to excite her disgust. I sprang up and, gripping her by the hair, dragged her head back violently. With all my might, I began to lash her titties, belly, thighs, and arms, when these latter tried to protect the vulnerable and most tempting portions of her delectable anatomy.

My room was filled with the clamor of her suffering and terror; and the more she cried out, wept and complained, the more it excited me and the more I whipped her, till her titties jiggled from one side to the other under the terrible lashes of the martinet, which I applied pitilessly to their round, jutting curves, thrilling with delicious joy to cause her such agony that, at the same time, struck home at her prudery.

The correction was so severe that suddenly she went limp in my arms. She had fainted, for I had forgotten to give her a fortifying injection which would have prevented her losing consciousness under the mounting threshold of the pain I bestowed upon her so joyously.

My prick was on fire and agonized me, so violently had I been roused to a full hard-on, but I was quite able to restrain myself and occupy myself with my victim as I must do before taking my pleasure with her. I promised myself that pleasure for later...in the afternoon. Till then, I preferred to remain in full erection so I might better train my beautiful pupil, for I was far from having finished with her.

I gave her a stimulant to revive her and avoid a new fainting spell. Afterward, when, trembling with terror and half-choked by her sobs, she had recovered, I hectored her while she moved her trembling hands timidly over her poor reddened and streaked titties, marked by the vigorous lashing I'd inflicted on them.

"Filthy little bitch! Is that the way you profit from my lessons? Ah, you rebuff me! So, you call me filthy and low, I, your trainer! Very well, my dear, I know what has to be done. This evening, I'll lock you up in the Silver Cage, and not for an hour, nor for even four or five, but all night long! That will teach you, I wager!"

Only her despairing plaints answered my pronouncements. As usual, I quite ignored them. "And now," I continued, "we shall pursue our lesson. Don't try that little comedy again, or you'll earn yourself a visit to the Room of Punishments."

I glared at her, smiled to see her recoil. "For now, it's necessary that you learn the art and manner of exhibiting your charms when your Master orders you to do so. You'll begin by kneeling and by presenting me with your lovely naked ass!"

"Ooooh! No—n-noooo—oh, pl-please," she begged me, clasping her hands and lifting them toward me as in prayer.

I bent over her and terribly aroused, kissed her lingeringly on the mouth. I felt her stiffen with despair when my tongue slithered between her lips. Then she submitted passively to that further exquisite humiliation.

I stood up and moved away from her. "Do you want me to take you right away to the Room of Punishments?" I demanded.

"Nooo! Oh, noo!"

"Very well, then do at once what I told you to do. Get on all fours, and stick your lovely ass out toward me. Offer it humbly!" And making the martinet whistle in the air above her, I added, "Don't try to push my patience to the end, Caroline."

With a long groan filled with despair, she finally placed herself on her hands and knees.

"Hoist that lovely backside still more!" I threatened.

"Ooooh, please—ohh n-not that, pl-please," she kept supplicating, weeping with all her heart.

I approached her swiftly and applied two terrible strokes across her naked behind, which tore piercing cries from her.

"I told you to present your ass properly! You must obey me without reservation! Lift your buttocks still more, and present them the way they should be for my inspection!" I waited a moment, glowering at her, and watched her obey shudderingly. "There, that's already much better. Now, beautiful little slave, you're going to put your hands behind you and of your own accord open up your lovely buttocks so I may properly examine your little cunt and your asshole!"

She seemed to hesitate for a few seconds. Then—suddenly—taking me by surprise, since I believed her mastered, she flung herself forward with a cry of rage and revolt: "No! No!" she began to shriek furiously, "you've no right to make me do that! Filthy swine, disgusting scoundrel, I won't do it! I won't do it, no, no, no!"

She ran toward the door of my room, and with all the strength of her revulsion and despair, she sought to open it. Needless to say, I'd taken the elementary precaution of locking it. When she discovered there was no possible way out, she slumped against the wooden panel, sobbing and weeping with abysmal despair.

I flung myself on her, crying out in a hoarse, furious voice: "Filthy little slut! Ah, you wanted to escape, did you? So, you don't want to obey? Well, I'll make you pay for that! You've just earned yourself a trip to the Room of Punishments, and I beg you to believe that we shall both have fun there!"

Caroline threw herself down on the rug, kicking and screaming, "Help! Help! Oh, God, won't someone help me?"

I plunged one hand into her long, silky tresses and slipping my other hand between her thighs, despite the maddened resistance

she tried to oppose, dug three fingers into her vagina. Having thus harpooned her, I lifted her with a sudden thrust of my loins and bore her shrieking and wriggling toward the dungeon and the Room of Punishments.

Once there, I flung her on her belly over the heavy wooden horse and, overpowering her kickings and squirmings, buckled round her ankles the leather cuffs sealed into the back legs of the apparatus. Then I immobilized her wrists the same way. Next, I encircled her waist with the broad leather strap which pinned her belly against the punishment horse.

"Nooooo! Ohhhh! Help! Help!" she shrieked, absolutely terrorized now, for she was becoming aware that her rebellion was going to cost her dearly.

"Yes, cry out as much as you want, beautiful bitch! Here, no one will hear you, except myself. And the more you cry out, the more it will arouse my prick! Look at this!" I flung off my robe to show her my huge prick throbbing, swollen, ready to explode its jismic burden. And, stark naked, my prick bobbing as I walked, I strode around the punishment horse.

Because of its special construction, the horse was higher and wider at the rear part than at the front, to raise and totally distend the bottomcheeks of the victim attached to it. Hence I had under my eager eyes the most intimate view of Caroline's maiden secrets. In the ambery cleft of her behind, the delicious bunghole, a dark pink aureoled with silky blonde hairs; and then, beneath, framed by the rich profusion of silky tufts, her vulva, yawning to expose the humid, bright red interior of the vagina, that exquisite channel for fucking!

What a delicious, exciting spectacle it was!

"So, little whore," I laughed, "you didn't want to show me your cunt and your asshole? But do you know that at this very moment, I see them as clearly as a doctor examining you would be able to do? I see them, and you can't prevent me." Even so, she tightened

her muscles frantically, groaning and sobbing, in the feverish hope of contracting her bottomcheeks. But the straddle imposed upon her by the contours of the horse was such that she could do absolutely nothing except remain there, opened, offered, powerless to avert whatever I pleased to do to her.

"I'm going to kiss your ass... I'm going to lick your asshole and your pussy—do you hear me, Caroline? You're going to feel my tongue in your vagina, over your lovely cunt! You're going to feel it dig into your dainty little asshole!" I pronounced delightedly.

"Noooooo! Ooooh! Nooooo!" she gasped in a horrified voice.

With a mocking laugh, I bent over her, till my face brushed the cheeks of her distended naked bottom. I kissed that dainty, crinkly little mouth whose silky hairs tickled my lips most agreeably; then with my hardened, pointed tongue, I forced the tender petals to open, and I buried my tongue a little in the warm little canal of soft, quaking flesh. Her asshole rejected my tongue with a violent nervous spasm.

Without wanting to make an issue over this sign of ill will, this time I put my mouth right against her pussylips, and I took a long moment in sucking and licking that soft moist flesh. This time my tongue plunged its entire length into her vagina. My lips grabbed the nodule of her clitoris, which began to harden under that intimate caress.

"You've got a hard-on! You've got a hard-on!" I teased Caroline, who burst into tears of shame and confusion. "Now give me your sweet little bunghole," I ordered; once again, pointing my tongue as if it were a veritable prick, I tried again to force through that narrow little slit of crinkly, rosy flesh, but once again a nervous reflex on her part repulsed my tongue.

At once, my sadistic instincts took over! "Ah, you little whore, you squeeze your ass shut, do you? You don't want to let me train you? Well, we'll see!" I cried angrily. Then, posing the tip of my index finger against her asshole, which glistened with my saliva,

I thrust forward violently, and brutally buried my finger—up to my very palm—inside her bunghole!

Caroline uttered a strident cry: "You're hurting meee! *Ahhhh!* You're hurting me!" she shrieked, trying to turn her head toward me.

"So much the better. I want to hurt you...a good deal more, you'll see!"

I tore my finger out of her anus, wresting a new shriek from the young beauty. But I hadn't finished. This time, I stuck out my index and middle fingers together toward that dainty orifice. I saw her asshole become deformed and distend hugely around my two fingers, which I forced into her recalcitrant rectum. Then, after twisting them about several times, I pulled them out savagely. Her asshole was already reddened and congested. Caroline shrieked and sobbed, but she could do nothing at all to prevent my vicious caresses.

Now I used my index, middle and ring fingers all in line, in a sort of cone, which I tried to bury into her dainty bunghole. Her howls of suffering rose, louder and louder as my fingers advanced. Her asshole was stretched out abnormally now, as it was when, with an accentuation of wrist pressure, I almost managed to penetrate to the base of my three fingers.

Caroline uttered pitiful cries; leaning forward a little, I could see her fingers clawing madly at the legs of the punishment horse under the crisis of suffering which was lacerating her tender behind.

I wished I could have buggered her right then and there, dry, to make her suffer and bellow a good deal more; but, alas, the time had not yet come for that, and so, regretfully, I slowly removed my fingers from her lovely backside, which spasmed frenetically in its owner's intolerable agony.

For a few indescribably delicious moments, I contemplated Caroline's swollen anus, agitated by nervous flexions. Then I went to the wall from which I unhooked the whalebone switch, and then moved in front of the punishment horse to show it to my victim.

Her face bathed in tears, Caroline lifted terrified eyes to the instrument she already knew so well, alas, and which I waved sadistically in front of her.

"Well, Caroline, this is the first time your titties and belly are in contact with the horse, but you may be sure it's not the last—far from it, my beauty!" I announced. "And now, I'm going to give you a real whipping; I'm going to lash you without pity, which will teach you, my dear, to profit from the lessons and the warnings which I give you. You're here to be trained, to be whipped, to be conquered, my beauty; and you can believe that from my experience in such matters, you assuredly will be!"

While I harangued her thus, I had seized her hair to lift her head above the horse, and I amused myself with tapping her cheeks gently with the whalebone. When I let her go, her head fell back onto the arched punishment horse while, she redoubled her sobbing pleas for mercy.

Every nerve in my body vibrated with pleasure. This is what I loved above all else: to have a girl at my mercy and to whip her without pity. I had the erection of a stallion in full heat. My prick was enormous. If I had buggered her at this moment, I should have broken her backside for her! Alas, as I've already explained, the time for that kind of amusement was still in the future, so I had to content myself with flogging her.

I took my place before the apparatus and there, my legs planted astride to ensure my balance, my prick throbbing up toward my belly, I raised my arm with the supple whalebone and, with all the force of my wrist, I lowered it across her white bottomcheeks.

Instantly, Caroline jerked up her head. A strident shriek sprang from her throat. She was tormented by the horrible searing that had bitten into her behind. A long livid weal encircled the lovely bottomcheeks, shuddering and trembling in spasms of pain. When at last she had regained her breath, it was to shriek with agony which echoed from wall to wall. I pivoted and, with all my strength,

dealt her a second stroke of the switch that was far worse than the first.

There was a sudden silence, for the excessive agony had cut off Caroline's breath momentarily. Then, suddenly, she burst into deafening clamors. I knew that, wielded in this fashion, the whalebone must hurt abominably, but that only excited me more. Without pausing, I lashed her lovely behind with all my might.

Spacing the lashes methodically from ten to fifteen seconds apart, I inflicted cut after cut. Caroline shrieked with all the power of her lungs. She was like a madwoman. Her gaping mouth dripped saliva onto her chin. It mingled with the tears that streamed down her cheeks. Her neck was stretched so much that the tendons stood out against her sweating skin, and her eyes were so enlarged by her suffering that they seemed about to pop out of their sockets.

Weal after weal, stripe after stripe...my strokes fell regularly...five...then ten...from ten to fifteen...from fifteen to twenty. Caroline was really bellowing with agony. You could hardly believe that a lovely young girl like her could scream so loudly! My prick was almost clinging to my belly, so exquisitely was I in rut.

Oh, the joy that shook me at each stroke I inflicted. Oh, the exquisite pleasure to hear and see the thin flexible switch bite into the tender flesh of those satiny bare bottomcheeks of hers! Oh, the delicious sensation of hearing her shriek and imagine how she must be suffering under the cuts I gave her!

Lash after lash, stripe after stripe, without pity or compassion. Hadn't I told her I was going to show her what a real whipping was like, so she'd remember it a long while?

By now, the pale flesh of her bare bottom had virtually disappeared under a network of swollen weals which painted her behind a dark pink. In my flagellatory excitement, I didn't notice at once that between the thirtieth and fortieth lashes, my victim had finally lost consciousness, despite the injection I had given her to prolong her resistance. I stopped, panting, my forehead dripping

with sweat, and I went back to the wall where I hung up the switch which had done such yeoman service.

Then, too excited to hold myself back any longer, I bent over the burning backside of my victim and, pressing my huge prick between her scarlet bottomcheeks, I masturbated deliciously. I needed only a few strokes along the ambery valley between those soft quivering globes to unleash my spunk. Suddenly—with cries and groans of ecstasy—I spurted copious jets of thick white sperm over the unconscious Caroline's martyrized behind.

At last I straightened up. I rubbed my viscous white semen over her lovely ass, as if anointing her with a soothing balm. When the two globes were thoroughly impregnated with my sperm, I took a flask of smelling salts and held it under her nostrils. Then, when she was nearly revived, I left the Room of Punishments.

I wanted a drink to calm my nerves, as well as to give my pupil time to recuperate after the terrible shock she had just endured.

About two hours later, I returned to see how Caroline was enduring her captivity, for she had remained bound to the whipping horse.

When I entered the Room of Punishments, there was such a silence that I feared for a moment she might still be unconscious, but much to my relief, I quickly realized that such was not the case. At the sound of my footsteps, I saw her start violently. Her lovely naked body began to tremble with terror.

Her face rested on the side of the forward section of the horse, and one of her eyes fixed me with the terrified expression of a rabbit fascinated by a snake. I heard her groan softly.

"How's your pretty little ass, Caroline?" I asked, feigning compassion.

She began to weep and turned her face away. I dug my fingers into her hair, making her cry out in pain. "You mustn't turn your face away when your Master or your trainer speaks to you. That's something you must know once and for all," I reprimanded her.

Stretching out my arm, I drew toward me a slender adjustable chain dangling from the ceiling with a rather wide ring at its free end. I thrust a sheaf of her silky, perfumed hair through the ring and knotted it all around, then hoisted up the chain. It lifted Caroline's head and forced her to remain with her neck stretched painfully and her face visible. The poor darling wept like a child who is crushed by grief. Big tears began to roll down her pale cheeks again.

"I'm going to leave you this way till it's time for your meal. I hope this will be salutary to you and that this afternoon, when we resume our lesson in obedience, you'll be a little more supple and docile, my beautiful little miss! Try to be good, now."

And I left the room, pursued by her lamentations, but not till I had caressed lingeringly and savoringly that sweet little cunt which she offered me so prettily.

Chapter 16

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF JASON VANWELL, CONTINUED

After the excellent meal which I forced her to eat (for there was no question of restraining her as to diet; quite the contrary, it was important that she regain her strength), I generously allowed her three hours of rest, then went to take her out of the room and bring her back to mine, as I had done in the morning.

After having made her resume the initial position with hands crossed on her nape and thighs spread wide, I began the educational session which had been interrupted so annoyingly in the morning.

"We shall see if you know your lesson, Caroline. What are those called?" I asked calmly as I fondled her breasts.

"My...my t-titties...Master."

"Very good. And what do they call the little orifice of your behind?"

"I—m-my—anus, M-Master."

"And besides?"

"My b-bung-hole...my...my...ass...ass...ass—hole," she breathed, blushing and lowering her eyes.

"Good, that's very good. Now, name for me the slit which hides under those lovely curly hairs."

Caroline began to tremble a little and raised supplicating eyes to me. "M-My s-sex...my s-slit...or my v-vulva?"

"No, that's not it at all!" I said in a cold tone. "Yet you've heard me tell you enough what the word is! All right, I'm waiting!"

She cast me a terrified glance. "I—it's my...my...c-cunt...."

"Say it better than that, three times!"

"My cunt...my cunt...my cunt..."

Already, to my great pleasure, I saw her lips trembling and her eyes fill with tears. I untied the belt of my robe and took it off. Caroline started and lowered her eyes instinctively. Already, my big prick was half-erect, like the neck of a swan.

"And that—do you know its name?"

"It—It—It's your sex organ, M-Master," she stammered, turning her head away.

"Look at it! Look at it right away!" I commanded. "It's called a prick, a cock, a whang...all right, now, repeat all that!"

Her eyes fixed on my stiffening cock with apprehension and revulsion, Caroline Martin had to repeat clearly: "It's your prick, your cock, your whang."

"Repeat again! You must know those lovely words, and you must know them well!"

"The p-prick...the...the c-cock...the wh-whang...the...the whang..." Saying this, tears ran freely down her suffering face.

And so, for half an hour, ignoring her horrified stammerings, I taught her and forced her to repeat a lengthy collection of erotic words and expressions. My pleasure was in seeing this young girl, whose lips till now had been so used to the most intellectual and

sophisticated phrases, obliged to explain to me, suffocated with shame and humiliation, the meaning of such words as: fuck, bugger, shit, frig, brown, pull prick out of bung, spurt, fuck ass, French, a blowjob, suck balls, and so on. And Caroline was half-dead with shame when at last I judged the moment ripe to pass on to the next step.

"Despite your stilted attitude of a young lady of society, I'm certain that you already know some of these words. "Besides, you aren't a virgin, so you must already have got yourself fucked."

She was speechless and could only weep in confusion.

"Come on, answer me when I ask you a question—and above all, pay attention not to lie, because you know what it costs you!"

"Y-Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"I—I—g-got my-myself…f-fucked." As she stammered this, she burst into touching little sobs. It was easy to see that such a confession was not easy for a debutante like Caroline Martin to make.

I stared at her for a moment, caressing my cock slowly as her horror-filled eyes watched my obscene gestures. "And you love to be fucked. Tell me, Caroline, you love to feel a big hard prick dig into your cunt, don't you?"

"Oooooh! Ooooohh!! Ooooohhh!!!" She didn't answer but went on weeping without restraint.

"Look at my prick!" I ordered. "Look at it! Doesn't it make you hot? Wouldn't you love to have a long, thick, hard prick like that in your nice little cunt? Look at that juicy piece—tell me, does it please you?"

"Oooooooh! S-Sir…please-n-n-ooooh—n-no!"

"What? It doesn't please you?" I feigned anger.

"Y-yes…Ohhhh! Yes…it-it's l-lovely…it-it's…lovely," she blurted, her words interspersed with hot tears and choking little sobs.

"And why does this prick of mine please you so much? Tell me, lovely little fucker that you are." I went on, without pity for her modesty.

She knew what she had to say to please me, or the whip would

enter into play; so she forced herself to explain to me in a voice broken by sobs: "It...it's b-because it...it's v-very b-beautiful...very big...it...it's enormous...it...it's an en-enormous p-prick...th-that's w-why I love it." And she burst into heartrending sobs.

"And my balls, do they please you too?" I demanded imperturbably.

"Y-y-yes, y-y-your b-balls...a-are...e-enormous, also."

"I see," I said with a mocking laugh. "I see you're a vicious little whore, who loves big whangs. Well, be satisfied, my beautiful Caroline. You shall have it—you shall have it soon, I promise you, and right up to the balls! You'll have it in your cunt and also in your ass! I think your ass is still virgin, isn't it?"

"Oooooohhh...M-Master...S-Sir."

I went on, ignoring her horrified expression. "Well, my little one, I shall take charge of deflowering that sweet ass of yours. And when you've received my big cock in your asshole, believe me, Caroline, you'll no longer fear suppositories!" I exclaimed as I frigged my huge cock to let her see what she was going to have to swallow when the time came.

She was ready to be sick from the horror that rose up in her; but I was far from finishing with her, and so I resumed my little discourse. "I understand very well that you're impatient to be buggered by such a handsome shaft, but your little hole must wait and content itself for the moment with my tongue or fingers, for the taking of your asshole virginity, my dove, is to be done before the Countess, who dearly loves to witness such a spectacle."

Hearing these last words, the poor little debutante was ready to faint. She redoubled her despairing groans.

"However, while waiting, we may occupy ourselves in another way," I said to her as if I did not notice her despair. "Stand up and come kneel before me." As I gave her that command, I sat down on the edge of my bed, my legs spread wide. Caroline came over and kneeled before me.

"Come closer," I told her, and she crawled forward a little on her knees, her hands still crossed on the nape of her neck.

"Closer still! Between my legs!"

"Pl-please...n-no...please," she cried, but she nevertheless obeyed. She was now kneeling right between my thighs, petrified before my huge prick as a mouse before a hungry cat. My prick was not more than an inch from her lovely contorted face. Its glistening, taut skin was so swollen that anyone would have thought it was on the verge of spurting.

"Although you may already be acquainted with fucking," I explained pedantically, as a schoolteacher might to a most attentive pupil—which she was!—"you've lots of things to learn. Things which your future Master will demand of you for his own pleasure. First of all, you must know that a slave must not content herself just to receive her Master's prick though of course it may be for him one of the major pleasures. There are, for example, many delicious preliminaries, tasty perversions, and it is a slave's duty to know how to practice them in order to bring the Master's joy to the zenith and to spice it with infinite variety. I hope I make myself clearly understood?"

A groan escaped poor Caroline's throat. I knew she would certainly have given a great deal to be anywhere else in the world at this moment.

"Stop sniveling!" I ordered. "Otherwise, I'll give you something to really cry about! I'm going to teach you now one of the perversions of which I've just spoken. Nature has endowed you with a pair of lovely titties, soft, supple and firm all at once, delicious to touch and to look at. However, they are not only two splendid polarities of erotic attraction, they can do something else. Notably, they can provide a deliciously soft and satiny sheath for the Master's prick. That is what you're going to do—right away!"

Caroline stared at me as if she did not comprehend a single word. Smiling cruelly, I went on: "Approach a little more now, and then

lift your titties a bit and bring them together. Then lower yourself slightly so that my prick no longer lodges between them; then press them tightly together to pinch my prick between them. After that, you'll make them stir gently, while moving your bosom up and down, so as to frig my cock with your two lovely titties!"

While I thus instructed her, Caroline's face took on a look of horrified revulsion.

"No! Ohh! No...no...no!"

"Come on now, approach and do what I've just explained!" I glared at her.

"Oh, pl-please, Sir...I couldn't...I couldn't... Oh, I beg of you!" she choked, staring at me in the most appealing way you can imagine.

"I shall give you exactly ten seconds, Caroline."

"Oooohh! No...ohh! No...I can't...no, not that...it—it's frightful!" She began to cry, and half-rose.

As you can imagine, I was in a state of ferocious excitement. With feverish impatience, I awaited that contact which I divined would be so infinitely soft and caressing, the clutching pressure of her two beautiful titties against my huge throbbing cock.

To be sure, I hadn't really counted on an immediate realization of my desire, nor one that would take place at once, docilely and without discussion. But the very notion that my haughty new pupil might perform that erotic perversion on me without hesitation was so stirring that I absolutely wanted her to do it to me right away.

However, Caroline didn't seem to be so disposed; half-risen, half-squatting, she stared at me with the frightened eyes of an animal caught in a trap.

My frustration was too great; I leaned over her quickly and, seizing her by her long hair, I dragged her violently toward me, making her cry out and struggle, while I gloatingly rubbed her face against my huge penis and my hairy balls.

Then, as she kept struggling and even clawed my thighs, rage overcame me. Tugging her hair back ferociously, I stuck my face up against hers, my gaze plunging into her terrorized eyes. "Very well, little bitch; you asked for it, you're going to get it!"

"Pity—pity—" She began to sob while I forced her to rise, dragging her up by her hair and forcing her over to a leather armchair, I flung her over the chair arm. To be sure, she struggled wildly, but quite in vain. I twisted one of her arms behind her back and began to apply a hail of dry, crisp smacks on her lovely naked backside, using all the strength of my arm.

Her buttocks were still severely reddened and swollen by all I had made them endure that morning. Soon they turned as burning a scarlet as hell itself.

Caroline yelled and screeched with all the power of her youthful lungs, and her long, sensually exciting legs waved wildly in empty space as she tried to kick free. Her bottomglobes bounded under the beating, sometimes contracting till the shadowy groove leading to her virgin asshole almost disappeared, then yawning to expose that dainty, hairy little hole and the base of the plump slit of her cunt, all in the vain hope of minimizing the burning fire that punished her voluptuous backside.

Without letting myself be softened by her endless plaints and shrieks, I continued to give her a spanking of exemplary vigor. "I've already told you that a slave must obey, Caroline," I lectured as I pitilessly beat that beautiful ass which was now as red as a ripe tomato. "And if you don't obey, you shall be chastised severely!"

But soon my hand began to burn and hurt me, so I halted the correction, to Caroline's great relief. She believed I had finished with her. What an error that was on her part!

Leaving her to sob and cry over the arm of the chair, so crushed that she didn't even try to rise, I strode to my dressing table and seized an oval hairbrush with a rather long handle. Holding it like a tennis racquet, I returned to my disobedient pupil and, plac-

ing a hand at the hollow of her loins to immobilize her, I raised my arm and applied the back of the brush to her crimson buttocks.

It smacked like a pistol shot on that burning skin, and it must have hurt a great deal, for my pupil kicked frenziedly and uttered a piercing shriek. My prick gave a convulsive jerk of pleasure, and I applied a second blow as biting as the first on that swollen bottom.

"Well, Caroline, have you changed your mind? You'll tell me when you'll agree to using your big titties to give me pleasure. But take your time—I'm in no hurry." And I applied another smack with the hairbrush, this time right at the base of her behind, near the thighs.

The pain was so scorching that it cut off her breath, but as soon as she had regained it, she resumed wailing out her torment. I gave her another good smack, right over the lower curves of those fiery bottomglobes with all my might. And through the shrieks which filled the room, I gathered that she was trying to tell me something.

I stopped beating her. Recovering my own quickened, panting breath, I waited for more coherent words. But almost with haste, terrified at the idea of receiving more blows from the hairbrush, Caroline continued to sob heartrendingly and gave involuntary vent to her physical reactions from that thrashing. Her scarlet buttocks relaxed, yawning to reveal to me her dainty pink bunghole wreathed with fine hairs.

Decidedly, there's nothing like the whip or a good spanking to master the most recalcitrant and most modest pupils!

I bent over to take better note of Caroline's intimate furrow while I slowly rubbed my fiercely swollen cock. Then, with a lubricious smile, I straightened up over her yawning backside. This time I turned the brush to the side with its long nylon bristles. With a sudden deft turn of my wrist I brought the bristles down right into the girl-slave's asshole!

A veritable bellow of agony rose from the armchair. Under that

hideous suffering which seemed to tear her anus to shreds, Caroline lunged out of my grasp and fell onto the rug, gripping her bottom with both hands and crying like one possessed.

I let her assuage her torment as best she could; then, when her cries began to diminish, I ordered her to kneel once more, hands again behind her neck.

Still overwhelmed by punishment, the young English beauty nevertheless hastened to obey. She took the indicated position.

"If I still get only disobedience from you, Caroline," I told her gruffly, "I warn you that I'll take you back to the Room of Punishments and administer a whipping that you'll remember till the end of your life. Is that understood, Caroline?"

"Oh! Y-yes...S-Sir...y-yes.... I promise to obey you."

"Very well, my darling, then let's go back to the bed and do what I explained to you: give me pleasure with your lovely titties!"

A moment later, Caroline found herself kneeling between my naked thighs, trying to keep her face as far as possible away from my huge prick which dangled heavily before her desolate eyes. However, the fear of the whip made her act against her very visible revulsion and the obscene affront to her innate modesty. What an exquisite moment when her two soft, warm titties were pressed against my cock, providing a wonderfully satiny sheath for it!

"Very good!" I complimented her to encourage her. "Now, frig me up and down, keeping your titties nicely squeezed together. All right, go ahead! Unless, of course, you don't think your bottom has had enough yet?"

Her eyes closed to shut out the sight of my enormous prong, which emerged obscenely between those two white globes. She began, sobbing with powerless shame, to manipulate her breasts gently in a soft friction and to undulate her body rather jerkily at the beginning, then according to a slow rhythmic cadence.

I spread my thighs to give her more room, and I leaned back on the bed to relish the better these marvelous sensations which,

through my huge throbbing cock, invaded every fiber of my being.

As inexperienced as Caroline's first titty-manipulation showed itself to be, it nonetheless did not take very long before I felt the infallible ticklings which announced the approach of orgasm.

The soft warmth of her body pressed between my thighs, the fact that I was able to compel her to perform that obscene ritual, increasing my pleasure, as much as did the fact of hearing her sob with useless revolt and feel her tears moisten my big prick-head—which, by the by, they helped, much as an unguent would, my rubbing along that resilient, soft, warm sheath. And my gasps of lustful ecstasy mingled with her groans of shame and horror.

Suddenly, to prevent a much too rapid termination of the rut I felt surge along my prick, I pushed her away. I didn't want to go off so quickly—not this first sweet time with the haughty Caroline! She remained squatting on her haunches, trembling violently.

"It will be better soon," I told her, my voice hoarse and panting. But of course she didn't answer, for the situation held nothing joyful for her. I allowed my passion to ebb a little; then I ordered Caroline to resume caressing me with her titties. She showed a rather perceptible hesitation. But soon I felt those sweet warm globes squeeze around my cock voluptuously. Then she resumed her undulations, pressing her titties together with both her slim soft hands against the burning stiffness of my massive ramrod.

Her head down, she seemed hypnotized by the enormous, glistening cockhead which emerged rhythmically from between her bubbies and whose large jism-slit exuded thick, viscous drops as testimony of the intensity of my rut.

Suddenly I felt it mounting inexorably; I abandoned myself and cried out with my orgasmic crescendo. But I suspected that Caroline was not yet sufficiently trained to endure that culminating moment of my pleasure without rebelling. I was certain she could not endure it, in spite of all the threats with which I had confronted her.

And so, when I felt my moment was at hand, I suddenly gripped her between my knees and, plunging both hands into her disheveled hair, pressed her viciously against my belly, while I jerked my loins back and forth to bring about the orgasm.

