

The Blue Train

Richard Manton

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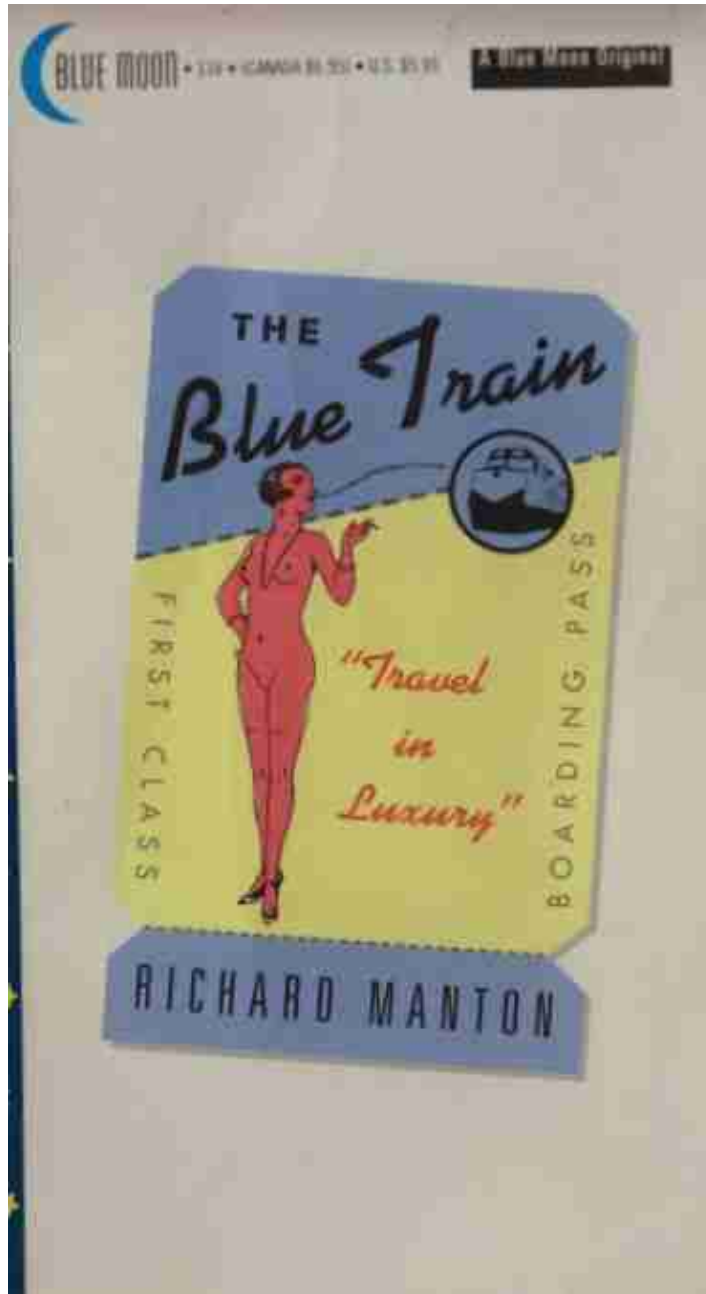
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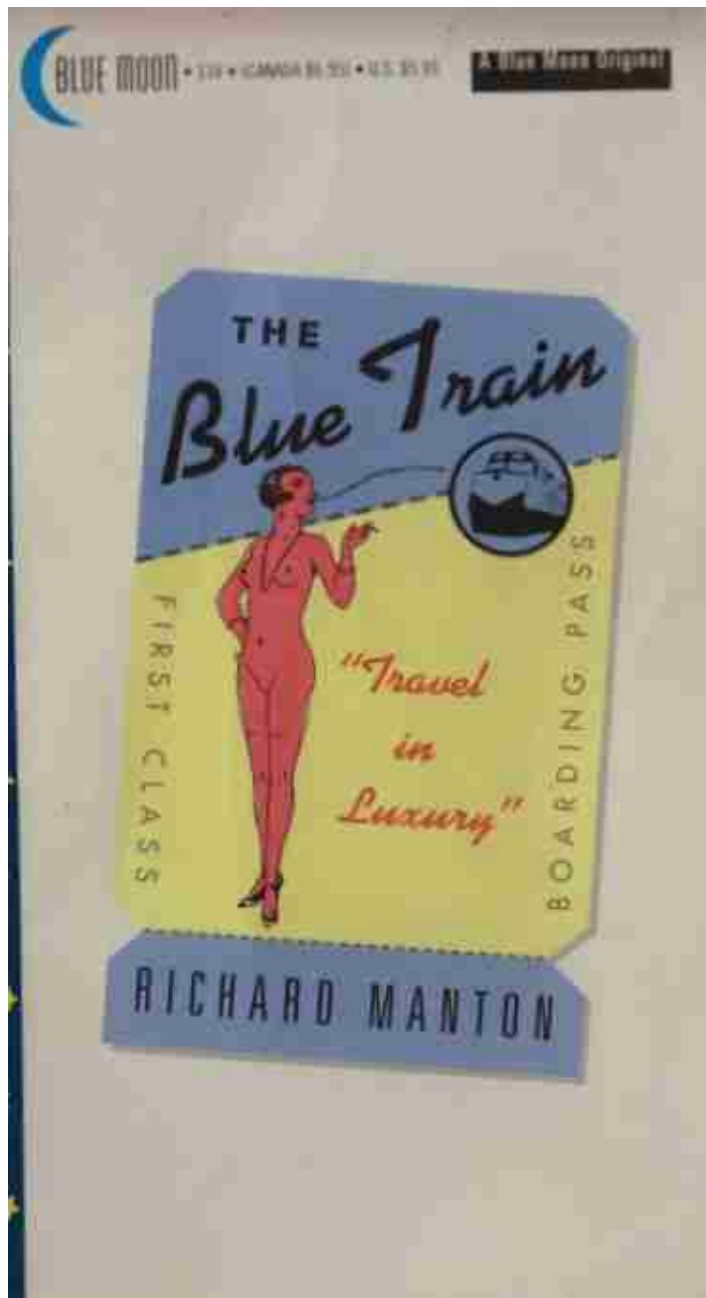
Richard Manton

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CHAPTER ONE

It is always a strange experience to go back to a house which one has known well and to find it put to other purposes. Rooms in which one used to sleep or make love are now the kitchens and dining-rooms of first-floor apartments. The elegant drawing-room with its Steinway grand piano polished to a liquid gloss and its tawny-patterned carpet is now an office with desks, display screens and secretaries.

This fate had overtake a fine Second Empire residence in Paris, on the Avenue Foch, which those who have read my memoir *Finishing School* may recognise. It was owned by a school in England who used it to finish the education of adolescent girls by a month or two in France. But it proved too expensive for a few months of the girls' schooling. The governors decided to sell the lease. My friend Colonel Manrique offered to buy it and I was to act on his behalf. While I was in London obtaining the signatures of the vendors for the transfer of the lease, I wrote a few lines about the elegant building whose rooms had seen so much strict education and bare female flesh! I felt homesick for it and writing my tribute made me feel better! Let me show you the lines.

The house with the green shutters and an elegant porte-cochere stands in one of the noblest avenues of Paris. It looks down the tree-lined vista of the Avenue Foch towards an extensive parkland, and extending to the lakes and woods of the Bois de Boulogne. To either side of the avenue are those fine tall residences with their grey mansard roofs, their elegant windows and balconies set in a pale stone that looks as if the tide of years had washed gently over it. Each imposing front door and porte-cochere suggests that a liveried footman would answer your knock. Down the wide carriageway towards the park roll the limousines of the rich and famous.

These handsome buildings of the grand avenue have many uses. It is sometimes hard to tell which the purpose of the tenants may be, for in the Parisienne manner the shrubbery gardens are hidden behind tall wrought-iron railings, and the lower floors of the houses are well-screened by the gardens themselves. But you would see at once that one or two of the grander buildings in the Avenue Foch, each rising like a great ship above the quayside, must fly the flag of an imperial embassy or foreign mission. And some are given over to education.

That was what I wrote. You see? The cat is out of the bag—if it was ever in it at all! If you have read *Finishing School*, you will already recognise this building as one where several young English girls completed their education under very strict and strange conditions! The elegant house had stood empty since then and, alas, it could no longer be maintained. So it happened that I was approached by Colonel Manrique, a close friend for many years. He was at that time the Paris representative of the former colonial enclave of Cheluna. Among other things, he enjoyed diplomatic privileges in metropolitan France. Manrique also had a mistress, a coffee-skinned little Asian devil called Sharmilla. I may as well tell you that Sharmilla had a certain passionate cruelty in her make-up and that she exercised it most intensely against members of her own sex. Whether it was mere jealousy or a certain lesbian vindictiveness of which she was almost unaware, I leave you to judge. The younger and prettier her victims were, the more passionate she became and the more sadistic the ordeals which she devised for them. She would stop at nothing, I promise you! So you may imagine that I smiled to myself when I heard from Manrique that, under his protection, Sharmilla had established an agency in the Avenue Foch for recruiting and training international beauties and personal assistants.

Now I must speak frankly. I guessed from the start what Manrique and Sharmilla were planning. Of course I do not believe that innocent little girls take candy from a stranger and wake up bound and gagged in an Arabian harem or dancing on the tables in Port Said. Yet I know from my own experience that the customised abduction of girls supplies the brothels, plantations and harems of certain obscure regimes with girls for men to do as they like with. You think I exaggerate? The facts with all their details are set down in my collection of *Travellers Tales*. Read *The Captive* narratives and you will see that young women like Brigid Price or Maggie Turnbull are almost abducted to order from photographs and details supplied by men who wish them as slaves. There are many girls of their type who might disappear tomorrow without being missed or without any questions being asked.

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Would I prevent such a trade? Much depends upon the girl in question. A rebellious adolescent tomboy like Elaine Cox or a snooty and self-opinionated wanton like Lesley Hollingsworth needs to be under strict discipline. What of the others in my present account? In some of the adventures you are about to share I suppose I might have intervened to prevent what happened. I have never done so. Men like Manrique have a sure eye for picking out those girls for whom sexual bondage is the most appropriate destination!

So the house in the Avenue Foch had seen the last of education and the girls of Broad Green School. I spent two months in London, negotiating the purchase of the lease by Manrique and returned to Paris in the new year. The steamer *Ile de la Cité* had few passengers at that season but the crossing was an easy one. It was a cold windless day, the sea lying calm as wrinkled skin, the sands of France chill and pale at our approach to Boulogne, the dunes of summer bathers seen in winter light.

I was to be left much to myself in Paris for the next month, until Colonel Manrique returned from Cheluna. As for Sharmilla, I thought it best to keep clear of her. Manrique would tell me all I need know. My friend has many virtues and being strong-minded where women were concerned was his decisive quality. I had no doubt that some of the models being trained in the Avenue Foch were destined to go on assignments from which they would not return. You smile and think I suffer from too much imagination. Let me repeat the hope that you will read my memoir *Finishing School* and then tell me, if you can, what has become of such girls as Linda Jennings, the sly sensuous little blond of the third-form, or Sandra Williams, the eager and obedient fifth-form tomboy. You see? There is more to this than meets the eye.

I walked a good deal in Paris during the cold spring, impatient for Manrique to begin his operations. Morning walks through the red revolutionary streets and squares of the north-east arrondissements. Such misty winter mornings they were, when the late sun rose like a red ball through the mist across the vast space of the great Place de la République where the symbol of France stands in all her pride at its centre. Sometimes I chose the wide lamplit space of the Place de la Concorde and the evergreen gardens with their regimented trees and little chairs, where the Champs Elysées begins. One's manhood would stir at a girl in a smart silk dress, wasp-waisted and tight fit. The collar of coat trimmed with fur, sensual against the bloom of a cheek. A saucy little hat with a mysterious net veil perched on an elegant coiffure. Afternoons among the little streets of the Left Bank, the shop-fronts of the Rue des Saints Peres in dark green or terra cotta or black with gold. The curios and jewellery shone and glowed in the lamplit windows, the soft leather of rare editions filled the antiquarian bookshops.

It was on one such afternoon that I had gone as far as the little Place de Furstembourg and was standing by the entrance of the Musée Eugene Delacroix. I went up the steep stairs and was in the first room looking at the artist's engravings for Goethe's *Faust*. I had not seen Manrique for several weeks by this time. All the same, I was not greatly surprised to meet him as I left the little gallery and began walking down the shop-lined boulevard of the busy Rue de Rennes. In such a place, sooner or later, you expect to meet anyone whom you happen to know in the city. Destiny, however, sometimes adds speed to such encounters. Colonel Manrique had landed at Charles de Gaulle airport that morning.

In the course of conversation, he told me that an engagement had been agreed for two of the Sharmilla's girls. He reminded me of my promise to accompany him on the adventure. I did not need to be reminded! Jayne and Helen had been asked for by a client of Captain Shavez, a plantation owner fifty miles inland from the equatorial free trade zone of Port Xantra. These two girls, Jayne at nineteen and Helen at twenty, with more ambition than intelligence, believed it was a voyage into luxury and ease.

The voyage would begin upon the Blue Train!

How that name affects me now! The Blue Train with its sumptuous dining-car and sleeping cars! The Blue Train where one travels sealed in a secret world! Across Europe from Calais to Istanbul and from Copenhagen to Lisbon or Algeciras in a paradise of private and secret intrigue! Such mystery and secrecy was appropriate to the fate that lay in store for Jayne and Helen. If only a man is rich enough, he may do as he likes with such a pair of young tarts. He may hire an entire coach of the Blue Train and be waited on by his own servants, as he travels across a continent. There will be no intruders and no interruptions. A man of influence in Colonel Manrique's situation also enjoys diplomatic immunity. Once the doors close and the carriages slide from the platform, he is absolute master of his little world.

Presently you shall meet a Swedish youngster, a pretty little blonde called Annica Jarnryd. Manrique

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would take her aboard in Stockholm and travel without interruption to Algeciras or Kalamata. In a private siding, two of his men would aid a muted and restrained little girl two or three yards from the coach to a closed van. The closed van would drive on to a ferry and off again at Port Said or Tangier. The wave of a diplomatic passport is enough. Another private siding, another railroad coach, and the journey to Port Xantra is accomplished. The man who administers law in Port Xantra is Captain Shavez, one of Colonel Manrique's closest friends. Captain Shavez would never interfere with those isolated and well-guarded plantations, fifty or a hundred miles up-river from Port Xantra. You see, captain Shavez is himself the owner of the most notorious plantation of this kind, Villefranche Sauvage. He has an elaborate bedroom, an overseer, a whip, and a private harem of twenty or thirty girls.

Do you still doubt the fate of Jayne, Helen, Annica and many others? Such things happen, I assure you. The wonder is that they do not happen more frequently! Every time that the press assures us that white slavery is a romantic fiction, men of influence in Port Xantra and Cheluna breathe more easily. If you would know the truth, read what follows.

The upshot of our conversation in the Rue do Rennes was that I promised to call upon Manrique the following evening, as he suggested, and to be ready for departure on the following day. Unlike my friend, however, I could not afford to live in the Avenue Foch. On that next evening, I left my own rooms in a narrow side-street off the Boulevard Poissoniere with its distant view of Montmartre in the lamplit dusk.

It was getting late as the office girls began to bustle homewards, though the shops were still bright and busy. In early spring, the Boulevard des Italiens is crowded with canvas shooting-galleries along the gutters and with stalls from which rise the hot sweet odours of fresh nougat. I crossed before the pumpkin domed roof of the Opera and the black bronze nymphs that surround it, into the Rue de la Paix and across the arcaded expanse of the Place Vendome with its familiar obelisk. Beyond the Ritz Hotel the rush-hour of cabs and buses was in full swing, men and women hurrying homeward by the darkened skyline of the Rue de Rivoli and the *quais* of the Seine. The flickering street-lamps threw out misty haloes. The light in the pools of rain reflected their shivering images.

Here I hailed a cab and rode in style up the Champs Elysees, round the Arc de Triomphe and so down the Avenue Foch. What of Sharmilla, the young mistress of the house? Look at her and you see that Sharmilla is a randy and vicious little Indian bitch. Her black hair is strained back from her face and held by an ivory comb so that it falls in a chignon on her nape. She is petite with a pert high-boned face, a prim nose, a full mouth and rather heavy jaw. Sharmilla has intense dark eyes and in profile she shows slant olive-skinned cheekbones. Her figure is trim and firm though her cord trousers show a little weight in her hips, thighs and the cheeks of Sharmilla's Asian-tan bottom. Of one thing I was sure. Sharmilla could be a real little sadist with a girl who took her fancy.

There was some time before dinner and we discussed the journey that lay ahead of us. It was a long one. Beyond the Blue Train lay Algeciras and the ferry. Beyond that the raffish decaying splendours of Europe-anised North Africa and the route to the sub-tropical desolation of Port Xantra. Sharmilla seemed nervous and restless, I thought, as if something was on her mind. Presently we went to an upstairs room, thickly carpeted and with a dead feeling about its acoustics. Manrique also reminded me that when the building was full of schoolgirls the year before there had been certain observation mirrors in the rooms. That was true. We were responsible for the moral conduct of the establishment and had a reputation to protect. Now there was only a reputation to conceal! I need not describe the vices by which all-girl establishments are afflicted! One cannot have schoolgirls of eighteen, sixteen, fifteen, even fourteen locking themselves in bedrooms, bathrooms, toilets, alone or together, with no means of monitoring their conduct. Morality required surveillance.

For the that reason, most of the girls' shared bedrooms, bathrooms and toilets had a spy-mirror which looked just like a conventional wall-mirror on the girls' side. From the teachers' side, however, one looked into the adjoining room as if through a window about a foot square. The girls of course knew nothing of this. Indeed, the mirrors were only used when we had reason for suspicion of some kind. From what I have told you of Sharmilla, it will not surprise you that she had kept these useful double-mirrors and that her girls were often under close observation when they thought themselves quite alone and safe!