Maddened, Caroline began to cry out and to struggle, but in vain; suddenly, braying out in glorious rut, I felt myself spurt my essence.

My spunk spattered forcibly against Caroline's titties and neck, and, most of all, full against her face. Almost ill and beside herself with abhorrence, she felt my thick warm splashings moisten her eyes already wet with tears, besmear her nose, and enter her mouth as she opened it to cry out her horror.

After that sensational discharge, I remained a long moment on the bed, mulling over the intense delight I had known, while at my feet, Caroline, plunged into abysmal shame and disgust, sobbed heartbrokenly, her face glistening with tears, saliva, and jism.

Chapter 17

GENERAL NARRATIVE

While Caroline Martin thus harshly learned her future status, back in London, her future Master went to a rendezvous with Lady Fiona Savage to receive fresh news of his future love-slave.

Naturally, during lunch, all the conversation turned around Caroline. Since the day when he had concluded that strange bargain with Lady Fiona, the two of them had already had several friendly meetings, since no concern or reticence could hamper the directness of their discussions.

"Can you tell me what's become of Caroline?" Basil Rothberg asked as he sipped his sherry.

Lady Fiona replied with an amused smile, "I suspected, my dear friend, that your invitation to lunch was prompted by the curiosity you have over your future...property. Well, frankly. I've scarcely anything new to tell you since the last time. But I ought to have a dispatch from the organization before the week is out, and I think it will contain photographs...quite interesting to you."

Basil Rothberg felt his heart race at the thought of these photographs.

"Tell me, dear Fiona, are you sure that Caroline is punished... every day?"

"Oh, so far as that's concerned, I can assure you of it. During the first phase of her training, she's whipped in every way and without the slightest pity, for the slightest peccadillo!"

"Good! That's very good!" He smiled.

"Besides, even if she committed not a single fault, the Countess has decreed a rule for all training of slaves which stipulates that every new pupil shall be whipped every morning when she gets up and every night before she goes to bed. That is the ordinary regime in the first educational stage. But, of course, during the day any lack of discipline is punished by a whipping. You see that your Caroline is in good hands!"

"Those whippings—are they normally applied on her behind... her bare behind?"

"Yes, most of them. But certain others are applied on other parts of her naked body...other *very sensitive* parts. You understand me?"

"Yes, indeed! But it must hurt terribly. She certainly mustn't like that very much!"

"But it's the best way of ridding her of her natural arrogance," Lady Fiona replied.

"And who has charge of applying these various corrections?"

"The Countess, or Jason, her assistant. That depends on who is training Caroline at the time."

He shook his head enviously. "Jason really has all the luck!"

"As you yourself can imagine," Lady Fiona vouchsafed, "a young girl as proud and as sensitive as Caroline Martin must find it much more unpleasant to be whipped by a man than by a woman. And I don't think that, when the time comes, she'll find it more pleasant to be whipped by you, my dear Basil. All of which promises you many agreeable moments, wouldn't you agree?"

Chapter 18

GENERAL NARRATIVE, CONTINUED

While Basil Rothberg dreamed of the day when they would at last deliver to him the young woman he intended to make his slave, Caroline's training continued at Ben-Abar. She had changed a good deal since her arrival at that desolate locale. She had given up the pride, insolence, stormy nature, and snobbery which had furnished such tidbits of gossip for the London papers. Now, after two weeks of intensive training, she had become obedient, submissive and gentle as every slave dedicated to the service of an authoritative and perverse Master should be.

To be sure, from time to time, there were still a few little revolts, a few little refusals, but all these were swiftly annihilated under the effects of a violent punishment with martinet or switch.

Under Jason's severe tutelage, Caroline had learned to use her lovely breasts to give her trainer pleasure. She had also learned how to caress his penis with her hands and her mouth. But there was one

thing which she had not yet done to his taste. We shall look in on them today in Jason's room, as the daily lesson is about to begin....

"Well, Caroline, I hope you're going to be very obedient today and not oblige me to punish you again. Come, lovely little slave, kneel down and begin to play with my penis!"

Caroline Martin knelt before Jason's armchair, opened the folds of his robe, and began to fondle and caress his heavy organ, still in a state of somnolent flaccidity.

"Isn't it nice to frig a big prick like mine?" he asked, smiling at the embarrassment which his remark caused his beautiful pupil. "Well, are you mute today? Do you want a good slap to untie your tongue?"

"Y-Yes...y-yes, M-Master!" Caroline hastened to reply, while she kept on massaging his phallus, which now began to thicken and expand.

"What's this 'yes'? You mean you want a slap?"

"No! No! I-I meant, it—it's nice, Master, to—to...f-frig your big penis," she stammered.

"Little pervert!" he chuckled. "I know very well you like that, in spite of your virginal airs. That's why you're going to learn to suck better, for till now you've made scarcely any progress in this kind of pleasure. You will therefore take my prick into your mouth and frig me with your soft, lovely lips till I spend...right into your sweet mouth. But beware—if you don't succeed, and if you don't swallow it all or you spit any of it out, you'll regret it, Caroline!"

"Oh, no, S-Sir! Oh, please, sir, n-not that! Oh, it...it's not g—good—it—it will make me vomit again!"

Jason regarded her smilingly, but without a word, like a cat that examines the mouse he plans to devour. He stood up and, with a frightfully obscene gesture, took his huge cock between his fingers and slapped her face with it from left to right, then from right to left, several times. "I don't doubt that you prefer to use your titties, you little whore. But you must take my spunk in your mouth. Come now, on the bed, we'll be more comfortable for what I want of you!"

Caroline burst into tears and tried to restrain him by circling his knees with her arms and kissing his stiffened ramrod, while pleading, "No! Oh...no-no!"

Stooping over her, his hands gripping her by her tresses, he dragged her face up toward him. "Then it still takes stern measures to make you obey. Decidedly, Caroline, you're incorrigible. Well, so much the worse for you, my beauty!"

She began to sob in despair, her face upturned piteously. "All right," he chuckled, "I'm going to show you indulgence. Not the switch today. I shall, instead, make you taste something which is still unknown to you."

So saying, he disengaged himself from the pitiful clutch of her satiny bare arms, and went to his dressing table, from which he picked up a flask of eau de cologne and a wad of cotton before returning to seat himself on the edge of the bed, and then ordered Caroline to stretch out across his knees, as if to receive a spanking.

Without quite knowing what was going to happen to her, but assuming correctly that it was hardly going to be pleasant, the young girl approached her cruel teacher. He showed her the flask. "That's eau de cologne at 80 degrees," he said with a sadistic grin. Do you like eau de cologne, Caroline? You don't answer? It's not important. I'm going to teach you to like it, as you'll see!"

And as Caroline, in her fright, again began to beg him for mercy, he repeated in a tone that did not brook reply, to stretch out across his knees. Then, calmly, he uncorked the flask and poured a copious portion into the wad of cotton. Then, turning his attention to his naked victim stretched flat on her belly over his lap in the position of a naughty child about to be spanked, he slyly pulled her buttocks apart. Before she had time to realize what he was doing, he buried the cotton wad between the lips of her anus, thrusting it down deep into her rectum with his thumb.

For a few moments, the stupefied captive remained motionless. Then—suddenly—the alcohol produced its effect and a horrible

burning sensation seared the sensitive mucous membrane of Caroline's anus, provoking an abominable torture.

Shrieking with her suffering, poor Caroline flung her arms behind her to try to rip out the diabolical suppository he had just buried, but Jason gripped both her wrists in one hand, while with the other he squeezed her buttocks together ferociously to prevent her rejecting the tampon.

Her bottomhole the prey of hell's own fire, Caroline uttered frenzied shrieks as she kicked her legs furiously in the air, wriggling in the most feverish, uncontrollable way over her tormentor's lap; though he had a great deal of trouble in maintaining her in place, his compensation was the furious erection which was caused by his joy at the notion of subjecting her to such hideous agony.

And it was certainly true that the young girl suffered, perhaps much more than under the kisses of the terrible whalebone. Her deafening shrieks, interspersed with cries and sobs, filled the entire room.

"Well now, my beauty, do you like it? It's good, isn't it?" Jason laughed sadistically. And as poor Caroline kept on uttering incomprehensible babbling pleas and screams, he added cruelly, "You will keep it inside your bunghole, my beauty, till you've decided yourself to blow me off in your sweet mouth. Do you hear?"

Her body shaken by violent tremors of agony, her legs kicking frantically, Caroline strove vainly to get up and escape his grasp, for he had released her wrists only to lock both arms round her satiny waist. Her face contorted, dripping with agonized sweat, tears, and saliva which emerged from a mouth that yawned in venting the mad shrieks of her distress, the young English beauty tried in vain to articulate the few words which alone could put an end to her ordeal. Finally, between two long strident cries, she managed to make Jason understand that she would accept doing what he demanded, if only he would take that horrible cotton wad out of her behind.

At once he released her, and, prying open her sweating buttocks, tugged out the alcohol-soaked cotton wad which stuck out of her swollen anus. Then, rising, he flung her onto the bed, where she continued to writhe and sob and complain, for the dreadful inflammation of those delicate mucous membranes could not be eased in a moment or two, even though that cologne-soaked tampon was no longer inside her rectum.

So it was only at the end of a long, shuddering eternity of hell for her that, destroyed and nearly fainting from her torment, she was at last able to regain consciousness of what now awaited her.

"Well, Caroline, have you decided to obey without arguing now, or do you care for a second tampon?"

"Oh, no I'm going to obey. I'm going to suck you!" the terrified young woman sobbed.

"Very well, but pay attention to my warning. If you don't swallow every drop of sperm this time, I'll immediately give you an enema of a full quart of cologne!"

Uttering a groan of terror, Caroline hid her face in her hands and began to weep and lament her anguish, while Jason took off his robe and climbed naked onto the bed where he stretched out, his penis standing up vertically, like a rod of iron, jerking with the heavy pulsations of his mounting rut.

At his order, Caroline squatted between his legs. "Begin by kissing my balls, and then caress them gently with your mouth," he commanded threateningly. Knowing that she had nothing to gain by giving the least resistance to his wishes, Caroline bowed her head and, despite her repugnance, posed a timid kiss on his huge, warm, hairy balls. His hands set down on her head and forced her lovely face against his monstrous organ. Thus coerced to obey—for her daily chastisements had already greatly dissipated her readiness to revolt—Caroline now began to lick his testicles very gently, her cheeks pressed against his muscular naked thighs.

"Now my prick!"

She lifted her head a little and hesitated momentarily at the sight of the violently swollen purplish meatus, glistening with its tension and vibrating in convulsive little tremors that proclaimed Jason's savagely aroused and bestial passion. Then her charming face lowered over the heavy penis and the rank hot odor of his cock filled her quivering nostrils as her open lips brushed the thick head of his weapon, then let it slip between them, as in the orifice of a welcoming vulva. For, indeed, Jason knew, much better than the London society beauty, that this obscene act symbolized the yielding of her cunt to prick—a demand soon to be made upon her! And he gloated to behold the degradation to which he pitilessly compelled her as a further token of his mastery as her trainer.

Her cheeks swollen by the presence of that awkward guest, the lovely debutante recoiled a little; and it was only when Jason again threatened her with a whipping that she consented to suck that massive structure of lust-flesh, somewhat like a little girl's tasting a sweetmeat. But that was not enough to satisfy her demanding trainer, who pressed down on her head to force her to swallow more of his huge prong. "To the roots!" he ordered, arching up his loins to force his ramrod up the more. Caroline hiccuped, choked as that enormous instrument thrust her tongue back into her very gullet, and in her fright at the sudden nausea that seized her, her fingers clawed his belly.

"You little whore!" he snarled, shoving her back. "You still obstinately carry on your little games, when most girls would ask nothing better than to be allowed to suck so beautiful a prick! Very well, my dove, we'll proceed in a different way, but I urge you to believe that if you once again raise any obstacle to my pleasure, I'll take you to the Countess, who will give you a little treatment all her own, and that's all I'll say to you. Now, then, stretch out! I'll teach you how to French!"

Snuffling with fear, Caroline obeyed. Jason knelt astride her and lowered his naked buttocks against her panting breasts till he flattened them, while his heavy prick, glistening with her saliva,

swung over her terrified face. Suddenly he put himself on all fours and, lowering himself, brought his thick phallus down to her closed lips. His cock grazed and rubbed her cheeks, nose, chin, then again pressed against her mouth, which opened to emit a cry of protest. Taking favorable advantage of that reaction, Jason thrust forward, burying his prick in his young victim's mouth, and forced it on up to the very hilt!

Her breathing choked off by the thick structure of the lance which clogged her mouth and palate, her jaws painfully distended, her lips spread around the thick breadth of that pulsating spear which nailed her pitilessly to the pillow, Caroline was shaken by retchings of nausea, but could do nothing to ease that dreadful mouthful.

Dilated in horror and disgust, her eyes tried to turn supplicatingly toward her torturer, but all they beheld was his hairy belly. A raucous wheeze emerged from her quavering nostrils, for no sound could pass from her distended mouth, filled so vastly by that rigid, thick veined male ramrod.

Jason slowly drew himself halfway out; then, with a groan of pleasure, buried himself back to the hilt inside her defenseless mouth, forcing himself up to her gagging gullet. His face bent down so he might better scrutinize the exciting tableau of Caroline's suffocating, tear-stained face, he began to fuck her mouth, heedless of the scratches her frantically groping fingers inflicted on him in her terror and her mad urge to regain her breath.

The heavy jabs of his meatus against her throat tore dull, gasping groans from the unfortunate girl; her face was frightfully congested and streaming with tears. At that moment, had she been given a choice, she would unhesitatingly have preferred a whipping rather than to endure any longer this bestial treatment; but all the same, Jason's enormous prick kept digging back and forth inside her mouth, so violently it seemed to her it would penetrate down into her very windpipe, and her heart thudded madly each time it thrust home savagely...it lasted a long, a very long time.

Ready to faint, overcome by a frenzied urge to vomit, Caroline suddenly felt his organ swell still more between her aching jaws. Knowing what that meant and what was going to happen, she uttered a pitiful moan through her palpitating nostrils. Summoning up her last remnants of strength, she tried to arch up and throw him off her. But Jason, who had begun to bellow his approaching ecstasy, bore down on his victim with all his weight, covering her face with his belly and pubic mane. He dug his prick into her very gullet, nearly choking her with the powerful and copious spurts of his hot, milky spunk.

Thus suffocated, Caroline's body jerked frenetically, and she fainted dead away while his enormous fleshy syringe continued to pump out bubbling gobbets of spermatic liqueur.

A long while afterward, Jason, who had finally freed his pupil, took notice of her deplorable condition. He bathed her temples with a cold-water compress, made her inhale smelling salts, then gave her a revivifying injection, for he was used to such a reaction from the unfortunate pupils when he subjected them to mouth-fucking. But instead of pitying her, he announced to the dazed and crushed Caroline that he was going to report her bad deportment to the Countess, who might punish her as she deserved.

Now, naked and sobbing, Caroline had prostrated herself in the Countess's office, her palms and face pressed flat on the waxed floor, and her buttocks upreared in the pose which had been taught to her during her lessons. Dressed in black as was her wont, the Countess stared cruelly at the young girl motionless at her feet. Standing behind Caroline, a smile lighting his evil face, was Jason, clad in black trousers, a white silk shirt, and thin red leather sandals.

"Is the position correct, Jason?" the Countess asked as she half-turned toward him.

"It could be better," he pronounced calmly. "However, let's not

be too demanding with her. We must recognize that she's making progress. See how well she shows us her big slit and that dainty little bunghole of hers! Would you have thought she could do that a few weeks ago, Madame?"

"It's true that she has a very lovely cunt," the Countess remarked as she bent down to stare at Caroline's naked quivering bottom. "But it's too hairy, which spoils everything, for the abundance of that fleece hides part of her vulva. And, look there, her anus is almost entirely hidden by the hairs! That's inadmissible! A slave has absolutely no right to hide anything! You'll tell Greta, my maid, to take care of the matter and depilate this pretty slut completely! Besides, it will be useful in the sense that when she sees her own hairless cunt, it will constantly remind her of her status as a slave. And, oh, yes, Jason, I didn't mention her asshole, but it's understood that it, too, ought to be depilated as carefully."

"It will be done as you order, Madame!" Jason smiled viciously.

Weeping with confusion and shame, poor Caroline heard the words of her two tormentors and thought of the frightful humiliation thus in store for her. Alas, that wasn't to be all. Suddenly the Countess's voice grew harsher: "Now, let's pass on to what you told me. It appears you had some difficulties in teaching her the art of sucking the male organ?"

"Oh, yes, Madame! Despite the whippings and punishments already administered, I haven't been able to make her correctly swallow semen at the moment it's discharged. She always acts up—whether she rejects the sperm, or tries to make me believe it makes her vomit."

The Mistress of Ben-Abar lifted her right hand, armed with a long supple wicker switch, and slashed Caroline's lovely bottom, which flattened instantly under the burning cut, while a shriek of agony indicated how badly it had hurt the poor girl.

"Silence, slave! How dare you address a word to me without having been given permission!" the Countess hissed.

"She's not too bad a pupil when it comes to learning, but there remains a great deal more for her to learn before she's perfect," Jason pontificated.

"Ah, you're not severe enough with her, Jason! Very well, I'll take charge of giving her a lesson she'll certainly remember," the Countess declared sternly. "Tomorrow morning, prepare her on the stretching bars. I'm going to apply a whipping to her slit. And I wager that after that little treatment, she'll offer no problems when her trainer does her the honor of spurting in her mouth!"

"I quite agree, Madame," Jason exclaimed, "but I wouldn't want to be in her place."

A wild cry rose from the naked body prostrated at their feet: "Noooooo! Oooooh! No! Not that...you'll kill me...oh, nooooo, please, nooooo!!"

The Countess lifted her arm again and, with a vigorous flick of her wrist, slashed the switch over Caroline's bottomcheeks. The girl rolled over and over, shrieking in distress. "Take her to Greta and then chain her up till tomorrow!" the Countess ordered.

Jason bent over his pupil, seized her by her long tresses, and jerked her to her feet. "Come on, now, my beauty! We're going to pretty up that darling little cunt you're so proud of. Today, we'll shave it, and tomorrow—tomorrow—"

"Nooo—ohhh, nooooo! Ohh, noooo! Ohh, have pity—pity—ohh, have pity on me!"

To make Caroline follow Jason, who was dragging her behind him by her hair, the Countess applied another stroke of the switch, then closed the door of her office on the piercing cries and sobbing supplications which echoed down the corridors of the Fortress of Ben-Abar.

Chapter 19

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF JASON VANWELL

Later in the evening, when I called for Caroline, whom I had confided to the cares of Greta, the Countess's maid, I found the young lady with her eyes still red from the many tears she must have shed during the depilation ordered by my Mistress. I couldn't suppress a little whistle of excitement when my eyes contemplated my charming pupil's cunt.

Caroline's vulva was now as smooth as a baby's cunny, and the absence of any hair emphasized the prominence of her mount of Venus, and above all the accentuated, even unusual setting of the two plump lips of her vulva. Indeed, I could really see for the first time that Caroline was endowed with a highly provocative sexuality; the young lady's cunt peeped out from between her thighs like a mouth with very thick lips. Still more exciting, Caroline had what we in the profession call "a cunt that sticks its tongue out," for between those two thick petals one could see, like a sort

of crest, the bright pink fringe of the little inner lips which stuck out like the tongue of a saucy little girl.

The contrast between that elegantly sculptured, well-bred young woman's body and her deliciously obscene cunt made me shudder with pleasure, for the time was nearing when at last I could assuage my stallion-rut and fuck the lovely Caroline all I wanted.

I now seized her again by her thick hair; as I think I've already mentioned, her long hair fell in ringlets to her shoulders, thick but incredibly silky-soft. And I relished dragging her behind me along the corridors. I opened the door of the cell and shoved her inside violently, making her stumble onto all fours on the thick gray rug. She remained in that position, her face now buried in her hands, her shoulders shaken by sobs.

"You heard the decision of your Mistress," I said severely. "Well, the best you can do is to resign yourself to be chastised just as she promised you." Caroline straightened up on her knees and clasped her hands out to me in a gesture of supplication.

Ah, how things had changed since her arrival at Ben-Abar! Where were those haughty airs now, that indomitable pride, those disdainful mannerisms? Now, in their stead, were tears and humbly murmured supplications. Training by the lash had accomplished a veritable transformation. The impertinent and impossible Miss Caroline Martin was only a lovely naked girl trembling and sniveling like a little child. She crawled to my knees and locked her arms around them, sobbing piteously. How exciting it was! I felt against me the warm firmness of her lovely breasts, and her face was pressed right up against the swelling mound which my stiffening prick made at my crotch.

"I beg you...I'll do everything you wish...everything...I promise you...but stop her from wh-whipping me.... Out of pity, stop her!"

In her desire to demonstrate her obedience and submission, she began feverishly to kiss the place where my prick grew. I felt like amusing myself a little with her, knowing how much it would cost

her proud little soul. "You must understand, Caroline," I explained in a soft, caressing voice, "that if I try to persuade the Countess not to whip you as she intends, I have the right to expect from you a suitable reward. And what I really want—is to fuck you!"

I emphasized the word "fuck," drawing it out to several syllables. I had the joy of seeing her blanch with fear.

"Well?" I demanded, observing the struggle that was taking place within her, pitting her revulsion at the thought of being rogered and her terror at the notion of having her bare cunthole whipped!

"Ooooh! Oooooh, S-Sir...no...ohhhh, nooo!" she managed to cry out, without really knowing which terrified her the most and being unable to choose the lesser punishment.

Again I brutally twisted my fingers in her hair and dragged her head back. "The promises you make come very easily to your mouth, don't they, my pretty one?" I chuckled ferociously. "But when it's time to keep them, you take them back! Very well! I don't see why I'm wasting my time with you, little whore; so I'm going to chain you up till tomorrow, and then you'll be whipped on your cunt. Whipped as you've never been before—you can take it from me, my beauty!"

Stammering with terror, she again succeeded in clutching my knees with her beautiful bare rounded arms and, summoning all her strength, glued herself to me as I was beginning to lift her to drag her to the couch, where she'd spend the night. From her cries and pleas, I gathered that she would consent to do anything to escape the lash. Really anything.

"Then, you consent to let yourself be fucked? You agree to let me roger you?" I asked as I released her.

"Yes! Ohhh, y-yes...S-Sir, oh yes," she sobbed.

"That's very nice of you, my beauty," I chuckled, "but now I don't feel like it. You ought to have made up your mind earlier, for now it's too late."

In the midst of her despairing groans and heartfelt petitions, I cut her short by remarking, "However, I'm going to be magnanimous for once. I'll try to spare you the little morning session if you give me a charming little trip around the world now. I know that you hardly care for that at all, and that each time I demand it of you, I have to use the whip to get you to obey. But now you've got to do it of your own free will. So, will you consent to sucking my asshole, sucking my bunghole deliciously? Answer yes or no!"

Plunged in her morass of despair and shame, unable to utter a single word, Caroline nodded her head as a sign of acceptance, while great tears rolled down her satiny cheeks.

"Very well, my dear, you'll see it's not so terrible as all that. Make me come by using that sweet little tongue of yours the way I ask, and tomorrow nothing will happen to you—that's a promise. But remember, try to do it the way I taught you. I want to feel all of your tongue inside my bunghole—and while you're tongue-fucking my anus, you'll frig my prick to double my pleasure!" I purposely used the vilest, crudest words, the better to mortify my lovely, charming Caroline.

Stricken as she was by the terror of that atrocious flogging promised on the morrow, I felt she was going to procure for me the most exquisite moments. Only the thought of that sweet mouth—the mouth of a well-brought-up young lady approaching my asshole, was more than enough to make me shudder in rut! Naturally, I had no intention of intervening on her behalf with the Countess to get her off the exemplary chastisement which awaited her. Quite the contrary, I was impatient to see that lovely naked pussy of Caroline's subjected to the cruel kisses of the leather martinet.

As I'd told the Countess, I wouldn't have wanted to be in Caroline's shoes tomorrow morning! Just thinking of her shrieks, my prick throbbed and swelled to its majestic vigor. I took off my trousers under which I was naked, for in the chateau I never wear underwear, and kept on only my silk shirt which descended only

as far as my navel, thus baring my buttocks and my huge sexual weapon for Caroline's tear-filled eyes to behold.

Impatient to taste the pleasures of what is known in the trade as a *"feuille de rose,"* or, to use the English vulgarism, a "trip around the world," I dragged my beautiful pupil toward a huge leather cushion against which I knelt. I put my hands behind me and, grasping my buttocks, bared my anus to Caroline, who was prostrated behind me. For a moment, nothing happened. Suddenly I felt the warm contact of her face against my buttocks and the humid softness of her tongue on the crinkly crevice of my bunghole, which I opened to the maximum by forcing my muscles as if I intended to have a bowel movement. The relaxing of my sphincter muscles thus enabled Caroline to bury her tongue in the expanded orifice, thanks to my efforts as well as her own saliva.

The extraordinary softness of that lingual penetration that titillated my anus like a miniature velvet cock made me moan with voluptuous bliss, the more so since, solicitous of the obligation to satisfy me fully so that she might escape the sentence of her cunt whipping, Caroline licked and sucked me so feverishly that she lost her breath, all the while she caressed my prick deliciously with her soft hands passed between my straddled thighs.

Never before had Caroline Martin so exquisitely given me this trip around the world. Only the most furious thrashings or switchings which I had imposed on her pitilessly had been able, till now, to incite her to proffer this so eminently obscene ceremonial. It wasn't hard to understand that now it was only the fear of what awaited her tomorrow which forced her toward such abject and humiliating submission. But the most exciting thing of all was that while she continued to gouge my anus with her tongue and suck it as reverently as I might have wished, she continued to weep from her despondent shame, and so the furrow of my buttocks which I kept open with both hands was moistened as much by her tears as by her saliva.

Since I held myself back as long as possible to savor the thrilling nuances of her caresses, Caroline began to pant from exhaustion, so that when I felt the uncontrollable spasm of ejaculation upon me, her fatigued tongue was unable to harden itself sufficiently to keep gouging my bunghole deeply, being content to rasp all along my anal cleft and especially over my asshole. Ah, what a treat to feel that warm, velvety, wet, trembling tongue thus salute the most animal part of my body, that which was excretory and yet now became the temple of her enforced erotic adoration!

She continued to frig my prick and tickle my balls with both hands, and when I felt myself ready to spurt my jism, I let go of my buttocks and gripping her from behind by her hair, I forced her face tightly against my bottom so she could continue her sucking while my spunk furiously jetted into her hands and over the leather cushion.

After a moment, I wriggled my backside to push her face away. Then I rose, regarding with great amusement that naked young beauty crushed by her shame and distress as she remained prostrated on the rug without daring to budge.

"All right, Caroline, get up! I must tie you up for the night—that's an order from the Countess, you know. Stand up, and come here so I can put this pretty collar around your soft neck."

With unexpected docility, Caroline came over and stretched out on the low couch to which I gestured. Of her own accord, she extended her neck so I might fit on the thick leather collar fastened to a steel chain that was sealed into the cell wall.

"Sir...Sir...Sir...y-you'll speak to the Countess?" Caroline stammered anxiously, her lovely face still humid with saliva and sweat and reddened from its suffocating pressure against my bare bottom.

"Since you've been obedient, I'll speak to the Countess, Caroline," I promised her gently, so she'd go to sleep in a state of false security. Before leaving her, however, the sight of her plump naked hairless cunt inspired me to a sudden caprice: making her frig herself off like

a perverse little schoolgirl. So I made her stretch out on her back and ordered her to straddle her legs and draw her knees back to her breasts. Kneeling near the bench, my face near her pink cunthole, I opened the soft petals of that exquisite orifice with the fingers of my left hand, while my hand drew one of her hands toward her slit.

"Frig yourself now," I ordered, and when she emitted timid protests, I told her harshly that if she did not frig herself and spend before my eyes, not only would I not speak to the Countess to remit her sentence, but I would at once give her twenty strokes of the strap on her bare behind.

Trembling with fear, Caroline uttered a powerless groan and slowly began to masturbate herself. Decidedly, the fear of the lash was the finest argument for convincing and humbling this beautiful slave, I thought with satisfaction. My face very close to her gaping cunny, I watched with intense pleasure as her slim finger began to graze the rosy humid pussyflesh, then lingered over her astonishingly stiffened clitoris, the more prominent because no hair hid it from my gaze.

In spite of her innate modesty and upbringing, Caroline could not struggle against nature, and she began to sigh while a little glistening liqueur moistened her agilely moving finger.

Quite excited myself despite the frenzied spending I had so recently achieved, I kissed her satiny thighs, while with the tips of my fingers I spread apart her plump pussylips, bare and swollen as those of a young Negress.

Her thighs flexed, contracted; her reddening clitoris now stiffened like a tiny prick; I then pushed away her hand and my fingers closed on that dainty little nodule and began to frig it swiftly.

Passionate gasps escaped her throat, and her buttocks lifted off the bench, while my greedy, narrowed eyes clearly perceived her slit palpitating, opening and closing like the vulva of a mare in heat! Ah, she was hot, that little bitch, and she wasn't faking it, for all her virginal airs!

Now I had her clitoris between my thumb and index finger and I rolled it between them and pulled it out, I pinched it savagely till she cried out, then I dug it back into its soft hidden cowl of sweet pink love-flesh before I resumed frigging it between my two fingers as if it were a tiny prick!

I raised my face to watch her reactions, which were well worth the trouble. Her eyes gleaming, her nostrils flaring, her lips curled back like an animal at bay, the young beauty, obviously swept by sensual pleasure, had forgotten for this instant her regrettable status as a slave and captive. Her body wriggled on the low couch, her bottomcheeks lifted up and weaved and writhed and, pantingly, she announced the moment of spending all her girl-cream! To accentuate it and because her naked cunthole wildly roused me, I fused my mouth to that palpitating vulva and, taking her hardened little love-button between my lips, I sucked it in as violently as if I wanted to tear it out!

The lovely girl uttered a shrill cry, and in a series of spasmodic groans and moans, while her plump cunthole seemed to thrust itself out as if to swallow all my tongue, I felt my face saturated by the warm, sticky emission of her pussycream!

I drew back a little, watching her red, congested, furiously wet vulva. Then, after I had wiped my mouth on her bare thighs, I left the cell and let her descend into the sweet oblivion of her orgasm. I owed her that much, especially in view of what awaited her the next day....

I had come to waken her. I had released her collar so she might proceed to her ablutions, makeup, and other more intimate needs. A servant had brought her her lunch on a tray, and now I had just coldly announced to her that I had not been able to obtain a reprieve and that she must prepare herself to endure the Countess's whip.

Persuaded that after her compliance the night before she would

go scot-free, Caroline suffered a terrible shock. For a moment, she remained silent, dazed, not wanting to believe the horrible news; then suddenly, to my great pleasure, she burst into noisy lamentations of terror. "Noooo! Ooh!... No...ohhhh...pittyyyy—ohh, no...oooooh...ooohhh...nooooo!!!"

And when I took her arms to drag her to the Room of Punishments where the Countess awaited us, she began to implore me, to stammer prayers, to supplicate me, and then to cry in terror and despair, trying to escape my grasp.

I had to put my hand between her thighs and then, clenching my fingers against her hairless cunthole, I lifted her from the floor, seizing her titties with my other hand to overcome her resistance and lead her where she would pay the price for her bad will and learn that in every circumstance and no matter what was asked of her, she must obey instantly, as befitted a well-trained slave.

Once inside the Room of Punishment, and having bolted the door, I dumped Caroline onto the rug.

The Countess already awaited us, clad only in a black lace corselette and high, polished black kid boots. In her hand, she had the flagellatory implement specially selected for this exceptional session: a long martinet with a leather handle and six supple, gleaming leather thongs, coated with Vaseline so as not to tear the skin, yet capable of inflicting intolerable agony.

When Caroline's frightened eyes fixed on that sinister object, she could not suppress a prolonged cry of terror. She fell on her knees.

The Countess regarded her severely. "I'm going to whip you, Miss Martin, and whip you severely this time. The reason is that, though you have made certain progress since your arrival here, you are not obedient enough, and this I cannot tolerate. This whipping will, I hope, inspire you to show a little more submission. However, if it does not correct your faults, it will be repeated again—and again, till I judge the result amply satisfactory!"

During this little speech, Caroline remained kneeling, uttering

little groans choked with tears, her eyes widened and her face contorted by terror. It seemed to me she had no longer the strength to react, yet suddenly she began to cry out. "I—I beg of you to kill me...kill me right away.... Don't torture me anymore—I can't endure it!"

The Countess arched her penciled eyebrows sardonically. "To kill you is the very last thing we would want to do. On the contrary, we desire that you remain very much alive and alert. You have a body marvelously endowed to give pleasure to others, and we have been commissioned to teach you precisely how to give that pleasure. That is particularly true for your future Master. So you see we have no intention whatsoever of killing you, my dear."

She paused to let that ironic explanation sink in, then hissed, "All right, Jason, attach her to the straddling bars."

Chapter 20

GENERAL NARRATIVE

The straddling bars were two stakes of sturdy oak planted vertically against a sort of little platform, about six feet apart. This platform, four steps high, was covered with thick red velvet.

Jason, who had lifted Caroline and carried her to the platform, posed her on the red covering, then drew her forward toward the edge of the little platform till her bare behind was almost sticking out into empty space. As she clung to the edge, he seized her wrists and locked them in metal rings set into the floor; then he grasped her ankles and bent her knees toward her bosom.

Caroline felt her legs thus reversed, suddenly stretched and dragged out to each side of her body; leather straps fixed round her ankles pinioned them up very high to the two wooden stakes in such a way that the only thing one saw was the interior of her hairless vulva, lewdly opened to display the exquisitely rosy canal of her vagina, and, a little lower down, the dainty crinkly fissure of

her anus, stretched by this atrociously uncomfortable posture.

Terrorized, the unfortunate Caroline raised her head. The Countess was climbing the four steps of the little platform, and, curiously, that which terrified her most was not the long martinet dangling from the latter's hand but rather her half-nudity.

Till now, she had always seen the Countess clad severely in black. Yet now she discovered that this woman who so greatly terrified her was really very attractive. Above her, Caroline could perceive the long legs and powerful thighs parting to disclose the abundant dark love-tufts which did not quite conceal the thick dark lips of her slit, for the Countess placed one foot on a lower step and the other waist-high, and this pose allowed the unhappy victim to behold the somber mystery of the Countess's sex as well as the round, soft amplitude of those two beautiful buttocks which the black lace corselette accentuated both as to skin contrast and voluptuous curves.

For a moment, the Countess contented herself with staring at the naked, yawningly open vulva before her. Then she smiled and, turning to Jason, who stood motionless and impatient opposite the platform for the beginning of his pupil's ordeal, she remarked, "She's really spread open, and this depilation emphasizes the shape and form of the sex, doesn't it, Jason?"

"Yes, Madame." He smiled.

"Pity...pityyyyyy—" Caroline suddenly began to plead. "Pity—I—I'll do everything you wish...I'll obey—I promise you I'll obey.... Oh, have pity on me. Don't whip me...I implore you!"

The Countess simply raised her martinet and with a flick of her wrist, lowered the leather thongs straight down against the trembling Caroline's naked defenseless cunthole!

The Countess then began to administer the strokes of the martinet with implacable precision. Each lash was inflicted slowly, but heavily.

Caroline's inhuman shrieks were almost unbearable to hear

and resounded from one wall to the other in the Room of Punishments. Her head lifted, her neck stretched tautly enough to snap, her mouth uttering demented howls.

Jason stood, arms crossed like a magistrate, regarding Caroline's martyrdom with his pale glazed eyes. The only sign revealing his inner emotions was a nervous tic which twitched continuously in his right cheek.

The lashes of the martinet had reached a total of five...then ten. The multiple, implacable bites of those long leather thongs had already terribly lacerated the tender flesh of Caroline's defenseless vulva. Her cunthole was striped with thin livid swellings, and the horribly swollen lips seemed ready to burst; but the martinet had been made of a sufficiently supple leather to avoid any grave wounds. Moreover, the thongs had been greased with Vaseline to prevent cutting Caroline's mucous membranes.

Hence the instrument permitted the dominatrix to prolong her victim's suffering as much as she liked, without the risk of uselessly marring her tortured flesh. And so the atrocious flagellation continued....

Ssslllaasshhh!!!

"Aaaggghhhooowww!!!"

Sss—sllaaassshhh!!!

"Aaaggghhh...ooohh!!!"

Relentlessly, the lashes had now fallen fifteen times.

Panting with ferocious rut, Jason admired the unfortunate Caroline's endurance—derived less from her own innate courage than from the drug he had himself injected before taking her from her cell.

The agonized shrieks of the unfortunate young girl, whose body shook and jerked incessantly with implacable suffering punctuated each pitiless stroke from the Countess's martinet, till, just before the twentieth lash and after a long strident wail, Caroline fainted.

The Countess, her forehead damp with sweat and her breath

coming in harsh gasps, lowered her arm and, finding her hand also moist, wiped it on her corselette, her eyes fixed on her victim's martyrized vulva.

Not only Caroline's cuntlips, but the interior of the thighs and buttocks, were streaked with long pink weals imprinted by the thongs. Under the rush of blood which swelled the tender membrane of the orifice, poor Caroline's clitoris had hardened and was insolently erect, but certainly not from pleasure! From pain yes, for that tiny pistil of love-flesh was very red and swollen from the lashing.

Also, thanks to Caroline's spread legs, her anus had had its ample share of that atrocious chastisement. The horribly darkened rosebud of her anal cleft surged up in the groove between her buttocks like a dark molehill.

The Countess raised her head and, without leaving her position above Caroline, glanced at her assistant. "Give her smelling salts."

"Very good, Madame," Jason replied as he moved to a little table from which he took a tiny bottle of dark glass. In a few moments, the acrid fumes of the salts restored consciousness to the unfortunate young girl, who burst into sobs when she realized again what was being done to her.

When the Countess was certain that her victim had had all her sensitivity and awareness restored, she lifted the terrible martinet and, again with all her strength, directed it between the lovely Englishwoman's thighs. Once again, Caroline's hideous screams reverberated through the Room of Punishments.

Five more lashes slashed with a muffled thwack over the beautiful debutante's vulva and anus, before, once again under the frenetic agony which made her writhe convulsively on the red velvet, she fainted.

The Countess smiled. "The salts, Jason!" Once again, he shoved the little dark bottle under Caroline's pinched nostrils and she came to, crying out in terror.

And then again, without the slightest sign of pity, the Countess raised the martinet and resumed flogging that tender female cunthole, while Caroline's hideous bleatings and screechings took on the most inhuman sound. Five more lashes as violent as those which had preceded this new attack brought Caroline Martin's torment to a peak, driving her almost mad.

For the third time, the young English captive fell into the black pit of unconsciousness....

For a long moment, the room remained plunged in an uncanny silence—a silence the more bizarre because it followed those desperate screams which had filled the room so long and so often. The Countess had the wandering look of a woman who has just had orgasm, and it was evident that she had found that subtle pleasure in delivering the last few blows of the martinet. Jason's face clearly showed his sadistic satisfaction.

"Good!" the Countess sighed at last and, lifting her legs over the inert body of her victim, stepped down from the platform. "You know the usual procedure. Give her sedatives for forty-eight hours, accompanied by soothing salves. Then a treatment of stimulants for four days while continuing the massages and unguents."

"Very good, Madame," Jason approved. Ah, he knew very well how to care for Caroline, for it was decidedly not the first time he had been summoned to nurse one of his pupils.

"I leave you, then." The Countess turned and slowly left the Room of Punishments, while Jason approached the inanimate naked body of the young girl. Before he untied her from the straddling bars, he bent his head to kiss the swollen cunt and asshole of the martyrized Caroline Martin.

A week had passed.

Caroline Martin's condition had required far more care than had been first supposed. The punishment inflicted by the Countess

had been very severe. Even now that the young girl was on her feet. Jason continued to apply soothing salves.

This special treatment consisted of light massages with a unique ointment, devised by a chemist who worked for "Rio 9," which had the special properties of alleviating pain and obliterating in a very short time all marks left by whip or switch or strap.

Jason entered Caroline's room. After the last flogging, the two instructors had decided not to lock her in her usual cell, but to give her a lighter, gayer room with the promise that the slightest sign of rebellion would return her at once to the dungeon and the collar and chains.

Still asleep, Caroline did not notice Jason's presence, so he had full leisure to admire the lovely pale face framed by the long curls on the lace-embroidered pillow.

Suddenly she stirred. Her long, delicately curved lids began to flutter. Her eyes opened, and Jason stared into those large pupils still misty with sleep. He gloated to see the shadows of fear leap into those lovely eyes which fixed on him.

He smiled at her. "Good morning, charming Caroline, how are you this morning? Are you ready for our usual little visit?"

As she remained mute and blushing with confusion, he flung the cover and sheets to the foot of the bed, and for a delicious moment contemplated the half-nakedness of the young girl, who dared not move a muscle for fear of displeasing him.

It was evident that the terrible punishment inflicted by the Countess had been most efficacious. The arrogant, haughty Miss Martin who, at her first contact with her kidnappers, had menaced them with the worst reprisals, the proud and fiery Caroline had been replaced by a gentle and fearful young girl who trembled and wept with terror at even the mention of the whip.

As always, the combined training by Jason and the Countess had produced superlative results. Now Caroline's full ripe lips began to

tremble. Despite herself, her thighs clenched together, but that was only for an instant. Her eyes fixed always on Jason's, as if she had been hypnotized, she slowly lifted her nightgown up to her breasts and then slowly turned over onto her stomach. But then, after taking that pose, she did not move, Jason seemed to grow impatient: "Well, my beauty, are you still asleep?"

As if lashed by his voice, Caroline then got down on her knees, her torso posed flat on the bed, which projected into the air in the most indecent way those two lovely round buttocks of hers, exposing them to the lustful gaze of Jason. In the abandon of that pose, she offered him the sight of the well-opened furrow leading to her crinkly anus and the wide slit of her vulva peeping out between those two satiny hillocks.

He began the "visit" by exclaiming, not over Caroline's beauty—which he knew only too well by now—but over the infallible efficacy of the marvelous salve. There was not a trace, not a blister or swelling or welt, anywhere on the soft velvety skin of the young woman. Recalling that horrible state in which Caroline's loins and intimate parts had been left by the martinet, one would regard it virtually as a miracle.

"Excellent, excellent!" he pronounced. "Another day of treatment, and we may consider you are cured and ready to continue your educational curriculum." As he said this, he took a little porcelain pot placed on a low table near the bed, dipped two fingers into it, and now began to spread the unguent over Miss Martin's buttocks and thighs.

"Open your legs!"

She stiffened slightly and then there was a slight—oh, a very slight—hesitation before widening her thighs as much as Jason desired. In this obscene pose, her bottom was lubriciously open, with her anus and vulva offered totally to the man's manipulations. Under the pretext of caring for her, Jason had no concern about touching and caressing the one or the other in an unbelievably perverse fashion.

Caroline hated these moments. Despite her repugnance and shame, she had realized it was impossible for her not to react under the obscene touches he applied; his grazing fingers knew just how to make her shudder with lust and even wrest groans of passion from her.

This time again, to her great confusion and though she had concentrated all her powers on resisting that unwholesome attention, she felt that her clitoris was peeping out of its sheath and stiffened like a tiny cock.

Biting the pillow, her hands clutching the sheets, Caroline tried her best to hide her shame, when suddenly, to her great horror, she felt Jason's fingers, anointed with the unguent, glide along the furrow between her buttocks and attack the little crinkly rosebud of her anus.

However, this wasn't new to her, since at each of his "visits," Jason thus amused himself by burying his fingers into her bottomhole and frigging her anus. At the outset, this had torn vehement protests from the horribly shocked young woman, but a few good hard snacks of his palm on her naked behind had calmed her quickly. Now, taunted with shame and disgust, she let her rectum be gouged without putting up any resistance.

He loved to compel her to endure this obscene practice, for two reasons. The first was that, like every good sadist, he was equally a lover of the joys of sodomy; the second reason stemmed from the first, since it was necessary to break in the new pupil, so she might be capable of enduring without too much damage or risk of any serious accident, the burying of his enormous prick into her fundament when the moment came for him to deflower her behind.

So this morning, bending over the dimpled bottom of his pupil, he amused himself with gouging her asshole with his middle finger smeared with the medicated unguent, and was greatly roused to see the delicate amber rosebud, hairless now and the more piquantly lascivious thereby, open and close at the probings and withdrawals of his finger.

After a moment, he drew out his finger, but only to press two tightly compressed fingers into her distended bottomhole, while stifled groans rose from the pillow and Caroline's buttocks weaved from right to left....

For several minutes, he gouged that tender orifice, and then drew out his two fingers—but it was only so he might press three, forming a cone, into the beautiful slave's bunghole.

Her anus was hideously deformed by that exaggerated stretching, and Caroline began to utter cries of suffering. She tried to rise, but Jason placed his free hand on the small of her back to compel her to keep prone, while with jerky thrusts of his wrist he sought to bury all three fingers up to the palm.

Caroline kicked madly under the cruel gouging and fell flat on her belly on the bed, which literally tore his delving fingers out of her asshole. The pain of this wrenched an agonized cry from her which terminated in tears and groans." "Good! I think it can go now...you'll rest till noon. This afternoon the Countess will come to see you to explain what we're expecting from you this evening.... Till then!"

When Caroline wakened from the short nap, she was terrified to see the Countess seated at her bedside. The woman had an amused smile on her face when she saw the recoiling movement which Caroline could not quite control.

"Jason has informed me of your cure, Caroline," the Countess finally declared after an impressive silence.

"Y-Yes...Madame," Caroline murmured uneasily.

"Very well, Caroline. I hope that now you've entirely understood what we expect of you?"

Caroline's vocal cords seemed to be paralyzed and she could only nod her head in token of assent.

"You must understand now that the things I've told you since your arrival here are quite true: you have been bought through my

organization by a very rich man who desires to enjoy you by treating you as a love-slave submissive to his every whim. Now do you still believe that I am lying?"

Still speechless, Caroline could only shake her head. No, the Countess didn't lie; she knew that now!

"You have also learned what every disobedience to an order costs, I think. You know that the cost is a whipping, a whipping without pity?"

Again the young girl nodded, and this time succeeded in murmuring unsteadily, "Y-Yes...M-Madame...y-yes..."

"Good! In that case, I think you're ready to pass into the second stage of your training, a training that will make of you a slave of exemplary submissiveness before you are delivered to your Master.

"Now, in the past part of your educational stage, my assistant and I were bound to train you and crush out in you every sentiment of revolt and pride in order to have you fully assimilate the precept of absolute obedience.

"However, that does not suffice to make you an interesting subject. Therefore we must now teach you the science of erotic caresses and amorous perversions.

"For this reason, I've invented an amusing method, which I admit with satisfaction has till now achieved only the very best results. We are going to play a kind of comedy in which you will become the maid of a wealthy couple. I shall become your Mistress, and Jason will play the role of my husband and be your Master. You will see and understand very quickly the reason behind this kind of playacting. Soon you'll be given an appropriate costume, the uniform of a maid which, I'm sure, will suit you marvelously. However, before we take over our respective roles, let me give you a warning, Miss Martin."

Now the voice of the Countess suddenly became harsher, more severe: "During all this game, I intend to obtain from you the most absolute obedience, as well as the most total frankness. Any disobe-

dience—any lie—will be punished with all the severity at my command, and there isn't any reason because you happen to be wearing a dress during our little play that this dress cannot be trussed up to give you a spanking or a whipping. Is that thoroughly understood?"

"Y-Yes...yes...M-Madame...."

"Good. Then I'll see you soon, and don't forget my warning!" And with these last words, the Countess rose and went to the door, while a great tear rolled slowly down Caroline's cheek.

The Countess and Jason, at their ease on a drawing-room sofa, silently examined Caroline Martin who stood before them in the respectful and fearful attitude befitting a young chambermaid at her first interview with her new "employers."

The beautiful girl was truly delectable in her charming costume as a maid, for it was ravishing on her. Shod in polished black leather pumps with high heels, her long legs sheathed in black hose, she wore a short little dress of black satin on which stood out the immaculate whiteness of a dainty little lace apron. Her long auburn tresses were pulled back in a ponytail with a big white satin ribbon bow. A very light makeup accentuated the redness of her excitingly beautiful mouth, for the sensual thickness of her lips led one inevitably to think of a vulva.

"What do you think of her, my dear Jason?" the Countess asked.

"Very good...truly, very good...very stirring. I really have a desire to exercise my right of Master over her this very moment."

"But, my dear, who's stopping you? On the contrary, I should think it would only be salutary to our little chambermaid before she makes her debut in her future post. Moreover, I'm rather curious to witness such a scene."

Having thus received permission from the Countess, Jason rose and advanced toward Caroline, who stood motionless but quivering visibly with uneasiness. An uneasiness which, indeed, turned

to panic when she saw Jason, without the slightest modesty, open his trousers and liberate his long, thick prick which, even though not yet in full erection, resembled a stallion's cock.

For a few seconds, she stood there petrified. Then, as he advanced slowly toward her, a horrified cry rose to her lips, for she suddenly guessed what awaited her and she recoiled, stretching her arms out as if to repulse the man who sought to seize her, crying out, "Nooo...ohh...n-no...don't t-touch me.... Oooh...no-noo...you mustn't...you haven't the right... Nooo...nooo!"

Jason's face wreathed in a lascivious smile. He chuckled softly. "No? Truly I don't have the right," he mocked her in a soft, insinuating tone. "And yet that's exactly what I'm going to do. I've wanted to fuck you for a long time, my lovely lady, my lovely little untouchable debutante. I've kept a hard-on for you much too long, Miss Caroline Martin. So I'm going to fuck you, my angel, stick my beautiful whang deep into your lovely cunny—up to the balls!"

As he mouthed these obscenities, Jason's cock rose nearly horizontal. He took it in his hand and extended it toward Caroline. Her eyes dilated with horror, but she could not escape that enormous weapon.

"Noooo—s-stop that—ohh, nooo! Not that—ooooh, n-nooooooo!"

The Countess smiled and shifted herself into a reclining pose on the sofa, so as to lose not a detail of what was about to take place before her.

"Come here! Now, come here, my lovely miss...approach," Jason chuckled.

Then suddenly—without warning—he sprang on Caroline and seized her by the ponytail. She began to struggle wildly. It was instinctive, and she forgot the most elementary rules of submission, although they had been inculcated in her with many doses of the whip. But she was too terrified to react properly, for she understood that she was going to be violated abominably by Jason—under the wicked eyes of the frightful Countess.

Jason rejoiced at Caroline's desperate resistance. This little combat, in which he was sure to come off victoriously, excited him tremendously, and it would really have displeased him to possess a resigned and passive Caroline, while by contrast this body-to-body duel with his victim made his erection truly monstrous.

Irresistibly, in spite of her twists and kicks, he dragged Caroline to a large leather armchair, flung her on her belly over the armrest, her face buried in the cushion of the seat and her legs waving on the other side. Then, without giving her time to react, he swiftly tugged up her black satin skirt, exposing the lovely plump bottom protected by the briefest of white silk panties which scarcely covered her delectably contoured buttocks.

"Noooo!" Caroline protested, uttering piercing cries and trying, though in vain, to rise from her critically vulnerable position.

"Oh, yes!" Jason chuckled as he applied a violent slap with his open palm to that tender bottom proffered to his pleasure. Then, grasping his victim at the small of her back with one hand, with the other hand he tugged down the white silk triangle and glided it along the struggling thighs. "I'm going to have you from behind, dog fashion," he panted. "It'll go in better!"

He relaxed his pressure on her back, but only so he could grasp her hips just above her buttocks; then, slipping himself between her legs, with a strong pressure of his knees, he forced her thighs open.

Weeping and crying with anger and despair, Caroline tried in vain to prevent his placing himself behind her, trying even to repulse him with her two hands thrust out behind her back, but without success. Her position, balanced over the armrest and with her face on the cushion, offered scarcely any chance to escape Jason's hold. Moreover, she was matched against a masterful expert in this ignoble art.

There was no reason for Jason to use finesse and to spare her.

Brutally, with a single long thrust, he forced over six inches of thick, hard prick, into her tight, burning cunt, with such violence that his belly smacked noisily against her bent-over, taut bare buttocks.

Caroline shrieked with despair and pain at the savage eruption of that shaft of hard flesh which filled her womb, frightfully distending the soft mucous tissues of her delicate vulva, so little used to such vicious treatment.

Jason's mouth opened in a gasp of pleasure when he felt himself well planted in that narrow, tightening vaginal sheath, for the delicious convulsive quiverings of Caroline's cunthole urged him to unleash his rut.

The poor slave cried and struggled weakly like a butterfly stuck on a pin, clawing the leather of the armchair, while her staring eyes fixed on the smiling face of the Countess, who seemed extremely stirred by this scene of rape.

Jason slowly withdrew; then with a single thrust as violent as the first, buried his enormous prick in Caroline's cunthole up to the balls.

To his great joy, she could not hold back a mad shriek, writhing feverishly under that massive impalement.

"Ah—aaaahhh!!!"

Again he dug himself in with so much brutality that his huge meatus banged against her very core. And then, now that he felt himself fully rooted inside his victim, he relaxed his grip of her hips and, arching himself to fit her body, to lie over her back that shook with sobs, he slid his hands into her unbuttoned bodice and took hold of her panting titties, fondling the rosy nipples furiously. His face was deformed by a rictus of lascivious rut, and from his half-opened mouth there poured a torrent of obscene words mingled with grunts and groans of carnal lubricity.

His excitement was quite understandable. For long days, he had had Caroline's lovely body at his mercy and yet had never once been able to enjoy her fully.

Now, slowly, regularly, he fucked her with long rhythmic thrusts that made his belly smack against the naked bottom crushed beneath him. Caroline had stopped crying out; now, only plaintive groans interspersed with hysterical sobs escaped her trembling lips. The tempo of this in-and-out plunging of his cock accelerated, while the armchair creaked at each of his movements.

Now the Countess rose suddenly and, walking over to the armchair, bent over the captive and, seizing the girl's ponytail in one hand, lifted Caroline's head, twisting the victim's face to one side. "Is it good? Is it good to be fucked by Jason's big prick?" she demanded, while that agonized, lovely face bathed in tears stared at her with a speechless horror. To be sure, she received no coherent reply, but only a torrent of groans and sobs which continued to emerge from the gaping mouth of the unfortunate captive.

Visibly savoring the humiliation inflicted on her slave, the Countess contemplated her for another long, delicious moment. Then, releasing the ponytail, she allowed Caroline's head to droop.

"Is she good to fuck?" she asked Jason who, all this while, had not slackened his rhythm.

"Y-Yes...ahh...yes," he panted, now quickening and brutalizing his fierce penetrations. "Yes...she is...g-good...but she...will... be...better still...when I've...trained her...to fuck the way she should!"

Her face pressed against the leather cushion which her tears had dampened, every fiber of Caroline's being was revolted by the brutal assault imposed on her, but she was too shocked and overwhelmed to have the strength left to resist. Besides, despite her indignation and inner revolt, her body reacted to betray her. Few women of normal sexuality—and Caroline was even more sexually endowed than most—could have ignored the rhythmic frictions of Jason's enormous prick....

Her bottom shuddered at each thrust of that thick phallus whose meatus buffeted the depths of her vagina with a dull thud

that drew from her each time a choked gasp, as if she had been pinched in her belly.

"N-No—nooooooooooo...n-noooo," she sobbed wretchedly as she felt a slow, insidious pleasure invade her flesh distended by the stretching probings of Jason's massive penis.

"Isn't it good?" he panted, his loins jerking back and forth with brutal frenzy now, while he pinched and squeezed her naked breasts, which had stiffened treacherously under his fingers.

Caroline's bare little cunt grew hotter and hotter, wetter and wetter. Jason's pleasure became too intense for him to hold it back any longer.

He panted, gasped, cried out and fucked her with violent shoves of his loins, literally as unleashed as a bull in rut, tearing stifled cries from his victim and making the armchair creak loudly under his assault, that of a stallion in supreme erotic fury....

Suddenly from his lips came a braying cry of ultimate frenzy, while his burning sperm flooded Caroline in powerful, thick jets, so abundant that the milky liquid surged back out of her distended vulva, and trickled down the leather armrest.

His buttocks jerking with nervous spasms, he finally collapsed onto poor Caroline, continuing to gasp and groan in the aftermath of the sublime fulfillment which had shaken him from head to foot. And Caroline, crushed and annihilated, shuddered feebly, dominated and feeling in her martyred loins the agitation of her own secret erotic distillations....

VOLUME TWO

Chapter 1

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF CAROLINE MARTIN

Oh, my God, why have I been abandoned thus? What is going to become of me? I do not think that even hell itself can hold more horrors for me than what I have just experienced in this terrible castle which, Jason Vanwell has told me, is known as the Fortress of Ben-Abar, in the heart of the Atlas Mountains in Morocco. I know now that when I went sailing, someone overcame me, took me from behind as I was getting out of my little sailboat, chloroformed me, and after that I know nothing except waking to the horror of a dungeon cell and then the fatal meetings with that horrible woman who calls herself the Countess...and with the man whom she calls my trainer, Jason Vanwell.

I know also now that some rich man, whose identity is unknown to me at this moment, has arranged all this by buying me, and that my kidnapping and transportation to this desolate spot on the earth was all premeditated. I'm not sure that I shall ever see

my parents again, or my beautiful London. All I can hope is that the Master who buys me will have some decency left in him, some shred of elemental honor and sympathy to which I can appeal. And I shall appeal on my knees, my arms wrapped around his thighs, imploring him, praying to him as I would to the Creator Himself! Oh, I have prayed to Him so many times already, my face bathed in tears, my body burning from the terrible whippings that awful woman and my trainer have given me so liberally. But He has ignored me until now, and perhaps though it is blasphemy for me to say so, I should address myself to the one who conceived all this and who, when all this misery and suffering of mine are over, will be my Master. For that is what the Countess says my owner will be—a Master who will have every right over me, whose every whim must be my law henceforth, and to whose sexual fantasies I must bend myself or face atrocious punishments.

But I do not think that anything could exceed in pain and shame for me what I have already been forced to endure here in this desolate and well-guarded—again, as Jason Vanwell tells me—impregnable place.

I have been whipped, I have been locked in the Silver Cage all night long, I have had to kneel down and take a man's sex organ in my hand and name it with the most obscene terms my trainer has found to employ and repeat them until he is satisfied. I have even had to cup my breasts and clasp them against his sexual organ, like a living vise, and when I refused to commit that obscenity, I was whipped with a currying brush, whose bristles made me think that the flesh of my buttocks had had every strip of skin flayed off them. And then, conquered by pain—for perhaps I am a wretched coward, and yet I have suffered so very much every day that I can recall here—I had to go to bed with my trainer and to do with my breasts what he commanded I do to his sexual organ. I cannot use the words he uses, for to do so would imply that even my mind and soul have become as servile and humble as my

flesh. But because I am a coward, I bend myself to his will to escape unknown and even more atrocious chastisements. Will there never be an end to all this?

And the last torments which Jason Vanwell administered to me—I wonder if there was anything which can surpass them to shame me and to terrorize me, and to torture my poor body. Never have I been so miserably conscious that I am an attractive young woman and that I am desirable to a male as now. I wish to God that I were ugly and old that I might escape this training, for that is what Jason Vanwell calls all my long weeks in this gloomy castle. I am to be trained to be the slave of the man who has bought me—that is the crux of it.

For finally after I had come out of the pain of the switch, and the currying brush, finally agreed to take his penis between my breasts and to masturbate him until he had his orgasm—and how odious that was for me, to feel his semen spurting in my very face!—at the next session, he wished me to use my mouth on his sexual organ. And when I refused to do it, he took me across his lap, and with a cotton tampon rubbed my anus with cologne until I nearly fainted from the burning, searing pain. Well, again I lent myself to his will, but I fainted when he ejaculated into my mouth, and because I did that, I found myself in the office of the Countess, my hands and face pressed against the waxed floor and my bare buttocks offered up in the air in the most shameful position, an attitude of servility which I had been taught to assume as a slave.