Bizarre though this may sound, I assure you it is true. I now made my first acquaintance with

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nineteen-year-old Jayne Webb through a spy-mirror. I witnessed her in one of the most intimate moments of a girl's life at a time when Jayne Webb did not even know that I existed! Let me explain. On our side, the mirror was covered by a picture, which Sharmilla now set aside. We looked into a bedroom, as if through a clear window, and saw a girl lying on the bed reading a magazine. There was never a more provoking little mannequin than nineteen-year-old Jayne Webb. As we spied on her, she was lying facedown on her bed reading a magazine. The tumble of light auburn ringlets was strained back and gathered in a collar-length pony-tail. This made her look more plain but provoking, like the girl of the back streets that she was.

How shall I describe her? Jayne Webb was petite and had a trim little figure, slim thighs and pert rear cheeks. As to her face, her cheeks were quite rounded and she had a neat but perhaps rather a sharp little profile. For my taste, I thought her blue eyes rather narrowed and with something sluttish about them. All the same, there was a man of wealth in a remote area of the world who was determined to possess her and was prepared to pay a sum of money for her. Perhaps it was Jayne's pert little backside and prim young tits, rather than her face, which made her worth it to him.

How was she dressed as she lay on the bed? Jayne's neat little breasts and her flat young belly were encased in a black seatless corset. The frilly corset-hem arched high at the rear, across the back of her waist, so that the pale trimly rounded swell of Jayne Webb's bottom-cheeks was covered only by her tight panties of black translucent nylon. The elastic straps of the corset ran down her slim nude flanks like a filly's harness and were attached to the tops of her sleek black stockings at mid-thigh. The girl's slender thighs, hardly thicker than a man's upper arm, were bare and pearly above the stocking-tops. From under the elastic hem of her knickers at the rear parting of Jayne's legs, a soft wisp of light-brown hair curled out. The little tart had no idea of it and might have blushed if she had known there were eyes at the spy-mirror.

I studied Jayne's brief and silkily tight black panties which matched the waist-length corset. With a narrow lace hem, these tight and glossy glamour-pants were designed at the front to conceal no more than the little bush in the triangle of her loins. At the seat, the lace hem curved up high over the slim taut cheeks of Jayne Webb's nineteen-year-old bottom, so that she would feel her young arse to be half-naked under a skirt. In training a girl of her age and type, a constant and sexy reminder of her state is desirable.

Like Manrique and Sharmilla, I was content to spend half an hour until dinner watching the little slut, as Jayne lay curled up with her fashion magazine. But presently the hand that was not holding the magazine moved restlessly over her bare upper thighs and stockinged legs. She was too wise to pull her panties down, for the door might open at any moment. But the gusset of black nylon was tight and shiny over the lips of her sex. Through the filmy layer, of her knickers Jayne Webb began to stroke and fondle herself between the legs. She did this in such a casual absent-minded manner that she did not even stop reading the magazine, rather like a girl eating candy. Was it the picture of a man—or woman—in the magazine that made her masturbate? Or something she had read? I do not think so. Jayne Webb masturbated almost without thinking about it. I began to understand what it was that her new master had seen in her and I could not truthfully regret the destination in store for the little scrubber!

She continued reading the magazine and fondling her pussy through the tight film of nylon between her legs, her petite fair-skinned thighs flexing a little in response, until the first dew of excitement shone on the black nylon panty-film. Then she let the pages of the magazine fall shut. Her eyes fluttered closed and her mouth opened to draw breath more deeply. She turned on her side and her thighs and buttocks began a squeezing and relaxing rhythm while she made love on her own fingers. A darker wetness gathered visibly on the twist of panties between her legs. The hour before dinner was a time of indolence, when Jayne had leisure to be carried away upon a magic carpet of her own restless fingers to a land of blissful visions.

At length the randy little bitch released a long shuddering sigh and began to climb the last slope towards her fulfillment, the balloon of desire inflated almost to bursting in her loins. Outside in the leafy avenue, the limousines rolled towards the opera and the restaurants of the Left Bank.

It will tell you something about Sharmilla's character that she watched Jayne Webb masturbate for several minutes and might have watched her finish, but the Asian mistress chose to interrupt her at a most agonising moment. Perhaps she hoped to enter Jayne's bedroom at a point where the girl could not stop herself and would have to finish doing it in front of her mistress! However, as the bedroom door began to open, Jayne's hand flew from between her legs and snatched at the magazine. The truth is she would not quite have

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concealed her guilt but she now tried to appear as if she had been sitting on the edge of her bed reading.

At Sharmilla's command, Jayne got up. She seemed to explain her state of semi-nudity by now pretending that she had been in the process of getting dressed. She slipped off her panties and crumpled the incriminating nylon in her hand before dropping her knickers into the laundry bin. I may tell you that our view was so good that I easily saw the light indentation left by the elastic knicker-hem where it curved up over each pert little cheek of Jayne Webb's arse!

Jayne must now sit bare-bottomed on the dressing-stool, no doubt hoping she would not leave a wet patch on the pink silk! Sharmilla undid the pony-tail and brushed the tumble of pale auburn ringlets hard. Jayne watched in the mirror, her hands demurely folded but slyly pressed between her humid thighs. Next she must stand before the long dressing-mirror, Sharmilla held back the girl's hair, kissed Jayne's neck and ears, then dabbed them with the rich scent of Cologne from the stopper of a Lalique perfume flask.

Standing before the little slut, and to Jayne's visible confusion, Sharmilla kissed her on the lips. At the same time, the young Asian mistress's hand inserted the laden stopper of the perfume flask in the breast-cups of the corset and touched the lightly stinging fragrance to Jayne's nipples and the slope of her young bosom. The nipples were erect at once with the exciting stimulus.

Sharmilla knelt on the rich carpet. She now used the scent-spray and directed a light mist of creamy-rich perfume up and down Jayne's slim bare thighs above her stocking-tops as well as between them. By the time she had finished, the pale nudity at the top of the girl's thighs and the upper part of her stockings shone glossily with the dewy wetness.

Your legs apart, Jayne, murmured Sharmilla softly. As the girl obeyed with a nervous little intake of breath, Sharmilla directed the spray on to the roseate flesh of the light-haired sex. It seemed to sting rather, to judge from Jayne's reaction, but the girl stood quite still.

Turn round and bend over to touch your toes, Jayne! Sharmilla smiled knowingly at the nineteen-year-old girl as the order was given. It was obeyed and the sight from the rear reminded us that even a petite and sexy mannequin is no less a woman in the more vulgar details of her rear anatomy. The slim and tightly rounded rear cheeks parted a little as Jayne Webb bent over. The spray directed its soft rain of perfume on the inward-curving slopes of her anus-cleavage. There was a sudden tensing at the sting of it, as the jet was used on the tight little button-hole of Jayne Webb's arsehole. But even her most intimate cracks and crevices must be richly perfumed for the evening ahead.

If you still doubt that Sharmilla was a perverse and sadistic young bitch, let me tell you what followed. She went to the basketwork laundry bin and retrieved the black nylon panties, holding them out to Jayne on one finger. There was a murmured protest.

They belong to the corset, Jayne! Sharmilla said sharply, Put them on!

To our great amusement, Jayne was obliged to put on the discarded panties and to wear a moist and twisted reminder of unfulfilled passion between her legs at dinner.

I know you would believe me if I told you that I remember little of the dinner party other than that amusing circumstance. But there was something else of great importance. Sharmilla's girls took it in turn to act as servants on these occasions, as the girls of Broad Green School used to do. We were waited upon by the other young charmer who was destined for the same fate as Jayne.

At first glance, Helen Wong had a half-caste prettiness. She might have been the daughter of a Chinese slave from the Pacific trade matched with a white-skinned lover. Her black hair was worn in a stylish shock of slight curls, framing her face and trimmed short above her shoulders. Her high-boned cheeks showed a trace of rouge. Above the slant of her dark eyes, the arch of her brows had been darkened a little by a touch of the cosmetic brush. Helen had a graceful young figure. As a girl of twenty, her smooth limbs showed the light saffron tan of her mixed race.

It was warm in the house but that was not the sole reason why Sharmilla made Helen Wong wear the skimpiest and sexiest little beach-outfit as her waitress costume. Sharmilla wanted us to see what we were being offered. The girl's swimwear of white bikini-panties were cut brief at front and rear, suggesting that Helen must have had to razor-trim the dark little pussy-bush in her loins to accommodate it. The Chinese tan of her lithe young hips was sexily nude, there being little more than a string waist-band connecting the crotch and seat of her panties. She had pretty little breasts and their scant covering left little to the imagination. I

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watched her turn and show the seat of her white bikini-panties. A delicate ivory-tan smoothness of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks in their trim oval beauty was enticingly presented in her bikini. The waist of her panties came half-way down her hips rather than round her waist. At the base of her finely-mapped vertebrae, the first swell of her rear cheeks and the shallow beginning of Helen Wong's anus-cleft was left bare!

Helen had a natural look of the graceful and the submissive, though with the hint of a mischievous smile about her pretty little mouth. Her dark hair, brushed into its slightly curled and perfumed shock, just touched her shoulders as she turned her head. Her face with high-boned cheeks and demure little chin was animated by a gentle slant of her dark eyes and high brows arching over them. The light yellow beauty of Helen Wong's figure was slim and lithe. Her youth was seen in her pert little breasts, the pattern of her ribs under silky tan skin, her small waist and flat belly. Her legs were graceful and slender. The taut rounds of Helen Wong's backside were neat and smooth.

As we ate salmon fume accompanied by Sancerre and a roast with Beaume de Venise, I watched the movements of our delicately voluptuous half-caste girl with great interest. There was a delicious indecency about Helen Wong's panties. She was so vulnerable with just that little strip of nylon protecting her pretty little cunt. As she turned for some reason and stooped over the table, I saw at twelve inches distance the diminutive seat of her bikini panties drawn into her rear cleavage. The demure tan-skin ovals of Helen Wong's slim bottom-cheeks were excitingly bare. I also saw the beginning of the inward cheek-slopes of Helen Wong's anus-cleavage. The view inspired thoughts of passion and punishment. Again, only that two-inch wide strip of nylon seat hid Helen Wong's anus from us. She must have felt chillingly vulnerable dressed like this under the sadistic appraisal of Manrique's gaze! I was greatly excited by her. A young tart like Helen Wong who shows herself so skimpily protected cannot complain at the ideas she inspires. I felt true pleasure at the thought of what her fate was going to be. Seeing her bend like that with the demure Chinese tan of her bottom-cheeks bare, I hoped that Helen Wong's master nourished sadistic desires for her!

There you are. Now you know the worst. Even had I been able to save her from sexual bondage, I would not have done so. If anything, I longed to make matters worse for her. At least when I say this I am no hypocrite. I say, indeed, what many men would feel about a girl like Helen Wong in such circumstances but are too polite to voice their feelings!

Manrique had invited me to sleep the night in the house and I had agreed. If you now expect me to tell you how Helen Wong or Jayne Webb—or both—came creeping between my sheets, I shall disappoint you. But I will share a secret with you before I end this episode and it is far stranger than such a pretty little bitch as Jayne Webb whimpering for a man's penis.

I knew the house from last year, when it was occupied by twenty or thirty pupils. I had never slept in it but I found myself now in a bedroom that was familiar. It had been occupied by a teacher whose name I must not give. He has a job and a reputation to protect. However, I shall tell you something of one of the adolescent schoolgirls of Form 5A. This bedroom had set Sandra Williams, a fifth-form girl at Broad Green School, on the road to bondage!

Sandra Williams was perhaps still a little ungainly, the adolescent goose not yet a female swan. There was a certain disorder in the lank brown tresses that clustered about her collar, yet her blue eyes were eager and loving, her face firm and open in its expression. Sandra was an appealing girl with an air of obedience and a desire to please, prettily downcast when reprimanded. Her figure showed her as a robust untutored tomboy, her breasts nicely developed, her thighs a little full in adolescence, the cheeks of Sandra Williams's bottom having that slight vulgar weight of a fifth-form schoolgirl, and the slightly muddy pallor of her body's complexion.

There you have them, Sandra Williams and her English teacher. It was no more than ten minutes after that teacher had left for the Gare du Nord and the Dover ferry when I went to inspect the vacant room to see what repairs and renewals would be needed. Let me tell you that he had a bathroom en suite. On the other side of the bathroom was the girls' toilet for the classrooms on this floor. Their washroom was beyond that again. I went into the bathroom he had occupied and found all in order. As I was about to leave I saw that a small wall-mirror seemed a little loose. When I touched it, it folded back. I found myself staring into the girls' toilet, which was brightly lit by the fluorescent light being left on permanently. However, it did not take me long to see that the English teacher had installed this particular spy mirror for himself! The workmanship was a little

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too rough for a craftsman, though the mirror concealed the worst of it! No doubt he had done it during the holidays when the girls were not around.

In itself, it is not a bad thing that girls of fifteen or sixteen like Sandra Williams should be under moral supervision even when behind a locked door. I could not prove that this teacher knew of the mirror's existence, let alone that he had ever used it. At the worst, he would have seen Sandra Williams or another girl with her knickers down in there. She knew nothing about it and so it could not possibly do her any harm.

However, when I inspected the bedroom on that previous occasion, I naturally looked around me with a little more care. There were some papers in the old-fashioned fireplace. It looked as if someone had left them to burn but a freak down-draught had prevented it and they were merely charred. I had no doubt that he had left them there to burn in his hurry to catch the ferry-train.

One or two papers were still smouldering and several more were photographic prints. I hooked out six or seven unburnt prints. From the numbers on the films and the different makes, I saw that these had been taken from at least eight 36-exposure rolls. He had discarded a dozen prints but taken at least three hundred pictures with him! They might be prints but I expect he took the negatives and printed them when he got home. I sat down to study them.

They had been taken through that spy-mirror in his bathroom and they were all of Sandra Williams. In the first one, Sandra was completely naked as she used the toilet to change into sports clothes. She was standing by the toilet pedestal, looking down at something. The camera had caught a three-quarter view of her nicely developing adolescent breasts, the pale sheen of her belly and the bush of brown hair crowning her sex. The second picture was on another occasion. Sandra Williams was seen from the rear, standing with her back to the toilet pedestal and her skirt was round her ankles. She had hooked her thumbs in the waist of her knickers—the usual schoolgirl panties of white stretch-briefs—and had drawn them half way down her bare tomboy thighs. The camera had caught her beautifully, just as she was stooping to pull her knickers down and at the same time arching her hips back—for she was about to sit on the toilet seat. Her head was half turned, so that the lank brown hair of her page-boy cut just let one see the appealing openness of her face. From this angle, the photograph also showed a rear glimpse of her lightly-haired cunt and the pallid tomboy cheek-swell of Sandra Williams's bottom just before it touched the seat-rim.

Her English teacher must have been waiting with his camera every time Sandra went in there. His favourite pose seemed to be Sandra in the toilet with her skirt round her ankles, leaning forward a little as she drew her school knickers down her thighs. He had taken photographs so close that as she arched her hips back the full tomboy cheek-swell of Sandra Williams's bottom at fifteen filled the entire picture. In most of the prints, Sandra's bare backside was shown. In others, the tail of the school blouse hung untidily aslant Sandra's young bottom-cheeks, veiling them a little.

That was my discovery the previous year and I lay in bed now and thought about it. I recalled, for instance, how the youngster had changed for games in that toilet one day. On her return, it was discovered that Sandra Williams's knickers were missing from the clothes she had left on the chair in the toilet. It was concluded that she must have dropped or mislaid them. The teacher had been in his room and heard no one come or go. Sandra Williams's schoolgirl knickers were those white stretch-briefs which are not of great value. On another occasion, when the linen bin of discarded panties was emptied for the wash, a second cast-off pair of Sandra Williams's schoolgirl knickers could not be accounted for. There was a third occasion when this fifth-form tomboy found herself missing a pair of panties.

I thought of this tale of frustrated passion and smiled. Ironical that I know occupied the room where the teacher had slept who had such a fixation on this adolescent schoolgirl. Can you not imagine the passion he must have felt secretly for Sandra? Do you not guess the strength of his obsession with her bare tomboy bottom? Would you begrudge him his reward with her? I would allow him to take Sandra out of earshot and relieve his frustration with her!

Why do I tell you this man's secret? Because you may doubt the intentions which Manrique and Sharmilla had towards Jayne and Helen. But I assure you that Sandra had already gone the same way. I was the last to see her. When I and three servants left a certain house in Dahlem a few months before this time, I escorted a most reluctant Sandra to another continent as the pupil of those who would enslave and train her. There were several girls like Sandra Williams and Linda Jennings who did not return from Parisienne education.

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I last saw her after that journey by a special coach of the Blue Train. The destination was a place where girls are slaves of men of wealth and influence with no interference from authority. They are trained to obey commands that at first repel them. Sandra Williams sprawled on her belly over a leather bolster, arms at full stretch, wrists fastened to the bed-head. She wore only her school tie and white blouse, its tail tucked high above the round healthy cheeks of her teenage bottom. The youngster shook back the lank brown hair of her long page-boy cut, looking back over her shoulder, brown tresses disordered, blue eyes dismayed at her plight. The pale sturdily-broadened cheek-swell of Sandra Williams's adolescent backside offered an excitingly full-bottomed target to the overseer. With his whip he trained female slaves of all ages and types, from the firm maturity of Marina Wilson with her pants down at thirty-two to the insolent shrewish prettiness of bare-bottomed Vicky Sylvester at fourteen. His identity was concealed by a black domino mask.