And then, the unforgettable depilation of my pubic hair and a whipping by the Countess on the hairless lips of my sex—how I wanted to die, how I begged for death—but I endured it. Words can't describe the merciless burning which tore through me, struck at the most intimate part of my woman's body. I promised I'd do anything, and I would again, if only to escape that infernal punishment.

Then how that odious man, Jason Vanwell, tricked me by inti-

mating he would let me off that savage whipping in a place so tender that the mere thought of it nearly made me faint with agony, if I would...if I would put my tongue into his anus. Well, I brought myself to even that bestiality, so much had pain conquered me.

And then I discovered the next day that I had not won remission of that punishment at all. How I pleaded and wept—to no avail. I know that I fainted several times while the Countess used a multiple-thonged whip right between my legs. And then a week later, after all the care they gave me, Jason resumed my training, going so far as to put his Vaseline-smeared finger into my anus and to press it back and forth while I had to kneel there and not show the slightest revulsion. And then finally the day I shall never forget—only two days ago, I believe—when he took me, possessing me without pity, giving me no pleasure in the ferocious brutality of his unleashed lust.

I don't think anything more can happen to me now. All I can pray is that this training will end so that I may be sent to the Master who bought me. With him, I shall try every way I know how to soften him and get him to understand that I am not just an ordinary girl kidnapped out of a poor neighborhood, but Caroline Martin, whose parents are prominent in London society and who are rich and can pay ransom for me. And if I have to give him my body to get his sympathy, well, I'll do that, too. I will do anything in the world to escape from the hell to which I have been brought so unjustly!

Chapter 2

GENERAL NARRATIVE

The extremely efficacious methods of the white-slave organization known as "Rio 9" in not only arranging for the abduction of beautiful young girls and women throughout the world, but also in subjecting them to the most comprehensive erotic training in order to turn them into submissive houri capable of providing every unusual and perverse sexual pleasure to their ultimate purchasers, were now brought to bear upon the beautiful London patrician, Caroline Martin.

Having already completed what was known as the preliminary stage, this superb young woman had now been conquered enough by fear and the pain of judiciously applied floggings, to realize that her only hope of escaping the most agonizing torment was by complete submission to the desires of the Countess and her trainer, Jason Vanwell. Both these astute dominators of slaves, thoroughly experienced in their hugely profitable enterprise, had concurred that

after the supreme indignity which Caroline Martin had endured—that of being fucked by Jason Vanwell in front of the Countess—a period of seeming reprieve should be granted to her in order that she might have ample time to reflect over the incredible alteration of her destiny.

And it was not until the afternoon of the second day following that little playacting farce in which she had been dressed as a soubrette and instructed to act and obey like the maid of a sophisticated modern couple (which roles, naturally, the Countess and Jason Vanwell performed with authority) she found herself once more summoned before the svelte dominatrix. During those two days and nights, Caroline Martin had been left naked in her dungeon, her wrists fixed into metal cuffs set into the wall, and her ankles corded with rawhide thongs, which in turn were knotted around a set of similar cuffs set into the base of the wall, thus compelling her to kneel facing the door of her cell and presenting the magnificent vistas of her titties and her cunt to the admiring and greedy eyes of Jason Vanwell, who personally brought in her meals three times a day and, seating himself on a footstool beside the shuddering and agonized young woman, fed her by hand and by spoon, from time to time passing his other hand over her quivering bosom and belly and thighs and bottom. But all this without a word as to what her fate was to be.

At night, to be sure, he entered and loosened her manacles, only to conduct her to the low couch where she was to sleep and then to fasten a thick leather collar around her neck, which was attached to a steel chain sealed into the stone wall.

One can imagine the mounting suspense and apprehension of this pampered young woman who, until Basil Rothberg had expressed a passionate desire to see the haughty debutante brought down from her pedestal and humbled, had never known so much as a harsh word or even a playful corrective slap. Now in the space of these horribly long weeks which comprised the preliminary

stage of the "training," she had, she believed, endured the most shameful and degrading ordeals which it was possible for a female to experience. Made to strip naked, sentenced to the lash whenever it pleased the Countess and the savage Jason Vanwell, compelled by him to learn the lexicon of lust and to acquire the most obscene vocabulary as well as to perform orally and lingually on his penis and anus, and then carnally taken like a whore in front of the enigmatic and exotically beautiful dominatrix who called herself the Countess, it was not surprising that Caroline Martin believed herself to have fallen to the lowest level of human depravity. And being left alone by herself for this forty-eight-hour "pause," between the stages of her training was precisely the psychological weapon which these two gifted practitioners of subjugation felt certain would engulf her impressionable mind with a fatalistic resignation in that very belief that nothing more terrible could happen to her.

Each time Jason Vanwell entered her cell, therefore, Caroline Martin started, her eyes wide and appealing, filled with tears, her bosom agitatedly rising and falling, in the vain hope that he would communicate to her some vital news, perhaps the news that at last she was to be sent to the Master who had bought her, to the man who had ordained so heartlessly that she be kidnapped from England and brought to this desolate and grim fortress in Morocco. And yet so well had the lesson of humility been inculcated within her hitherto-indomitable spirit, that she was able to refrain from speaking to him, from asking him a single question, though hundreds of them surged to her lips each time she saw him come into the dungeon where she was being held prisoner. Only by dint of tearful, agonizingly supplicating looks did she convey to Jason Vanwell her intolerable despair and her yearning to understand at least what was to happen to her. And to all this he responded with silence, a grinning silence in which he took full advantage of her shameful fettered kneeling posture by fondling her to his heart's content.

At about four o'clock of that second afternoon, Jason Vanwell, again without a word to the naked captive, unfastened her shackles and then commanded peremptorily, "You are to kneel down, clasp your hands behind your back, and follow me to the office of the Countess, Caroline!"

A groan of consternation was torn from the auburn-haired young woman. She knelt down slowly, wincing as the hard flagstones of the dungeon floor bruised her tender bare knees, and then fixed her trainer with an imploring look which made him almost smile despite himself.

"You wish to speak?" He turned back to her from the door which he was about to open.

"Y-Yes, M-Master. Am—am I to be—be punished again, M-Master?"

"That will always depend on you, Caroline," Jason Vanwell replied. "For the moment, the only instruction I have is that you are to follow me and in the position I have just ordered you to assume. Come now, we must not keep her waiting. I think you know from past experience that she can be quite irate when she learns that you are disobedient."

So saying, he opened the door to the cell and advanced into the corridor, while the naked young woman, her face scarlet with mortification, bowed her head, and slowly and painfully crawled out on her knees as bidden.

It was a long and torturing route he took, purposely making several detours to augment not only the physical discomfort of crawling on her tender knees, but also imprinting upon her mind the gradually intensifying terror of the unknown. Her last two visits to the Countess had been utterly disastrous for her poise and pride as well as for her stamina; she had been put on the straddling bar and whipped with a martinet on her depilated pussy and anus; and then the second time she had known for the first time in this terrible prison of Ben-Abar the ignominy of being fucked

like a creature, a receptacle which had no human will or feelings, solely to be used at the convenience of the Master who was her trainer, Jason Vanwell.

Tears welled up into Caroline's defeated eyes and her magnificent titties rose and fell agitatedly, while her slim little fingers twisted behind her back as she crawled along the corridors which Jason Vanwell made her traverse before at last they came to the office of the Countess.

He opened the door and gestured curtly to her. "This time, little one, I shall not be present," he said roughly. "But I advise you in your own best interests to do whatever the Countess orders you to do, and that without hesitating or arguing. Do you understand me? Otherwise"—and now he grinned sardonically—"you may well see me again when she calls for me to fasten you to the straddling bar for another good whipping on that tender pink cunt of yours. You haven't forgotten that, I trust?"

A wave of crimson suffused Caroline's lovely aristocratic face, but she bit her lips, and for a scant instant the impulse to revolt and to denounce him rose in her being. But before his malevolent, mocking gaze, and the certain knowledge that even the most ardent revolt would be punished pitilessly, Caroline Martin quailed. With a choking sob, she murmured, "I—I will obey, M-Master."

"See that you do, my pretty one! And now, till our next meeting. I bid you a most pleasant afternoon," he told her with blatant irony.

The office was deserted. Caroline shuddered as she knelt before the desk over which, weeks ago—or was it centuries ago?—she had been bent for the terrible wicker switch which had made her buttocks feel as if a flaming brand had been burned into the very bones. She was in there about five minutes until at last the Countess appeared, in a green satin negligee and high-heeled pumps, a long ivory cigarette holder in one hand, a thin tapering black leather cravache in the other.

For a long moment, she fixed the kneeling naked girl with an intent and severe expression, and without uttering a word, which to be sure was merely the continuation of a clever plan that she and Jason Vanwell had decided upon as a proper prologue to the second stage of Caroline's training. Then at last she spoke, in a cold, impersonal voice which had the effect of communicating to the shuddering naked captive the sensation that the Countess might be talking to one even lowlier than a servant without any pause for questions or discussion. "I trust, Caroline, that you have had ample time to meditate on your situation during these past two days. Jason has told me that you have shown yourself to be reasonably docile, and so perhaps we may expect a little success with the progression of your training. For you are as yet far from being the perfect example of a completely submissive and capable slave. And by capable, I mean the acquisition of all the sexual arts whereby you will serve your Master and, no doubt, his friends as well. But to that point and before you can be presented to him, Caroline, your education must continue from this day forth with an intensified aptitude on your part. I need hardly add that the slightest show of ill will now will bring with it much more stringent punishments than you have heretofore experienced. In a word, we have no time to waste with you now, and so I advise you to listen attentively and then to obey me exactly. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes, M-Mistress," Caroline Martin quavered. Again a violent blush suffused her cheeks, but she did not otherwise move from her genuflecting posture, her fingers still clasped together behind her back, her head bowed in an attitude of submission. The Countess considered her for a moment, with an ironic smile on her sensual, thin red lips, for she well remembered her introduction to this spirited and arrogant young beauty on the occasion of their very first meeting. Who would have believed that a patrician daughter from a family of wealth and social prestige, could have

changed so unrecognizably in so short a time? The answer lay in the pitiless and relentless course of "training" to which Caroline Martin had been subjected. Yet that training was far from being complete, because even the most rebellious captive at times reaches a stage of common sense wherein he or she decides to lull the suspicions of his or her jailers and pretend to accept everything in the hope of eventual escape or supreme revolt. But the Countess had taken precautions to make sure that Caroline would not deceive her.

"Very good. I find your attitude correct this afternoon, Caroline. Now you will accompany me into my boudoir still on your knees and with your hands behind you. Come quickly! It grows late, and there is much to be done before supper."

So saying, she turned her back on the naked young woman and moved down the narrow hallway past her bedroom into an ornate boudoir. A very long low couch was set against three walls. The fourth was occupied by a magnificent dressing table with a full-length oval mirror. Pillows strewn over the floor could be used as an amorous couch as well. Seating herself on the chair of the dressing table, the Countess regarded the naked auburn-haired captive with a sensual smile of anticipation. Then, turning to the table, she picked up a phone and dialed an extension. A moment later, when she had been connected, she said aloud, so that Caroline could hear, "I am not to be disturbed until at least six o'clock—is that understood? For no reason whatsoever. Very good." Then, hanging up, she turned back to regard the uneasy naked beauty before her.

"Now that I have made certain that no one will disturb us, Caroline," she continued in what was for her an ingratiating tone, "I myself am going to undertake your training in this second phase. You have already, I believe, acquired a very liberal education from Jason as to how to satisfy a man—with one notable exception, which will be taught to you within the next few days." Again

pausing to observe the effect of her words on the flushed, anguished face of the lovely auburn-haired captive; the Countess went on. "However, I believe that you are totally ignorant of how to service a Mistress, one of your own sex. You understand me, Caroline?"

"I—I'm not sure, M-Mistress, wh-what you mean," Caroline quavered.

The Countess was a woman of about thirty-five, tall and svelte, with an exotic oval face whose prominently high-set cheekbones, aquiline nose with very delicate flaring wings, and perversely thin and imperious mouth, at the very outset struck the beholder as the epitome of domination and inflexibility. But in many ways she was extremely beautiful; and under her thin negligee, Caroline could not help observing the long, feverishly quivering beautifully muscled thighs, the sleek basin of the belly, and the haughty jut of widely spaced breasts whose ripe buds nuzzled against the clinging glossy veil of the negligee. Her black hair was coiffed in a very thick and prim bun at the back of her head, which left her nape bare as well as her dainty little ears. From her lobes dangled a pair of gleaming sapphire pendants, oblong stones set in platinum, which moved and danced in the air at each movement of the Countess's head. Caroline felt herself staring almost hypnotically at them.

"Well then," she resumed dryly, "I shall do my best to teach you what I mean, Caroline. But remember, as I have just now indicated, that it is imperative that you learn as swiftly as you can. I do not care to be forced to give you a second explanation. One must suffice. And if I find that you are not attentive, I shall take measures to guarantee the most painstaking dedication to your new lessons. Do I make myself clear to you?"

Her daintily penciled eyebrows arched questioningly. Caroline again stammered, "Oh, yes, M-Mistress!"

"Good! I am delighted to hear you declare that you are in a state of comprehension. We shall soon test your cooperation."

With this, the Countess stretched languidly on the long low couch, retaining the cravache in her right hand and the cigarette holder in her left. "Come now, on your knees, over to me to begin your training, Caroline," she ordered. Disdainfully, she flicked the ashes from a long Egyptian cigarette onto a little copper tray placed on the low glass-covered coffee table beside the couch.

Caroline's face flamed with mortification as she executed this servile act of obeisance. Now arrived in front of her implacable Mistress, she was conscious of her total nudity and, with all the apprehension which that nudity increased, of the terrible, flexible black whip in the hand of the Countess. Her eyes could not help fixing on it for a moment, and the svelte brunette laughed softly. "I perceive that you are in full possession of your wits today, Caroline, since you study the cravache which I have brought along with me to make certain of your good behavior. Yes, slave, its kiss is burning and pointed, and that is why I've had you brought to me naked so that I may apply it to the tenderest parts of your body if you show the slightest rebellion or hesitation in executing my orders."

Caroline shivered and lowered her eyes. The Countess considered her for a gloating moment, then continued, "Kneel on all fours, Caroline. This is an attitude which many Masters and Mistresses favor because not only does it imply the most perfect submission, but it also has the practical advantage of reminding the slave not to dare to use her hands for any gesture that could be interpreted as mutinous."

Once again, feeling herself a helpless puppet, a veritable Trilby compelled by this exotic female Svengali beyond all reason and all volition, Caroline obeyed.

Again there was a long silence while the Countess puffed calmly on her cigarette holder, exhaling a series of blue smoke rings which rose slowly to the ceiling. She had pillowed her head on a large brocaded cushion, and in this indolent pose, the glossy, frag-

ile fabric of the negligee outlined her shape in the most suggestive manner, marking the deepening hollow at the apex of her long, muscled, sleek thighs.

At last, a taunting little smile playing about the corners of her mouth, she resumed, "I presume, Caroline, that Jason has taught you the amorous vocabulary which will be required of you when you begin your service with your new Master?"

Once again Caroline's face flamed, but the sight of that vicious little whip spurred her to a swift if stammered-out answer: "Oh, why—yes, M-Mistress!"

"I know," the Countess continued, "that by now you are familiar with the terms used to designate the male sexual parts as well as those which pertain to your own. But in the practice of love between women, Caroline, there are other and perhaps more intimate words with which you must become familiar as well. I do not say that in your Master's service you may be called upon immediately to know and use them, but it is quite possible that a Master who buys a slave for his own pleasure may sometimes care to offer her to some female acquaintance. Do you follow me?"

Caroline was absolutely shocked at the sudden new and devastating idea which the Countess's last words had just implanted. She gasped and then nodded hastily. But this was not enough response for the Countess. Suddenly, with a dexterous flick of her wrist, she sent the black leather cravache whistling across the young woman's naked chest, just above where the lovely satiny valley began to separate those magnificent love-globes.

Taken by surprise, Caroline uttered a cry of pain and recoiled; an angry bright pink streak had at once leaped upon her fair skin, and the impulse to soothe the wounded place with her hands was overwhelming. But in almost the same moment, the dominatrix hissed: "Take care, Caroline! If you dare remove your hands from under your knees, I shall have Jason sent for to give you a particularly painful chastisement."

The greater terrors and agonies which this threat summoned up enabled Caroline to remain as she was, tears running down her cheeks, and her lips trembling as she regarded the pitiless dominatrix.

"That was for not answering me, Caroline. A nod will never do as a response to the comment or question of a Master or Mistress. Never do it again, or you will be punished severely."

"Why—yes, M-Mistress."

"That's better. Now to resume, Caroline. There are times when a woman—and here I am speaking of a free woman, and not a slave, of course—prefers the more gentle ministrations of one of her own sex to the embrace of a male. Some women even prefer it to all other sexual union. And as I have just now remarked, it may well be that your new Master, either for his own diversion or as a gesture of hospitality, may offer your services to some woman friend or guest. It would be, therefore, unfortunate and painful for you if such occasion should arise and you were not prepared to gratify this female. Do you follow me so far, Caroline?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress!" This time, the naked auburn-haired young woman did not hesitate.

"With that explanation as a preamble, and it is the only one that you will need, because in the main the slave has no need to know the motivation of her Master or Mistress, we shall begin," the Countess observed dryly. "Now, then, bend your head down and untie the belt of my negligee with your lips and teeth, then open the garment."

Again Caroline bit her lips. Her magnificent naked titties rose and fell agitatedly as the implicit servility of her Mistress's words struck still another damaging blow against what was left of her will and spirit. But the tyrannical methods employed with her through this initial stage of training had already brought her far enough along the road to total servitude to decide her to obey despite the mortification which, naturally, the Countess intended her to suffer. She

therefore bowed her head and applied her lips to the decorative sequined belt of the Countess's negligee and managed to untie it.

"Very good. Now pull the folds open."

This time it was necessary for Caroline to press her lips against the Countess's naked skin itself, in order to take hold of the edge of the garment and to pull it back so that it disclosed the flat smooth belly with its deep, narrow navel and the crisp black silky triangle of pubic hair which framed the mons veneris of the dominatrix.

"That was not too bad for a first trial," the Countess observed lazily. "And now, Caroline, you will begin to kiss my belly and the insides of my legs, but without touching my sex. I will tell you when to stop. Begin at once!"

Caroline's eyes widened and her cheeks burned, as she stared at that lascivious disclosure which the opened folds of the negligee permitted. The pale ivory flesh was enticing indeed, but Caroline Martin had never in her life manifested the slightest Sapphic tendency. She was therefore saddled immediately with a moral ordeal. The dominatrix had guessed as much from the dossier which she and her agents had procured on this captive destined for Sir Basil Rothberg back in London. And so the dark eyes of the Countess fixed on the crimson-faced naked beauty with an expression which was at once mocking and sadistic.

"What are you waiting for, Caroline?" she hissed and, lifting her right hand, slashed the captive's creamy shoulders. Caroline uttered a cry of pain, squirming and twisting under the burning cut of the whip. Then, she bowed her head meekly, and her trembling lips pressed tentatively against the belly of the voluptuous dominatrix.

"That's better," the svelte brunette murmured. "Not quickly at all. Lingeringly and gently, merely brushing the skin with your lips at the outset. Later, I will teach you the various gamut of passionate kisses which one woman accords another, and particularly as

a slave applies them to one of superior status. You may go on, Caroline."

From the naked flesh of the Countess, there rose an ineffable emanation of cloying perfume—which Caroline could not identify—of the moist scent of womanflesh itself, and a blend of the effluvia indigenous to the female. Adding to this was the aromatic smell of the Egyptian cigarette, and the faintly musklike odor which clung to the room itself. Altogether, it composed a singularly enervating distillation which was simultaneously disturbing and titillating. But most of all, for Caroline Martin, pampered socialite, the thought of having to pay this intimate homage to the naked body of another woman—and particularly a woman who had brutalized and degraded her so viciously—proved an annihilating torment. While it was true that this torment was spiritual rather than physical, the fact remained that every instinct in the haughty auburn-haired beauty surged toward revolt. Only the practical and doleful experience of the past proved sufficient to warn Caroline that such rebellion would be crushed pitilessly.

Her eyes closed, her fingers tightened against her bare knees which in turn achingly weighted down those slim soft hands which until this captivity had never known such a duty, fighting the tears which sprang to her eyes, Caroline Martin moved her quivering lips over that ivory goblet of flesh, and the insinuating blend of scents made her nostrils dilate and twitch and her breathing erratic. For the aura did not let her forget, even though she tried to obliterate it from her mind by closing her eyes and by submitting passively, that she was nothing more now than a lowly creature summoned to do the lascivious bidding of a woman she both detested and dreaded.

"Not too bad," the Countess declared appraisingly after a few moments. "Now, Caroline, brush the tip of your tongue into my navel, slowly back and forth, and then apply little kisses after each such movement. This is highly stimulating to a woman. And

remember this"—and now her voice became cool and incisive—"At no time in your service to your new Master—or a Mistress, if he should so designate this for the time being—is it expected that you yourself should derive the slightest pleasure from what you do or what is being done to you. The feelings of a slave do not exist; she herself exists only to provide pleasure for her Master and the Mistress. You will cling to that tenet, Caroline, or else I foresee many difficult hours for you when you are finally brought face to face with him the man who has bought you and who has sent you here for the necessary training. And with this in mind, you will proceed to do what I have just explained. Begin!"

Her voice cut like a whiplash, throbbing with scornful contempt for the creature that Caroline Martin was destined to be—nay, was very nearly already. The young woman shuddered, ground her teeth together to keep from denouncing her tormentor, and mastered that dangerous impulse. And docilely she hesitantly put out the tip of her little pink tongue and brushed the moist narrow crevice which was the Countess's navel. She felt the woman shiver and stir under her and heard a languid sigh. Her face was furious with the blush of shame and distaste. But that terrible cravache was all too near her, and she did not dare provoke its fury.

Chapter 3

GENERAL NARRATIVE, CONTINUED

"Now the kiss!" the Countess insisted, her voice sibilant and threatening. And Caroline shivered, having actually forgotten this tiny nuance of servitude to which she had been ordered. Tremulously, her moist lips brushed the soft perfumed niche of the navel, and then, remembering how it was that the Countess desired her to perform her demeaning task, once more slowly extended her tongue and brushed the scented, palpitating hollow.

Once again Caroline heard the sigh of this passionate, perverse, and domineering Countess, and her face was flooded with the blushes of shame at having to attend another woman in this intimate manner. Worst of all, the posture of the Countess on the low couch, sprawled and languid, her negligee already having been drawn aside by Caroline's lips and teeth, compelled the young woman to bend her head this way and that and to lower her own naked body all the closer to that tantalizing pale ivory nudity of

the woman who had tortured and subjugated her so diabolically from the very outset of her captivity.

The posture was even more difficult for Caroline because she had been obliged to kneel on her palms; hence any shifting of her body hurt her tender hands as her knees were forced to move this way and that, to pivot herself in order to reach the now supremely intimate regions of the Countess's body. But for the nonce, the dominatrix was quite content to let her captive continue first to lick and then to kiss the delicate umbilical hollow which was for this enigmatic and complex female in itself a lascivious homage and stimulus.

For perhaps five full minutes this ordeal persisted for poor Caroline, after which she heard the Countess remark arrogantly, "That was not too bad, either. Now you may sit up and face me, Caroline. Before you proceed, we shall have a brief examination on how much you have learned from your trainer, Jason Vanwell!"

Fighting her tears, but perhaps momentarily grateful for this temporary reprieve—for the moral agony of having thus to salute the naked body of this woman who had robbed her of her liberty and pride and self-esteem was in itself an atrocious martyrdom for haughty Caroline Martin—the naked young woman uttered a gasp of relief and straightened up, her eyes fixed submissively on the Countess's face.

"As I have already said, Caroline, I am certain that Jason has taught you the vocabulary of love as it applies to female slave and Master. I myself shall teach you other things, but at the moment I am concerned with your aptitude and your recollection. Now, then, spread your legs as far as you can but without removing your knees from your palms. More than that, girl!" Her hand tightened on the handle of the cravache and drew it back with a cruel little smile. With a groan, Caroline managed to spread herself to the maximum, so that it felt to her as if her pussy were about to split apart. And this, in turn, made her conscious of the depilation of the most intimate and sacrosanct part of her young body.

The svelte dominatrix stared boldly at that very part, and Caroline closed her eyes, the muscles of her inner thighs flexing violently under the spiritual anguish which she now endured as well as from the physical tension. "Hmm," the Countess finally remarked, "I see that your private hair is beginning to grow back. I shall send Jason to you this evening to remove it."

"Oh, please, Mistress!" Caroline panted, cringing at the very thought of the brutal trainer, who lost no opportunity to agonize and debauch her whenever he found himself alone with her in her cell, "I will obey you. I will do everything you say, but please don't have him tear out the hairs—it's so painful, Mistress, if you only—"

The Countess laughed. "I *do* know, you stupid little fool, but I had not said that he would tear them out this time. He will use a razor, Caroline, and hot water and perfumed soap. You will have to hold very still, or else he may cut those dainty lips, and that would be a terrible shame, would it not? For that part of you is most essential to the well-being of your new Master. No, have no fear. If you obey, the hairs will not be tugged out." Then her face grew cruel, as she nearly sat up, showing Caroline the vicious little whip. "But put attention to this, little one! And now for your examination. What is the part between your legs which you are now exposing to me so shamelessly? Quickly, as many names as you can think of for it!"

"My p-p-pussy," Caroline stammered, ill at ease before this certainly unusual and humiliating "examination."

"Of course. And then?"

"My c-c-c-cunt." Caroline's cheeks were scarlet with mortification.

"Go on. Be quick about it, girl!"

Her eyes were feverishly fixed on that flexible whip which had dealt her naked flesh such torture already. Frantically, Caroline searched her mind for the words that would please this implacable taskmistress: "My slit, my q-quim, my in-hole, my c-cunny, Mistress."

"That is not too bad. The Americans have an even more vulgar term, which I am certain that Jason must have taught you. What is it? I shall count to five, and if it has not reached your lips by then, you shall have two cuts across each of your naked breasts, Caroline! One...two...three..."

"Oh, no! Wait, oh, please, Mistress, I'm thinking—I think I do—"

"Four!" The cravache drew back in the Countess's hand as her thin red lips curved in a vicious rictus of sadistic anticipation.

"Wait—it's-it's my twat—that's it, Mistress, my twat!" Caroline cried out.

She trembled violently with relief and a sick nausea as she saw the whip lower. "And high time, too," was the scathing remark. "That is correct. And now, Caroline, doubtless Jason has taught you the names for that dainty facsimile of the male organ which exists in the female twat, to use your last-named term for it. By what names do you identify this tender and sensitive protuberance, Caroline? Quickly, now!" And once more, the right hand of the dominatrix lifted the cravache.

Caroline Martin's face was flooded with a furious crimson wave of shame. The shiverings of her thigh muscles, the ripplings of those overstressed cords which ran along the lovely white columns up to the groin and to the distended chasm of her shorn young cunt flexed and trembled violently, and not alone from the physical taxation imposed upon them. To have to speak so shamelessly before one of her own sex, who academically posed now in the role of tutor with her as pupil was an atrociously enervating experience for this once-imperious, self-willed girl who had been the despair of so many eligible suitors in her own fashionable London crowd.

But the terrifying sight of that cravache dominated all her thoughts now. With a gasp, she stammered, "The cl-clitoris, Mistress."

"Go to the head of the class, Caroline," the Countess commended her ironically. "And now, quickly, other names which you recall from Jason's tutelage."

"The cl-clit, Mistress. And...and the t-tickler...the love-button."

"Very good. Well now, since you know so much about your own sex organ, slave, you should have no difficulty in proceeding to pay homage to mine," was the Countess's mocking reply. "Therefore you will bow your head and begin to kiss all around the lips of my cunt. And when I say, 'Now,' you will furl out that dainty pink tongue of yours, Caroline, and rub it softly and slowly against my clit. You may begin."

Thus the exotic leader of "Rio 9" began the Lesbian indoctrination of Caroline Martin, who found herself confronted by an absolutely new and fearfully humiliating ordeal. She, who had believed herself to have reached the very nadir of wretchedness and obscenity now discovered that the female of the species can be even more sadistic, more perverse, more sexually tyrannical than the male....

And so once again, taking a deep, shuddering breath, and closing her eyes as she bent her face down toward the black-fleeced sexual orifice of the Countess, Caroline Martin began this debasing act of fealty. Her trembling lips brushed the crinkly coral labia of the svelte brunette's cunt, and she felt the Countess's loins arch and quiver to that deliciously perverse caress. At the same time, the pungent sexual perfume of this enigmatic woman permeated her nostrils, which flared and shrank convulsively as the unfortunate naked captive tried her best to obliterate from her mind the awareness of what she was doing. This was a physical impossibility, to say the least, since her lips pressed against the tender mucous membrane and her nostrils could not help inhaling that characteristic scent of the mature female who is becoming tumescent with lascivious desires. Nonetheless, Caroline Martin forced herself to satisfy the vicious whim of her tormentor, judging that it was less torturing than the cutting kisses of that ferocious little whip so close to her quivering nakedness. And so for the beginning of this ritual, at any rate she escaped both censure and the lash, but her

misfortune was that the assiduity of her servile homage and obedience roused the lustful passions of the Countess to the point which demanded even more than poor Caroline was willing to give.

Suddenly the husky, impassioned voice of her detested and feared nemesis burst into her ears: "Begin!"

With a gasp, Caroline recalled what was demanded of her; her tongue slowly protruded between the palpitating lips of the brunette's pussy and found the nodule in its protective cowl of soft, sensitive pink love-flesh. A low groan indicated to her that she had found the exact spot, as did the sudden convulsive squirming of her Mistress's loins. Now the pungent perfume of that ardent cunt was stronger, for the secret effluvia of the Countess's love-juices had been released by her kisses, and Caroline's ordeal really began to try her patience and her humility and her docility to the utmost. As the tip of her tongue edged and scraped the dainty button, she could feel it stiffening and growing moist, and with this there came into her ears the gasps and sighs and wordless murmurs of passionate excitement which proclaimed the mounting lust of this directress of "Rio 9."

"Go on! Do it until I spend! And when I do, make certain, Caroline, that you suck up every drop of my juices," the Countess commanded in a voice that had become thick with her approaching frenetic climax.

By now, Caroline's palms were moist with perspiration, and they ached from holding up her weight. She winced with discomfort, wanting to ease her numb and aching hands, but she did not dare. The muscles of the back of her neck began to ache, too, in this genuflecting pose which bowed her face down between the Countess's trembling thighs. And always, her own flesh twitched and shrank at the terrible fear of that vicious whip so close to it. She had already learned that the Countess did not need a motive to punish her but would inflict pain whenever it pleased her...for that was the fate of a slave.

With all this, too, came the lamentable awareness that when she began her true servitude—for this captivity and training had become, she now knew well, only a prelude to her real destiny: becoming a slave in the most degraded bondage to a man who had lusted for her. Her nights and days, would be devoted entirely to these obscene and revolting practices, to these ordeals of pain and shame and misery which would impose upon her the brutal knowledge that she was no longer a free spirit, but instead mere flesh to be used to appease the most infamous lusts of an unknown Master. Perhaps at this moment, more than at any other in her captivity, in this grim fortress in the Atlas Mountains, Caroline Martin was struck with the hopeless horror and the nightmarish despondency of the pitiless destiny to which an incredible fate had taken her.

"Faster, Caroline!" the dominatrix huskily ordered. The cravache whisked over Caroline's bare shoulders. The naked captive's auburn tresses tumbled about her crimsoned cheeks, mantling the thighs and lower belly of the Countess, as, quickened by that painful reminder of her vulnerable servitude, the naked young woman darted her tongue in an accelerated tempo against the Countess's stiffening love-bud.

Now the stronger fragrance of her despotic tutoress's erotic love-liqueur made Caroline's nostrils twitch and shrink. She felt the pulsing of those moist, fleshy coral-tinted labia against her mouth as the salacious ritual began to draw the Countess toward Lesbian climax. "Still faster, you lovely naked bitch!" the imperious brunette cried, and once again the cravache kissed Caroline's palpitating naked shoulders. Goaded thus, the naked young captive dug her tongue against the Countess's erect clitoris, forcing it back down into its protective little hood of pussyflesh. Suddenly a flurry of lashes reined down on Caroline's back and shoulders. She felt her disheveled tresses twisted savagely by the slim fingers of the dominatrix to keep at her task.

"Lick and suck it all up, all my cream, Caroline!" the Countess moaned as she arched and squirmed, rubbing her cunt against Caroline's mouth and chin, twisting herself this way and that in a perfect frenzy of sensual abandon. Her eyes closed, fear and nausea making her face damp, her knees aching intolerably and her palms feeling as if they were crushed, her shoulders burning from the slashes of the cravache, Caroline Martin suddenly felt the warm spurt of a thick creamy fluid as her vicious tutoress achieved orgasm. Revulsed, she choked and gasped, but again the whip taught her contrition and obedience. She lapped and sucked frantically until she could feel the aromatic fluid against her teeth and gums and the roof of her mouth.

As the last paroxysm surged through the writhing body of the imperious brunette, she forced Caroline's face down pitilessly into her seething wet cunt.

The haughty auburn-haired London beauty knew the abysmal degradation of being a Lesbian slave!

Chapter 4

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF JASON VANWELL

The Countess had naturally told me that she intended to take dear little Caroline under her protective wing on this particular afternoon, and I had a fairly good notion what was going to happen in the very elegant boudoir of this exotic powerful woman. There are moments when I feel that, given the choice between her and Caroline to fuck and to bugger and to whip and to torture, my own sadistic nature has an inclination toward the Countess. But this is perhaps because I know she is unattainable and a power in "Rio 9." If I were to wreak some act of personal desire against her maddeningly delectable body, her powerful organization would destroy me. That would be stupid, considering how many desirable and beautiful females pass under my own vigilant supervision during the course of a year. Only a fool would think of annihilating his future for a momentary pleasure. But there can be no doubt that I often think how delicious it would be if, through the machi-

nations of "Rio 9," a girl should one day arrive here at the Fortress of Ben-Abar in this isolated region of North Africa and who would have the facial and bodily attributes of my employer. The danger would be that I should put such enthusiastic energy into my training of this captive as to cause the Countess to have suspicions about my attitude toward her.

But this is sheer speculation. It is Caroline—not the Countess—whose training is my job and mine alone in the final preparation for her entering into the servitude to which her wealthy London buyer has destined her.

I myself perceive quite a change in her attitude, and I know her to be crushed and terrified from all that has happened thus far. Naked, her pubic hair depilated, having endured the whip and many other ingenious little punishments for her rebelliousness and her insults and her general recalcitrance, Caroline has now learned the wisdom of submission. But she still has several delightful sessions ahead of her which will tax this newly found docility to the utmost. And I predict that when the time comes when I shall take her last maidenhead—that of her bottomhole!—she will find a tremendous conflict within her psyche in submitting to this degrading but, for me, glorious compulsion.

I was summoned to the Countess's boudoir at about six o'clock on this particular evening, and ordered to take Caroline back to her cell. She was stark naked, of course. Our trainees are generally in this final stage before they embark upon their servitude. I can understand, how throughout the ages, conquerors have enforced their will over their females captives by keeping them naked in dungeons, isolated and unable to communicate with others, so that the overwhelming force of reflection draws them inevitably to the conclusion that there was no other hope for them save complete renunciation of their own personalities and will and the exclusion of any other thought except instant servile obedience. My feeling is that you might take the most exalted woman, be she a duchess

or even a queen, strip her naked, put her in a dungeon for, let us say, a week. At the end of that time, she will be no longer an aristocrat who is used to giving orders and who cannot imagine that such rude things can happen to her exalted person, but a cringing, terrified and supplicating slave.

It would be amusing—although again this is pure speculation—to abduct some reigning Oriental princess, or an important society woman from the United States, and to subject her to just such training as Caroline Martin has had. I daresay the end result would be the same as with the lovely auburn-haired London debutante who has by now forgotten that she once kept throngs of men dancing attendance on her, awaiting her every syllable, every look and smile, and how delicious it will be and—how I wish I might accompany her in spirit, at least!—when that eventual and terrifying moment comes when she will meet her purchaser for the first time and learn his identity, and then discover the humiliating servitude which she must experience at his whim and command!

At any rate, when the Countess rang for me, I knocked discreetly at the office door. It was opened by the Countess herself, who smiled and said to me, "Jason, this time Caroline has behaved herself. You may feed her after you have given her a good bath, and then lock her up for forty-eight hours. I have told her that I wished her to spend that time meditating on her future destiny. She understands that she is to be a slave to a man who has bought her, and that she has been brought here and subjected to this highly complicated training for the sole purpose of pleasing her future owner. Now let her reflect on what manner of pleasures he may exact from her very lovely body."

I inclined my head in token of respect, and then I asked, precisely to terrify the blushing naked Caroline who did not dare look at me as she knelt there on the threshold, head bowed and with her hands clasped before her: "Am I to understand you, Countess, that Caroline is not to be whipped tonight or for the next two days?"

How I love that word "whip"! How it makes my blood sing and

my groin ache with the sweet anticipation of inflicting the lash on creamy quivering naked flesh! How, at that very moment, I trembled with a surge of lust to see Caroline suddenly tremble, and look up at me with a terrified anguish in her beautiful eyes; large eyes with green irises circled with gray, sometimes flashing with tiny golden points in the moment of extreme emotion. And I could see those full, sensual lips of hers trembling pitifully. Naturally, I admired the firm high-placed swells of her breasts, and those lusciously rounded thighs—Caroline has excitingly long beautifully muscled legs, which to me represent the epitome of feminine beauty. Her thighs are gloriously rounded, and yet they are long and seductively muscular, with sinuous, exquisitely curving calves. I had not yet forgotten how it felt to have those thighs writhe under mine when I fucked her that day. And I contented myself with smiling at her, knowing how she dreads me, and how she has learned to read in my smile the most evil tidings for her future!

I knew that I had lost nothing of my power over Caroline when I saw her shudder. And the Countess and I shared the look of two accomplices who understand each other perfectly. After all, we have worked together for some years, and we comprehend not only each other's temperament and methods of operation, but also each other's sexual desires. Although I know the Countess to be a decided Lesbian, this does not prevent me from desiring her, nor from admiring her when she applies the lash, for her skill is equal to mine—and this is the highest tribute I can pay any woman.

So I took Caroline back to her cell. On the way, I chatted amicably, "Well, at last you begin to show some sense, my little pigeon. Tell me, what did the Countess have you do to her this afternoon?"

I could see conflicting emotions struggle in her eyes, and furious blushes which suffused her creamy cheeks. Her lips trembled. She gave me an anxious glance, and then she stammered, "Oh, Master, please—I—I should be ashamed, and I do not think that the Mistress would want me to t-tell you."

"Already I begin to see some improvement in you, bitch," I growled as I gave her elbow an extrahard squeeze. "But you have made one error already, which has earned that luscious creamy bottom of yours a mild chastisement. Don't shrink like that and don't pull away, or it will be much worse!" For at this threat, Caroline had halted suddenly and turned to look at me with imploring eyes, from which tears were beginning to gush. "Your error," I told her calmly, "was in offering yourself the unheard-of privilege of presuming to think what a Master or Mistress will do. A slave has no right to any such notions. She does not think. She does not act. She does not speak. She does not even move or breathe, unless its by the order of her Master or the Mistress. Remember that, or it will go badly with you when your new Master takes possession of you—which will be soon!"

Having given her that much to meditate upon, I was silent until we had reached her cell. Then, as I opened the door, I said to her, "Now then, Caroline, go down on your knees and ask me humbly to punish you for your presumptuousness."

She did so. Adorably, sinking down on her knees, crimson with shame, her eyes lowered to the floor, hands clasped before her, she stammered, "Master, I—I beg of you please to p-punish me for having been presumptuous, and I promise I shall not do it again, Master." Was this not charming? Who would have believed that the former debutante, Caroline Martin, the toast of all London bachelors and the despair of every man alive who dreamed of fucking her, should have become so meek? Who would have dreamed that she who had outrageously denounced me for having dared to slap her on that first day when she was brought into our presence, would now consent without argument to being naked as the day she was born in front of both the Countess and myself, would not even murmur an objection to my putting my finger in her cunt or pinching one of her titties or one of her bottomcheeks! The more one thinks upon it, the more one realizes how remarkable such an achievement is—and I do not boast.

I could already feel my prick swell against the fly of my trousers, and if it had not been for the fact that both the Countess and I had agreed on what was to be done with Caroline during the next forty-eight hours, I should assuredly have satisfied myself. The wonderful tightness of her cunt, the frantic shame she experienced when she felt my mammoth ramrod deep within that tight cavern, and the knowledge of how powerless she was to prevent by one iota what I wished to do to her, most assuredly had inculcated within me the desire to measure her love-sheath with my weapon quite a number of times before she should finally be shipped back to London.

I knew the circumstances, of course, for the Countess had, long before Caroline's coming to Ben-Abar, told me how it had arrived that this haughty English socialite was abducted and torn from her setting and her coterie of admirers to be brought to this dismal servitude. It was ironic that the man who was purchasing her had not been able to forget or forgive the affront she had accorded him by slapping his face when he simply had put his hand upon her knee in a taxi while taking her out to dinner. That was so quaintly Victorian as to make me snigger, and I had not actually believed that women could be so prissy in this day and age until my first meeting with this beautiful auburn-haired creature.

Oh, the cream of the jest lay in the fact that the haughty Miss Caroline Martin had not been a virgin when she had been brought to us, as I had learned after giving her a sound thrashing with the whalebone switch after she had protested the indecencies of my fingering her pussy and asshole. I had learned that her virgin seal had been taken by some fortunate man—and yet this chit had dared to slap a man of great wealth and influence, simply because he had put his hand on her knee.

Well, Miss Caroline Martin had since learned a different set of values. The most beautiful irony of all: When she meets her new owner face to face for the first time, he will be the very man whose face she slapped for that innocuous audacity!

I seated myself on her bed. The diffused light from the bulb in the little bathroom adjoining her cell cast an eerie glow in this subterranean dungeon. I knew that Caroline had often stared through the bars of her cell at the forbidding corridors, the gray walls, the absolute silence and bleakness of this isolated underground prison. Possibly she had compared it to the gay parties she had enjoyed in London's most elite homes and nightclubs.

My massive prick was already bulging with anticipation. I pointed to my lap and commanded, "Very well, I'm going to give you your chastisement, Caroline. Lie across my lap and clasp your hands together at the back of your neck. This time, since you have been a reasonably good girl, I shall content myself with just smacking your naked bottom."

With a little whimper which contained obvious relief that I did not intend to use the terrible whalebone switch of which she was so terrified, the auburn-haired society beauty draped herself passively over my lap and clasped her hands together at the back of her neck. I stared admiringly at the magnificent curve of her bare back, the deeply dimpled hollow of her spine, the elegant promontory of her tailbone, which heralded the magnificent swell of her round luscious creamy bottomcheeks.

How dainty was her sweet virgin anus! I recalled that I had thrust three fingers into it with great difficulty, after which she had carried on so that it had been necessary to beat her until she saw reason. I wondered what she would think when the moment came for me to introduce my powerful prick inside that tight chasm. Unless I was very much mistaken, Caroline Martin would protest and rebel, forgetting all her good training these past weeks. And then, to my great joy, it would be my duty to thrash her back into the strictest obedience.

But naturally I kept all this to myself. Any man who subjugates a lovely woman understands that the pleasures of anticipation are even more exciting than those of realization. Nonetheless, I

would have given a great deal then and there to have buggered this delicious girl. The way her thighs huddled together as if in modest fear of showing me even so much as a glimpse of her dainty cunt, hiding the ambery groove which led the way to that second temple of Sodom, made me almost laugh with sensual joy. It was obvious that the slightest physical contact with my body, clothed though I was, was not only anathema but also a source of aimless, irrational terror for this once-haughty patrician beauty. I placed my left palm on the small of her back, and she uttered a tiny "Ohh!" and stared back at me, tears blinding her large, frantic eyes.

Nothing in the world is more exciting than the begging look of a lovely naked girl who is about to undergo chastisement. This look conveys all the shame, the anguish, the fear, and the knowledge of her subjugation; and when she is chaste by training or by instinct or by nature, then the poignancy of this look becomes the more savory to her Master. In Caroline's case, since I knew she was not a virgin before she came here and certainly could not be now because I myself had fucked her only a few days before, I tried to read into her gaze a plaintive appeal to my masculinity to spare her bottom the pangs of this chastisement in return for the favors of her most intimate nook. This was ludicrous because a slave cannot bargain and is never given the opportunity to do so. Had I wished, I could have both thrashed and then fucked her, or even buggered her, or made her put her lips around my massive prick and draw forth all the venomous load which I had been saving for her. But that would have to wait for forty-eight hours hence, I told myself.

I therefore began to spank Caroline Martin's lusciously rounded buttocks, enjoying the crisp sound of my palm's falling against those creamy globes, feeling the resilience and elasticity of those magnificent cheeks as my hand collided with them, slapping them only to feel them spring up again as if offering themselves greedily to the next stinging assault. At first she began to sob, then doubtless out of shame, for this juvenile punishment probably

struck more keenly at her pride and self-esteem than a whip would. But after about twenty good hard smacks, she was crying satisfactorily enough for me. Very often a girl who is being whipped will cry to attract the sympathy of her tormentor; or she will do it as a matter of pure modest instinct because she feels so humiliated.

Caroline's hips jerked and twisted deliciously under my increasingly vigorous blows. I knew at once that she felt pain. Her face was contorted. Her nostrils twitched and shrank. Her mouth gaped, and her lovely lips trembled uncontrollably as she kept looking back at me, but always her slim fingers were clenched about her ivory neck. This, too, delighted me, knowing what power I had achieved over this once-arrogant young woman.

It pleased me to lecture her as a father might his errant daughter: "Now then, Caroline"—*smack smack!* —"are you ever again going to express your thoughts without being asked?" *Smack!*

"Owwoarrrh—aiiiiii! Oh, no, Master, I won't ever do it again! Oh, please, it hurts me so—owwouuu!! Please, Master, I can't bear it, I'll be good, I won't ever do it again!"

Meanwhile, her loins wriggled and squirmed over my stiffened prick until it was torture for me to hold back from fucking or buggering her. I let her have at least a dozen more stinging slaps all over her bounding, crimsoning bottomcheeks. Her wails and cries reverberated in the dungeon area. At last I stopped and contented myself with caressing the inflamed naked flesh of her posterior. And this time I did it with a kind of appraising enthusiasm, for this one virginity which she still retained—that of her asshole—was doomed to be conquered by my prick after this forty-eight hour period of meditation has passed!

"Get yourself on your knees on the floor, and thank me for the thrashing, Caroline. Also thank me for having been so lenient." I glanced over at the wall on which the panoply of switches, martinets, straps, and whips was arrayed. "You see what else I might have used on your impudent naked bottom. Express your

gratitude for such leniency and do it very sweetly or perhaps I shall change my mind and let you taste the switch again. The nice whalebone switch which makes you wriggle and scream so loudly, like a little child having tantrums. You would prefer that, perhaps before you go to sleep tonight, Caroline?"

"Oh, no! Oh, God, Master, oh, please no! Thank you so much for being so kind to me!" Already, flinging herself off my lap, her face red and tear-stained, she was down there on her knees on the floor, clasping her hands and rocking back and forth, her eyes fixing my face with a pitifully eager expression.

There was no doubt about her sincerity. Caroline Martin had been reduced from haughtiness and selfishness to the pitiable and yet laughably delightful status of a young slave-bitch who has been trained as Pavlov's dogs were by scientific experimentation, to respond even to the threat or hint or the sight of the whip!

Chapter 5

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF JASON VANWELL, CONTINUED

After I had given Caroline Martin a good sound spanking, I kept her across my lap, stretched out along her cot, for a long while, while I caressed the flaming, and trembling hemispheres of her magnificent bottom. This was not entirely out of a desire to feel the satiny skin warmed so thoroughly by my chastisement. It humiliated her to the very core of her sensitive nature—for there can be no doubt that when a grown young woman is absolutely naked and lying across a man's lap with her bottom upturned for a juvenile correction, she experiences an atrocious sensation of humiliation far out of proportion to the actual pain inflicted. But I was really appraising her voluptuous and still-virginal behind.

There remained one maidenhead for me to take during the final stages of her training into servitude: that of her dainty, furtive little asshole. Caroline had experienced an immense chagrin—almost to the point of rebellion—on another occasion, when I had

inserted one, then two, and finally three fingers into that dainty receptacle of hers. And now that she had been fucked by my vigorous prick, I wondered with a great deal of relish how she was going to react when the moment came for her to yield her temple of Sodom. Indeed, it would not be an innocuous experience for lovely Caroline, not at all. I had not yet encountered an attractive female captive at Ben-Abar who had not shrieked and implored mercy when first she felt my massive ramrod force apart the tender walls of her rectal sheath, and nothing in Caroline's attitude or physique gave me to believe that her initiation into sodomy would be different in any way.

Still, it pleased me greatly to keep her there lying across my lap, certainly feeling against her belly and groin the fierceness of my prick through my trousers, being made aware constantly of my maleness and superiority over her, now a lowly slave. She sobbed softly, and I could feel the spasmodic muscular contractions of her magnificent nakedness. My right palm caressed the mouth-wateringly curving base of her bottom, then the ripest curves of those posterior globes which contained such a fascination for me—and for my prick as well!

I debated with myself whether to tell her what awaited her after the forty-eight-hour period of "meditation" had been completed. But then I decided against it. If she were thoroughly trained as a slave—and this would reflect upon my own capabilities as a trainer and as a partner of the Countess in this enterprise of "Rio 9"—then it was best to command her when the moment came to submit to me and then to perceive her reactions. If she struggled, if she resisted in the least, my training sessions would be that much more delightful, for then I could sentence her to punishment and enforce an even stricter discipline upon her last few days before she was sent back to England to become the property of a man who had paid so handsomely to arrange all this.

So at last, after debating with myself, I decided not to chain

her by the wrists and ankles with those manacles which were fixed into the wall beside her bed, but to give her some freedom, which would intensify and perhaps restore that semblance of liberty to which she had always been used to until her abduction and delivery here at the Fortress of Ben-Abar. Of course, I made her kneel down and thank me humbly for this benign correction. I pointed out that I might have used the whalebone switch, which terrified her so. She thanked me, her face scarlet and wet with tears. Then I could not resist a last ironic fillip, which perhaps I could attribute to my own vanity as much as to my own lust for this very tempting patrician beauty. "Open my trousers and take out my prick, Caroline," I instructed her. "Kiss it lovingly and suck the head for a moment. After that, you will take it between your palms, and rub it gently until you make me come. And you will aim my nozzle at your mouth and keep it open so that when my climax comes, some of my good juice will spurt into your mouth and give you a nocturnal cordial!"

She trembled violently at this, and I could see the magnificent globes of her bubbies rise and fall erratically. Nonetheless, she opened my trousers with considerably more agility than she had shown previously. No doubt the good sound spanking I had just given her naked bottom acted as persuasive argument in favor of her quick obedience. She took out my cock and, holding the bulging shaft daintily, introduced the swollen head between her lips. She kissed and then sucked it, and then, following my instructions, furled her warm pink tongue around the meatus. Then, straightening up, opening her lips and staring at me with a kind of hopeless resignation, she put both palms against my rigid organ and began to frig me.

It did not take long for me to come. Seeing Caroline kneeling naked there at my feet in the dungeon, realizing how much it had cost her to come to this tremendously abject state of slavery, remembering all her past history and her fiery, insolent, and

pampered personality and, finally, knowing what my prick was going to do to her tender bottom in a few days, I was already enormously stirred just from her holding of my prick and her oral tribute to it. I discharged violently and copiously; and though a goodly portion of my sperm darted into her mouth, much of it also spattered her cheeks and nose and chin. She closed her eyes, and her throat convulsed as she forced herself to swallow my essence. With a laugh of pleasure, I took out my handkerchief and wiped away the residue from her blushing, tear-stained face. And then I wished her pleasant dreams and sweet repose, adding that she would see me three times a day for the next two days, but only for the purpose of bringing her meals.

During the next two days, I had several conversations with the Countess. She had had correspondence from the society woman in London who was our intermediary and who had made the first contact with the man desirous of buying Caroline Martin as a slave. As had been the case with former captives, the Countess and I had made movies, which we sent to our London go-between to show Caroline Martin's purchaser exactly what sort of training his future slave would have. We had already made an exciting film of Caroline's first flogging by the Countess, and another of her receiving the whipping on her cunt, which I am certain must have excited Caroline's future Master frantically. It amused me to recall these movies and to consider that if this pampered heiress had not shown herself to be quite so supercilious and had not slapped his face simply because he had put his hand on her knee in an understandable gesture of admiration and desire, she might not now be lying naked in this cell in this Fortress of Ben-Abar far away in the Atlas Mountains of Morocco, awaiting the final stages of a disciplinary regimen which was to send her back to London—not in triumph, to the scene of her former glories and to the lionizing swarms of suitors, but as a submissive, subjugated and dominated slave-bitch.

For her return was now imminent. It would take place in about ten days after the evening when I had given Caroline a gentle spanking by way of prelude to the taking of her final virginity two days hence.

In my opinion, which I conveyed to the Countess, it was an excellent idea to give Caroline Martin this two day's freedom, exempt from any servitude or degradation, to restore a part of her former ego. The test would demonstrate just how much she had learned when the cruel shackles of servitude were imposed upon her once again, and more strictly than ever. I also suggested that Caroline be given exceptionally fine meals, with ample champagne, to further this illusion of freedom from bondage, and the Countess agreed.

So, the following noon, after having brought her an excellent breakfast—an omelet, fresh melon, coffee, toast, and genuine English marmalade—I carried into her cell a tray with a superb filet with mushrooms, shoestring potatoes, an incomparable chef's salad with a dressing of olive oil, garlic, vinegar, and just a hint of fennel, with a fine chocolate mousse for dessert.

I told Caroline that this gourmet luncheon was by way of rewarding her for her comparatively docile conduct for the past few days, and I wished her success in the final stages of her preparation for service. Keeping up my paternal role, which suited my ironic mood of the moment, I indulged in a bit of sermonizing as I sat down the tray. "In your own best interests, my dear Caroline, and speaking out of my personal experience at Ben-Abar, I would most heartily recommend that you think very seriously how to make an excellent impression with your new Master. I need not tell you that first impressions are most important. Why, I believe that you can still recall yours here, and how you infuriated the Countess's good nature and my own."

At this she gave me a terrified glance and began to eat timidly, her cheeks crimson because she knew that I was staring at her

titties and at the dainty cleft between her quivering thighs. This reminded me that I was to depilate her cunt, so that not a single hair would be visible. If Caroline refused to submit to her buggering, I meant to give her a whipping on her hairless and thus all the more tender cunt!

"So," I continued benignly, "from the very moment that you are introduced into his presence, go forward and assure him that you will please him. You'll disarm him when you really try to be gracious, Caroline—believe me, you will. Kneel down, kiss his hand, tell him how gratified you are to be his slave. Ask him what you can do for him at once to show him this gratitude. You may take it from me that he'll be generous. And this is certainly preferable to being introduced to slavery with a sound flogging. And I may also tell you without disclosing the name or identity of your purchaser, Caroline, that he has a great deal of rancor toward you, and this would suggest a desire to use the whip whenever you give him the slightest opportunity. So be wise, be alert to your opportunities for making a new start in life, so to speak, and show him how grateful you are for having left your dungeon cell for the luxurious apartment which will become your new home."

With this specious philosophy, I left her and I could see that she was still trembling and blushing as she ate the excellent lunch which our gifted chef had prepared specially. In the evening, there was another exceptional repast, and the pièce de résistance was a partridge stuffed with truffles, chestnuts and pâté de foie gras. With it was half a bottle of a very good French champagne.

When I returned for her tray, I perceived that Caroline Martin had done full justice to our chef's culinary accomplishments, and I told her that I would convey her praise to him. He would not be able to reply, I added, because he was mute. His tongue had been removed as soon as he became a member of our organization a decade ago to guarantee his silence. He had once been a chef in one of Europe's finest hotels, but his mania for gambling and his

passion for teenaged girls got him into difficulties from which "Rio 9" was happily able to extricate him.

And then—at last—the forty-eight hours were over. On the morning of the third day, I brought Caroline her breakfast and I greeted her pleasantly. I was pleased to notice that she seemed to be somewhat less embarrassed at having me see her naked. Could it be that she was actually harboring the delusion that all that had previously taken place was only a nightmare, and we had finally obtained the mythical ransom from her family and were prepared to deliver her back to them with an apology for having inconvenienced her? Well, if she were actually that stupid or that optimistic, it was her own fault. I certainly could not be responsible for the aftermath.

I went to report to the Countess on Caroline's cheerful disposition. That superbly svelte woman laughed softly and said to me, "Jason, were it not that I have an interview this afternoon with another young lady who has just arrived here by the usual method and who is intended for the harem of a minor but very wealthy government official in Istanbul, I should very much like to be present when you complete the sexual education of Miss Caroline Martin. However, you may use the special salon which has already been provided with a motion-picture camera, for I am certain that our client would like very much to have a permanent record of his new slave's forfeiture of her third and last maidenhead. I needn't ask whether you are eager for the task. I can see that your prick is beginning to rouse itself from its lethargy of the past two days."

This, because indeed, I was beginning to have a mild erection just at the thought of what was going to occur in mid-afternoon. "I shall do my very best to complete her education, Countess." I laughed. "Am I to be included in the training schedule for your handling of this new arrival?"

"No, Jason. This official is a woman, and she wishes me to inculcate in the young lady a definite talent for Lesbian pleasures.

It appears that our newcomer made the mistake of rejecting this important woman's invitation to a weekend at her country villa, and thus will have to pay for her social neglect by becoming the woman's slave. This is not unlike Caroline Martin's case."

Thus destiny alters our lives and gives us at "Rio 9" infinitely delightful and unexpected duties!

Finally, the long-awaited moment came—the moment which I had perhaps foreseen and anticipated subconsciously from the very first hour when Caroline Martin had been delivered to the Fortress at Ben-Abar. I wore a pair of linen slacks and sport shirt and sandals, nothing else. Old though this fortress is, it has been equipped so admirably with the latest conveniences that one would hardly realize that the temperature outside is often perilously close to 120 degrees Fahrenheit. The place I had chosen for the surrender of Miss Caroline Martin's final maidenhead—that of her asshole—was a very charming little salon down the hall from the Countess's apartment. The room was completely mirrored. There was a large circular couch, quite low and beautifully upholstered. Soft cushions covered the thickly carpeted floor. Finally, there was a footstool whose iron legs were soldered into strips of steel under the carpeting and whose top was made of the coarsest, prickliest horsehair that our agents had been able to send us from Sicily. Actually it was donkey hair, very bristly and prickly and sharp, and quite hard. Any girl unfortunate enough to be tied to this footstool for a flogging would find that her belly and loins would be tortured by the countless barbs which bit into her tender naked skin. Beside this footstool was a little, elegantly carved teakwood coffer. I wore the key to it on a little silver chain around my throat. Inside the chest were several ingenious little whips, particularly designed for whipping a girl at the stage of Caroline's training, should she prove rebellious. Most specifically, they were intended for the whipping of both asshole and cunt, as well as her nipples. Just thinking about the contents of that coffer made my

prick swell to almost its full enormity, and I was almost trembling like a schoolboy with the excitement of anticipation as I strode down the corridor to the dungeon in which Caroline Martin awaited, unknowingly, of course, the completion of her training which would carry her into servitude.

I opened the door and inclined my head mockingly. "Will you do me the honor, Miss Caroline Martin, to accompany me to a private little salon where you and I will have a most enjoyable interview?"

She started up from her bed, her eyes very wide. At once her cheeks crimsoned. She had just seen the savage thrust of my prick against the fly of my linen slacks, under which of course I wore absolutely nothing. *Yes, my pretty one,* I thought, *your temporary freedom is gone forever. Now back to the cruelty of reality.*

"Oh, M-Master, what—are you going to do to me?" she groaned.