Before I left, those sturdy cheeks of Sandra Williams's bottom were furnace-red from the lash with raised loops and curlicues a shade darker. Her brown collar-length tresses were shaken and disordered, her eyes brimming over with tears. The helpless tomboy looked over her shoulder with mournful and howling appeal. She had writhed and screamed herself to exhaustion. Instead of surging wildly, her backside now squirmed in a slower cheek-creasing anguish. The overseer laid down the short-tailed lash for a moment. Even in the pause, Sandra Williams contorted her backside in a crimson full-cheeked swell. Her buttocks parted as she surged and squirmed. Her schoolgirl bottom smarted almost too agonisingly to bear the movements of her own struggles. Tearfully, she controlled her squirming so that her whipped bottom tensed and cheek-creased in a slow and rather sexy manner—which Sandra did not intend!

The overseer was naturally excited by dealing with a bare-bottomed adolescent girl like Sandra. The sight of her suggestive arse-writhing and cheek-creasing made him want to do something more. To increase the ferocity of the smart that searched her whipped bottom-flesh, he took the usual salted fat and smeared it firmly into her rear cheeks until the sleekness of the grease gave the cheeks of Sandra Williams's behind a bigger and fatter swell that blazed the colour of fire with its raised loops and curlicues. In dealing with her young backside, you may imagine where his forefinger went! He stood back and Sandra cried out frantically as he picked up the training lash again.

I left at midnight, the scene better imagined than described. The walls were thick but a burly gang-master had been intrigued by a muffled sound of prolonged whip-smacks and Sandra Williams screaming. The overseer shrugged.

It's nothing. A new girl, Sandra Williams from Broad Green School. She had to have a smacked bottom with a pony-lash, that's all. Go and have a look. She's backside upwards over the bed having a weep. There's a prison cane on the bedside table. Her hands are still fastened. Want to give Sandra's young arse a tanning? Quite a big-bottomed girl for fifteen. Want to give her a prison bambooning? Her bum-cheeks are blushing and smarting but ignore that. Sandra must get used to having a beating across her backside when she's already got a sore bottom from the night's first punishment.

I was thanked for delivering Sandra to this slavery. Just then I saw on a table a pile of photographic prints. You will guess they were those taken through the spy mirror by Sandra's English teacher! Only he could have sent copies to the man who now possessed the girl. In the teacher's writing was a note giving her name, where she would be found, and suggestions for abduction.

Ponder that! To do as he wanted with Sandra might lead to his dismissal and disgrace. He could not have her. But he could ensure she passed into the possession of a sadist. Better he should lose her altogether to that master than that Sandra Williams should escape what he wished for her. Better she be a slave in a place he could never enter than that Sandra should go through life and never taste the overseer's whip across her bare bottom!

Obsession gives birth to paradoxes. I know of few passions greater than her teacher had for Sandra. He asked nothing from the man who now possessed her. But when his prints were returned, there were three extras. One showed the bare cheeks of Sandra Williams's tomboy bottom in a state that would make a whipmaker proud to hang the print on his wall. There was a portrait of Sandra Williams, eyes wide and mouth distended in frantic shrillness. The last was pathetic and exciting, a portrait of Sandra Williams weeping in the aftermath of a bare-bottomed thrashing with the prison bamboo.

I have seen private rooms where such camera studies of girls are framed and hung. I am sure that those last

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three full-plate prints of Sandra Williams are on the wall of her teacher's study. One day he will die. His relatives will walk into that room. They will stare, unable to believe that the quiet man whom they despised for his weakness had such feelings as the pictures suggest. In his will, I hope he will tell his story and inform them he regrets nothing that he did. Not a camera-shot, not a purloined pair of Sandra Williams's schoolgirl knickers—three pairs of which, he writes, are in his desk drawer.

CHAPTER TWO

Let us return to the present. I went out next afternoon and took the Metro to the grey cloudlit spaces of the Place de la Concorde, the tall slate roofs of the Quai d'Orsay rising through a thin river mist on the far bank. I walked to the Avenue de l'Opera to make certain arrangements with one of those shipping agents whose main business is in winter cruises to the southern hemisphere and whose window houses a fine model of a white liner with buff funnels and tricolor flag.

The following day, that of our departure, was a moment of the year when winter in Paris gives way to uncertain spring. The long avenues west and south from the Place d'Etoile break into a faint mist of leaf and blossom, leading the eye to the woods beyond. On such a morning, one knows that the boughs of the Bois de Boulogne will stir and sigh like a green ocean in a few weeks more.

The end of the spring afternoon brought a light rain from the west, across Neuilly and St. Cloud. A closed black car moved on soft tyres and easy springs the length of the shoplit Avenue Victor Hugo. The moisture-clouded lights of the boulevard sank into the rainy tarmac like spreading stains.

The car turned at the Place Hugo and presently swept past the open crescent of the Trocadero towards the river. Under the overhead metro on the Pont Bir-Hakeim, it swept over the broad sluggish water whose barges and tugs were half lost in the vaporous twilight. These were the streets of big houses with inner staircases and great dusty skylights. Presently, the left bank of the river with the broad spaces of government slid away into the dusk. Our destination lay beyond the Luxembourg with its statues and topiary, its children and pigeons, its sailing boats on the pond. Presently we passed workmen's cafes at whose sidewalk tables men and women drank menthe a l'eau or absinthe, that last stretch of familiar Paris where the Seine is patterned by a greenish oil from the factories at Vitry.

The limousine drew up by the echoing glass nave of the departure bay at the Gare d'Austerlitz. Under the canopy, where the lines of coaches forming the evening express trains stood waiting, the air was laden with a scent of rich roasted cigarette-tobacco—Gaulloise and Gitanes—flakes of dark leaf in blue packets. The burnt fumes of it brought images of France to one's mind. The drab cement-dusted port of Le Havre. The Trocadero terrace overlooking the river and the Champ de Mars beyond the Eiffel Tower. The deep gorges of the Tarn or the Dordogne with their rust-coloured earth. The moonlit cities of the eastern frontier with their pale-faced women in dark velvet.

At the end of the train nearest the travellers the royal blue and gold-lettered coaches of the wagon-restaurant and wagon-lit had been attached to the Express du Sud. Behind the curtains with their apricot flush of light from shaded lamps, men and women might travel, cocooned in intimacy, as far as the land permitted. The jetty of Algeciras, where the Tangier ferry waited or the Estacion Santa Apolonia by Lisbon's South American Dock were but two possible destinations. A needle slipped into a young woman's arm would be enough to quieten her until she found that her beauty was destined for the far side of an ocean, while her identity and chastity were left behind.

It was an unspoken thought that under such conditions men travelled into adventure and women into danger. A girl alone in a wagon-lit slept almost naked. Strangers were constantly within a few feet of her. Separated from safety by distance and language, she was almost at the mercy of a man determined to take her. At journey's end, under a bright alien sun, she might accompany him unwillingly because she lacked the resource to do otherwise. On the other hand, if her resistance put him in danger, it might be discovered that she was no longer on the train at journey's end. To search the hundreds of miles over which the wheels had passed was a task too great. It would be assumed that she had slipped away of her own accord.

Each compartment in the coach which Manrique had reserved was an old-fashioned first-class wagon-lit, heavily perfumed by beeswax polish. There was brown padded leather on the door and the interior was panelled in light oak with a thick yellow carpet. Between each pair of cabins was a bathroom which might be entered from either side, its wall lined by a long mirror. The fittings of the cabin itself were of carved oak.

Jayne and Helen had been allotted the shared cabin at the end of the coach. Manrique and I were to have the one adjoining, while Sharmilla slept alone in the one next on the other side. When the gong sounded along the corridor for *premier service*, the waiter was of Manrique's choosing and the meal was served in a private

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dining suite that was part of the wagon-lit. Until that point, I had not realised that we were, in effect, travelling with full diplomatic privileges on a sealed train. I felt certain that neither Jayne nor Helen had the least idea of his true status. He was immune from the laws of France or Europe. The carpets upon which we stood were, for the moment, as much the territory of Cheluna as that remote ocean city itself.

With a surge of power from overhead cables, the express slid away from the station past the little streets and villas of Ivry-sur-Seine, Choisy-le-Roi, curving round to the south of the city. As afternoon turned to evening, scattered farms and grey roadside villages lay at the foot of thickly-wooded slopes. The long fields of dairy herds sloped down to quiet valleys and the banks of deserted rivers. Far ahead on a hill-top, from the centre of a prosperous market-town with its provincial garrison walls, rose twin cathedral-like spires of the new gothic revival. Its storeyed windows stood row upon row like the flank of a walled fortress.

At the centre of villages rose the penitential monuments of nineteenth century gothic, the country churches in granite or tide-washed stone, the severity of the exterior contrasting with the candle-lit colour of the Catholic revival inside. The Place de l'Eglise with its iron-railed view of well-planted fields below stretching to distant wooded hills.

Of all European scenery, that of France is the most suggestive of passion, possession and calmly inflicted cruelty. Not far to the west as we approached Orleans lay Anjou and the Loire, the flat and lonely pastures of the western Vendee, the deep river gorges beyond Bordeaux rich in ancient romance of whipped brides and virgins put to rape. Thrashed and penetrated while the flame-light played on the baronial vaulting of the dungeon ceiling. That last thought was present to me, however little, each time that we passed the high-walled courtyard of a manor house with its round corner-tower and arched gates behind which the watchdogs barked.

Many times before, I had spent a sleepless night on the express from Paris-Austerlitz to the Atlantic frontier of Spain at Irun. I would not have slept, even had it been possible. I preferred that waking dream of vast moonlit pasture beyond Orleans. A timbered hunting-lodge or stone manor-house shown briefly among dark trees. The streets and tunnels of an unknown city and a wide bridge over a commercial river. The dark pride of a hilltop fortress, a memorial to war and slaughter on the plains at its foot. How often in the flames of the torches had the high note of a girl's frenzy risen and died within those massive walls as the tormentor drew back from her a little and studied his handiwork?

On our present journey, the light of evening now touched the vast expanse of sunlit western sky far beyond Poitiers. The land was flatter here, the fields lined with a silvered quiver of poplars, hushing the wind in their branches. There were ancient farms of meal-coloured stone, iron rings set in the inner walls where footsteps sounded softly as water-drops.

The first gloaming of moth and bat gathered in the white beams of the headlamps where the high shape of a plain grey wall enclosed a cemetery. The drab stonework was patched by tattered posters, faded by months of sun and rain. Official proclamations in black letter were overlaid by a circus tableau with tigers and dancers, announcements of farm sales and horse-races.

The light had almost gone from the sky when the train stopped at an unknown station. Its Hotel de la Gare was a tall building of pale stone banded in brick, a place of dark faces and suspicious glances. Through the dining room windows one could glimpse from the train the uniformed girls in their black dresses and white aprons as they attended the tables of the *salle a manger* with peasant reserve and brusqueness. I envied the travellers this oak-beamed dining-room, its red-shaded lamps glowing on white linen and the dark bottles of *cru bourgeois*.

In the darkness, the fragrance of dog-roses and wallflowers rose from the yard and the hedges of the little garden-plots beyond the railway fence. By this time the dusk had turned the trees to black. A flush of starlight gleamed upon the grey mirror-shards of tranquil river backwaters. Fields of young wheat and grass lay pale in this luminescence as the pastures of the moon. Beyond the bulk of the building itself, a car passed from time to time, a white beam of light swinging across the dark sky as its tyres swished through the single street of the village, the engine droning away towards Bourges, Orleans, or Paris.

Dinner was served in the private dining-car at nine o'clock. As one travels further south, the hour of the evening meal grows later. By Seville or Granada, it would be ten o'clock. Even now it was after ten when we withdrew to our wagon-lit. For some time, I was in conversation with Manrique but never quite able to put from my mind the naked beauty of Jayne Webb with her tumble of russet ringlets or the ivory-tan

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seductiveness of the half-caste Helen Wong.

From time to time, Manrique would stop and listen briefly, as if he caught some sound in the night, a far-off cry of an animal in fear or passion. But I heard nothing. It was midnight when he stood up and went across to the wall of polished mahogany which divided us from the girls in the next cabin. I wondered if he could have had spy-windows installed here but the idea was absurd. It was much simpler than that. Set in the wall was a ventilator grille. These are made with their slats angled upwards so that the occupants of the adjoining berths are ensured privacy from one another.

How Manrique had arranged matters, I cannot tell you. Yet someone had taken out the ventilator grilles and put them back upside down. Instead of having one's gaze deflected upwards by the slats, the eye was now directed downwards into the next berth. What was more, there were two of these grilles, one at either end of the berth. If one happened to be standing up, they were almost at eye level. Without a word, he motioned me to the other grille. As when we had seen Jayne Webb masturbating, I looked into the next berth as plainly as if I had been standing in its open doorway. The surveillance practised upon schoolgirls like Sandra Williams or Judith Terry was enforced on young women as well.

The door of their cabin itself would not have opened, of course. These two girls had taken care to lock themselves in for the night. Though there were two berths, they were content to share the lower one which was of double size. By this time of night, I expected that they would have undressed. But I looked for nightclothes and saw none.

The two girls were naked and had evidently been so for some time. The only garment in sight was a discarded pair of Jayne Webb's knickers in thin black silk which lay on the carpet by the bed. Tan and white beauty sprawled in a most ungainly attitude, Jayne with her russet tresses thrown back, was biting her lip gently with the intensity of her pleasure. All the hardness had gone from her sharp young features and her face was racked by the exquisite sexual passion that seeks release on the fingers of another woman.

Helen Wong had one arm round Jayne's fair-skinned waist almost as if to curb her writhing of pleasure a little. Her other hand was busy between those slim young thighs of purest pallor that relaxed and opened innocently to her expert caress. The oriental girl with the warm-skinned nudity of her smooth shoulders and back, her graceful young thighs and agile hips, was conditioning the petite figure of Jayne to pleasures with a woman that the victim would soon be unable to renounce. In any city as cosmopolitan in its tastes as Paris, there were girls of her own age who would enjoy giving a petite young woman like Jayne lessons in the art of lesbian love.

The dainty teeth still plucked and worried at Jayne's lip. But then Helen Wong leant forward and took Jayne's lip between her own pretty teeth, pulling gently at it. Though the Eurasian girl's shock of dark hair concealed her face from us a little, it was as if she was trying to suck Jayne's lips between her own. If Jayne knew nothing about French kissing before, she was getting her first lesson now from a girl of her own age. Then Helen's face slid down and her teeth worried teasingly at the fair-skinned girl's nipples. In a moment more, it was Jane Webb's spruce little tits that Helen Wong was licking off with her nimble tongue. Her shock of dark hair was bowed to this task and Jayne was gasping as if with mingled excitement and dismay.

Despite her shudders of pleasure's release, one saw nothing of self-consciousness or apprehension in Jayne's face. I wondered how the little tart would behave when she was at the command of a man. The fair-skinned girl soon lost all her fearfulness in the arms of her young Oriental mistress. Jayne appeared to grow increasingly bold and insistent in her love-making with the supple and passionate ivory-tan beauty. There was a hard and demanding quality about her, as if she ordered certain things to be done to her. Helen Wong too had lost her demure and reticent air, the mocking slant of her eyes was now illuminated by desire and beseeching.

They slid down flat on the berth, Helen's pretty knee wedged between Jayne's slim fair-skinned thighs, making her ride on the silken Chinese tan of Helen Wong's thigh. As Jayne faced the hidden onlookers, so the other girl presented to us the rear view of her ivory-tan figure. Jayne was tense with the surge of pleasure swelling till it must burst in her loins, while the Oriental Venus was opening herself in the warm and yearning expansion of desire to the fair-skinned girl's fingers, which made a masturbating saddle between Helen Wong's thighs. Those smooth demure ovals of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks were arched backwards towards the concealed admirers, as if inviting them to explore her arse-anatomy more intimately.

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We naturally felt a satisfaction that the half-caste girl should have shown herself in a manner that she would have shunned if she knew she was being watched. Helen Wong's trim-cheeked arse, swelled seductively. Its Chinese-tan moons were lightly parted, seeming innocently to invite the smack of a man's hand, a long session with a punishment cane, the fierce caress of the overseer's whip, the hectic assault of sodomy. It will tell you something about her that in her present state I would have liked to see all these things happen to her. I smiled at the thought that twenty-year-old Helen Wong was unwittingly making a journey into sexual bondage.

It was probable that the two girls had been making love together for much of the time since dinner. Quite suddenly, as it seemed to me, there were soft cries, clutching and nibbling, thrusting and riding, a writhing together that neither girl could stop. We heard a long shuddering gasp and saw, by the look of relaxation and fulfillment on the face of the fair-skinned partner, that Jayne had climaxed on the expert fingers of the oriental girl as Helen Wong had her own climax. They were both in a gender and affectionate mood after that, playing with one another's bodies as little girls play with toys or dolls. Even for the most demure teenage girl there exists a fascination at the prospect of exploring every hole and corner of another young beauty, tickling a sensitive spot or intruding a playful finger.

However much they might publicly pretend to solemnity and dignity, in the privacy of the wagon-lit they were randy as a pair of wild she-cats. Neither of them moved to switch off the pink-shaded lamps or to conceal their lesbian antics by the covering of a sheet. As if they read each other's thoughts, they shifted round and lay head to tail, each having her eyes and lips level with the loins and backside of the other. The perspiration of passionate exercise shone up the slim pallor of Jayne Webb's thighs and backside. Much of it was soon transferred to Helen Wong's lips as kisses of passion were renewed! The two girls were having fun with each other in a more perverse and knowing fashion. The devil-mask of Helen Wong's face was bright with excitement as her fingers played between the trim cheeks of Jayne Webb's bottom. The two girls anus-teased each other in this fashion and then pussy-tickled again, until they writhed together like a pair of drowning mermaids. They sucked one another's sensitive adornments, and trilled their tongues in places of excruciating responsiveness.

Manrique murmured to me, assuring me that the two little bitches did all this with an eagerness they had never shown to a man. Jayne was running her tongue nimbly in the dark-haired paradise between Helen Wong's thighs. At the same time, Helen Wong had made Jayne present herself in an upward squat. The tongue of the slant-eyed Eurasian beauty ran everywhere along the cleavage from the base of Jayne's spine to the guardian clitoris at the portal of her sex. The seduction was cunning and remorseless, the oriental beauty playing in the sensitive dell and not even hesitating to insinuate her tongue-tip in the tight posterior dimple. Jayne was squatting fuller, as if to admit the intruder as far as possible. Ten minutes passed and then Jayne Webb came to her climax again with soft cries of release.

It was after midnight when Jayne and Helen lay among the rumpled sheets of their shared berth, still naked in their gentle embrace. If they were not asleep yet, they were certainly lying with eyes closed and fingers twined in dreamy recollection of the love-making they had just shared. The light shone full on the lithe saffron of Helen Wong's bare thighs and hips. Inspired by the joy of release she had shared with Jayne, her Chinese tan displayed a living sheen that only the excitement of gentle but cunning kisses can awaken.

They slept at last, lying more gently together than in the fierce passion of their earlier embraces. Jayne's lashes were closed over her blue eyes. The light caught the tumbling russet ringlets and her face had a childlike solemnity as she dozed. Helen Wong's thigh was crooked lightly and possessively across the soft pallor of Jayne's hip, as if to remind her prey how easily the act of sexual conquest might be repeated upon her.

Manrique smiled at the sight of Helen Wong's back, the shock of dark hair. The oriental ovals of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks were arched backwards towards him with innocent vulgarity as she slept. He could see the trim young beauty's dark-haired sex between the rear of her open legs. The resilient ovals of her ivory-cheeked backside swelled seductively and its twin mounds were drawn apart by the way she was sprawling, so that Helen Wong's anus was shown. Seeing this, Manrique smiled again at the thoughts that crossed his mind. It was not the smile of a simpering suitor but of one who was vindictive in his passion. I felt sure that he would not shrink from putting Helen Wong's backside and loins to the question. His sentence

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upon Helen Wong's trim-cheeked bottom envisaged the stable-lash and the long nozzle of a pair of serviceable bellows.

It was not a night for sleep. To tell the truth, I was less excited by the spectacle of Jayne Webb and Helen Wong having lesbian sex together than by thoughts of what lay in store for them. As the first peach-yellow sunlight of dawn brightened, we passed a little town somewhere in south-west France. Already there were early travellers to market, gathering at a small cafe with its iron verandahs and red flowers. The farmers and farriers, corn merchants and advocates prepared for market in its bar among red plush and bentwood, patterned marble and opaque yellow lamps. Outside, on a vast republican square, the tall white-stone houses with their grey shutters and mansard roofs seemed bleached by the sun and rains of the ocean that lay not many miles away.

At daybreak, the Blue Train gathered greater speed, past the lush vineyards, by purple Judas trees and yellow fields of mustard across the Garonne. There, over the flat upland prairies and the fierce white dust south of Bordeaux, we came to a high hill-town bastion, remote from the world as far as the eye can see on every side. It is a town of wide spaces and silence in the white dusty heat of noon. Barracks and prison stand in pale stone on a vast gravelled square. Even the little cafe square is no more than a sanded space with stunted plane trees before the church. A narrow and deserted street of old buildings on the hill's edge, little shops with their awnings pulled out against the fierce midday glare, sums up the commercial life of the town.

The forests of the landes enclosed us. Then a clearing in the flat sandy forest of Austrian pines revealed a rare crossroads village of the Haut Lande. Children on bicycles, three in a row in white and blue, were riding on the narrow roads. Old men in berets played boules before the Second Empire gothic of the church with its narrow grey tower and pointed slate under a humid forest sky. Near the centre, the older houses were of daub and wattle with vertical timber. Old women in straw hats occupied their doorways, wearing clogs, their black legs thin as storks. The visitor, usually priest or doctor, steps down into such cottages from their doorway, entering a mediaeval gloom. There is scarcely enough light to see the walls of ancient family photographs and gaudy madonnas in frames of polished mahogany, nor the heavy furniture brought back from Mont de Marsan or Paris by newly-wed couples a century ago, the symbols of damp, penury and narrow lives.

Then the trees were gone and the train sped without stopping through stations whose boards in the early sun carried the names of familiar resorts. There was a racecourse and an aerodrome, the grand villas of an Atlantic corniche. I caught a glimpse of lime-green stucco on Spanish arches, a moorish courtyard with arcading and a fountain. There were grander designs still, surrounded by a protective fence of tall iron palings and dense trees. Even through the bars of the closed gates one saw nothing but the curve of a gravel drive and the conical roof of a baronial corner-tower far beyond. In the space between, the guardian of the gates had slipped the leash of the guard-dogs and left them to do his duty for him in the hours of darkness.

Beyond the quiet streets and placid tide at St Jean-de-Luz lay the frontier. Manrique and I got down to make the arrangements. There was breakfast in the panelled restaurant of the station and then the formalities were completed. Now the names were familiar as battlefields. Across the plains of Aragon and the mountains of Andalusia, the warm nights had once been crossed by white searchlight beams and the drone of bombers. Beyond Valladolid and Medina del Campo lay the brown and dusty horizons.

It was evening among the mountains of central Spain when Manrique said, 'They will sleep apart tonight. The Eurasian girl is for you, if you would care to make use of her. She was well warmed up last night.'

The frontier had changed more than the scenery. He spoke now as if the two girls had lost all command of their own bodies. They were to be disposed of with as little ceremony as if they had been the booty of a conquered city. I wondered what Sharmilla might think of this or what her own part in it might be. But then Manrique said, 'The other girl will be with us.'

What he might have said—and what proved to be true—was that he and Sharmilla were taking Jayne Webb into another cabin of the wagon-lit, where they intended to share her between them.

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CHAPTER THREE

As the next sunset flared and faded, somewhere over the skyscrapers and palaces of the Gran Via, the blinds of the wagon-lit were drawn against a warm southern night. The names that flashed by in the darkness were Aranjuez and Toledo. Faint perfumes of azalea and orange blossom, a distant beat of music, hung in the air when the Blue Train stopped briefly before the long uninterrupted journey to Cordoba.

It was Sharmilla who confronted Jayne and Helen with their lesbian guilt. She did so without anger. She made the two girls understand that their lovemaking did not displease her. In future they might be permitted—even commanded—to perform it. However, they had deprived others of the pleasure of using their two young bodies that night. On this warm southern night, they must make amends.

To this day, I cannot tell you whether Sharmilla commanded or merely requested the two girls to perform their duties to Manrique and myself the next night. I believe they must have known what was in store for them. Jayne in her black silk bikini outfit and Helen in white waited upon us. My reason for thinking they must have known their fates was seen in the way they looked—and the choice of those at whom they looked. Jayne Webb, slim-thighed and flat bellied, the tumble of auburn curls and the shining whiteness of her body, glanced repeatedly at Manrique and Sharmilla when she thought they were not observing her. Sharmilla had commanded Jayne before but this was her first time with Manrique. Perhaps one of the other girls of her age, Karen Dearlove or Joyce Talbot, had murmured something of Manrique's sadism. At any rate, Jayne Webb looked a little scared as she glanced at him and she had good reason for it!

As the two girls attended the table with its white linen cloth, heavy silver and Baccarat crystal, I gave most of my attention to the Eurasian beauty of Helen Wong. The high-boned lynx-eyed prettiness of her face with its dark curls was a study in apprehension rather than dismay. She knew that I would do something to her but, having little idea about me, she did not know what. I think she rather regretted having chosen such a very brief bikini! She was almost naked and very vulnerable in the presence of three people who would permit her no refusal.

As I watched her, she walked with her face lowered to avoid catching my eye or those of my two companions. Though bare-hipped and bare thighed, she was wearing a pair of pretty red high-heeled shoes. Of course these made it more difficult for her to control the suggestive rounding and swaying of her hips as she walked. So Helen took rather small and tightly controlled steps, her thighs pressed unnaturally tight together. When she had to stoop over the table, her unease showed in the way she tensed her rear cheeks together. Though the skimpy bikini-seat concealed her crack, I was sure that Helen Wong's anus also tightened instinctively as she bent like this before a man she must serve in bed. But with such a pretty half-caste girl, such tightening and tensing was the surest way to seduce a man into doing the very thing she dreaded!

Helen Wong's graceful and submissive look made her an excellent choice as my waitress, though when she thought I was not looking there was still the hint of a passionate mischief about her pretty little mouth as she caught Jayne's eye. Her dark hair was freshly brushed into its slightly curled and perfumed shock, just touching her shoulders as she twisted her head. The face with its high-boned cheeks and demure little chin, animated by the gentle slant of her dark eyes and the high brows arching over them had been made up as carefully as any glamour girl's. The light yellow beauty of Helen Wong's figure moved slim and lithe as she served me. Her supple figure was seen in her pert little breasts, the pattern of her ribs under silky tan skin, her small waist and flat belly. Her legs were graceful and slender. The taut rounds of Helen Wong's backside were neat and smooth.

When I entered the cabin of the wagon-lit, she stood before the glass in her white glamour costume of diminutive breast-halter and the white cache-sex which was no more at the rear than a string between her hind cheeks tied to her waist-band. Watching herself, as if it were another girl obeying her commands, Helen Wong drew up the shock of her dark hair with her hands behind her head, looking more coquettish and flirting with her own reflection. Her face in the mirror was demure and pretty, the dark slant of her eyes meeting their own reflection with a heathen she-devil's prettiness. She held her own gaze for a moment longer, perhaps admiring the neat prettiness of her slant-boned cheeks, the narrowing to mouth and chin. Yet it took only a little softening of her playful devil-mask to show a natural beauty in the firm lines of Helen's face.

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To see Helen Wong standing almost naked before her washroom mirror like this drew my hands to caress this delicately-built girl, her back and shoulders sleek with the almond tan of oriental beauty passed under my caresses. I fondled her little breasts with their pert upward thrust. My fingers traced the bone pattern of her ribs shaping her slim figure, finding her belly flat and narrowed. Her back was slender and silky to my touch. The pale ivory tan of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks had a lithely rounded and prettily lascivious look. Her thighs had the same slim prettiness.

Helen's black hair was worn in its stylish shock of slight curls, framing her face and trimmed short above her shoulders. Her high-boned cheeks showed a trace of rouge. Above the slant of her dark eyes, the arch of her brows had been darkened a little by a touch of the cosmetic brush. Helen had a graceful young figure. As a young woman on the verge of her twenties, her smooth limbs showed the light saffron tan of her mixed race.

The twenty-year-old beauty offered no resistance as I positioned her on the bunk. This pretty little filly knew how to give her master an obedient ride! She was only covered by her skimpy swimwear, the two-patch bra and the brief bikini-shape of Helen Wong's panties!

I undid the clip of her halter bra, as she lay facedown over the bunk. My hands firmed her pretty little tits. However scared she may have been at what was going to be done to her, I assure you Helen Wong was a naturally randy young teaser, her nipples stiff with excitement before I touched them. Helen Wong's panties were almost more suggestive than if she had been naked. I eased down the tight little triangle of cloth at the front just about covering her dark-haired pubic bush. The seat of Helen Wong's knickers covered little more than her anus-crack. Even the shallow beginning of that crack, a few inches below the base of her spine, was uncovered. I drew the twisted panty-seat out from between her rear cheeks and pulled the bikini briefs down. There was little more than a pair of white laces holding the front and rear of Helen Wong's glamour-panties together! My penis was stiff with urgency as I saw and felt the demure ivory-tan ovals of her lithe young bottom-cheeks. I had a glimpse of dark-haired pussy between the rear of her slim thighs and inspected the shadowed declivity of Helen Wong's anus-crack. You may be sure she had tensed the cheeks of her arse together with instinctive unease!

She lay down on her back, drawing her legs up and parting them widely so that her feet hovered in the air like pretty white birds. It was not that Helen lacked experience with her admirers. Feminine intuition told her that this was the way to hold herself when she was about to be mated.

I knelt down and entered her very gently. It would have been more difficult had she been a virgin. But Helen had surrendered the pleasures of her loins to a man, and her habits of self love or passionate caresses with girls like Jayne Webb had also made her easier in that way than she would have been otherwise. So I toiled over her and, at the same time, kissed her bare breasts and teased their nipples with my teeth. Helen was gasping and, though it was I who was the active partner, the sweat gathered in the hollows of her body on that warm night, as if she was labouring to achieve her climax.

She gave herself slightly to the rhythm of love, pressing and relaxing alternately so that she felt it more deeply and with greater vigour. I hoped that I might bring her off, for it is important that such a girl should associate her first proper experience with ecstasy of that degree. I could see from the way she fluttered her eyes and drew breath through parted lips that Helen was floating high with the delicious and dreamy feeling of being ridden by a man. But it was necessary to prolong this so that she might have time to overcome her feminine misgivings and join in the fun properly. By that means she would be more likely to come off thoroughly.

But I knew that it would be most imprudent for me to come within her. There was a point at which I withdrew and heard such a forlorn and bereft little cry from Helen. She had been parted from the thing she adored most in the world! The beloved object without which she could not live! Of one thing I am sure. Had you told Helen that if the penis completed its course she must have her throat slit at the climax, she would have offered her neck to the blade without a second thought. In her present state the young tart was beyond reason or restraint of any kind.

I had no intention of playing the weakling with her by denying myself a final and lusty spending of sperm inside her agile young body. For the moment I turned her over gently on her side and lay behind her. The slightly waved shock of her dark hair touched her fine-boned shoulders. I slipped my stiffness between her thighs from the rear, not entering her but ensuring that the rod stroked along her sex as I moved to and fro.

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She shuddered and moaned at this for she found that the sensitive lips and clitoris thrilled to such caresses. At the same time I slipped my arms round her so that my hands fondled her breasts and her belly.

Mounting behind my pretty Eurasian wriggler, I smiled as I saw how gratefully she raised her hips a little and spread her thighs wider still, sinking down on the stiffness which lay embedded in the velvety sheath that was now so moist with excitement between her legs. We began to ride together, She arched her hips and threw her head back. The dark shock of hair swept to and fro across her shoulders, as she panted and whimpered with longing for the moment of release that had been so long delayed.

As we rode, her cunt had that delightful elasticity which one finds in eager girls of her age. She was no puritan and the virgin obstacles had been cleared away by boys of her own age or by regular exercise on her own finger or that of a girl-friend. Yet there was no slackness which spoils a young woman who has too much exercise in the art of pleasure. I did not ask Helen Wong if she masturbated, knowing the answer from what I had seen of her with Jayne Webb. To feel the extreme reaction and flinching as her clitoris was touched, confirmed that it had been brought to extreme sensitivity by her languid fingers.

It was she who first gave the sign of approaching climax. Her head twisted a little from side to side, as if she were shaking it in a slow denial. She drew breath sharply and worried her lower lip with her teeth. Her eyes closed in a dream of bliss, fluttered open briefly and then closed once more.

With my hands on her flanks, I guided the girl through the gallop, driving her on with thrusts of my manhood, deep enough to touch the very nerve of her womb, provoking cries which were part fear and part abandon to ecstasy. At last she began a series of short rising cries, like a female animal in rut, for all the world as if some monstrous implement were being thrust up inside her and yet she was enjoying it. This breathless aria was the prelude to her climax. A final convulsion and shuddering, then she lay exhausted, head pillowed on her arms. Yet as if in tribute to my mastery of her passions, she reached down to examine the state she was in, finger-tips finding herself wet from her own excitement.

Helen was in a dream of bliss as all this was done to her and I had not the least doubt that she would come off again in a moment more. I was more concerned about my own torrent, for the pressure of it was building fast. So I drew back to avoid the mischances which sometimes follow from releasing it between a girl's legs. I laid my erection along the hot humid valley between the soft pallor of Helen's bottom-cheeks. Her ivory-tan backside must now pay the price of the warm flood of pleasure in her loins.

I was in the mood to spend inside the randy little piece. I believe she thought we had finished, as I reached for one of several luggage straps on the little table beside us. Before she realised what I was doing, I had it tight round her wrists and fastened round the far post of the berth. I took a second strap and pinioned her graceful tan skinned thighs together. Then, ignoring her hurt questions and fearful protests, lying over her a little, I reached for a tube of rose-scented brilliantine and spread a finger-load of the perfumed hair-grease on the urgently tightened flesh-petals of Helen Wong's anus. Her nude Eurasian body tensed and for a moment I thought she might struggle. But the pretty little wriggler was in a situation where she must obey.

Never had the penis up your bottom, Helen Wong? No? I think an oriental girl with slim hips like yours is going to be nice and tight there, Helen. Let's feel you. Really tight in the arse, aren't you, Helen Wong? And you're going to get a penis that's already big and stiff. You've had quite a few men in your cunt, haven't you? The penis is going to feel much bigger in your backside, Helen Wong. You'll probably cry out with panic when I force your anus with the knob.

My twenty-year-old Eurasian girl did not cry out, however. She held herself with her trim young bottom raised towards me, the cheeks separated a little. I smiled to myself as I saw the tension in her face and the way bet nimble young fingers were clenched into fists as she braced herself to be hurt.

Lie right over the pillow on your belly, Helen Wong. I'm going to ride yon haul and last now up your backside. Over it on your belly, you young whore! That's better.

My knob touched the girl's tightly petalled anus. Helen Wong's head was turned aside and as I kissed her shock of dark hair, I saw in the mirror the pretty high honed devil-mask of her face with the seductive slant of her eyes.

Right over the pillow, I gasped, Lift your arse up a little more, Helen Wong, you randy little bitch! Take it right up your backside!

Nothing would stop me now. As I watched a growing frenzy and fear in the mirrored Eurasian face, I felt

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the brilliantined tightness of Helen Wong's anus give quite suddenly under pressure. A delicious tension gripped the first inch or two of my bone-hard erection. I pressed right in, forcing a cry from her that was as much alarm as discomfort! The trim Chinese-tan cheeks of Helen Wong's bottom were held quite still for me, as if she dared not move for fear of damaging herself.