I frowned sternly. "Come now, Caroline, you disappoint me. Have you not been given food and wine as fine as you would anywhere in the world, as at for example Shephard's Hotel in Cairo or at the Ritz in Montreal? All this because you have been so docile, so well behaved. Surely you aren't going to disappoint me now by reverting to your past argumentative and intractable state. I warn you in advance that if you do, the punishments that you have had until now will be as nothing compared to what I am prepared to inflict on your very charming person." I let that sink in for a moment, and then: "On all fours and follow me, slave!"

She gasped aloud at this, which was precisely what I hoped she would do. Yes, she was beginning to readjust back to the terror and the unreasoning docility which the judicious use of the whip and other little persuasive arguments had accomplished. She sank down on all fours at once. I had to admire the wonderful jut of her dangling titties. The tears were beginning to glisten in her terrified eyes. I especially loved the way her auburn curls quivered against her neck and shoulder blades. For a brief moment, I almost envied

the fortunate man who had purchased her. I myself am quite wealthy, as a result of my loyalty to "Rio 9." I might even have persuaded the Countess by making a larger offer for Caroline than her London fancier had put up and perhaps won the bidding. But I consoled myself with the thought there was no need to jeopardize my position as the Countess's trainer and partner. As soon as Caroline vanished from this fortress, there would be other charming girls to take her place, girls upon whom I could vent my spleen for having lost Caroline's luscious charms forever.

As soon as I had unlocked the door and flung it open, I ordered Caroline to crawl inside and turn to her right, instructing her that on a footstool she would find a maid's lace cap, a pair of the sheerest gunmetal-gray hose and a pair of black gleaming spike-heeled pumps, together with a pair of flouncy purple satin elastic rosettes. She was to put on this attire. Then we would play the comedy of maid and Master.

As has already been recounted, this salon, though smaller than the one in which the Countess and I had staged our little game earlier, was furnished quite elegantly. Not only were the ceiling and walls completely mirrored, but it had a magnificent low couch, several love seats and footstools. Moreover, it had been perfumed with an exquisite French scent which had been sprayed on all the upholstery and wafted into the air. The famous whipping stool with its horsehair was ready as was the teakwood coffer. There remained only the little farce by which Caroline would be brought to the point of yielding up her final maidenhead. And then, just as the great French King Louis XIV, who was known as the "Sun King," once remarked pithily, *"Après moi le déluge!"* Yes, after that downfall—for I expected precisely that!

Caroline had hastened to put on the provocative costume, while I sprawled myself at my leisure on the couch. There was a tiny bar set in the very last panel of the wall to my right, and I instructed Caroline to bring me a whiskey and soda. Since she wore no apron,

her cunt and bottomcheeks were always within view. Moreover, all I had to do was stare at the walls, which reflected her appetizing charms. Since she had not been really punished in forty-eight hours, her creamy skin was absolutely flawless. As I have often observed with great delight, the true redhead has a kind of ivory pallor to her skin, but there are rosy overtones and nuances. Here and there along the middle and the backs of her thighs, as well as over the mouthwatering curves of her calves, and along her shoulder blades and ribs, were dainty rosy flecks which gave her white skin an embellishment of the most exciting nature. My prick was already at its zenith from just watching her move about. To see her draw on her stockings while trying to avert her eyes from mine was a titillating experience which, I told myself, would have won her the highest price in the most elegant bordello in Algiers, London, Munich or Paris or Istanbul. No, decidedly, from an ironic point of view, Caroline Martin had nothing to worry about concerning her future security. If her London purchaser should tire of her, consider his revenge satisfied within a short period of time, and release her to the open market or even give her her freedom—which I did not think would happen—if what we had taught her at the Fortress of Ben-Abar and her own inherent talents and beauty, Caroline Martin could make a fortune by catering to the sexual desires of both men and women who desired her.

She brought me the whiskey and soda and knelt down to proffer the tray. I took the glass, sipped at it, frowned, and looked sharply at her. As I had expected, she was trembling. The magnificent heaving of her titties indicated that she was the prey of very strong emotions. There was no doubt that she was completely afraid of me and would try to anticipate my every wish—all, of course, but the final one, which was the reason for this ingenious little session.

I left her waiting in suspense for a moment, and then I pronounced, "Not too bad. I hadn't told you how much soda I

required, so I'll pardon you this time. But you have put in far too much. When a man of my maturity and experience demands a whiskey and soda, the whiskey should always be far greater than what you have actually given me."

"I—I'm sorry, M-Master," she quavered. "I'll remember the next time."

"Do so by all means. But of still greater importance is that when you are at last a part of the household of your new Master, you must learn all of his penchants, tastes, likes and dislikes. This is the only way to keep your lovely white bottom unstriped—and even that is no guarantee," I concluded with a mocking laugh that made her tremble again.

I smoked a cigarette and sipped my whiskey while Caroline knelt at my feet. She caught sight of herself in the mirrors, and her blushes deepened. I knew that after the relative freedom she had enjoyed these last two days and nights, she was beginning to become aware of the violent contrast between her past and her present. Where others had catered to her, where she had had maids and servants galore, she was now a mere slave-bitch, whose only purpose in life was to satisfy the whims of her Master or Mistress. Very shortly she would have only one man to please—or, of course, his guests and friends—which is always a concomitant to slavery in these modern times.

And then at last—when I could dawdle no more—I began to prepare her for the supreme ritual of bottomhole defloration. "Now we are alone, my pretty maid," I jested. "You can see that my prick is hard and in need of relief. Take off my linen trousers and be careful not to soil them. Hang them up neatly and then come back and put your head between my legs and suck my prick a little till I'm ready for you."

"Ohh—ohh—" she began with two quick sobs.

"What's this? Are you beginning to rebel already?" I straightened.

"Oh, no, Master! I—I wanted to know exactly what you wished."

"Well, you do now, so do it," I said curtly.

I spread my legs so that she could crawl between them, and I watched with amusement as this fastidious young patrician, used to every luxury in life, pampered from the day of her birth, naked now except for this scandalous costume which was even against the law in a music hall, open my trousers and then tug them carefully off my legs as I lifted myself up from the couch. She saw at once that I was naked under the linen trousers, and her confusion and embarrassment grew noticeably. My prick was massive, the dark blue veins swollen and jutting out angrily from the taut skin, and my hairy balls were heavily loaded, for I had been continent since that time when I had fucked her. I was in rare form, and I also had sufficient self-control to master the savage impulse to take her at once. This, I may say, not without considerable pride, is one basic reason for my success as a trainer of female slaves; I do not allow myself to become emotionally overwrought if my immediate goal is not obtained immediately. Many men, in compelling a rebellious girl or woman to obey them, are so roused and excited by their struggle that they lose their seed prematurely and thus deprive themselves, by the time the victim has achieved that degree of obedience which is sought, of the exquisite pleasure of prolongation. For when you are dealing with a captive who detests, loathes, and fears you, the greatest satisfaction of all after conquering her is to have carnal relations with her and to make them as long as it is humanly possible to spin them out, so that each new moment becomes an eternity of aversion, abhorrence, and despair as she is made to realize that her own feelings and emotions mean absolutely nothing.

Caroline hung up my trousers neatly and then returned to kneel between my legs. But now her cheeks were fiery red. Her eyes misted with the hint of tears. She bowed her head slowly. Her trembling lips brushed the tip of my prick. "Very good," I said. "Never in haste, always with forethought and plan. This is the way to please a Master, Caroline. Mark it well for the future."

"Yes, I—yes, Master." Her tremulous voice scarcely reached my ears.

What exquisite joy it was for me to be Frenched by this haughty aristocrat! To feel those trembling moist lips close around the head of my cock, to feel her trembling little pink tongue nudge the lips of my meatus, to feel it rasp over the plum-shaped tip and all along that sensitive taut and vulnerable area, was to understand the full exultation of conquering a woman. Caresses that she would not have proffered to her own fiancé or husband, Miss Caroline Martin now had to accord to me, Jason Vanwell, her trainer!

To distract her somewhat, I extended my hands and cupped her titties. They were really magnificent. Their resilience and weight. Their satiny softness and firmness. Their perfect contours. The wonderful visual setting of those coral circles in whose midst there grew the dainty sensitive buds of her nipples. But I preferred her bottom—at least for this afternoon! "Now lick my balls gently for a bit, Caroline," I instructed. And once again I was obeyed, though I could see again the telltale fire of shame staining her cheeks and the increased wetness in her beautiful wide eyes. I could also see her shiver and tremble as she knelt crouching there between my thighs. My prick was rampant, savagely swollen. My balls ached with a longing I had not known in many a month. Their contents should all be hers this afternoon, I had already promised myself.

I did not let her tongue my balls too long. It was so thrilling that I might have weakened momentarily and put off the task which had to be performed before it could truly be said that Miss Caroline Martin had been brought to the very final stage of her thorough training and servitude so that she might enter properly into the servitude which was to begin for her when she returned to London. So I commanded, "Now, place yourself on all fours to my left on the couch, and bow your head. You have roused me to an ungovernable state, and I compliment you. You have really learned your

lesson well, Caroline, but now it is time for a final lesson—a kind of rounding-off of your amatory talents."

She straightened up slowly, and I could really see the tears in her eyes streaming down her flushed cheeks. Nonetheless, without word or query, she took her place on the couch to my left, and bowed down her head, thus offering me up at a most tantalizing angle the sumptuous creamy hillocks of her naked bottom. In the distension of those globes, I could see the mysterious shadow of that hidden temple which I intended to profane, as well as the exquisite pink fig of her cunt.

I knelt behind her, and I reached for her dangling round titties and squeezed them lovingly. How elastic and firm they were, and what wonderful satiny cushions they provided for a man's caresses!

I teased her a little by prodding the lips of her cunt with my massive ramrod. She caught her breath each time, but then arched herself obediently, as if welcoming me. Truly, she had made considerable progress along the pathway to her prostitution, a far cry from the pseudo-virgin who had slapped the man for touching her knee in a taxicab when she was not even a virgin! Well, Miss Caroline Martin was going to have to make considerably more progress before I should be completely satisfied with her. And the Countess would come to *me* for final marks on this examination!

The time had come!

After a few false essays against her pussy, I grasped her sides firmly just above the hips, and arched up my prick so that it prodded against the shadowy cleft between her bottomcheeks. I pushed just a little more, until I came up against the crinkly petals of her rosette. And then Caroline Martin uttered a low groan: "Oh, please, M-Master, not th—th—there! I beg of you humbly—oh, please, not there!"

"But there is exactly where it is going to lodge, Caroline! This is your last virginity, and it must be broken, so that all your orifices will be tutored to receive your new Master's amorous lovemaking.

Yes, my proud beauty, I'm going to bugger you. You'll remember our past lessons in the vocabulary of love? Well, what I'm going to do now, by putting my prick into your asshole, Caroline, is called 'buggering.' The scholarly term would be sodomy."

I felt Caroline's bottom swerve away from my prick. She faced me, her eyes enormous with horror and shame and loathing, as she sobbed, "Oh, no, Master, I beseech you, I implore you, I'll obey you—see, I've done everything you've told me to. I've shown that I can obey—but oh, not this! It's too filthy, too horrible, too painful!"

"How indeed can you tell until you have experienced it, Caroline?" I laughed at her. Then my eyes narrowed with anger. "If you make another move away from me, you rebellious bitch, I promise you that the whalebone switch will be a sweet caress compared to what I have in store for you this afternoon! Now put your head back down on the couch, arch your bottom up, and spread your knees even more so that I can penetrate into that tight virgin asshole of yours! Do you not think that your Master will not want to do this to you quite often? Be assured he will, for this is one of the delights that a man offers himself when he owns a beautiful slave like you."

But far from reassuring her, this news only seemed to agonize her the more. She twisted away again as I shoved my prick against the shadowy groove in search of that dainty orifice which so dreaded my probing rod.

"Oh no, it won't go in! You'll tear me to pieces! You'll hurt me horribly! I beg of you, I beg of you!" she wailed.

I will admit perhaps that I should have eased the moment for her by applying some lubricant on the head of my prick to facilitate entry. But I will also confess that her exquisite nakedness and the humbled subjugated pose in which she offered her innocent naked bottom and those two vistas of amorous delight which were her cunt and bottomhole had unnerved me even against my strong Spartan will. Besides, now that she had definitely rebelled,

she did not deserve the slightest easing of the ordeal; my being dry would be additional punishment, and to such I sentenced her.

"Hold still now, or I swear that you'll have a severe thrashing for your nonsense, Caroline!" Once again, and this time grasping her satiny hips, the better to control her, I aimed my dart at the ambery groove and managed at last to prod against the dainty twitching, shrinking orifice of her virgin asshole. She uttered a scream and twisted herself away, and then flung herself flat on the couch, burying her face in her hands, weeping, "Oh I can't—it's too much—oh, my God have pity on me! I'm so miserable! I want to die! Oh, I can't, I can't! Kill me instead! I cannot endure such filthy shame!"

I was infinitely grateful. Had she yielded tamely, it would have taken the spice out of the affair. As it was, now I could indulge all my cruel instincts toward her, to punish her for her snobbery and her social status, for I myself had never had this. My father had been hanged as a common thief in Tunis. As a boy, I had to scrounge for my living by robbing the sleeping drunkards outside cafés in Algiers, I detested her and all she stood for. I had had only one friend in those days and that was the madam of a brothel near the waterfront, and through my great good fortune after some years of drifting from Tunis to Istanbul and thence to Marseilles. "Rio 9" discovered me and gave me an opportunity to prove my merit and ability. My schooling was self-taught, and the hardest lessons of life were mine. And this pampered, creamy-skinned young woman who had never wanted for anything in all her life dared to show that I was repulsive to her!

I sprang up from the couch and seized her hair with my left hand, slapping her face repeatedly and then her titties. "If you will not obey of your own free will, you shall be persuaded to do so, Caroline," I hissed. She shrieked and tried to cling with her arms around my legs to hamper my dragging her over to the horsehair footstool, where she would be thrashed. But I broke her hold easily, seized both wrists, and dragged her along the floor toward that

apparatus, flung her over it, and swiftly buckled the broad waist strap over her body until I could fetter her wrists and ankles leisurely.

I released the waist strap, for I wished to see her twist and jerk and arch, give her limbs full play under the lash. Each movement would grind the coarse, biting, prickling horsehair into her tenderest spot, chafing her thighs and belly and the lips of her soft cunt. And this would only aggravate what she was to endure.

I opened the teakwood coffer and showed the terrorized girl its frightening implements. One was a short little whip not more than a foot long, of what appeared to be silver thongs, braided cunningly to a pointed little tip and fastened to an ivory handle about four inches long. These filaments of spun silver were abrasive and scratchy. When they were applied to the mucous membrane of cunt or asshole, they caused atrocious pain, but without rendering any permanent damage to those intimate parts.

There was also a curious set of clamps with a suction cup affixed to a movable right-angled piece. The suction cup would fit against the small of the victim's back, and the clamps would press against the inner edges of her buttocks, forcing them apart and exposing her asshole for a flogging with the little silver whip. But first, I promised myself, she should have a sound thrashing to teach her how dangerous it was to revolt against her Master's will.

I told her this as I unstrapped my heavy black leather belt from my trousers, which she had folded and hung up so neatly. I explained to her that actually I was being cruel in order to be kind, since what she learned at the Fortress of Ben-Abar might help her avoid future punishments when she took up her abode with her new Master. Then, with great delight, my prick monstrous and shaking with every movement of my body, I stationed myself to the left and I began to stripe her creamy bottom with my black leather belt.

The explosive cracks which rang out in the soundproofed salon

enchanted me, as did her shrieks and cries and plaintive appeals for mercy. So, too, did the visual excitement of watching that bent-over, fettered naked body jerk and twist and writhe under the lash. I did not stop until I had given her fifty hard and rather rapid strokes, leaving her buttocks a swollen dark red and, here and there, turning bluish. She was nearly fainting, but her agony was so great that she was not accorded even that mercy.

Then I pushed the suction cup against her tailbone, pressed the metal planes of the clamps along the tender narrow furrow which separated her buttocks, and opened the clamps, forcing her buttocks apart and disclosing the shrinking petals of her coral-tinted virgin bottomhole.

"Oh, no, oh, God help me! Oh, please no more! Oh, I hurt so! Master, Master, have mercy on me—I can't stand such suffering!" Caroline cried hysterically as I made my preparations. Yes, I envied the man who was going to have her as his slave, to do with her as he would, to disregard her cries and inflict torture beyond even her ultimate ability to endure it! Would that I were that man! I, Jason Vanwell! But then I was recalled to my duty, for my success as one of the chiefs of the operation at Ben-Abar depends upon my implacable skill and impartial severity with all captives brought here for training and eventual resale. I picked up the little silver whip and, taking careful aim, lifted my right hand and brought it down with a deft flick so that the tip bit right into Caroline Martin's bottomhole.

"*Eeeeyarrhheowounu!!!* Oh, not there, Master! Spare me. Oh, my God, it hurts, it tears, it rips me. Mercy—oh, have mercy! I will be good, oh please not that!" she shrieked. She struggled with her bonds, dragging at her wrists, trying to wrench her ankles free of the straps, but in vain.

But now a new problem confronted her. In the agitated squirmings of her hips under my whipping, she had unwittingly ground her loins and abdomen and, yes, her cunt too, against the coarse

mass of bristly horsehair which covered the entire top of the footstool! Now I could see that she was trying to arch herself off this painful contact, to alleviate the pangs of her burning cunt, for her lips should certainly be almost raw by now. Without answering her pleas, I directed a second, then a third flick down into that ambery, rosy gape, and I could see the lips of her asshole convulse spasmodically as the silver whip stung those exquisitely sensitive petals.

Once again, an inhuman, prolonged cry tore from my naked captive's throat. Her hips arched and swerved and twisted so madly that I was lost in admiration. But not too lost to apply two more wicked little flicks right into that gaping bottomhole, drawing new cries for mercy, babbled pleas for mercy and incoherent sobs.

I paused to take stock of the situation and of Caroline's endurance. Her body was bathed in sweat, jerking feverishly back and forth over the stool to which she was strapped so tightly by her wrists and ankles. "P-Pity—oh, God—kill me, kill me, I can't stand it!" she moaned.

"You will not die from a little whipping of your bottomhole, my dear Caroline," I advised her sententiously. "On the contrary, this seems to activate all your energies and enthusiasms to a fair degree. No, my insolent, patrician, rebellious slave, you are going to be flogged there and nowhere else until you *beg* me to bugger you!" And with this, crouching down a little so as to get a better angle for my little silver whip, I began to flick it and dart it down at the now visibly inflamed and swollen lips of her tender anus. I thought she would go mad with pain, and her bellowing shrieks and screams, her piercing cries filled this salon with the most exquisite music in the world that a man could hear: that of a slave-girl undergoing intolerable torment and being brought even against the supreme energy of her chastest will to the inevitable capitulation which accepts in advance the most loathsome kind of degradation if only to be free of the maddening ungovernable pain.

By the time I had given her thirty of these hard little flicks, she

had arrived at that point. I could hardly understand her. Her body jerked like a puppet on a string, and it was bathed in sweat. Her face was contorted unrecognizably—the eyes glazed and bulging, the nostrils flaring, the mouth agape and twisted, the teeth chattering. I squatted in front of her agonized face and held up the little whip: "Are you ready for a good twenty more, Caroline?"

"*Aiiiihhhbrrr!!!!* Ohhh, nooo!!! I'll do anything—I'll do anything—no more—in the name of God in Heaven, no more!"

"Then let me hear you ask for the alternative—and as humbly as you can, Caroline!"

Her choked sobs rendered speech impossible, but I pretended to misunderstand this as being proof of her stubbornness, and, straightening, went behind her again and applied two quick little flicks of the silver whip. The effect was miraculous. Her body lunged and jerked over the horsehair top of the footstool, and a wild, hoarse shriek tore from her lips as she surrendered: "Eyowwaarhhh!!! I will—oh, for God's sake!—Ohhh, ahhh—I beg of you h-h-humbly please, M-Master, to b-b-bugger me—oh, please—don't whip me there anymore. Please bugger me instead!"

"Very well, Caroline, since you ask me in such a sweet and humble manner, I will grant your request." It was high time, I could not have really held myself back any longer. And perhaps feeling just a trifle sorry for the woefully inflamed and swollen condition of her anus, I spat on my prickhead and then, steering it with one hand, and putting my left forefinger just above the orifice, I aimed for that virgin target.

As the tip of my prick pried apart the swollen lips of her bumhole, Caroline Martin uttered a shriek and squirmed and arched, begging me piteously to go slowly and not to hurt her. I remained silent as I thrust forward, and her cries became wild and more hysterical until at last I had passed the full entirety of my meatus just inside the savagely contracting ring of her sphincter muscles.

I paused a moment to get my breath, and then—with a loud groan of "Hahhh!!"—I shoved forward until I had burrowed fully half my length inside her tight humid asshole. She almost tore her wrists loose in her mad writhings. Her shrieks were deafening, but it did not deter me from my appointed duty. With another savage dig, I reached almost the bottom of her fundament, and now, glancing up at the wall just beyond, I could see her contorted twisted face, her eyes bulging from their sockets, her mouth gaping in one shriek after another. It was the face of one demented by torment, and yet the more beautiful because of it!

With the last thrust, I reached the very hilt of my spear; and then, clasping her hips tightly, I began to bugger her with slow leisurely thrusts which let me enjoy the clamping and convulsively tightening of her asshole walls around my massive prong.

Each time I dug forward, Caroline uttered a wild cry and lunged forward with me, which, needless to say, served to rub the prickly horsehair top of the footstool all the more cruelly into her martyred young cunt. But that was her own doing, and I could feel no pity for her. Besides, I was caught up in the throes of my own frantic desire, which was now bubbling from the depths of me. It was all I could do to clench my teeth and keep from flooding her bowels with my torrent of jism.

At last I could no longer contain myself and, quickening my thrusts, finally ejaculated into the very depths of her bowels. Her body stiffened convulsively, her head rose, and then her eyes closed and her body sagged under me. She had fainted.

It was not all I had wished for. I had wanted her to suffer to the very end, to taste each nuance of degradation as a separate ordeal of martyrdom. But when I reported her audacity in trying to resist me to the Countess, I felt certain that my Mistress would impose a further chastisement on the beautiful Miss Caroline Martin.

When I had finished with her, I drew my prick out and used her glossy curls to wipe it clean. Then I left her there, still bound over

the footstool, her head bowed, her bruised bottom swollen and purple from the savage belting I had inflicted. In a few hours, if I thought of it, I would send a servant to release her, bathe her, and see to it that she was somewhat solaced.

And now Caroline Martin was no longer virgin anywhere. Now she was truly ready for her new Master!

Chapter 6

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF BASIL ROTHBERG

Words can not describe the exultation I feel these days, nor the impatience—the almost maddening impatience in longing for the day when Caroline Martin is to be mine!

This afternoon I received a phone call from Lady Fiona Savage, the charming and highly competent contact who has arranged for me, through the greatest of luck and by accidental circumstance, the abduction and training of Caroline Martin into slavery destined for my sole enjoyment! Not a day has passed since I first received that mystifying telephone call from her some months ago in which she revealed that she had overheard a most intimate and private conversation between myself and my good friend Hilary Amberson about that insolent auburn-haired vixen who dared to show her contempt for me and to slap my face simply because I put my hand on her knee in an endeavor to show her my great desire for her.

And now, miracle of miracles, I am within a week or two of finding that reality come true, which will surpass my wildest dreams.

Today Lady Fiona Savage gave me a packet of films which had been shipped to her from the Atlas Mountains, in that mysterious retreat known to only a few in the world—and whose exact location I myself have naturally not been told—where many such slaves are trained for their eventual Masters. These films made me almost swoon away with lustful excitement when, in the privacy of my own study, I set up the projector and the screen, locked myself in, poured out a liberal glass of my best whiskey, lit a cigar and, in my silk pajamas and slippers, gave myself up to the erotic delights which now appear much more tangible than mere dreams or figmentations of the mind.

Not only did I see Caroline absolutely naked and then forced to don a ridiculous little maid's costume with lace cap, the gaudy garters which a girl in a musical revue would wear and the gaudiest of hose, serving her trainer whiskey on her knees, and then being obliged to suck his prick and lick his balls—but, oh indescribable ecstasy, I saw her dominated, flogged and finally compelled to beg him to sodomize her.

I can almost hear her voice as I write these lines in my diary this evening, and my hand trembles as I recall each nuance of that magnificent whipping. I can still imagine her cries for mercy, her abject pleas as her trainer dragged her toward the whipping stool and flung her across it, buckling down a heavy strap around her waist to keep her in position until he could make certain of her limbs. And then the magnificent thrashing with his heavy leather belt which made her very bottom bound under each good blow, and to see her wonderfully creamy skin grow angry from the livid stripes of the flogging!

And then the most exquisite thing I have ever seen—the insertion of a pair of distending clamps which forced apart her bottomcheeks to expose that tender orifice into which no man

had ever entered. I admit that I am horribly envious of this trainer, who has apparently enjoyed all three of her orifices—mouth, cunt and asshole—but I understood this from the beginning: that such a seemingly brutal training would be necessary to crush her haughty spirit once and for all and to bring her down to the depths of shame and terror, so that when she finally became my property, she would not hesitate to obey my slightest command.

Then I saw him open a little teakwood coffer and take out a curious little whip apparently made of silver, seemingly innocuous. Yet when it was flicked and darted in Caroline's tender bottomgroove, the cries and contortions which had been evoked during the belting were as nothing compared with the spine-tingling effects he managed to obtain from my slave.

My slave! Two words which epitomize the height of ambition, the incredible achievement of my lifetime! *My slave...* To be able to say these words about one of the reigning beauties of London, a girl who flouted friend and acquaintance alike, rode roughshod over all those in her path, sneered at people who were actually her betters or at least her equals, all because she fancied herself untouchable and immune to punishment and retribution! She has much to learn about me, and oh, how sweet it will be to teach her!

During the time that she has been acquiring her training to be readied for me, I have been spending a good time away from my office here in my apartment with discreet workmen whom I have paid a premium to complete certain arrangements for Miss Caroline Martin's arrival. Through Lady Fiona Savage's good graces, I was introduced to a rather disreputable-looking but quite competent man who directs a storage firm in London's East End. He took me through his warehouse, to a certain floor which the public never sees. Here, to my amazement and joy, I discovered all manner of apparatuses such as I have read about in many an erotic volume and which have always filled my imagination with longing. I was able to acquire an old-fashioned whipping post, pillory, a sharp-

ridged sawhorse, and many other entertaining devices which will help enthrall me each new day and night of my possession of this auburn-haired beauty who defied and insulted me. Through the same intermediary, I purchased a number of excellent whips, including a French cravache, a martinet, and various other instruments which will not mar the delicate creamy skin of Miss Caroline Martin but which will inflict the maximum suffering.

But the thought occurred to me that at the outset, even though I am technically Caroline's owner and Master, there may be unforeseen rebellions, arguments, and misunderstandings which will diminish my pleasure. I want her to suffer the ultimate degradation, to serve me in every way a woman can a virile man who is not content with the mundane, conventional way of lovemaking. All of her orifices will serve me, and every portion of her naked body. But on the other hand, I reasoned that it would be useful as well as stimulating to my erotic zeal to have an aide who would be my foil and also my inspiration in devising ever new methods of coercion for Caroline.

Since, however, I do not propose to share her with any of my friends, not even my good friend Hilary—I found myself coming around to the viewpoint of considering a woman as my assistant. A woman can often be crueler to her own sex than can a man. Because she is of the same tender sex, she better appreciates the female body's and mind's potential for suffering and agony. Yes, decidedly, that would be the most logical choice, for I could not be jealous about another woman's helping me punish Caroline so long as none of my own acquaintances took over my ownership. Oh to be sure, I shall invite Hilary one day when I have advanced enough in my own skill as a Master, and offer Caroline to him as a kind of dessert or nightcap to a pleasant evening.

Here again, Lady Fiona Savage proved herself of inestimable value. She recommended a young woman of her own acquaintance, Christine Stoltz, of Swedish birth, now living in London

and formerly of Paris. Two days ago, I interviewed this remarkable and extremely capable young woman. It did not take me long to decide that she would be the ideal accomplice and aide for me in the subjugation of Miss Caroline Martin.

She is about twenty-six, I judge, with pale yellow hair formed in a short bob which is most mannish and quite seductive. Her face is oval, with a high, arching forehead, a dainty aquiline nose with thin and very sensuous wings, and a small thin-lipped mouth and dazzling small white teeth. She is about five feet seven inches in height, of a very willowy build, with small breasts but quite firm and delightfully promising as they thrust against a tight blue angora sweater. Her legs are long and beautifully muscled and svelte, and her buttocks oval shaped, tightly compact like a boy's. Indeed, the subtle aura of maleness exudes from her beauty, and so I guessed rather easily that she was of that secret sisterhood who worship Bilitis rather than the great god Pan. Indeed, she calmly and rather smilingly informed me that she was a Lesbian and that she prefers this, because in Paris, it appears, she was a private governess to three attractive teenage girls and engaged by their widowed mother, herself a handsome woman in her early forties who herself was a decided Lesbian.

Christine Stoltz showed me a letter from this woman, by way of reference. It spoke rhapsodically as well as erotically of Christine's skill in applying the whip, in forcing attractive, spirited young girls to endure psychological humiliations which quelled their nominally rebellious natures. She has, the letter intimated, a remarkable virtuosity and perversity in the compulsion of those of her own sex toward obedience. Well, that is what I wish from Caroline!

Christine told me quite frankly that she was "between engagements," and that Lady Fiona Savage had recommended me to her. It would be a kind of vacation for her, and she would stay with me at least six months, after which she would be free to consider

other engagements. We agreed on a fee. I am to pay her £200 a month and all expenses, and she will live in my flat. She gave me to understand that I must not look for sexual pleasure from her—not in the normal way—though, rather smilingly, she added, "You are not at all unprepossessing, Mr. Rothberg, and perhaps in my gratitude at being given such a delightful subject as Miss Caroline Martin to work with, I may be spurred on occasion to offer you some little lagniappe of erotic pleasure." We shook hands on that note, and I shall telephone her as soon as Caroline Martin is mine, ready to begin her servitude.