The springs stirred rhythmically as I buggered the trim-figured twenty-year-old half-caste beauty. She had the figure of a demure young mannequin, a look of oriental fragility in the contours of her fine-bladed shoulders, the map of her vertebrae and ribs under silky ivory-tan flesh. I used the full length of the penis, the hardened knob right up Helen Wong's arse, right to the hilt between the light oriental tan of her bottom-cheeks. Several times she gave a soft cry of alarm as she felt the knob creating a havoc of discomfort and urgency deep in her entrails. Delighted to have found her so sensitive and vulnerable there, I gave it to her hard and deep for the next few minutes.

Get that sexy young arse right over the pillows, Helen Wong! I panted, Get properly arse-upwards, you young tart! I'll give you something to remember, you little slut! Did that take your breath away? Having a big penis-muzzle right up your backside makes you want to do something else, doesn't it, Helen Wong?

Looking down, I excited myself by the sight of Helen Wong's lithe young bottom-cheeks, graceful thighs and slim hips. Lying over the pillows, as she was, the girl looked as if she was really asking for it! Helen Wong's anus was stretched really hard round the tool whose greater length was engulfed in her trim young backside. The sight of this made me ride her harder.

She pressed her mouth to the pillow. There was a muffled howl and she begged me to stop, the shock of dark hair brushing her shoulders as she turned a crestfallen face, the pretty devilishness of her dark eyes' slant brimming over. She had not been hurt much but the humiliation of being made so uncomfortable in such an unladylike area of her rear anatomy brought tears to her eyes. It was important to make her realise that such brimming tears in the mischief of her dark slant eyes merely added to her prettiness and my own excitement.

You're going to feel the sperm in a moment, right up your bottom, Helen Wong... Turn that pretty half-caste face... Let's kiss those eyes and taste your tears... Those Broad Green schoolgirls like Sandra Williams and Linda Jennings used to have a little weep after they'd been sodomised... It's more exciting for a man to see you like this while you're getting it... Now the sperm, squirting all the way up your behind... right where you shit, Helen Wong...

Excited as I was by having made such a weeping beauty of this half-caste girl, I could hold back no longer. The sharp and rhythmic squirt!... squirt!... squirt!... of sperm-jets was quite audible. The high-boned, almond-eyed beauty of Helen Wong's face in the mirror was a mask of apprehension and panic as she felt the warm slippery pulse of sperm in her entrails. The squirt!... squirt!... squirt!... still continued. I was really in the mood for the young tart! I gave her a rather breathless open-mouthed grin in the mirror, showing her I was really enjoying this and had no compunction what her fate might be.

Feel the sperm in your bottom, Helen Wong? Bet you'll learn to enjoy getting it this way. When they get you to Port Xanira, they'll train you for it with a whip... Ah, that made you tighten your anus with panic, Helen, didn't it? I enjoyed that... I've got some more for you first... Right up your pretty young arse, Helen Wong...

As the squirts subsided, even before she could squeeze me out, I began to harden again. Can you wonder after the excitement of the first session? She gave a cry of dismay as I began to ride her once more. Fifteen minutes later she received her second squirting of hot passion. I let her squeeze the limp penis from her behind. Helen Wong's anus went desperately small and tight when the knob of the tool came out, as if having to contain herself quickly. I undid her wrists.

You're a good bottom-fuck, Helen Wong. I'll ask them to give it you a couple or times a night at Port Xantra. They'll enjoy training you there!

I gave her a smack across her bare bottom with the strap as a parting gesture. She did not cry out wildly but gave the muffled cry of a girl who has tasted enforced submission and acknowledges her defeat. I listened outside the cabin and heard her scrambling to get the strap off her thighs. Her pretty feet in the red high-heeled shoes moved quickly to the toilet. I heard the movement of the toilet seat as her bare orient-tan bottom sat on it. Even the sexiest young mannequin must perform as rudely as a little-girl street Arab on such occasions. I was able to spy a little through the keyhole of the adjoining cabin. When Helen Wong stood up

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again, she looked back instinctively and fearfully at what she had done. There was dismay but fascination, I think because she saw that what her bottom had done was spangled with male passion.

Despite having had a little weep at the indignity of her bottom's most secret recesses being invaded by a stout penis, Helen Wong was in many ways a sensible girl. She accepted that a pretty figure like hers would make any man who possessed her want to do certain things to her. The prim little tits and the narrow hips, the fine elegance of her nude legs would make the pleasure of taking her between the thighs all the greater. The slim lithe back with its ivory skin-gloss and the taut tan-skinned ovals of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks would quite understandably seduce a master into sodomising her. There are girls who would have screamed and struggled at this insult to their feminine dignity and invoked their freedom to refuse. They would have screamed and struggled but they would have been subdued strapped down if necessary and they would have got it just the same.

I cannot pretend that Helen Wong truly enjoyed having the penis up her bottom—perhaps she found a furtive morbid thrill at first and perhaps not—but she must have known she would have made it worse for herself by refusing and struggling. By her obedience, she had at least the possibility of enjoying herself and certainly of pleasing the man who ravished her pretty oriental backside!

One might compile a whole book of accounts of girls who are revolted at the thought of being buggered but who are made to have it all the same. Some submit sensibly without protest to a master or lover. When they are captives, as Helen Wong was soon to be, their protests are overruled. If they struggle, they are merely strapped down for it and, after having had it anyway, they get a taste of the cane across their bare bottoms.

Next morning, the private coach of the Blue Train was guided on to the special rail-ferry at the sunlit quayside of Algeciras. By that evening, it was attached to another express, drawn by an ancient steam loco-motive. With the scooped sand of desert on one side and the burning glitter of sea on the other, we began the last stage of our journey to Port Xantra. On the following morning, then, we halted at the rail depot of our destination.

Port Xantra is a hot and fly-infested city, built as a pastiche of Marseille or Algiers with more of the tropics than of France. The cobbled quays have an air of hot oil and fish-meal. Quarantine and customs officials stand guard, sweat drenching their light grey uniforms. By the Gare Maritime are bars with tin signs advertising whisky. Driftwood stalls sell strips of lottery tickets. There are thin dogs and naked children. Seagulls hovered in a hot sky like vultures. The Boulevard du Sud with its palms and cafes stands cracked and un-painted, stretching inland to a scrub-dotted hillside where the city ends among isolated shacks in pink and white.

The taxi was an ancient Fort Sedan, which took us to the Hotel Terminus in the Grand Boulevard du Sud. From there we went to meet Captain Shavez. Off the decayed boulevard that the French engineers had built, lay a street of bars and stores, the bare concrete strip of a gasoline station. Here, in a green shuttered house and with the shield of the civil guard over its door stood the headquarters of law and justice in Port Xantra. I went up the sour reeking stairs of pitted marble to the landing at the top. All the doors were double and grandly carved. Once it had been the residence of a French or Spanish merchant, or perhaps a German consul. Since the revolution which followed independence from Paris, such people had left Port Xantra. The city lived nowadays for coups d'etat and police interrogations. We entered a first-floor suite. With its barrel-vaulted ceiling and window pillars, Captain Shavez's office was like an opera-house foyer.

Captain Shavez had a sallow sardonic face and smooth brilliantined hair. His military cap lay on a small table and he wore the grey shirt and trousers of his uniform. You shall hear more of this gallant officer. For the moment let me say that he was one of several men of power in this despotic enclave who owned a large and well-guarded plantation a hundred miles up-river in the remote hills of the hinterland. The former French colony is a narrow strip running inland, either side of the Xantra River for about three hundred miles. To either side lie hundreds of miles of jungle forest and, beyond that, other frontiers. Only the little coastal strip has ever been civilised.

Jayne Webb and Helen Wong were to spend several days in Port Xantra at a house owned by Shavez so that they might be fitted out with costumes of his choosing. Then their next destination was what might more accurately be called Captain Shavez's slave plantation deep in the interior. His power was unchallenged and he held there fifty—a hundred—how many girls? Does it matter? He spent much of his life there, relying the rest of the time on his trusty overseers. Manrique, whose own power was exercised on the far side of the

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same ocean, was his honoured and frequent guest.

The two girls were dismayed at the state of captivity they now found themselves in. They left for Villefranche Sauvage from the yard of the Civil Guard building, in a closed car with their wrists strapped behind their backs. I shall never forget the faces of Jayne Webb and Helen Wong as they were directed to the car in the barrack yard. The girls looked thoroughly alarmed but their questions and protests were brushed aside. As they were escorted to the closed car, their faces had the frightened foolish expression of girls of their type who see too late the trap closing upon them. They realised only now what the world might have told them long before. They were two rather stupid young tarts— and they were about to pay a lifelong forfeit for realising the truth too late!

CHAPTER FOUR

We were delayed a full week at Port Xantra because of Manrique's commitments, though Jayne Webb and Helen Wong were by this time under the supervision of the overseers at Captain Shavez's plantation at Villefranche Sauvage. One cause of the delay was of interest to me. Shavez was commissioned by other men of wealth to find girls who could be sent on a one-way trip. He had found one for his friend Contar. I saw photographs of her, one of those Nordic nymphs, legs long and slim enough to look fragile, her skin and hair golden from sun, one of those creatures who might be thirteen or eighteen for all one could tell. She had a pretty but rather sullen face. The little tart was travelling with several girls, a back-pack inscribed with Caroline Audersson and slogans of modern youth like Fuck the Rust. The group of girls vanished, and this slim child of nature passed into Con-tar's sadistic hands.

One night, Contar turned the youngster on her belly, fastened her wrists and ankles to the bed frame, pulled her shorts down, vaselined her anus and entered boldly between her slim bottom-cheeks. Narrow-hipped and unfledged as she was, she screamed at the size of his penis in her behind. Contar was equipped like a stallion. He rode hard and without compunction up her arse until, to his dismay, he burst the girl, though ignoring even that until he finished. Then he cursed his bad luck. Taking a cane, he thrashed her trim young bottom-cheeks as if it had all been the girl's fault. In the climax of the beating, he pressed her face hard into the pillow and held it there. Next day, a weighted plastic sack, pulled tight on certain suggestive juvenile curves, splashed in the ocean dumping ground ten or twelve miles off Port Xantra. The slender bare legs and impudent little bottom, the back-pack that proclaimed Caroline Audersson and Fuck the Rust were seen no more.

Contar insisted that Captain Shavez must find him a replacement quickly, his need of relief was urgent. It must be a sturdy young slut, well able to take his tool up her arse without damage of a kind that no one at Villefranche Sauvage or Port Xantra itself could repair and which was therefore made fatal by his decision. Shavez had now found him a girl of eighteen, vulgar, graceless but robust. Hoyden, wench, tomboy, common trollop—call her what you will. Her name was Sharon and her duties were to be Contar's waitress, servant and bed-slave. The moment I saw her, I recognised Sharon as a common and rather slutish girl who made the best of herself with paint and perfume. She lacked the length in her legs to be truly graceful and her figure certainly had a vulgar robustness at seat and hips.

Yet if you saw Sharon in passing, there was a certain elegance about her. She was a fair-skinned girl with a long but quite rounded face, her nose rather crude but her chin tucked in demurely. The lashes of her blue-green eyes were darkened by the mascara brush. Her lips were expertly painted and the fair-skinned smoothness of her face was made-up and then heightened a little by rouge. Her light blonde hair was sometimes worn in a slight wave to collar length but more often drawn severely back and tied with a black ribbon, a little three-inch tail at the rear of her head and a fringe on her forehead.

The occasion of her downfall—I do not know what else to call it—was the train journey from Port Xantra to the thinly populated interior where Shavez had his plantation and mansion. Each riverside town on the two hundred mile route was little more than a wooden platform, a collection of houses, and a little steamer-pier. Sceptics will doubt that such a man as Shavez could truly have assembled a collection of captive slave-girls in this age of television and universal meddling. If you had followed our journey along the Xantra River, you would see that Shavez was as safe from interference here as if he lived on the furthest planet.

The train left Port Xantra at six in the evening, as business ended for the day and the banks closed. It wound its way along curving river shores, often between the mountain rock-face and the water below. Twice it climbed laboriously over two fir-clad ranges, the track coiling and uncoiling like a mountain road. At midnight, we came to the last riverside halt of Xantra Sauvage. Beyond that there was nothing but wilderness for five hundred miles.

Captain Shavez had travelled ahead of us on the previous day but he invariably had an entire coach of the train reserved for his guests. Our party consisted of Manrique, Sharmilla and myself, as well as a burly overseer who worked for the captain and eight of his gang-masters. The coach was an old-fashioned dining-car with tables down either side, the panelling of polished walnut and the light provided by pink-shaded lamps.

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It was natural that Sharon should be our waitress. She appeared in a white blouse, short black skirt and panty-tights in sheer black nylon. The men sitting at tables down either side of the dining-car watched her with obvious interest. Sharon was a vulgar young trollop and I had a sense that she would get rough handling before the seven-hour journey was over. The moment came when she had cleared away the dishes of the meal and was serving coffee and liquors from a trolley.

Take your skirt off, Sharon Dennis! said the overseer abruptly, You'll look better in your panty-tights.

I suppose Sharon had half-expected something like this but when the moment came, she stood looking at him. Doubt and dismay were reflected in her prettily made-up face. The overseer gestured to two of the gang masters. They seized her by either arm. The overseer faced her. He drew down the zip at her side, pushed the skirt down until it fell to her ankles, then kicked it aside.

The young blonde stood there in utter dismay, clad only in a waist-length white blouse and the sheer filmy blackness of her panty-tights, through which the sleek pallor of thighs, hips and bottom-cheeks appeared mistily and most suggestively. Her first instinct was to escape the humiliation which now threatened to her. Sharon looked first one way then the other, down the centre aisle of the coach. At either end two burly gang-masters in the pay of Captain Shavez blocked her way.

As she turned from the overseer and saw the way blocked, he brought his hand down hard on the dark smoky gloss of Sharon Dennis's panty-tights, the vicious smack causing a jump and quiver of soft female bottom-flesh and making the girl cry out. Her hand flew back to shield her young behind.

Get your hand away from your arse, Sharon Dennis, you young tart! It's time you had a taste of obedience! Raoul! Malasti! Fasten the young bitch's wrists in front of her. Two leather cuffs and a twelve-inch chain. That way she can still act as waitress without being able to cover her arse with her hands.

Sharon was really scared now, alone with a coach of grinning ruffians who were eager to do her a little damage. She struggled in vain with the two burly men but in a few moments there were leather cuffs round each wrist and the connecting chain made it impossible for her to move her hands behind her. The overseer ordered her to attend to me first as my waitress.

It would be hypocritical to suggest that I did not enjoy being waited on by Sharon in this state of undress. I had gone to choose a cigar and now followed her as she pushed the trolley back to where my table was. A pretty girl who looks really sorry for herself, mouth turned down and eyes almost brimming, can be just as sexy as when she is cheeky and high-spirited. The pale blonde hair strained back into a little tail and tied with black ribbon was extremely coquettish. Then Sharon turned her face, over her shoulder, and I saw that despite the bold young nose, demure chin, rounded length of fair-skinned face with its fringe, her blue eyes were weebegone and her lipsticked mouth forlorn.

She had to lean forward a little to push the laden trolley. Her black high-heeled shoes and the dark gloss of her panty-tights made this a very sexy rear view. Sharon Dennis's bottom had a little too much pale cheek-weight for elegance, as many working-girls of her type have. Perhaps her fair-skinned thighs are just a little heavy. But these qualities added to the vulgar sexiness of her rear view at that moment. The high-heeled shoes also added to the sway of her hips and the rounding and cheek-creasing of Sharon Dennis's pale bottom-cheeks in the dark skin-tight gloss of her panty-tights. I walked behind the young tart, enjoying every step of the way.

Sitting at my table again, I was served by her. As she faced me, the light-haired triangle of her loins was just below eye-level. I extended a hand and she bucked her hips backwards.

Stand still, Sharon Dennis! snapped the overseer, a smile on his lips.

The young blonde stood still. Under her wayward fringe, her soft and carefully made-up young face was a study in self-pity. My finger slid between her thighs from the front, quickly tickling her warm vaginal flesh through the gusset of her tights. Sharon could not help making the black nylon film a little wet with instinctive feminine excitement but there was a dry half-sob as she did so. I drew my hand away peremptorily and told her to see to her duties.

She turned to the trolley to get my liqueur and I had a fine close view of the pale puppy-fleshed cheeks of Sharon Dennis's bottom, though she tried to tense them together in apprehension. She turned and had to reach across the table for a glass. As she bent forward, I detained her with an arm over her waist and studied the

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fattened cheek-spread of Sharon's backside in this posture. She flinched with fright as the fingers of my other hand stroked the sleek film of panty-gloss over one cheek of her arse.

Eighteen years old, Sharon? Had a few boyfriends? I asked, guessing she had been masturbated or screwed by a lout or two of her age and class.

Yes! she gasped, as if with fear.

Had a boy's hand in your knickers, Sharon, his fingers fondling your pussy?

She hesitated but the overseer told her sharply to answer unless she preferred to be punished for insolence.

Yes! the young blonde wailed.

Had a boy's prick between your legs, Sharon?

Only a few times... The answer ended almost in a howl.

Ever had anything up your bottom, Sharon Dennis? Ever had your anus stretched on a boy's penis?

I felt her try to straighten up. The cheeks of Sharon's bottom went desperately tight with alarm.

No! she gasped, No... Don't make me do that.... Oh, no!

I fondled her young arse in its fattened posture and then allowed her to straighten up. It was half an hour later when some of the men decided it was time for a game. The trolley was still standing at the centre of the aisle. Three of them took hold of Sharon and made her bend over along it. They fastened her down, her arms pulled down at full stretch and her wrists tightly strapped to the forward legs of the trolley, just above its wheels. The overseer opened a case. He went down the dining-car, distributing to each of us a strap. It was no ordinary type but a school spanking-strap. I had no doubt they were used a good deal at Villefranche Sauvage. They were made of thin pliable leather, about three inches wide and eighteen inches long. The last four inches were split into six or eight thin tails.

The game was simple, though I had not yet guessed all of it. For the next hour or so, Sharon was to run up the aisle and then back again, propelling the trolley over which she was strapped bending. At either end, a gang-master would turn her round and send her back again. At the tables down one side sat—or stood—Captain Shavez's overseer or gang-masters, powerfully-built men, each with a strap in his hand, a gleam in his eye and a hardening bulge in the front of his pants.

They made Sharon run this gauntlet in a most suggestive and sexy manner, bending over the trolley, hips rounding and arse-cheeks squirming from the effect of the black high-heels, however hard she tried to curb her movements. As I say, she was a little short in the legs, a hint of heaviness in her thighs. In the dark sleek film of panty-tights, Sharon Dennis's bottom was also fully and rather fatly presented. The overseer pushed her forward, propelling the trolley over which she was tied. She stumbled in black high heels, frantic for safety at the far end. She passed the first gang-master. Smack! The spanking-strap landed with an ear-stunning impact across the seat-cheeks of her panty-tights. Whack! Smack! Whack! Smack! Smack! Sharon's eyes with their mascara'd lashes were wild, the young blonde's lipsticked mouth screaming wide.

Manrique next caught her across the backside of her tights with his strap. Whack!... Smack!... Smack!... My turn came, Sharon Dennis's fattened bottom-swell writhing and cheek-creasing frantically as she passed. Smack!... Across her bottom-cheeks. Whack!... Deliberately low across the rear of her thighs. Sharon Dennis really screamed at that! Smack!... Across her bottom again before she passed from my range. But she escaped me only to present her young arse to another gang-master. He had directed a jet of spittle on to his strap to increase its effectiveness. Then the strap flashed up and down at speed. Whack! Whack! Smack! Smack! Smack! He hurt Sharon Dennis's young bottom so badly that the agony immobilised her.

She lay writhing over the trolley, fattened arse-cheeks squirming together, one knee jammed into the back of the other. The gang-master's copious saliva on the spanking-strap had also wet the seat of Sharon's panty-tights, making them cling skin-smooth and shiny-wet to her soft pale bottom-cheeks. He had really hurt her as well! The gang-master's mouth tightened as he watched the young blonde's rear contortions! Another jet of saliva on the strap. Then... Whack! Whack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Whack-Smack! Whack! Smack! Whack! He put the toe of his boot into the separation of Sharon Dennis's buttocks and thrust the screaming girl forward. To my delight the seat of her tights had split down the left-hand cheek and I saw a strip of the soft bare pallor of Sharon Dennis's bottom, strawberry red from the spanking-strap and shining wet with the gang-master's spit.

Sharon stumbled to the far end of the coach. One of her black high-heels was almost off. Sharmilla knelt

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and adjusted it for her. Then two men turned the trolley round to make her run the other way! The straps were ready for her, several of them nicely wetted by the men's spit! The men had drunk a good deal and wanted fun. For two hours of the journey, Sharon ran or stumbled up and down the dining-car. Had she not been fastened over the trolley, her legs would have given under her after the first length.

Let us not be too solemn about this. Sharon Dennis had a smacked bottom from the spanking-straps but she was not tortured. No whips or impalers or heated ticklers were used. I admit that the naughtiest schoolgirl would get only twelve or perhaps twenty strokes on her bottom with a spanking strap, only a single lap of the dining car, whereas Sharon writhed up and down it dozens and scores of times. Each leather smack really hurt her and many hurt badly enough to take her breath away. But still, it was only a spanking-strap.

After twenty minutes, there were three splits down the seat of her tights. Presently, the seat had gone, hanging down her legs in ribbons, her writhing and quivering bottom-cheeks framed by the black waist and side panels. Later still, there was nothing left above her thighs but the elastic waist-band and a front panel hanging loose over her lower belly! Having the fattened pallor of Sharon Dennis's backside bare, the men had great fun with their straps. Sometimes the split tails curved round the bare flank of her hip and made her really yell. Several times we heard Sharon give a wild shriek as the tails flicked right round and caught her in the crease between her thigh and the lower triangle of her belly. I aimed two or three high across the backs of her thighs. Each time, the sharp cut of my strap-tails just caught pussy at the rear! Sharon's shriek after one of these drowned the whistle of the engine. It hurt so much that, for a moment, she had knees bent and both feet off the floor, sticking out behind her! Two men quickly held the trolley at the front to prevent it from overturning.

But the drama of the evening was reserved for the first gang-master. By this time the rather fatly presented cheeks of Sharon Dennis's eighteen-year-old bottom had a blush of sunset fire and shone wet with the men's spit from the straps. Now the overseer aimed deliberately, I think, so that the split tails curled in between Sharon Dennis's bottom-cheeks. He did this a dozen times as she passed him and made plain to the young blonde that he really enjoyed hurting her in her rear crack. Again, he brought the strap down. It curved over the nearer cheek of her bottom and the tails once more curled into Sharon Dennis's crack. Someone was holding her right over the trolley so that her bottom-crack was pulled wide open. This time the agony of the split tails caught the tight bullseye of Sharon Dennis's arse-hole! This agony inflicted on the young blonde's anus provoked her most piercing shriek of the evening and a roar of laughter from the men. As her face twisted round to him, eyes frantic under her blonde fringe and mouth screaming, there was incredulity in Sharon's young face that he could want to hurt her so intimately. But the gang-master grinned at her as he raised the strap again.

Smack! What a shriek followed as the agony of the tails caught Sharon Dennis's tight little anus-hole again. They held her now so that she could not move on. Whack! The curling agony of the strap-tails caught Sharon Dennis's arsehole a third time! She seemed to respond in the same instant but perhaps she was goaded by hearing such laughter at her pain and humiliation. She kicked out wildly at the gang-master who had just hurt her arsehole so savagely. Her shod foot caught his knee. He sat down with a gasp, and a curse.

The mood was now one of alarm for the poor fellow's well-being and outrage at rebellion by a vulgar young scrubber like Sharon. The game was over. On our arrival at Villefranche Sauvage, Shavez was informed. He apologised to the gang-master, who recovered next day, compensated him, and assured him that Sharon Dennis would receive a lesson in manners she would never forget. I wish I had witnessed this but it was not to be. Yet the session was photographed and Manrique showed me the prints under oath of secrecy.

Sharon was bending over a heavy frame of some kind, strapped tightly to it. Because it was an occasion for punishment, it was natural that the sleek pale cheek-weight of Sharon Dennis's eighteen-year-old bottom should be bare. She was naked from the black strap round her waist to another pinioning her thighs just above her knees. Sharon's pale blonde hair had been drawn back in its more severe style and was worn in a short three-inch tail held by a black ribbon. I felt sure this style had been commanded to give the camera a better view of her face. Sharon had twisted her head around, the blue eyes wide and the carefully made up fair-skinned face a study in apprehension.

Neither Manrique nor Shavez were in the photographs. Sharon was dealt with by a lad several years her junior, a mere apprentice in the trade of torture, whose master-hangman was at Port Xantra. The boy wore

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close-fitting black vest and tights and a black domino mask, the incognito of a hangman or his apprentice. Such a lad needs the chance to practice his art on a girl whenever an opportunity occurs, in preparation for his adult career. Also, he was not of an age to have had sex education. Therefore he needed to explore the secret feminine anatomy where torture is inflicted and learn how young women behave under the ordeal. It is rare that little girls follow the trade, though a little Japanese girl, Kiko, with expressionless eyes and hair in two ribboned braids was the terror of young women of twenty-five or thirty.

The first photograph showed the lad having a good close-up inspection of the pale rather heavy-cheeked swell of Sharon Dennis's eighteen-year-old, backside. The young blonde could not see his face, though she twisted her head in an effort to do so, but the lad was grinning at her rear view and in excitement at what he was going to do. He used a slight separating pressure to draw open her rear anus valley, inspecting the inward slopes and studying the tightly-closed flesh-petals of Sharon Dennis's arsehole as well as a rear view of her cunt.

The next study showed the lad examining her. The tip of his forefinger tickled or fiddled with Sharon Dennis's anus, which tightened urgently and visibly at the threat. In his other hand, smoke drifted from the tip of a havana cheroot. The next picture showed no more smiling but real excitement in the lad's face as the glowing tip touched the bare fattened cheek-pallor of Sharon Dennis's bottom. Close-ups followed, just Sharon's bottom-cheeks and the lad's fingers holding the cheroot. The same pale and rather fatly-presented cheek of Sharon's bottom and then the glow tickling between her rear cheeks on the inward slopes. Full portraits of the vulgar young blonde, blue eyes saucer-big and mouth wide as Sharon Dennis screamed with all the power of her lungs. The cheroot tip still between the cheeks of her bottom.

I was not told how long Sharon Dennis's touching-up lasted, perhaps five minutes, perhaps till midnight and beyond. The masked apprentice's enjoyment of his task was shown by the strenuous bulge in the front of his tights. Then I noticed the edge of a clock on the tiled wall. The hour hand was not at midnight in the first print. In later views, where both cheeks of Sharon Dennis's bottom shone red as fire and the cunning apprentice-lad was using the glowing tip on the inward slopes between them, the hour hand was between two and three in the morning! I was not surprised that his excitement should lead him to the young blonde's bottom-crack in this way. It was naturally more exciting and sexually suggestive doing it in Sharon Dennis's crack, close to her urgently tightened anus. There must have been intervals, I think. Yet half an hour later a photo showed the glow still in Sharon Dennis's crack!

Though he was several years her junior, the lad taught Sharon a lesson she would never forget. After he finished with the eighteen-year-old blonde, Sharon's somewhat vulgarly sexy but prettily made up face presented a tearful, wailing and woebegone portrait. As for her backside, it glowed sunset-red in this rather fat-bottomed posture. Of course, the young blonde's arse smarted dreadfully. Before the boy left, he made it worse for her. The fluorescent light caught wetness on rear cheeks. The double-cheek swell of Sharon Dennis's bottom shone with trickles and splashes of his adolescent sperm.

I understood why female captives dread being punished by lads of fourteen or fifteen. Such boys have not reached the age of discretion. They will hurt a young woman or a little girl far worse than a grown man would. They do it without compunction, remorse, or a second thought. And they greatly enjoy it.

CHAPTER FIVE

It was a couple of days later that Sharon was our waitress at dinner on the terrace of Villefranche Sauvage, high above the river valley, looking across the ravine to the uninhabited forest jungle of the next mountainous range. Sharon wore only a white blouse, ending in a tight black belt round her waist, nylon panties, stockings, and high heels.

Sharon Dennis's panties were tight and smooth. They were of very light pearl colour and mistily transparent. At present, the shapely seat of these glamour-pants showed a rose blush that would take a week to fade! Sharon's bottom was still smarting and flinchingly sensitive from her ordeal. To make it smart more intensely and to make the seat of the panties cling tight and more transparent, she had been made to sit in a bowl of melted salt fat while wearing the skin-smooth knickers. The result was that they had a transparent skin-tight wet-look as they shaped the sorely blushing cheek-weight of Sharon Dennis's eighteen-year-old bottom.

One guest was intrigued by seeing a girl like Sharon in her costume of short blouse and glossily tight knickers. Shavez explained that one purpose of giving Sharon a touching-up was to make her smartingly sore for the next few days. Her tender backside was exquisitely responsive to any form of punishment. This made her an ideal subject for obedience-training. It also promised true drama and real excitement for any man with nerve enough to inflict discipline on Sharon's behind in its present state!

Sharon Dennis is very scared of disobeying and having the spanking strap across her bottom. Two nights ago, the hangman's apprentice taught Sharon Dennis's fat-cheeked young bottom a lesson with a red-hot cheroot. Now she gets obedience tests every day, while her young bottom still smarts like fire. Each morning, twelve stable-boys and grooms take turns to sit in the harness-room chair. Sharon kneels down and sucks each penis the moment I order her. Sharon is so scared of having a smacked bottom in her present state that she gives all of them a really good time. And they enjoy it all the more because we make her swallow the sperm and let them watch her do it. Sharon choked a little at first but now she takes her medicine like a good little girl.

Dinner was over and the terrace was lamplit in the equatorial darkness. Shavez summoned a burly gang-master to put Sharon through her paces. Contar, the trader for whom Shavez had procured the young blonde, smiled and watched the gang-master deal with her. The gang-master ordered Sharon to bend over a waist-high stone pedestal on the terrace in front of him. With a few fearful glances at us, Sharon bent over the pedestal. Her wrists were strapped to a ring in its base. A pinion-strap round her bare lower thighs prevented kicking or struggling. There were smiles at the rear view she presented as she bent over tightly, a suggestive fatness of Sharon Dennis's rose-blushing bottom-cheeks in the wet-look of thin translucent nylon panties, clinging skin-smooth from melted salt fat.

But Sharon was to get excitement too. There is a little device sold in Port Xantra by eastern traders. It is known as a tickle-brush and is used by hot-blooded Asian slave-girls like Pabi Das or Shaida Ali or Sankari Deb or Daxa Patel. It is strapped high on a girl's bare inner thigh, its teasing bristles tickling and plaguing her sensitive vaginal flesh at every movement. Pabi Das would even wear this to excite herself as she did the housework for her master. Sankari Deb wore one secretly while shopping. She was so passionate when returning to her master that she begged for his tool at once, writhed like a she-devil in bed, and conceived a baby on the spot!

As was customary, a tickle-brush was strapped high up on each thigh of our prettily painted blonde. So even when Sharon was being spanked, her writhing would produce sexual excitement as the cunning bristles teased the folds of her cunt and her cute little clitoris, either through the thin tight nylon of her panties or with her panties down. It was truly diverting. Presently, she would cry out wildly under the strap. Yet by then I saw for myself that Sharon's nylon panties were wet between the legs from her own excitement!

Shavez's lips tightened. One of the school spanking-straps was fetched, wide thin leather split into tails at its end. He handed it to a gang-master who walked across to the sluttish young blonde as she bent helplessly over the pillar. Whack! Smack! The spanking strap printed paths of torment across the tenderly blushing cheeks of Sharon Dennis's backside in the skin-smooth wet-look panties. Then a vicious smack low down

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across the fatter swell of Sharon Dennis's bottom-cheeks seemed to turn her to stone by the searching intensity of its smart. She lay strapped helplessly over the pillar, the tailed blonde head hanging down and one knee jammed urgently into the back of the other. As the spanking-strap lay idle for an instant down one rather heavy-cheeked swell of her blushing backside in its tight translucent panties, Sharon Dennis's bottom farted impudently.

To the gang-master, even such impudence from the girl's backside was a tribute to his skill as her chastiser. Still unsmiling, he now ordered Sharon Dennis to repeat her eighteen-year-old bottom's rudeness as a test of her obedience. Startled by this command, the young blonde twisted round, mascara running as her blue eyes brimmed over, her lipsticked mouth open a little in dismay. The rather fatly-presented rear cheeks of her thin pearl-toned nylon panties showed her glowing bottom and still shone sleek with the salted grease. The gang-master's lips tightened and he brought down the tailed strap in a sadistic smack across Sharon's sleekly greased knicker-seat. The young trollop screamed out at the intensity of the smart.

Obey your trainer, Sharon, said Captain Shavez with quiet menace.

There was a bulge of excitement in the front of the gang-master's pants but Shavez watched, still unsmiling, as Sharon Dennis writhed her bare bottom in a greater cheek-creasing urgency. She twisted her short-tailed elegance of pale-blonde hair. Her face was a tragic mask. Some of the other men smiled but the gang-master's gaze was cold and impersonal as he studied her brimming eyes and howling mouth, as well as the fire-coloured double-cheek swell of Sharon's squirming and flesh-creasing bottom. He promised her quietly that her new master would train her to absolute obedience in the place she was going to, even making her keep her arse still after such torment as this.

Her mouth was woebegone and her eyes brimming. But eighteen-year-old Sharon dared not disobey! This drew all eyes back to the full swell of her crimson bottom-cheeks, sleek and writhing. The onlookers wished to observe Sharon Dennis's backside at the moment of its misbehaviour!

Sharon bowed the tailed blonde sweep of her head as if to hide from our gaze. The gang-master stroked the pert impudence of her face. The writhing full-cheeked swell of her greased and furnace-red buttocks still faced us in the skin-tight nylon gloss of Sharon Dennis's panties. Sharon tensed her soft young belly in an effort to obey and her backside seemed to swell fuller with effort. The gang-master stilled her for a moment. He took the waistband of Sharon Dennis's panties and pulled them down to her knees, so that the guests could watch her eighteen-year-old bottom properly now that it was bare. Then he ordered her to obey his command.

Sharon was truly scared of what would happen to her if she disobeyed, yet her full-cheeked bottom was smarting so atrociously that she could not stop it writhing and surging. Presently she gave a sob that betrayed exertion as well as self-pity while she wallowed over the pedestal. She turned a piteous face upon us, though the dark mascara round the blue eyes, the bold young nose, the demure little chin, and the lipsticked mouth still made her look vulgarly sexy. Sharon was swelling her backside out as if to promise that she was trying to obey. I saw that the soft flesh of her moist cunt still moved furtively against the tickle-brush, loving the excitement of it. The gang-master commanded Sharon to bend tighter, so that her bottom-crack was pulled open wider and the men could see her shadowy anus valley. She gasped, almost as if with fright, in her effort to obey. All the men watched Sharon's arse intently. Then, as her rather fatly-presented backside still squirmed and flesh-creased, a second vulgar retort sounded from between the glossily swelling and deeply-blushing cheeks of Sharon Dennis's bottom.