Caroline has cost me a great deal so far, but I do not begrudge a penny of it. If only for this movie which Lady Fiona Savage just gave me today, I should count all of it well spent and well worthwhile!

Chapter 7

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF CHRISTINE STOLTZ

My dear friend Fiona Savage telephoned me a few weeks ago to brief me on the background of Basil Rothberg, an influential and wealthy financier, who had arranged to purchase a female white slave through "Rio 9," the organization which she represents. Fiona—for I shall call her this, since we have been intimates together for some years—said that she believes she could convince this affluent and mature man, who is in his mid-forties, to engage me as a kind of associate and, specifically, as a female trainer for his new slave. Accordingly, she arranged an interview, and Basil Rothberg and I came to almost immediate and most agreeable terms.

To be sure, Mr. Rothberg might not have been so willing to avail himself of my services if he had known that I am actually one of the directresses of a rival white-slave organization known under the code name of "Gosta" (the first name of one of Sweden's greatest dramatic heroes) and that "Stoltz" is actually not my last name.

But my organization differs entirely from that of "Rio 9" in that my personnel are especially trained to procure both young and mature women for the purpose of training them as Lesbian slaves to enormously wealthy women throughout the world.

I myself am a decided Lesbian, and I detest the male and with good reason. I was born in Stockholm twenty-six years ago. When I was fourteen and my younger brother was about six, my father decided to remarry. For no reason at all, he trumped up a wicked charge against my poor and innocent mother and divorced himself from her. She died a year later of what the doctors called bronchial pneumonia, but which was actually a broken heart. Six months later, my father married a domineering and very beautiful woman who was then forty to his thirty-seven. She had a distant cousin of twenty-eight named Lars who I found later was actually her sexual slave and with whom she had had relations, but always maintaining the role of dominatrix and using him simply for physical means to satisfy her insatiable lusts.

Without going into needless details, I may say that my stepmother, whose name was Gertrude, took an unreasoning dislike of me. I was tall and blonde and even then rather pretty, if I may say so without being accused of vanity. As my father was a commercial traveler for a large firm of exporters, he was away from Stockholm for long periods at a time. Thus it was that Gertrude and her weakling cousin Lars took possession of my life and turned me into what I am today. In some ways, I am rather grateful. It amused her to have me whipped, possibly because of her own domineering nature and also because she was innately sadistic.

First she would find some unjust pretext or another to condemn me to a flogging and then have me visit her in her bedchamber just before I retired, clad only in my shift. On all such occasions, Lars was there, lolling about in his pajamas and grinning at me with an inanity which suggested that he was not quite in full possession of his reason—nor was he, as it later turned out. Worst of all,

too, she would have me kneel across the bed and hold up my own nightshift so that the flogging might be applied on my naked buttocks and thighs, and then she would call Lars to hold me down so that I could not escape while she gave me the strap or a birch switch almost to the blood. During these vicious and spiteful floggings, I was hardly conscious of what Lars was doing to me, because I was still quite an innocent even at fourteen. But on one August evening, when the pain of the whipping was too great to bear, I recall that I twisted about and struggled so that I lunged forward on the bed, and Lars, following me, sprawled atop me as I turned over, my nightshift up to my belly. And what did Gertrude do then but call out gleefully, "Go ahead, fuck her, fuck the little bitch and teach her what it's like to be a woman, Lars my darling! Fuck her, or I shall whip you hard myself!"

So I was raped by my stepcousin, and he took me brutally and ruthlessly, while I squirmed and cried out from the agony that was lacerating my poor flogged bottom. To excite him to this rape, my stepmother tugged down his breeches and his shorts and flogged him with the same switch she had used on my bottom. This stimulus heightened his rut until he tore me fiercely, staining the bed with my maiden blood.

I fainted under this horrible violation, and when I came to, I was lying on one side of the bed, a sponge between my shuddering thighs and against my bleeding pussy, while Lars and my stepmother were engaged in the act of *soixante-neuf.*

I did not dare to tell my father, for I was certain that he would not believe Gertrude's perfidy and cruelty, and the near-insanity of his younger cousin-in-law. But then fate played into my hands and gave me back my revenge. Two years later, when my father died of a stroke while on a trip to Norway, I discovered that he had left the house, his property and most of his money to me rather than to Gertrude. Of course, I was underage, so I anticipated Gertrude's trying to take away my inheritance. I was quite right: she made

every effort, setting Lars on me the way one sets a dog on a terrified urchin, increasing the whippings and finally compelling me, one unforgettable and horrible evening, while Lars was lying atop me as I lay on my belly, his penis buried in my anus, to apply my lips and tongue to her odious sex.

The next morning, I stole out of the house and went to visit Peter Fruson, who had been my father's dear friend and lawyer. He had been ill for the past year and was only now returning to practice, and of course he had known nothing of the character of my stepmother. But he was a blunt, outspoken man with an almost patriarchal sense of justice, and he believed in the Mosaic law. So when I told him, though sparing him many of the scandalous details of my suffering, he swore a great oath and told me that he would arrange to have the property my father had left me turned over to a reliable executor like a bank, and that he would make an effort to get me away from that evil house.

Two years later, when I came into my majority, I was living at the home of foster parents who were good and kind to me. They had a young son of nineteen named Hans whom I know was in love with me, but I could not abide him simply because the mere thought of a man's caressing me or even kissing me was anathema. I learned that Gertrude and Lars were corrupting my younger brother George, and I determined that they should pay for their crimes.

First, however, I arranged secretly to sell the house and to have the funds together with the money in the bank and the sale or rental of the rest of my father's property transferred to a Swiss bank account. Old Peter Fruson arranged all this for me, when I intimated to him what was in my mind. He held up his hand and shook his white head, "Do not tell me what you think, Christine, because then I will be party to it. If I know nothing, I cannot rebuke or dissuade you. I will say only that your stepmother is a serpent and that one crushes out serpents before they bite." So Peter knew, even if he would not accept the knowledge.

When all was in readiness, I went to the house at midnight. I still had the key, and it was easy to let myself in the front door. I heard carousing upstairs and knew that it was coming from Gertrude's room.

When I went down the landing, my blood ran cold. The door of Gertrude's bedroom was open. There was my young brother, gagged and blindfolded, naked, lying in the air horizontally with his wrists and ankles tied to the four bedposts, while my stepmother flogged him with a thin switch. His buttocks were already streaked with bloody weals. Gibbering like an idiot, Lars was crouching under my poor brother and performing an oral sex act upon the unfortunate boy.

I took out of my purse a little pearl-handled revolver which I had bought at a gunsmith's shop in the suburbs. (I had bribed him handsomely so that he would keep no record of the transaction.) My first shot struck my stepmother in the belly. My second put a hole in Lars's head. I untied my poor brother George and washed and cleansed his wounds, then helped him dress and gave him money and told him to go to my foster parents who had been so kind to me and to tell them that I was leaving the country. He left the house while I remained there in Gertrude's bedroom to watch her die in horrible agonies from the gunshot wound I had inflicted.

I spat in her face without remorse, set fire to the house, and walked out. By the time the fire engines arrived, I was miles away and at the waterfront, preparing to take a freighter to Yarmouth, from which I meant to take a boat to Cherbourg. I had always wanted to visit Paris.

I spent two years in Paris, opening my own little dress shop, and it was there that I met Madame Hortense Revilier, a beautiful chestnut-haired Junoesque woman in her late thirties who was a wealthy widow, childless, and who detested men as much as I did. She began as one of my customers, and we finished as lovers.

It was with her aid and her inspiration that I helped to found the organization known as "Gosta."

I need not divulge our headquarters, nor the methods by which we obtain our "trainees," for it is still a flourishing enterprise and it has given me not only great profit but great peace of mind. Thanks to my work with "Gosta," I have been able to obliterate forever the hideous depravities to which Gertrude subjected me with her mentally defective cousin.

Fiona Savage met me three years ago when I moved to London and began a branch of "Gosta" there. London is such a large city, with so many suburbs and districts that it is virtually impossible for the police to find missing persons. Especially in the poorer districts, a pretty young girl can easily be lured away with promises of a job with fine wages and new clothes—and find herself within a week or two in some luxurious home along the French Riviera or in Palermo or the Aegean Isles. Curiously, Fiona tried to recruit me for "Rio 9" and first suggested that if I was "on my uppers"—to use the vulgar English phrase which means to be hard-pressed for funds—I might make a good deal of money entertaining wealthy men on occasion. When I laughed and told her that nothing in the world would induce me to sleep with a man no matter how much he paid, she became more sympathetic at once, and intimated that she herself had the same inclination.

To make a long story short, I found that Fiona Savage was not overly paid for her very industrious and efficient work in locating clients for "Rio 9." I suggested to her that she play the role of double agent, and that there would be no dangers for her in such a venture but instead many additional rewards. And so when she told me about the beautiful Caroline Martin, about whom I had read so much in the London society pages, I experienced a keen desire to meet this arrogant beauty and to see what training into slavery for the servicing of a male had made of her. The simplest way was to observe her at firsthand, and that is why Fiona, my

passionate lover and dearest friend, arranged this post for me with Basil Rothberg!

Let me say that the sadism of a Lesbian is even more complex than that of a male. After all, the male is limited by his own peculiar propensities for passion; he has a penis, and he wishes it appeased. He thinks only of fucking or buggering or being sucked and, if he is a sadist, of whipping, sometimes to the point of spoiling the merchandise. This is true particularly of an amateur Master such as Basil Rothberg is bound to be, having had no previous aptitude or experience in owning slaves. If he had lived in the Far East, where slavery is taken for granted, I might have had more respect for his ability. As it is, he is dominated only by the thought of vengeance—vengeance for an affront to his vanity. Therefore, his treatment of Caroline Martin will be predictable

But let me indicate also that a Lesbian sadist is the most devious and exquisitely imaginative of all slave owners and more greatly to be feared by any captive than the most sadistic male. Because she understands a woman's psyche, she can invent a thousand and one vicious little caprices and nuances to make the life of a captive more than a living hell on earth, a veritable Golgotha. She knows the delicious secret of prolongation and renewal and revival and restoration. No true Lesbian sadist whips to the point of damaging the tender flesh of a lovely captive, for she knows that on the morrow she will feel the same rancor and spleen and will wish to solace her frayed nerves by another whipping. She may therefore concentrate a single flogging on the armpit, and the next day the rest of her slave's lovely body will be untouched, virgin territory for the lash. Such imaginative and original whippings are far more painful than the invariable banal ones on the buttocks or thighs, which is where men invariably flog.

Moreover, I wished to avail myself of a small vacation, for I had been working assiduously for "Gosta" the past year or two. It seemed to me that the happy circumstance of obtaining a post in

Basil Rothberg's luxurious flat and having this delicious morsel of English society at my beck and call as his aide and trainer would suit my purposes perfectly.

He is a transparent man, obsessed by the thought of vengeance. Since I know exactly how to whet his appetites for inflicting punishment on Caroline, he has already made me the present of many confidences which were better left unsaid. I know to a T how wealthy he is, how much he has paid for Caroline, what he plans to do to her, and how he intends to have me augment his lustful pleasures by trying my own hand at subtle degradations and humiliations. Unwittingly, in his obsession, he has given me the method of making off with Caroline myself if I wish to—but of this I am not yet certain. The risk would be great, because Basil Rothberg is a most influential man with friends in high positions throughout London. But on the other hand, his firm could not stand a scandal, and it would be quite easy to blackmail him by revealing that in the heart of London in one of the most exclusive residential districts of this vast city by the River Thames, a certain man quarters in his apartment a young woman who, just six months ago, was one of the most publicized of the young beauties, sought after by every eligible bachelor in London. It would be amusing to take Caroline Martin away from Basil Rothberg, if only to prove that a woman is invariably the intellectual superior of a man.

But first I am eager to encounter Caroline in her new role of slave. We have never before met. She will arrive by chartered plane in an obscure little airport some twenty miles northwest of the city of Nottingham, and I am to meet her there in a limousine to be driven by Basil Rothberg's trustworthy chauffeur, a war veteran in his mid-fifties who was cashiered as an officer for trying to smuggle home German art treasures. Basil Rothberg gave him a job and prevented his committing suicide when that scandal broke, and that bond has lasted some twenty years. It was probably one of the unselfish things which Basil Rothberg did in his youth and now he believes it to pay dividends.

But this hold which he has on the life of another man may also be valuable to me in my own future plans. We shall see. It will be a challenge, but first it will be excitement and pleasure. For I detest social snobs and arrogant, pampered heiresses almost as much as does Basil Rothberg himself, because our family before my poor mother died, was looked down upon by our wealthier and more prominent neighbors. Even as a little girl, I can remember some of the seething remarks of wealthy Fru Nilsson who lived in the beautiful red brick house with the huge garden across the street from us and who, seeing me go to school, remarked in a loud, insolent voice, "What a pity that the children of the poor can't at least learn to be clean if they must wear hand-me-downs!"

I myself am rich now, and my money is still hidden away in the Swiss bank. I had never had any desire to return to Stockholm, but private detectives have assured me that my brother George is well and going to university now, with apparently no shadow of the terrible life that bitch of a stepmother of mine forced him to lead. It is as well that he has forgotten me. But now I have other matters to concern myself: preparing for the entry of Caroline Martin into the luxury flat where I am simply an employee known as Miss Christine Stoltz.

Chapter 8

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE COUNTESS

I am very pleased with Jason Vanwell. Before he and I sent off the movies to our contact in London to be given to the purchaser of Caroline Martin, we viewed them together the very next afternoon while Caroline remained in her cell in the Silver Cage, as an additional punishment for her revolt against Jason's pillaging of her last maidenhead the afternoon before. I confess that the sight of his brutal and yet shrewdly calculated penetration of her dainty virgin rectal sheath caused me the most lascivious excitement, which I assuaged with one of my pretty young favorites, the Moroccan girl Bibi, a remarkably precocious eighteen-year-old whose chocolate skin and tall lissome body belies her tender years and in whose tongue and cunt there already is an eternity of sensual wisdom.

Jason Vanwell was exhilarated at his triumph over the English heiress. He had now accomplished all he had set out to do; and if a man may be said to have suddenly fomented an obsession for

vengeance against someone whom he has previously never met and who has done him no harm whatsoever, it may be said to be my very competent associate. He had taken a dislike to Caroline at the very outset, as indeed had I. All through the training sessions, I perceived his savage impatience at having to adhere to the program which we had both agreed would be the swiftest and most efficient way of dealing with this rebellious and pampered girl. I daresay what delighted him was that he—ahead of the London purchaser—was able to enjoy all of Caroline's orifices, progressively from mouth to cunt and then to asshole. Perhaps his only regret was that she had not come to us entirely virgin. We both agreed that her overbearing hauteur which pretended a thorough chastity was so deceitful as to require ample punishment, and she had had it in abundance. Nor was she finished with it.

For I proposed to depilate her, which he had put off for one reason or another, and to do it with my manicure tweezers, after which I meant to inflict a severe little whipping on her tender cunt. She would then be gagged and blindfolded, and placed in a packing case, which would be put aboard a private plane flying to Algiers. From there she would be transferred again by plane, and with another trustworthy pilot on the payroll of "Rio 9," to the waterfront area of Marseilles. This pilot flew a hydroplane, which would land near one of the fishing vessels whose owner was also on our payroll. The packing case would be smuggled aboard, carefully camouflaged and then this boat with its hidden powerful motor, would go on to the French coast, where, in the dead of night, the important cargo would be transferred aboard still another plane that would land in a secret airstrip in the countryside near Nottingham. There, our London contact assured us, the purchaser would take possession of his property. The full price, I understand by a cable which arrived this morning, has finally been met by our client, and he declares himself greatly satisfied with our efforts in his behalf.

In her coded cable, Lady Fiona had also told us that the client had engaged, at her recommendation, a very capable and perverse young Swedish woman who would aid him in continuing her excellent training as a humbled and thoroughly dominated slave and suggest to him many novel methods of punishment and trial by ordeal.

This was a new aspect, one which gave me a little food for thought. It was true that when we made the arrangement with our client through Lady Fiona Savage, we were not told that he had any accomplice or friend or employee who would share the slave's training and possession with him. But this sudden emergence of the Swedish governess—for I daresay that is the position she will ostensibly fill—arouses certain annoying thoughts which have also occurred to Jason Vanwell. We have in the past at our annual meetings agreed that a number of very valuable slaves have been lost to "Rio 9" by duplicity and escape, and escape often so cunningly contrived as to suggest that some spy who knows precisely our methods of operation might have taken part in the freeing of the captive. I have therefore cabled Lady Fiona Savage in code to keep a vigilant eye on this governess and to report periodically to us on how she seems to be adapting herself to the client's special needs and particularly what influence she is allowed to take with Caroline. I am certain that our client, grateful for what we have done in procuring Caroline Martin for him and turning her into what Jason and I both consider to be a quite docile and submissive slave, will see no reason not to give Lady Fiona Savage the casually requested information she will ask him for.

I know very little about this Swedish "governess," except that she is a friend of our contact, who has thus far been quite reliable. But the temptations of power and money, especially in an operation such as ours which must needs be clandestine and camouflaged on every operational level, can sometimes destroy the most appar-

ently devoted loyalty. I should be distressed to learn that Lady Fiona Savage has played us false. She will not long enjoy her profits if this is the case!

However, wishing to think of more pleasant things, I talked with Jason at some length and found him delighted with my improvisational idea. My feeling has always been that when a slave has been punished for rebellion, the most impressive method of compelling her to retain the good lesson of an initial punishment is to repeat the exact conditions under which her original revolt took place and then, should the obstinacy recur, punish her even more pitilessly. I was sure that my idea would enchant Jason, and indeed it did. It was quite simple: I wished to see Caroline Martin buggered again, before my eyes, while this time making her perform a Lesbian act at the same moment she was enduring this most odious martyrdom.

Accordingly, just before supper this evening, Jason went to Caroline's cell, removed the Silver Cage, and brought her to my office. She came on all fours, stark naked, a dog collar around her neck. A leash was gripped in his left hand. In his right, he carried the whalebone switch which, according to his reports to me, she fears most of all the punitive arsenal—though perhaps after her experience of yesterday afternoon, she would rank the little silver whip higher.

Her face was swollen with tears, and she was groaning, obviously from the aftereffects of the Silver Cage. I was clad in only a black satin negligee and my high-heeled pumps, and I lounged on my low wide couch, completely at my ease. Only for the sake of training do I permit such a display of my person, for it is business. I will not become involved emotionally—not even with Jason. I suspect that he finds me desirable; and, on occasion, I have amused myself with some little games of which there is no need to speak at this point. We had each agreed that each of us would deal with Caroline at the same time without the two of us becoming involved with

each then. And since the final payment was being paid through our legitimate bank, and my money safely in the coffers of "Rio 9," we believed it best to speed the final stages of Caroline Martin's training so that she might be dispatched without further ado.

"Jason tells me that you rebelled against him yesterday afternoon, Caroline," I told her straight off. "This displeases me, and I have asked him to bring you here for punishment."

"Oh, Mistress, spare me! Oh, do have mercy! I didn't mean to—truly I didn't, but it's so big, so hard and it hurt me so terribly!" At once the naked auburn-haired girl began to complain.

I made a brusque gesture. "I have no time for your complaints, Caroline. You are going to be punished in any case, but the severity and the duration of that punishment will depend upon your demonstration before me here and now of the very act to which I am told you offered such resistance yesterday. Do you understand me?"

Her face congealed with horror, her large, beautiful eyes fixed on my face with an incredulous stare. Then she stammered, "You—You mean he—he will do that to—to me again, M-Mistress?"

"Precisely," I said dryly. "And at the same time, by way of distraction, you will service me as you may be required to service the new companion of your purchaser and future Master, Caroline. Yes, a woman, who doubtless has her own penchants for punishing rebellious slave-girls which will differ vastly and be far more serious to your well-being than anything your Master may plan for you. I therefore advise you to satisfy us both at once, and as humbly and efficiently as you can, based on the training you have had from us; because I swear to you that if you again resist or show the least objection, I will punish you as I have never punished any captive here before at Ben-Abar!"

She began to tremble and to cry, and Jason gave her a cut across her bottom with the whalebone switch which made her shriek and wriggle forward in the most delicious way, her breasts jiggling in

all their firm young elasticity. "We have no time to tolerate tears or useless petitions, Caroline," I interrupted her. "So arrange yourself as I now order you to do, and pay close attention! Crawl forward to the edge of this couch, open the folds of my negligee, and use your lips and tongue on me as you did that other afternoon. At the same time, Jason will endeavor to make an easier passage through your rectum with his cock, and if you keep in mind the danger of exemplary punishment which awaits you and also your duty to me as your Mistress, you may manage to extricate yourself from a very unfortunate experience. Now then, begin."

Having thus said, I leaned back against a pile of cushions and awaited her diligent submission. Trembling, her face streaked with tears, poor Caroline crawled forward toward me, reached with her faltering hands toward the belt of my negligee and unfastened it, drew aside the folds of the garment to reveal my cunt. I caught Jason looking with a glittering stare, and smiled at him, gesturing him to consider his own duties foremost, flattered though I might be by his visual attentions. I could see also that he was immediately ready for that task, and as he liberated his prick, I shuddered myself. Very frankly, I should not care to have that bludgeon force apart the walls of my rectum and burrow into my vitals to the very hilt!

I continued, "Grasp the undersides of my thighs with your hands to make certain that you keep them away from covering up your own person, Caroline, as that will be a further guarantee of your submission." To tell the truth again, the feel of her trembling fingers against my bare legs was exquisite, and I almost wish that I had summoned her to a private interview. But the very fact that both of us, her trainers, were commanding stern duties of her at the same time was a further guarantee of her docility, together with this terror which I had planted in her mind of punishment regardless of how well or how badly she behaved, its degree depending only upon her performance now.

Jason tossed me the leash to hold to make certain that she could not move away from this servile posture. Then he said to her in a hoarse voice, "Attention, Caroline! I'm going to open up your bottom and plant my rod into your little fundament. Remember that I still have the whalebone switch within reach, and I can always procure that little silver whip for the dainty little orifice which my prick is going to salute more attentively and lingeringly than yesterday afternoon."

"Why—yes, M-Master," Caroline quavered.

I commanded, "Begin to gamahuche me, slave," just to remind her that she need not neglect me simply because of her terror of Jason Vanwell. With a gasp, she immediately plunged her face down between my thighs, and I closed my eyes and arched myself up to savor the sweet fresh warmth of that moist trembling mouth of hers, the dainty little pink tongue with its furtive caressing touches, which so stirred me to frantic climax in our little *tête-à-tête* the other day.

But no sooner had she begun to kiss my cunt than I heard and felt her stifled groan against the lips of my slit. I knew at once that Jason had planted the tip of his prong against her asshole. I called out sternly, "Be careful now, Caroline," and this sufficed to remind her of the peril she was in, for she dutifully began her work of solacing my keenly roused nerves. But she could not prevent stifled sobs and groans, nor agitated and convulsive movements of her hips and upper body as Jason indomitably dug in his massive ramrod within the tender walls of her dainty chasm. And when with a single final thrust he embedded himself to the hilt, she lifted up her face and stared at me, her eyes mad with suffering, tears running down her cheeks, her lips trembling and forming a moist red O of unspeakable agony.

"Pay attention, Caroline!" I reprimanded her, "You are neglecting your Mistress!"

With difficulty, she forced herself to bow her head down again,

and once more her lips and tongue caressed my pussy, finding the button of my clitoris, agitatedly stirring it and prodding it, but I could not really find too much fault with this. Indeed, it added to the relish I had of this perverse little game which was exhibitionistic as well as voyeuristic to the extreme, by realizing that her frantic attempts to pacify and placate me were hindered painfully by Jason's savage buggering. Repeated so soon, without any lubricant, it must indeed have been an atrocious ordeal for the poor debutante. But that was not at all within the province of my concern; the feelings of a slave cannot concern the Master or Mistress, for if they do, the owner's authority is weakened thereby.

He began now to bottom-fuck her with vigor and with loud grunts and groans which indicated his own furious rut. Now her own sobs and cries rose, but nevertheless she continued, haphazardly but at least with some good faith, to gamahuche me. Suddenly he discharged with a shout of triumph, and Caroline's face was mashed against my crotch. I dug my fingers into her hair and twisted it and groaned, "Now finish me, you bitch, or I'll put you to such tortures as will make you faint just at their contemplation!"

Distractedly, hysterically, she did. It was bewitching! I have never known a more thrilling climax, and the lascivious knowledge that this virile and savagely expert male trainer of slaves witnessed my own furious appeasement sharpened my senses and made the episode intoxicating for me. When at last we had both disengaged ourselves languidly from the weeping Caroline's lips and anus, I resumed coldly: "Now you are going to be punished for yesterday, Caroline."

"Oh no, dear Mistress, have mercy, spare me! I tried so hard to please you both," she wept.

"This I know, but it does not alter your disobedience of yesterday. Jason, take Caroline and place her over the taboret on her back. You will find metal cuffs hidden in the carpet in front of and behind the taboret," I commanded.

Jason seized the leash which I tossed to him, and tugged mercilessly at it. Sobbing, clasping her hands and holding them out to me in supplication, her hair disheveled, her beautiful breasts rising and falling wildly, Caroline was dragged toward the taboret. Jason lifted her up in his arms and laid her on her back, snarling, "Stay there now, or you shall have a week of the Silver Cage and a whipping on your cunt three times a day, I swear to you!"

Then, kneeling down beyond the taboret, he cuffed her wrists and then her ankles. Finally, he took a leather strap from a little table nearby and wound it round her waist and under the taboret and buckled it tightly, thus immobilizing her and presenting her with her thighs spread apart and her pussy proffered for punishment.

Fastening my negligee, I rose languidly and from the pocket of my negligee, took a pair of silver tweezers, and depilated Caroline Martin's cunt. The hairs had grown back somewhat visibly, particularly around the rims of those twitching pink lips which I secretly yearned to have rubbing against mine. Her cries and tears and pleas were heartrending, and all over such a simple matter of pulling out a few little hairs! Truly, these English girls have no stamina whatsoever. But that was only the beginning. I took the whalebone switch from Jason and I told Caroline that she was to have fifteen lashes on her cunt. Then I inflicted them.

I thought she would go mad—her cries were deafening. Her body arched and leaped against the straps and gyves each time the whalebone switch stung her naked cleft. She raised her head, her eyes bulging from their sockets, glassy and drowned in tears, her nostrils flaring, her magnificent breasts shuddering as they rose and fell in the most violent turbulence.

She fainted once, but Jason revived her with a vial of smelling salts, and I completed the last seven lashes of the whalebone switch right down between her legs.

"That is to teach you discipline, Caroline. Know that when you

enter the service of your new Master, you may be whipped for nothing at all, simply because it gives him pleasure. He may even offer the spectacle of your suffering under the lash to a friend or a sweetheart or some business acquaintance. And you must be ready for this at all costs. But at least you should have the native intelligence to avoid useless punishments, such as yesterday afternoon. Now what did you accomplish? You were buggered again, you were forced to service me, and now you have just received one of the most painful whippings you have had at Ben-Abar. Reflect on this, because in the next forty-eight hours, you will be left alone in your cell and in the Silver Cage. Then you shall have one more day in which we will give you a final test, and then you shall be dispatched to your Master. From that day forth, Caroline, your own destiny is in your own hands. Take her away, Jason, I have no more to say to her."

Chapter 9

GENERAL NARRATIVE

A black limousine drew up before the palatial two-story town house in which Basil Rothberg resided on the first floor. Above him lived an elderly attaché to the British Embassy whose duties for the Empire took him away from London at least eight months of the year. At the time of his intended acquisition of Caroline Martin, Basil Rothberg had considered the wisdom of moving to a more secluded house where there would be infinitely greater privacy. But he had decided against it for a number of reasons. Primarily, he had invested a great deal of money in the furnishing of this elegant flat. It was reasonably close to his offices—almost within walking distance, to be exact. Moreover, his upstairs neighbor—even when in residence—was a retiring, very prim man who had demonstrated over the past several years not the slightest social interest in his neighbor. Finally, after having made preparations for receiving Caroline by installing many ingenious devices, Basil Rothberg

was certain that his beautiful new slave would never leave the apartment and that the chances of her being accidentally seen by any prying stranger were virtually nil.

Moreover, when this concern had first occupied his mind, Basil had found it especially piquant to tell himself that here in the heart of London and not too far from the social whirl in which beautiful and haughty Caroline Martin had once shone, he would dwell as he had dwelt before with that very heiress safely hidden away in his quarters as his bitch, his concubine and body-slave. The daring paradox appealed to his gambling instincts and to the intrepid spirit which had always characterized him. Indeed, when Lady Fiona Savage had first called upon him to propose that it was possible for him to achieve his heart's desire, Basil Rothberg had found the idea not so much fantastic as erotically thrilling to put into operation so fanciful a scheme as the actual abduction of this famous young woman and her transformation into a medieval slave in this sophisticated world of the twentieth century.

All these nerve-wracking weeks through which he had waited for news of the progress of his beautiful young "property"—for that was what she was about to become—Basil Rothberg had lived in a kind of rosy dream. Instead of going to his club for lunch, he had begun to practice the habit of walking home and having his valet—the same man who doubled as his chauffeur—prepare a tasty luncheon for him. Then he would pretend that he had hurried back from his office to have lunch and to enjoy a few pleasant moments with Caroline. It was very much like the prospect of a man's acquiring a brand-new toy or hobby which would never fail to delight him.

This valet-chauffeur, who owed Basil Rothberg a great deal and had willingly acknowledged his debt, lived in a small apartment above the spacious garage at the back of the driveway. Basil Rothberg did not, however, intend to take Anthony Sanderson into his confidence concerning Caroline, however much he was

assured of his employee's trustworthiness. Moreover, Sanderson had a mistress, a buxom, handsome, outspoken divorcée of thirty-eight named Meg Davies, with whom he had been enjoying a liaison for the past year. Basil Rothberg had learned about this quite by chance one evening from the sales manager of his firm, who asked him to verify a huge order just placed by cable from a chain of German department stores. Basil Rothberg had gone to the garage and up the steps to the apartment above it to ask Anthony Sanderson to drive him to the office and thence to Croydon Airport, to despatch an airmail packet of samples of merchandise which would confirm the order. To his knock, the wiry gray-haired ex-army officer had responded after a long moment, and Basil Rothberg's keen eyes had observed a scantily clad woman cowering against the wall near the bed, whose rumpled condition spoke volumes as to what had been going on prior to his arrival.

Sanderson had been most embarrassed by the incident, but his employer had benevolently assured him that far from being displeased, he was quite glad that his employee had solved the problem of loneliness and that he might have his female companion visit whenever he chose, so long as it did not interfere with his duties. No, Anthony Sanderson was hardly likely to concern himself about Caroline Martin, particularly if he never saw her; and Basil Rothberg intended that only perhaps his closest friend—Hilary Amberson—should witness the new life of his beautiful new slave.

Indeed, Sanderson did not know what was in the packing case, which had been securely roped to the car of the vehicle. Basil Rothberg had casually explained it as a consignment of very special merchandise from West Germany which might become part of his firm's new import line, and that because of the importance of the merchandise both governments had waived customs—this was to quiet any concern Sanderson might have had for picking up unauthorized cargo from a private airstrip.

Nonetheless, it took all the strength of both Basil Rothberg and

his employee to lift the case down from the roof of the limousine and to cart it up the stone steps of the town house and into his private study. This done, he thanked Sanderson cordially and dismissed him for the rest of the night, saying, "Tony, you've had a vacation coming and you've been looking a little peaked lately. This being Thursday night, why don't you take the rest of the week off and come back first thing Monday morning?" And Anthony Sanderson had been quite happy to accept the invitation, obviously to be with his sweetheart Meg. So after the case had been hauled into the apartment, he had thanked his employer and departed.

Basil Rothberg stood before that packing case marked "Fragile—Handle With Care!" for a long while, until he felt himself in complete control. He could not yet begin to believe that all his wildest dreams had at last been realized and that within a few moments he would find inside that case the body of Caroline Martin, debutante and socialite, pampered heiress and *demi-vierge*, about to enter her servitude. And he would be her Master—he alone of all the men in the world would have the authority to whip her, to make her grovel at his feet and kiss them in token of total obedience, have the right to call her to his bed and brutally order her to assume any posture, perform any perverted act of lust which would gratify him. And on the least sign of refusal or rebellion or revulsion, he had the privilege of punishing this haughty aristocrat, this beautiful young woman who had snubbed him so viciously and even remarked mockingly to her friends what an utter bore he was!

He selected a fine Havana cigar, lit it, and then went to his desk and pressed a button on the side of it. A few moments, later Christine Stoltz entered, inclining her head in token of acknowledgment of his summons.

"Well, my dear Christine"—he could scarcely keep his voice from trembling with excitement—"our new pupil has just arrived." He pointed to the packing case with his cigar.

Christine Stoltz was tall and willowy, her hair coiffed in a mannish bob with exaggerated curls at the sides and back and combed far away from the high-arching forehead which made her face so striking. Knowing that Caroline Martin was due to arrive, she had not retired for the evening. She appeared before Basil Rothberg in a black leather tunic which reached her hips, and a magnificent sheer black bodysuit whose waistband ended exactly at the hem of the tunic so that it seemed to be made of the same piece. She wore black calfskin boots, with high heels which made her seem even taller than her employer. However, since the bodysuit was sheer, she wore a black G-string that concealed her cunt completely.

Nonetheless, the contrast between the tunic and the diaphanous sheathing of her hips and buttocks and legs made Basil tremble with desire. His face reddened as he stared covetously at her. With a faint smile, she reminded him of the matter at hand: "I can take a crowbar and open this for you if you wish, Mr. Rothberg."

"No. No, of course not," he said impatiently with an irritated gesture of the cigar in his hand. "That's a man's work. Close the door and lock it, Christine. Lady Fiona Savage told me quite specifically that you were most competent as a disciplinarian. That is why I wish you to be on hand to help me greet my new slave and, if need be—and I certainly believe the occasion will arise on our first meeting—to inflict punishment on her at my order."

"Of course, Mr. Rothberg."

"You—er—you won't find this distasteful, I trust, because I shall be here too?" he hazarded.

"Not at all. As I told you quite frankly, Mr. Rothberg, I have no particular interest in men. But that is not to say that I do not understand and sympathize with their desires. However, insofar as our relations are concerned, I could be quite as pitiless as you in dealing with a rebellious slave like Caroline Martin."

"You speak her name as if you had known her," he said wonderingly.

Christine Stoltz's autocratic face was shadowed for a moment by a look of impatience with herself; she believed that perhaps she had gone a little too far in assuming a kind of proprietary interest in this beautiful auburn-haired captive, and so she hastened to dissuade him from any suspicions. "Well, everyone in London knows who Caroline Martin is, Mr. Rothberg. I have read the papers, and even in my country of Sweden as well as on the Continent, the name of the beautiful socialite Caroline Martin is almost a household word. That is why I speak as if I knew her."

"Yes, that's true, of course it is. My nerves are all on edge, you understand." He uttered a nervous laugh. He opened his desk and drew out a small crowbar and a hammer, and then began assiduously to work.

In a few moments, one side of the packing case fell away. He uttered a cry of astonishment and joy.

Caroline Martin was seated with her knees pressed up against her breasts. Cords circled her thighs and lower back, and her arms were drawn behind her back and the wrists and elbows and forearms as well. She was naked as the day she was born. A black bandanna blindfolded her, and a gag had been thrust into her mouth and another bandanna bound around this and knotted at the back of her neck to enforce the strictest silence.

During the trip on the fishing boat, a trusted employee of "Rio 9" who had gone aboard to travel with this precious case to its penultimate destination, before being shipped by plane to the secret airstrip in the English countryside, had opened a small section of the case, removed the gag, and permitted her to eat and drink. He had also cleaned up the case so that it would remain hygienic during the rest of her journey. Tiny air holes had been punched through one of the sides so that she could breathe. Nevertheless, the exhausting and agonizing trip, which had taken three days and four nights, had left her weak and haggard. Only the thought that at last she was being returned to her homeland had

given her any faint incentive to keep from wishing herself dead rather than to enter bondage under the yoke of a man whose identity she still did not know but who obviously had known her. Only the faint hope of somehow managing to escape from him once she was back in England motivated her in not having attempted to kill herself before they had prepared her so very carefully to be sent back from the Fortress of Ben-Abar to London.

"Help me with her, Christine," Basil Rothberg said hoarsely as he squatted down and stared greedily at his prize. The magnificent globes of her creamy titties were mashed by her bare knees, and his eyes feasted on that atrociously uncomfortable pose, then descended to observe the exquisite hairless pink lips of her cunt. That opening which she had denied him from ever attaining by her insolence in the taxi was now to be always at his disposal, for sex or for punishment. For a slave had no right to any part of her body nor any right to the privileges of speech and emotions and opinions. He could already feel his prick throb inside his trousers. At the same time, he flushed, meeting Christine's insolently large, closely spaced cat-green eyes, and a shiver of anticipatory lust made him include her in his desire for the naked captive in that packing case which he had just opened.

Christine squatted down beside him, and both of them reached into the case and dragged out the helpless naked, blindfolded, gagged young woman. Having heard their voices, Caroline Martin had uttered a stifled groan of mingled anguish and relief; anguish in knowing that at last she was in the presence of the man who had purchased her and subjected her all these horrible weeks to the tribulations which we already know; and relief that at last the nightmarish horror of her "training" was over and that she had come back home to the city of her birth, where she had friends and powerful and influential connections through whom she might obtain at last her freedom.

But she had learned a certain cunning. During this long trip

which had seemed endless and during which she had actually believed she was going to die of suffocation and discomfort, she had determined to submit as humbly as she knew how, to lull her new Master into a false security so that maybe he would relax his vigilance and enable her to profit on the spur of the moment with an escape that would not only restore her liberty but enable her to pay this heartless fiend back for his evil machinations.

Basil Rothberg's nostrils twitched. "She needs a bath at once, Christine," he declared. "In that case all this time, she's behaved no better than a baby. Take her into my bathroom and scrub her thoroughly. Keep her arms down behind her back, just as they are. I'm sure she won't be able to escape from you. And I shall get into a more comfortable attire to receive her." He hesitated a moment, dying to let Caroline Martin know in whose presence she really was, but like a true connoisseur of sadism, he desisted from that impulse. Let her reflect that she was now in alien hostile hands, and struggle to puzzle out who might have been the one responsible for her abduction, training, and delivery here—and then she would be the more pliable when he finally revealed his identity to her.

Christine put her hands in the pocket of her tunic and drew out a small fruit knife, swiftly cut the bonds circling Caroline's legs and back, and helped the young woman to rise. She swayed and groaned, for the circulation was slow in returning to her aching limbs. Then Christine led her swiftly and competently out of the study to the tiled bathroom with sunken marble tub and all the accompanying luxury to which a part of Basil Rothberg's large fortune had been expended to give him the sensation of living like a Roman emperor.

Chapter 10

GENERAL NARRATIVE, CONTINUED

Christine Stoltz seated Caroline in the sunken tub while she turned on warm water and then, devouring the shapely creamy body on which the bondage cords had imprinted its angry dark red lines, began to scrub and rinse the naked captive. The blindfold and gag were left on at Basil Rothberg's order, but this did not prevent the beautiful Swedish Lesbian from speaking in a soft husky voice to her new charge: "You are even more beautiful than I had dreamed, Caroline! What a joy it will be to work with you and to make you please your new Master! He is waiting for you impatiently, and I'm going to present you to him as soon as I have made you clean and sweet, perfumed that white skin of yours, and combed your hair a little. It is regrettable that you were sent like the most ordinary cargo in a wretched packing case, but of course these days it would not be practical to let you travel aboard an ocean liner or a jet plane. Yes, my lovely one, you are back in

your home of London; your new home, I should say. My name is Christine, and when you speak to me, you will call me 'Mistress' always, failing which I shall be regrettably obliged to give you a sound whipping on your naked bottom to teach you proper respect. Is that clear? Nod your head if you understand me; because if you don't, I'll take it as a sign of revolt."

Caroline Martin obeyed. She was trembling violently, but the warm water and the fragrant perfumed soap had brought about an alleviation of her chafed and aching limbs. The name "Christine" meant nothing to her, and it gave her no clue whatever as to the man who had arranged this horror for her. But the gag and the blindfold remained now, as did the cords around her beautiful creamy arms, to impose the rigorous awareness of servitude.

"Spread your legs a little so that I may wash your pussy. Oh how delightful," Christine Stoltz exclaimed as she leaned forward to apply a soapy washcloth against the hairless slit of the naked auburn-haired captive. "They have depilated you, so that you must be very sensitive there. I shall remember that in case I have to give you a good whipping, Caroline dear. You see, being a woman myself, I understand how tender such a part is, and the lashes of a martinet or even the tip of a flexible cane can be made to dart between your lovely white thighs and sting this adorable little nook of yours, so pay attention to discipline, Caroline!"

The beautiful Lesbian prolonged the bath as long as she dared, knowing her Master's mounting impatience. Then at last she helped Caroline emerge from the sunken tub and dried her with a huge white Turkish towel, after which she sprinkled a liberal amount of scented talcum powder into her palms and began to rub it all over Caroline's titties and belly and back and bottom and thighs. Finally she took a perfume atomizer and sprayed Caroline's armpits, the outside of that tenderly hairless cunt, and the soft insides of those luscious creamy thighs, ending with the nape of Caroline's neck and the crook of her elbows and behind her knees.

"There," she said admiringly and enviously. "You're ready to meet your Master, my darling one. I cannot spare you the indignities he will probably wreak upon you because he has a personal vendetta to settle with you, as I understand. But if you behave yourself, if you are docile and very good, if you are humble and obedient toward me and respectful enough to give me the title I have told you to call me by, then you and I shall get along famously, Caroline. And now, get ready. I'm going to remove the gag and then the blindfold as soon as you are in his presence. Then I shall be at his command. You must not look for any favoritism from me, for I am only an employee, which is only one step up higher than a slave. Oh what a beautiful figure, what marvelously warm white skin with just those lovely flecks of pink! And that rich glossy auburn hair—it is a pity I haven't time to shampoo it, but I shall do that tomorrow, I promise you. Come now, we go to meet your Master!"

She placed her left hand against Caroline's neck and, picking up an ivory-handled riding crop, applied a deft little cut across the tops of Caroline's naked hips. "Forward!" she sang out. And Caroline, with a muffled gasp, moved forward as in a dream—a nightmare of incredible horror in which her suspense had been mounting steadily ever since she had known, when the limousine had finally stopped, that at last she was about to meet him who had brought about all this tragedy.

Christine Stoltz trembled with anticipation as she led her naked captive down the thickly carpeted corridor toward Basil Rothberg's study. Then she knocked, and his brusque command, "Come in, come in!" told her at once of his excitement at what was about to take place. She put her hand to the knob of the door, turned it, opened it, and then, with the same left hand, pressing her palm against the middle of Caroline's bare satiny back, shoved the naked, blindfolded, gagged young woman across the threshold.

The plot had come full circle: Caroline Martin, debutante and

heiress, member of London's elite society, stood face to face with Basil Rothberg, a suitor more than twice her age whom she had rebuffed so contemptuously not only in a taxi, but before gawking, amused guests at a party in her honor.

He caught his breath sharply at the sight of her, the sight of those agitatedly swelling titties, the smooth flat belly with its dimple, the hairless cunt whose pink lips were unprotected from his lecherous stare. The way in which her arms were tied behind her back forced her to arch out her bubbies, to put them into magnificent relief, a provocative and tempting offering of her nakedness. Christine Stoltz swiftly removed the gag, cut the cords round Caroline's arms, and then—her own fingers trembling more than ever—the blindfold.

Caroline Martin uttered a strident cry: "Oh, God! Oh, no. Oh, dear God, no!"

And despite her having been trained to such cringing submission at the Fortress of Ben-Abar, she instinctively covered her hairless cunt with one palm, while she crossed the other arm over her panting breasts.

"Yes, Caroline!" Basil Rothberg said hoarsely. He had changed into pajamas, silk dressing gown and slippers, and he was smoking a cigar. His face was flushed and his eyes sparkled. Even Christine Stoltz could see the savage rigidity of his ramrod tenting out his robe in an unmistakable sign of ferocious rut.

"Yes, it is I, Basil Rothberg, Caroline," he continued, drawing a deep breath and shuddering with the tension of this long-deferred reunion—for such indeed it was. "Did you think, that evening when you were dancing with your sycophants and I was sitting with my friend in a corner near the fireplace, that you would ever come to this? Blink your eyes all you like, my lovely darling, haughty Caroline, they will not change the scene one iota! Yes, we are back in London, but this time you are in my flat—and you belong to me, and you are my slave. Kneel down now and crawl toward me. Kiss my feet to acknowledge your servitude."

Caroline's face was scarlet, and she stared at him speechlessly as if she still could not credence the testimony of her sense's. But Christine Stoltz, moving behind her, immediately dealt her a whistling stroke of the ivory-handled riding crop diagonally over those magnificently plump round bottomcheeks. With a cry of pain, Caroline sank down with her knees on her palms, head bowed in the attitude of submission which had been taught her so well at the Fortress of Ben-Abar. Tears running down her cheeks, her eyes closed, she crawled toward him awkwardly, while he stood there waiting, rubbing his hands in a mounting ecstasy of sadistic joy, staring at her as if he, too, could not believe that at last all his dreams had come true. This living statue of creamy woman-flesh would now be his to possess and to degrade, to abuse and torture.

"My feet, Caroline!" he commanded peremptorily. "I gave you an order, carry it out! Is this the way you have been taught by Jason Vanwell and the Countess? Perhaps I should send you back there for an additional period of training!"

On cue, the beautiful blonde Lesbian applied a moderately harsh stroke of the riding crop over the middle of Caroline's creamy back. The naked young woman's trembling lips at last brushed the toes of Basil Rothberg's slipper. He waited until she had kissed the other before giving her another order: "Remain there now, because it pleases me to see you grovel and humble yourself, Miss Caroline Martin! Ah, very good! If you knew how long I have waited for this moment, if you knew the sleepless nights I have endured thinking about you, dreaming about how we should meet, what would be the first words exchanged between us, the first glance, the first order I should give you! Ah, but you can't know, Caroline, any more than you could how I desired you, how I actually had the most honorable designs on your virtue—to use that ridiculously old-fashioned phrase. And I recall how you treated my well-meaning attentions, how you dared to slap my face in the

taxi simply because I put my hand on your knee. But you were dressed that time, Caroline, in a magnificent evening gown, as I recall, and you fancied yourself to be some unattainable, untouchable princess and I the lowliest commoner. How different things are now, eh, my sweet Caroline? Now you are naked before me, and you are going to do everything I order you to do or you will be severely punished. Punished! What a lovely word that is in all that it implies! No, stay there. Keep your head bowed over my feet. I find you delightful thus. You, who sent me such insolent stares when you saw my friend and me seated there before the fireplace. How ironic fate is sometimes, my dear Miss Caroline Martin! Do you know that the flue of the fireplace is a marvelous kind of telephone? No? Well, it is, let me assure you. Because the very next day, I received a phone call from a most gifted and personable woman who had overheard my conversation with my friend concerning you. It was she who gave me the notion that I might avenge myself for all your insolence toward me, Caroline."

He paused, panting with exultation, and relighted his cigar, which had gone out while he studied her groveling, kneeling body. Christine Stoltz had waited until arriving at his study before cutting the final bonds which lashed Caroline's beautiful, rounded creamy arms together; perhaps that was a symbol too, of removing one form of bondage only to replace it with another, even more perilous and intangible.

"You belong to me, Caroline," he resumed, his voice trembling unsteadily, as his agitation mounted. "Every part of you, from the top of your head to your dainty little toes—all of that is mine. I am told that you weren't a virgin, Caroline. I had thought you would be, from the airs you gave yourself, from the way you twitted me and all those who tried to show you affection and to love you. But it seems that when they examined you at Ben-Abar, my dear Miss Caroline Martin, they discovered that you had lost your hymen. And all this time you were pretending to be so chaste and

virginal! But of course disillusioned though I was to learn that astounding news, I was privileged to watch movies in which you played a most delightful role. And certainly after watching them, my dear girl, no one in London would believe that you were ever a virgin or anything else but a docile whore who does precisely what she is told to do. So we're going to test this new status of yours, Caroline. Straighten up on your knees and face me, your hands clasped behind your back!"

Shuddering, the naked auburn-haired captive obeyed, fixing on Basil Rothberg a look of agony mixed with revulsion. Though the whip had trained her well, this dramatic reunion with the man whom she had most despised and scorned made her momentarily forget the imperative necessity of casting aside all feelings and of obeying with alacrity and mechanical docility the slightest orders given by a Master. She could not conceal the loathing and hatred and the shock that she felt at discovering the identity of the man who had had her kidnapped and imprisoned in that terrible fortress where she had forfeited her self-esteem, her liberty and what remained of what went as her vaunted chastity.

"Now, Miss Caroline Martin," he boasted, his voice thickening with growing lust, "I want you to open the belt of my robe, lower my pajama trousers—no, better still, take them off entirely, and my slippers too—and then I wish you to suck my cock. Do it at once, because, Miss Christine, your governess and my new housekeeper now, will know how to punish you if you show the least revolt."

Now came the supreme test of her new servitude. With Jason Vanwell, who had been cunningly brutal and overpoweringly domineering in his sadism which was combined with a savagely earthy sensuality, Caroline had not dared to withhold obedience—and the few times she had tried to do so had been memorably painful for her. But still, dazed and exhausted from the cramped quarters of her packing case over that seemingly interminable journey between Africa and England, and now stunned by the

horrifying realization that it had been Basil Rothberg who had arranged for her kidnapping and return in this degraded way, Caroline Martin hesitated, her body trembling as with fever.

Basil made an angry gesture with his cigar. Christine Stoltz lifted the riding crop in the air and brought it down three swift stinging times across Caroline's creamy, dimpled shoulders.

Caroline squirmed on her knees and uttered a plaintive cry: "Oh, please, ouch—oh, it hurts!" and burst into hysterical tears, covering her face with her hands.

"Obey at once! Obey your Master at once, or I shall whip you severely," Christine threatened. Again she brought the crop down, this time over the base of Caroline's voluptuous bare bottom. And then—while the frightened young woman still twisted and groaned and sobbed, she lowered the crop to the floor and deftly dashed it up between the tremoring rotundities of that magnificent creamy posterior attacking both cunt and asshole with the flexible leather thong.

With a shriek of torment, Caroline Martin hesitated no longer; her dainty fingers untied Rothberg's dressing gown, drew it aside, and attacked the buttons of his pajama trousers, tugged them down to his ankles, while he aided her by stepping out of the discarded garment, his eyes never leaving her crouching, shuddering naked body.

His prick did not have the immense dimensions of Jason Vanwell's, but all the same it was formidable enough and abhorrent enough. (More than Jason's, since it belonged to the man who had ended her freedom and brought her to this degraded and terrifying pass.) The shaft seemed thinner and more elongated than her trainer's, though the plum-shaped meatus was possibly an infinitesimally bit broader.

Grayish hair covered his swollen quivering balls, laden with his rutting jism intended for the profanation of her womanflesh.

"Wait, Christine, give her a moment to obey," he said hoarsely.

"Now, then, Caroline, I will repeat the order: take my cock with both hands, put it into your mouth, and begin to suck and lick it. Do it slowly and gently, and when you have finished, rub it between your breasts and tell me that you are my slave!"

He could feel her fingers tighten on his cock, and for a terrible moment he was greatly afraid that perhaps in a supreme revolt Caroline Martin would try to avenge herself by emasculating him. But the habits of the rigorous and despotic training she had endured at Ben-Abar proved even stronger than her momentary impulse to harm him. And then there was the presence of Christine Stoltz, which further dampened her thoughts of revolt. No, if she sought to escape, it must be when both of them were less vigilant than now, this first moment of her servitude.

And so, though it cost her a lifetime of pride and anguish of spirit, the haughty and beautiful Caroline Martin approached her hands to the bulging shaft of Basil Rothberg's prick, cupped it with her soft white palms, and applied her soft mouth to the throbbing meatus, which she nuzzled with her trembling lips and then flicked it with her quivering little pink tongue.

He could hardly endure even the touch of her, for his mind was so devastated with lust in all the nights of longing he had experienced since she had been imprisoned in the Fortress of Ben-Abar. He steeled himself to realize the incredible and yet actual prick-homage which this pampered heiress was at last actually rendering his cock. Soon enough, he cried out, "Stop—now rub it between your titties as I ordered you to do, and tell me what you have to say to me, Caroline!"

She did so, closing her eyes, swaying on her knees, her palms still cupping his shaft, and rubbing the inflamed nozzle against the satiny valley between her panting titties. Then, as he waited, his teeth set to hold back the mad impulse to burst forth all his pent-up longing, she quavered in a hardly audible voice, "M-Master, I—I am your s-slave."

"Say it louder and look at me while you say it, and cup your titties in your hands and hold them out to me, you proud bitch!" Basil Rothberg exulted, his prick throbbing with its surcharged venom.

Great tears welled into Caroline Martin's eyes, broke and poured down her crimsoned cheeks as her hands slowly cupped the gloriously round globes of her satiny breasts and lifted them toward her new Master. Then, in a faint voice, she murmured: "M-Master, I am your slave!"

"Very good! Excellent, Caroline! See that you remember it at all times! Now then, stand up, and clasp your hands behind your back."

Tremblingly, the naked auburn-haired captive obeyed. His eyes brightened with sadistic joy as he devoured her, his eyes raking her from throat to knees, lingering longest at that dainty pink aperture which was her voluptuous cunt. "You remember our little dinner date and our journey in the taxi—do you not, Caroline?"

"Y-yes, M-Master," her voice was choking now and she bit her lips while the tears continued to flow unabated down her cheeks.

"I'm glad to find you've so keen a memory, my dear. Well, you recall that when I put my hand on your knee—thus!" suiting action to word, Basil Rothberg, his prick still bobbing between his hairy thighs, stooped and touched the rounded, dimpled right kneecap of his trembling captive.

"Y-Yes, M-Master," was her tremulous rejoinder.

"And you slapped me then, didn't you, Caroline?"

"Yes, M-Master."

Baring his teeth in a cruel grin, Basil Rothberg drew back his right hand and, with all his, strength slapped Caroline Martin across the face. She swayed with a cry of pain, clapping her hand to the flaming mark, and regarded him with a piteous, agonized expression, while she choked back her sobs which made her magnificent bubbies rise and fall in an accelerated rhythm.

"That is to repay you for the insult, bitch," he spat at her. "That's not a punishment yet, but take care you don't earn one before I'm finished with you this evening. I know that you must be tired after that long journey in your cramped quarters, so far different from your own beautiful flat on Savoy Road. But you shall have a fine bed to sleep in tonight, after I have finished with you. Now, then, beg me to fuck you, Caroline. Beg me, go down on your knees, wind your lovely bare arms around my legs, look up at me and ask your Master to do you the honor of putting his prick into your soft cunt. I daresay that your trainers at Ben-Abar have taught you what words to use to excite a man, eh? You little bitch, pretending all the while to be a virgin when you'd already been fucking long before I'd first met you! You'll make it up to me for that, never fear! Go ahead—do what I've told you to do! Miss Christine, make certain that she doesn't try any tricks, and lash her viciously if she does!"

"Very good, sir," said the Swedish Lesbian.

With a groan of shame, the auburn-haired naked young woman sank down on her knees, reluctantly encircled his hairy naked legs with her beautiful arms and, looking up at him with her eyes blinded with tears, sobbed, "M-Master, I-I-I b-b-beg y-you to p-put your p-prick into m-my s-soft c-c-cunt."

"At last!" he almost shouted in his ecstasy. "I wonder how many men you've said that to in your career, Caroline. Tell me, even to the man or men who first taught you what fucking was? Tell me at once. Have you ever begged anyone before to fuck you?"

"N-No—M-Master." A violent shudder shook the huddled naked body of the captive. Her face was drowned in tears and her nostrils were flaring and shrinking. Before her, looming only inches away, she saw his formidable prick, and the odious knowledge that she must yield herself to his rut added a new dimension to this terrible return to her homeland and her reunion with Basil Rothberg, whom she had rebuffed so disdainfully.

"But you must earn it first, Caroline," he went on, gloating at her

helplessness. "You aren't worthy yet of being fucked as a slave, till you've proved your complete obedience. No, I think I shall whip you instead, Caroline. Yes, that's it—to let you know from the very start where you stand with me. And now, just because I want to whip you, you must endure it and do nothing to stop it. Because then, when you've really done something that offends me, you can imagine how much more severe your punishments will be. Miss Christine, put this bitch on the kneeling chair and hand me the riding crop."

To his great delight, the tall Swedish "governess" reached down, took hold of Caroline's earlobe between thumb and forefinger, pinched it, and demanded, "Follow me, slave!" at which the sobbing auburn-haired captive whimpered and rose to her feet. Christine led Caroline toward a tall, heavy straight-backed chair, which stood in the center of the room and was one of the apparatuses which Basil Rothberg had purchased prior to Caroline's arrival for her servitude.

After the naked young woman had knelt upon it, the Swedish beauty touched a spring in the back. The top section of the back of the chair rose in the air like the top of a pillory. At the same time a semicircular cutout was revealed, part of a thin panel sliding away along a narrow metal runner concealed within the lining of the chair back.

Ordering Caroline to bow her head, Christine Stoltz now pushed down the top piece so that the neck yoke gripped Caroline's ivory neck so then there was a little click, and Caroline found herself with her hands free but with her neck severely clamped and unable to see what would be done to her.

"Give Miss Christine your hands!" He strode forward, casting off his pajama tops and being naked in his slippers. He clutched the riding crop greedily, his eyes feasting on the jut of Caroline's creamy round bottomcheeks on which not a mark appeared.

Then, with an imprecation, he slashed her across the broadest curves of both buttocks, imprinting an angry bright red weal. A cry of agony resounded, as Caroline jerked frantically at her wrists

which Christine's slim hands gripped expertly. Again the riding crop fell, and again, each time attacking the summits of that voluptuous posterior. Caroline screamed with pain, for the repeated blows, given with the full strength of her Master's arm, landing as they did in the same tender area, felt like a white-hot poker rammed into her naked flesh.

Panting, he lowered the riding crop to study his handiwork. Then, grinning like a fiend, he began to flog her again. Ruthlessly, with hardly any respite, more as an amateur than as a Master of a slave of such grace as Caroline Martin. But this punishment was vindictive and savage, and there was nothing expert or refined in its application. Basil Rothberg wished only to crush and annihilate Caroline Martin's spirit, render her conscious of her utter helplessness and degradation in his household.

He did not stop until he had given her at least twenty-five slashes, distributed haphazardly, after the initial flogging of the most enticingly rounded curves of her bare behind, over the base and the tops of her buttocks, several blows even landing on the upper thighs and whisking around to attack the tender groin. Her shrieks and babbled cries for mercy excited him, till suddenly he dropped the riding crop with a hoarse cry of rapture and disappointment commingled: from his prick there burst a torrent of viscous thick fluid, spattering the welted hindquarters of the hysterically weeping, almost-fainting captive.

"There!" he gasped. "That will do for a starter. Let her kneel on that chair all night long, and tie her wrists in front of her so she can't rub her bottom, Miss Christine. In the morning will be time enough to ease her hurts, feed her, and begin her new duties."

And with a last triumphant stare at his naked "property," Basil Rothberg strode from the study and into his bedchamber.

Caroline Martin had truly entered into her servitude—but even she could not foresee what astounding turns it would take before it ran full cycle!

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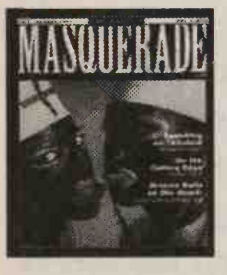
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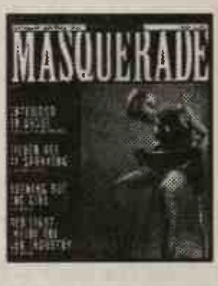
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