Even a minor humiliation of this sort was part of Sharon's training. The contrast between her carefully-styled blonde coiffure, her painted face and this vulgarity on the part of her rather fatly-presented young arse caused smiles among the onlookers. Most of the guests stayed for some time to watch her arse during its desperate rounding and writhing in this suggestively big-cheeked posture. Some of the men who caught her eye smiled teasingly at her. Contar held her frightened gaze unsmiling and tight-lipped. He seemed to assure her that he would take her into the darker avenues of perversity.

We left her for a moment, Sharon still bending tightly forward over the stone pillar, secured by wrists, thighs and ankles. I suppose she thought we were not looking but I tiptoed round behind her and saw the slow laboured writhing of her crimsoned bottom-cheeks and thighs as she worked the bristles of the tickle-brush against her cunt-folds and her clitoris. I murmured to Captain Shavez that the young whore would bring herself off in a moment more.

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Shavez frowned. He undid and withdrew the tickle-brush from between her thighs, which caused a sudden cry of alarm from the girl. The servants held her like this while her thighs were pinioned again. The gang-master then gave Sharon's bare rear cheeks a going-away present with the spanking strap. At the first vicious smack of the strap across sleek and glowing rear-cheek flesh, Sharon cried out with panic as well as hurt. Each smack of the strap must have stung her smarting backside like a hornet. Yet though her mascara-rimmed blue eyes were wild and her lipsticked mouth screamed wide, the sight of her young backside was most suggestive. The seductive double cheek-swell writhed and rounded, contorted and flesh-creased under the strap like a girl lying over the honeymoon bed and urging on her groom.

There were more than thirty more vicious leather smacks of the strap. She was bent over tightly enough for her rear crack to be pulled open. We could see the shadowy cleft and the tight petalled form of Sharon Dennis's eighteen-year-old anus. The gang-master altered his aim a little. Now the strap came down hard so that its split tails curled between her buttocks into Sharon's crack. She gave a wild gulping cry at the intensity of the torment. The gang-master began again with her in her suggestively big-bottomed posture. A score of times, the split tails curled between her rear cheeks into Sharon Dennis's crack. Her wildest cries indicated that the tails had caught the tight rear bullseye itself.

She kicked out at the overseer who caught her arse-hole with the strap tails, Shavez said to the gang-master, Use Sharon Dennis's anus as your target and teach her to take it obediently.

When the gang-master dealt with a well-built girl of eighteen, especially one with Sharon's glamour-girl ambitions, he showed no leniency. He made Sharon perform arse-writhings and surgings that would have driven her boy-friend wild for her. He continued until, suddenly, her knees bent a little and Sharon Dennis hung limp and big-bottomed over the stone pillar, eyes closed and lips parted, her pussy still wet from the tickle brush and her rear cheeks swelling with a beetroot blush! She drooped in such a way as to throw her behind out full and broadened, its cheeks rather fatly presented again, blushing deeply and sleek with salted grease. It was a memorable final view of Sharon Dennis's bottom!

There are things one might like to do a girl of this kind on such a final occasion. So it was now. One of the servants had revived Sharon with the smelling salts, though she remained bending over, held by her straps. The guests were left alone with her. I pretended not to notice that the gang-master surreptitiously took a large white table napkin and made a twist of it, wadding it between Sharon's teeth and tying it behind her nape. He picked up a smooth white china egg, an ornament from the savoury dish. He dipped the narrower end in the olive oil and, when he thought he was unobserved, inserted it in Sharon Dennis's arsehole with a powerful thumb until it disappeared. There was desperation in her mascara-rimmed blue eyes and mewing dismay through the napkin-gag in her lipsticked mouth. The gang-master took the mustard oil from the cruet, tipped it on his palm and spread it over her smarting rear cheeks. Sharon Dennis mewed like a trapped kitten through her gag, her sorely-spanked backside writhing under this scorching torment. The gang-master kissed her ear, her soft blonde coiffure touching his face. As he spoke he first tickled her roused cunt flesh and then fiddled teasingly with Sharon Dennis's anus.

I'll order the servants to leave you strapped over the pillar now, Sharon Dennis. You'll have all night to lie over it and enjoy a really sore bottom.

As we left, we had a final glimpse which showed only the pinioned thighs and the sorely blushing swell of Sharon Dennis's bottom-cheeks. The door of the terrace closed behind us. Eighteen-year-old Sharon Dennis was not seen again except by those who held her as a slave-girl on Contar's plantation. We discussed her over brandy or liqueurs and agreed that it was the best thing to be done with a vulgar but sexually appealing girl of Sharon's kind.

A few days later I travelled by night-train to Port Xantra. A gang-master and three of Captain Shavez's stable-lads were in the wagon-lit. The gang-master had a cabin to himself, the boys sharing. Of the six cabins, only our three had been booked and the others remained empty. The first curiosity of the overnight journey was the lads standing in the corridor furtively as the train pulled out of Villefranche Sauvage. The gang-master had retired with a bottle of whisky and the boys ignored me because I had no authority over them.

What were they doing? Because I had seen the photographs before, I recognised them. There were about twenty in three sets. They were photographs of Sharon Dennis, strapped bare-bottomed over the frame, getting

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her touching-up. The boys were very eager about distributing these among themselves. Then one of them whispered something about tapes and prints made by a boy of fourteen or fifteen at Cheluna when he dealt with a young woman. He found her strapped over a stool in the soundproof vault for a man who had just used her that night. It was a brief visit before the man made a long voyage. But the young woman would have been at his disposal all night. No one would come to unfasten her before dawn. It was then ten o'clock at night and the man had already finished and gone. He was content to take her between the legs and then be on his way. But her mentors would assume he had spent the night with her. Whatever state she was in by morning would be attributed to him.

The adolescent boy, a servant of one of the guests, was prowling the cellars masked like a hangman's boy as he waited to accompany his master home the next day. He found the door unlocked. He entered and saw the young woman still strapped bending over the tall stool. The chance was irresistible. From two hours before midnight until six hours after, she was at his disposal. He might do as he pleased with her, knowing it would be attributed to the departed guest. Even if Lesley accused someone other than the man who had just left her—and even if she was believed, which was very unlikely—the masked stable-lad would never be identified among so many boys that night.

Few grown men could resist the opportunity. The young woman was fastened down at his disposal. For the rest of the night, he could do anything he pleased to her. By the time the servants came to unfasten her, he and his master would be on their journey and no one could possibly identify him. I could imagine his excitement!

Before beginning to have fun with her, he went softly away and returned with equipment borrowed secretly from his master, a cassette recorder and several tapes, also a camera with automatic timing and a dozen rolls of film. The events of the next hours were recorded and photographed. These sounds and pictures were recopied and eagerly sought by adolescent boys and middle-aged libertines alike. He entered the vault where the young woman lay strapped over a heavy trestle, and he bolted the door to prevent interruptions.

Let me assure you that the abductors and sadists of Port Xantra or Cheluna have nothing to fear from these adolescent boys who serve them. The lads are eager voyeurs and masturbators whenever possible as a girl is stripped and punished. The boy who gave Sharon Dennis's bare bottom a touching-up was several years her junior. Yet he was envied and admired by every stable-lad and kitchen-boy on Captain Shavez's plantation. When Vicky Sylvester with her pretty shrewishness was put over the block and the fledgling femininity of her bare bottom-cheeks sadistically birched at fourteen, there was an eager young eye at every chink and window, a stiff young penis in every boy's hand. When Theresa Lux with her tumble of fair curls and tall dancer's figure at thirty was pony-whipped and her bottom marked with her master's discs, the boys strove desperately to conceal themselves in the shadows of the vault where they could watch! To be the hangman's apprentice and deal with girls as young as Linda Jennings or as mature as Marina Wilson was the longing of every adolescent boy of his age at Port Xantra, Villefranche Sauvage or Cheluna.

I mention this to assure you that men like Captain Shavez are secure in the possession of their harems. They have nothing to fear from such lads, whose only ambition is to follow his example. If you still doubt me, let me tell you what I saw and heard on that overnight train.

Instead of going back to their shared cabin, each boy chose an empty one for himself. That seemed to me a sure sign of intended masturbation while enjoying the photographs of Sharon Dennis. I was intrigued to see that the boy who had a big folder of photographs and the cassette recorder chose the cabin next to mine. Well, I knew how to be a voyeur as well as he! I waited until he went to release a healthy torrent from his belly. Then I quickly unscrewed the ventilator grille and replaced it the other way up, the slats giving me a full view of his cabin from behind the seat on which he sat.

The lad returned and locked the door. He opened the packet and took out a stack of two hundred or more full-plate prints. With these before him, he slipped the first tape into the recorder. He unbuttoned his pants and took out a young tool that was still slack from piddling. He prepared the photos and recording made by the masked stable-lad at Cheluna who found himself suddenly in possession of a young woman from ten in the evening until dawn, able to do whatever he wished to her! Having read *The Captives of Cheluna*, I knew something of the abduction and slave-girl training of Lesley Hollingsworth but the drama now unfolding was new to me and exciting.

If you have seen the photographs of Lesley you would recognise her firmly mature figure and a boy-cut

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urchin-crop of fair hair, an educated and emancipated young woman. Before her abduction she asserted her right to allow a man pleasure with her when she chose and refuse it when she did not. That part of her life was over! The scene now was a subterranean vault with rough-cast walls and stone floor. The young woman bent strapped over a heavy punishment trestle, lying along its padded top, wearing only a white waist-length singlet. The clear-featured fair-skinned face showed a sulkiness in her mouth and a disdain in her blue eyes. Though she was only a year or two short of thirty, having had marriage, kids, boy-friends and lesbian affairs, her figure had well-exercised thighs and a proud moon pallor of rear cheeks.

The masked stable-lad who was going to have a night of fun with her began by photographing her in detail, the sullen young face under her long parted fringe of fair hair, rear views with a peep of cunt, the full sleek pallor of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom-cheeks, a closer view which showed the tightness of her anus. The boy in the wagon-lit studied these first photographs of Lesley and understandably he began to masturbate a little. He switched on the recording. There was the sound of a vaseline jar being unscrewed and the masked stable-lad's voice.

Bend right over. Right over, you young whore! Let's see how you like your arse fucked, Lesley! Never been vaselined before? Feel the grease on my finger? Is it making you feel sexy, Lesley, having vaseline on your arsehole? Better try and enjoy it, you young bitch. You get this first then an all-night sex session with a whip.

The young woman's response was a mixture of indignation and pleading on behalf of her marriage, kids, womanhood, feminine dignity and the damage his hard young penis might do to her behind. But because she had had marriage, kids and lovers her refusal to have her arse used was regarded as absurd. The boy in the wagon-lit masturbated again as he listened and studied the sleek pale maturity of the young woman's bottom-cheeks in the photographs. The ones he enjoyed most were those taken close up so that Lesley Hollingsworth was just a bare backside and the rear of a pair of upper thighs! To a boy who fancied her, these were her only areas of interest. I can imagine her feminine outrage at this. For most men, however, a young woman of Lesley's type is an arse and thighs first and a personality second!

Despite the firm maturity of her backside and her years of sex and child-rearing, the masked stable-lad gave her a hard time. His teens not long begun, he was only a few years older than Lesley's own elfin schoolgirl daughter. But Lesley screamed with panic and humiliation as the lad's erection entered her tightened behind. The pretentious young bitch regarded being sodomised as a punishment. The adolescent lad made sure that it felt like one. He did it hard and remorselessly in the young woman's arse. On the tape, the rhythmic creak of the trestle lasted for about ten minutes.

The photographs showed the high-crown of her fair urchin-crop twisting wildly. On the tape, Lesley Hollingsworth screamed without respite as her backside was raped by this masked boy. No wonder that copies of the recording were begged by adolescent boys and middle-aged collectors alike. The firm pallor of her bottom-cheeks moved the apprentice to sadistic energy in bugging her and, at the climax, he deliberately hurt her a little to make her scream. You'll feel the sperm coming in your bottom presently, Lesley, he panted. Stick your bum right out for it... Right up your arse... Right where it makes you want to shit, Lesley Hollingsworth!... The rhythmic creak of the wooden trestle increased in tempo, mingled with Lesley's wild cries and the muffled constricted squirting of sperm deep in her backside. As the young penis withdrew, a delayed jet of sperm spangled one proud pale cheek of Ms Hollingsworth's backside.

The boy in the wagon-lit masturbated slowly as he studied a close-up of the young woman's behind with the stable-lad's tool just withdrawn. It also showed the forlorn self-pity of Lesley's face looking back over her shoulder, tearful as a spoilt little girl under the parted fringe. The stable-lad had bent her over very tightly. The photograph showed vaseline smears between the cheeks of the young wife's bottom and wetness of sperm on Lesley's anus. The stable-lad's penis had gone deep, stirring up urgent needs in Lesley's behind that mocked her feminine dignity. So when the withdrawn penis-knob lolled across her behind it left a telltale muddy smudge on one pale cheek of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom. The self-possessed boy-cropped young woman now looked like a rude and careless little girl.

You're a quite good bottom-fuck, Lesley Hollingsworth, the masked stable-lad said casually, You need a trainer to teach you how to use your arsehole on a man's prick to give him a good time. Someone who's not afraid to hurt you when he buggers you. I'll ask my master to arrange for the head stable-boy here to supervise

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you and the other girls at field weeding. He'll take you to the wash-shed. There's an old mattress there for you to lie over on your belly. There'll be several other boys waiting for you as well. No need to undress you completely. Just your jeans and knickers pulled down to your knees. They'll keep your arsehole stretched and busy for an hour or two. Then you'll go straight back to bending and weeding! Now let's see how you can take a prison thrashing.

There was the dry rattle of a prison bamboo, the light touching of it across the full moon pallor of her bottom-cheeks, taking aim. Then fifteen or twenty minutes of measured, whip-like impacts, Lesley's screams wilder and rising like arpeggios.

The boy in the wagon-lit stretched out on the seat and masturbated with excitement as he listened to the tape with several photographs of the young woman before him, the moody young face with its long parted fringe, the pale cheek-creasing of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom under the savage lashing of bamboo. He heard her frantic tensings and shiftings, the exciting shrillness of her screams, the ear-splitting bottom-smacks of the cane, Lesley Hollingsworth farting and the trestle creaking as she writhed under the prison torture of bamboo across her bare backside.

The boy in the wagon-lit masturbated constantly as he listened to this. He wound back the tape a little to listen again to the unbridled shrillness of Lesley Hollingsworth's screams. He wound back again and listened to her screaming. He began to masturbate harder with excitement, studying the photographs of the young married woman's backside vividly marked by the bamboo. At first the captive's screams were alarming and unnerving. But to listen repeatedly to Lesley screaming, while studying the photographs of her bare bottom being caned, was to be excited by her shrillness. What made Lesley's screams still more exciting was the words she shrieked. The boyishly cropped young wife screamed that she could not endure such bare-bottomed torture, that having had the greased penis up her behind she now desperately needed to sit on the toilet seat, that the lash of the bamboo had cut the cheek-skin of her bottom low down and that she could feel the trickles down her under-curve and thigh.

The boy in the wagon-lit gasped as he pumped his penis. He listened half a dozen times to Lesley's shrill pleading, excited at hearing her humiliate herself in vain. Lesley Hollingsworth screamed for a chance to perch her bare bottom on the toilet seat, but her bare bottom faced upwards over the punishment trestle, held in this posture by strong prison straps while the cane thrashed and thrashed its full-moon cheek-pallor. Lesley Hollingsworth screamed that the bamboo had cut the cheek-skin of her bottom. The boy in the wagon-lit looked eagerly at the photographs and saw the cut very low down across Lesley's backside. A punctuation line of ruby dots was welling up, two of which trickled down and gathered in the flesh crease dividing her behind from her thigh. When Lesley Hollingsworth farted under the searching agony of the prison cane across her bare bottom-cheeks, the boy wound back the tape several times and listened. I think he had heard such feminine rudeness under the cane from girls of his own age like Linda Jennings and Vicky Sylvester. To hear it from a self-possessed young woman twice the age of Linda or Vicky excited him far more. He wound back and listened several times to the passage where Lesley Hollingsworth farted under the caning, masturbating as he did so.

He also studied the photographs, the close up studies of the proud young maturity of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom-cheeks and the anus-tarnished pallor of the cheek-slopes where they curved in to meet. The masked stable-lad now used a pony-whip. For half an hour he wove of a seat of exquisite agony for Ms Hollingsworth. The weals and cheek-skin cuts across her writhing and creasing backside were denser in each camera shot. The portraits of her sulky fair-skinned face soon showed her eyes wild under the fringe of her boy-cut hair and Lesley's mouth screaming wide.

The rattle of the vaseline jar again. The bump of the Moselle bottle with its long tapering neck as it was picked up. A wad in her mouth reduced Lesley's shrillness to trapped mewling. The stable-lad breathed hard with effort.

Bend tighter for it, Lesley Hollingsworth. Spread your backside. Get right over, bitch! And don't tighten your arsehole!

But her tight postern gate could not yield to a conqueror of this size. The bump of the bottle being put down. A long supple riding-switch of polished leather cut the air menacingly, ready to break her bottom's resistance.

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The walls rang to the measured impacts of leather on bare female rear-cheek flesh. Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip!... Keep your arse still, Lesley Hollingsworth, you young whore! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip!... Want to feel how they train a filly in the stable yard, Lesley?

Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip! Whip!... I'm sure the groom would enjoy training your hindquarters, Lesley! Whip! Whip! Whip!...

The sound of the riding-switch being put down. A full-plate close-up of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom. Darker toned welts raised by the riding-switch across Lesley's backside. A portrait. Her blue eyes frantic under her long parted fringe. Lips held open a little by the gag-strap between her teeth. The panty-cotton of Lesley's black stretch-briefs wadded in her mouth. The bump of the wine bottle with the long tapering neck.

Keep your arse still, Lesley Hollingsworth! Bend right over!

The lad panted with effort and then gave a sudden gasp of relief, eclipsed by gagged shrillness from Lesley.

Never read about the harem bottle-torture, Lesley? Every bit the bottle-neck goes in stretches your rear hole wider. Four inches and you'll be stretched wide as my thumb and finger can circle. Six inches and it's curtains for you.

He stopped short of that. But Ms Hollingsworth remembered him with helpless resentment for the next month every time she sat down, bent over, squatted, knelt on all fours or made any movement that pulled a little at her anus. As he enforced the punishment, there was a pause. The photos showed me why.

The urchin crop of fair hair drooped as Lesley's head lolled. She lay limp, strapped over the trestle. This increased the swell and spread of her rear cheeks. The boy in the wagon-lit masturbated again, studying the photo of Lesley Hollingsworth in her big-bottomed swoon. A romantic swoon by a young woman is common in slave-girl sex—no cause for alarm. The young wife hung limp over the trestle, presenting her behind broadened and spread, her anus showing, in a posture that suggested Lesley Hollingsworth's proud pale bottom positioned over the honeymoon bed or to the toilet-seat, pearly rear cheeks drawn hard apart by her posture. The marks of the whip across Lesley's bare rear cheeks even suggested passionate honeymoon foreplay.

To restore her, the stable-lad first ungagged her, then fondled and stroked her cunt. As she stirred, his other fingers began to tickle Lesley Hollingsworth's arsehole knowingly. Lesley's high-crowned and fair-cropped head still drooped but her spread arse and thighs were raised to the stable-lad's face as she sprawled like a dreamer over the trestle. He fondled her warm cunt and coaxed her anus with his fingertip. As her eyes fluttered uncertainly open, she instinctively tightened her behind against the finger. The lad slipped his hand under her belly and felt the flutterings of panic.

Really desperate now, Lesley? Lie right forward, bottom-upwards over the trestle. It's only midnight. They won't come for you until the morning. Ever tried to imagine an all-night sex session with the whip, Lesley?

No!... No!... There was an edge to Lesley's cry that betrayed her fear of humiliation as well as of torture, I can't... I can't wait...

The boy studied her. There was the clink of a twelve-inch pencil-slim glass probe and the rattle of a lid as he vaselined it.

Bend right over, bitch!

The young woman gave a sudden gasp of discomfort, as if winded or cramped by the cold depth of the intrusion in her behind. In the photograph, he drew the probe out and smilingly showed her the blemished state of its last inches.

Scared of misbehaving like a rude little girl, Lesley?

The photographs showed how the masked stable-lad now curbed Lesley's screams and ensured she would not misbehave like a rude little girl. It was the first portrait to show her gagged again.

You'll wear an arse-strap to make you behave, Lesley.

Lesley tried to scream No! through her gag. But this adolescent torturer, not much older than Lesley's own daughter, was going to birch the young woman sadistically and wanted no interruptions. He drew the strap from the front of her waist-belt, under her legs, drawn up tight between her rear cheeks and buckled firmly at the back of her waist. This arse-strap curbed any vulgarity from Lesley Hollingsworth's behind. The

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boy in the wagon-lit masturbated again at the sight of this suggestive restraint, excited by this means of controlling any rudeness from Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom, however badly the sullen but tearful young woman wanted to do it.

An hour later in the all-night punishment-session Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom was in an exciting state for the stable-lad to deal with. The marks of a first birching made the young woman's bare backside look really sexy to him, her bottom-cheeks the colour of fire, patterned by raised stripes where the birch had cut the cheek-skin of her backside.

You're an arrogant young bitch with men, aren't you, Lesley? I'm sure some of your boy-friends would like to see you now!

The switches of the birch were supple and sharply budded spring-thorn.

Thwack!... Slash!... Thwack!... Slash!...! Thwack!... Slash!... The tape echoed the whistling smack of the hard-thorned prison birch and a wild gagged shriek from the young woman.

Don't tense the cheeks of your arse together, Lesley Hollingsworth!

A little before dawn there was the flare of a match and the puff of a cheroot.

I've never given a girl's bottom a touching-up, Lesley. Let's see how you like it!

This finale occupied half an hour of tape and filled twenty photographs! Lesley Hollingsworth's face, the howling mouth and brimming eyes, under the fringe of her boy-cut hair was a tragic mask. The boy first removed the gag.

I want to hear you scream, Lesley Hollingsworth, he said quietly, I'll leave the tape running. I'm sure there will be a thousand men and even a few women ready to pay well for copies of the recording and the photographs!

The next photographs showed that he circled her waist with his left arm to hold her firmly as she bent strapped over the trestle. His head was bowed and he studied Lesley's bottom closely enough for the young woman to feel his breath upon it. He drew the cheroot tip bright—and then Lesley Hollingsworth screamed at the top of her range. The next half hour would have stiffened the most jaded penis of a sadistic police-chief or interrogator. The masked boy smeared the cheeks of Lesley's twenty-eight-year-old bottom with salted fat. The result was to make them glow like fire and shine sleek with grease. Though she was firm-figured, the way she was bending and the fire-glow gloss of her rear cheeks gave a fuller and sexily fatter look to the cheeks of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom. This naturally excited the masked stable-lad. He tickled the glowing tip on the lower and fatter cheek-swell of Lesley's arse. He stroked it without respite on the inward cheek-slopes of her proud young bottom. The facial portraits showed Lesley's eyes wild and her mouth strained so wide by screaming that the length of her tongue and the back of her throat were clearly visible. I can understand why the stable-lad removed the gag so that those who enjoyed the tapes could hear Lesley Hollingsworth scream with all her strength.

I noticed that the boy in the wagon-lit had been taken aback—even shocked—when he first heard the young woman scream at the beginning of the tapes. But the more he listened, the more he really got to enjoy it. He masturbated very vigorously now as Lesley's shrieks echoed on the tape. There were other sounds.

The young woman, her behind being touched up by an adolescent sadist, was in a nightmare beyond rationality. Lesley screamed for her husband, her kids, her boyfriends, her lesbian girl-friend, shrieking for anyone who could hear her and might put an end to the torture. The boy in the wagon-lit grinned as he heard this and masturbated harder. The body harness of arse-strap and waist-belt curbed the young woman's behind. But perhaps her writhing had loosened it a little. The red-hot glow tickled low on her bottom-cheeks and several times the boy who listened to the tape heard Lesley Hollingsworth fart against the arse-strap. The masked stable-lad paused. There was a dry strain of leather as he drew the strap very tight and deep between the young woman's buttocks, so that the lower fatness of Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom-cheeks almost closed over it!

Now you get a long session with the cheroot tip, Lesley, he said quietly, I'll light a fresh one. You'll be giving a lot of fun to a lot of men and a few women who buy tapes and photos. Remember they're going to see you and hear you. Try and make sure that your bottom gives them good value for the last half-hour!

It was well worth listening to this finale. The boy in the wagon-lit shot off his salvo with unprecedented vigour. After a few minutes to recover, he buttoned up his pants, gathered the recorder and the photographs,

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and slipped into the corridor. The next boy received the photographs and recording. His bunk sighed to the motion of adolescent masturbation for an hour or two. Then it was the turn of the third boy. By morning, all three had masturbated with the excitement of seeing and hearing Lesley whipped. The copies of the tape and photographs circulated privately but increasingly. I wondered how much adolescent and middle-aged passion was pumped up as those who owned tapes and photographs of that night listened and studied them.

I had learnt a lesson in the education of such boys. Women who are whipped, punished, trained, disciplined have far more cause to fear an adolescent boy than a grown man. A grown man would hesitate to put Lesley through a whole night of such sadistic sex. But the masked stable-lad knew that he could never be identified nor reproached. To him, Lesley Hollingsworth was more sexy when whipped and weeping. When her bottom was welted and cut by the lash, a grown man might be tempted to show leniency. But the state of her backside merely put cruel ideas into the stable-lad's mind. The greased penis in her backside made her desperate to sit for a few minutes behind a closed door. But it excited the boy to keep her in this predicament, a harness strap between her rear cheeks to enforce obedience, while she remained fastened over the trestle under sadistic punishment. He mocked her femininity by curbing and denying the most menial of her body's functions, while Lesley Hollingsworth's bottom-cheeks writhed and creased to the tempo of the lash and she drank her own tears from her lips.

After that night, I knew that Captain Shavez was in no danger. He was not a villain but a hero to this younger generation. My first journey in the comfort of the Blue Train had been stranger than anything I anticipated. Yet it was the prelude to stranger things to come! For the moment I smiled at the dark fate of a young woman like Lesley, her pretentious pose of sexual equality as Ms. Hollingsworth. Her boy-cut hair was calculated to show her emancipation from a world of male dominance and to make her more appealing to other young women with lesbianism in mind! But her bottom was that of mature and promiscuous young married woman with a couple of kids. The combination of Lesley Hollingsworth's boy-cut fair hair and the full-moon pallor of her twenty-eight-year-old backside might cause some men to smile, while it stiffened the penis of others!

Countless middle-aged men and those of her own age would have paid handsomely to change places with the stable-lad in the soundproof vault! He played havoc of one kind across the firm maturity of Lesley Hollingsworth's bare bottom-cheeks with cane and lash. He played havoc of another kind in her backside and did a little damage of the sort that cannot be repaired. Though an adolescent lad whom she might never see again, he would now be one of the most important men in the young woman's life. If ever Lesley Hollingsworth tried to forget him, an incautious movement of her hips or rear cheeks that stretched her anus would remind her of him. The boy might soon forget her, but Lesley would think of him more often and with more tears and fretting than the most devoted little girl or honeymoon bride! Lesley Hollingsworth needed a lesson in slave-girl submission. A boy of fourteen or fifteen, who placed no limit on the extent to which he hurt or damaged her feminine arse-anatomy, was an ideal choice to teach Ms Hollingsworth lessons about herself!

CHAPTER SIX

I will pass over the next few months, in which I accompanied my friend Manrique across an ocean to his remote fiefdom in the hinterland of the former colonial enclave of Cheluna. I returned alone to Port Xantra to take that single coach of the Blue Train, which they attach to the Rio d'Oro express. Uncoupled for the ferry crossing, it is then joined to the rest of the Blue Train near Thomas Cook's office at the harbour of Algeciras. However, I first spent several weeks at Port Xantra on this return journey and accepted Captain Shavez's invitation to spend a few days at Villefranche Sauvage again.

Villefranche Sauvage was now the scene of a most amusing intrigue. I had just fallen asleep one night when someone furtively entered the room. I woke, sat up, and turned on the light. Standing before me was the petite figure of Jayne Webb with her mane of auburn ringlets. Her finger pressed to her lips for silence suggested she risked a whipping by coming to me without permission.

She whispered to me that Helen Wong was in great trouble. The sexy young half-caste girl had now been sold at auction to Trader Ramez, a true sadist. He informed the Eurasian beauty that he was having four little marking discs made, bearing his name as master and hers as his slave-girl and whore. When they were ready in a month or so they would be heated and Miss Wong would be branded four times on the inward cheek-slopes of her demure young backside. She was frantic at this—more frantic still when she learnt that she would not be put to sleep for it, merely strapped down to prevent her struggling!

I knew Ramez by name. He was a trader in girls rather than a keeper. Jayne whispered that money worked wonders with him. He would sell Helen Wong if the price was right. When Helen pleaded wildly not to be branded, he told her that she had best find some Sir Galahad to pay four hundred thousand Xantran francs for her before the discs were ready. But, Jayne said, Ramez was jealous of his merchandise, never allowing the girls to be seen except by purchasers. How could Helen Wong parade before men who would offer to purchase her?

The two girls, both thoroughly frightened, had devised a plan. Jayne pleaded with me to help. It was only a little help that was needed. Helen Wong had a boy-friend back home. Jayne had managed to contact him and tell him of Miss Wong's plight. Though they had parted company, he was a decent young fellow and had flown at once to Port Xantra, when he remained under the guise of a calico merchant. The plan was this.

However sadistic he might be, Ramez was subject to Xantran law. So was Helen Wong. Under civil law, certain offences carried mandatory punishments. Petty larceny was punished by a public birching in the prison near the port. I could not see how this would help Helen Wong. Then Jayne explained it. There was a further law by which, if a girl had committed only a trivial theft valued at less than ten thousand francs, a man or woman could intervene at the birching—before a stroke had been given—and take her into indentured servitude. The man or woman would be responsible for the girl's future conduct and might have in compensate her present master. But the present master could neither refuse nor overrule the offer.

Now I understood. Helen Wong had composed a confession, witnessed by Jayne, swearing that she committed several acts of petty thief while she was at Port Xantra. She owned her guilt. Jayne begged me to take this bogus confession to Captain Shavez. The captain must do his duty as chief of police in the port. Ramez had no power to prevent the law convicting Miss Wong. She would be sentenced to a public birching in the prison. Like a knight in armour to the rescue, her boy-friend would speak up as she appeared, volunteering to take her into indentured servitude as a prosperous man of affairs in London and Port Xantra. The pretty young half-caste would not only escape the birch and the branding disc. Provided her boy-friend had four hundred thousand Xantran francs, he could buy her freedom and take her back to London. The sum sounds large but in hard currency it was no more than the air ticket home.

To me, this farrago sounded like the plot of an opera. But there seemed to be no reason why it should not work. I agreed to take the confession to Captain Shavez. Before allowing Jayne Webb to leave the bed, I insisted she should turn her back to me with the panties of her nightwear pushed down. The nineteen-year-old shopgirl tensed as I vaselined her anus. But I kissed her auburn mane, entered and rode until sperm squirted in her backside. I knew she hated this but I was intrigued to see how much she would bear in exchange for my favour! The little bitch sighed, whimpered, clutched my hand, and as my sperm jetted in her bottom, she gave

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short rising cries to suggest that the thrill had brought about her own orgasm! Such a little hypocrite, I thought. I went to Shavez next day and handed him Helen Wong's confession. I also made a suggestion, to which he agreed, which was to have profound consequences! We will come to that in a moment.

Papers were prepared and Helen Wong signed as ordered. She was informed that she would be birched for her crime by the gaoler of Port Xantra. A girl never received this news with such a look of relief.

Helen Wong was taken to Port Xantra prison on the morning of her punishment, having received several smuggled notes of reassurance from her boy-friend. The scene of the discipline was a forty-foot long whitewashed room with flagstone floor and half a dozen recesses with prison-barred narrow windows down either side. A velvet curtain has drawn across the room, dividing the preparations at one end from the onlookers at the other. Shavez was there and so was I as the informant. There was an elderly officer, the prison governor, and two soldiers as guards, who lounged with their rifles against the rear wall. It was like being at the theatre and waiting for the curtain to go up.

Presently, a native boy of fourteen or fifteen drew the curtain back, revealing the punishment-block and a table with instruments of discipline on it. The gaoler was assisted by three of these lads, one white and two black, inmates of the boys' reformatory. It will not surprise you that almost every lad in the institution had volunteered for the task.

I had suggested to Shavez that Helen Wong's glamour-girl bikini would be an appropriate dress for the occasion and would reward the adolescent lads for their enthusiasm. He agreed. She was now brought in by two soldiers, forced to her knees at the block and then pulled forward over it on all fours to be strapped down. The indecent little bikini-seat of Helen Wong's panties was even more suggestive in this posture. The light Asian tan of Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks was broadened but her young arse still had a trim and elegant shape. She knelt on all fours over the block, the shock of her dark hair turned and pretty eyes slanting searchingly at us.

There was no sign of her boy-friend, only two elderly army officers, the prison governor, two armed guards grinning randily at her, Captain Shavez and I. Growing dismay in the high-boned prettiness of Helen Wong's face and her slant eyes grew to panic. I asked permission from Shavez to speak to the girl. He nodded and I walked forward. Perhaps you think her boy-friend deserted her? Poor young fellow, he had done his best for her. None of this was his fault.

Two guards and two boys who were the gaoler's assistants were holding the girl firmly over the block, waiting for the order to strap her down. Before they did so I stood over Helen Wong and the panic in her face diminished to uncertainty. I explained that I had wanted to protect her reputation and save her from the humiliation of a public beating. So when I took her confession to Captain Shavez, I had asked him if martial law still held in Port Xantra. He had assured me that it had been in place alongside civil law since the day the little colony gained independence from France. I had begged him, for the sake of her reputation, that he would deal with her offence as an executive officer of the military tribunal without making her private disgrace public. I assured Helen Wong that I had argued hard on her behalf. Captain Shavez had agreed. He had signed an order under the military *loi decret* for the birching of Helen Wong by the gaoler of Port Xantra in the prison. Under martial law, he had absolute authority for this where guilt was confessed.

I think she only understood that something had gone frighteningly wrong. Helen Wong twisted round her shock of dark hair, her slant eyes and pretty high-boned face a study in frenzy as she shrieked for her boyfriend. I explained that this was a birching given under military authority. It would be improper to admit strangers. Indeed, it would be indecent. Surely, she would rather be birched privately. It was true that her boy-friend had tried to enter the prison, had even struggled with a sentry outside, but he had been turned back.

I urged her to accept a judicial birching and get used to the idea of wearing her master's imprint in a few weeks more. Braver girls than Helen Wong might have yelled and struggled in panic under the circumstances. The shock of black hair swept her bare yellow-white shoulders and she turned her face with a wild cry.

No!

I smiled at her and nodded, Yes!

Half out of her mind with fright as she saw there was no escape from the agony of a prison thrashing and the torture of being branded between the cheeks of her behind, Helen Wong struggled in vain with the two men and two boys who were holding her down over the block. She tried to bite, scratch, and kick. But they

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held her arms and the gaoler strapped her wrists to rings in the forward corners of the block. They held her legs and he pinioned her smooth tan thighs very tightly with another broad black prison-strap just above her knees. Next he secured her ankles to prevent the lithe Eurasian girl kicking out during punishment. Finally, he tightened a wide leather restraining-belt round her slim waist, pressing her taut young belly down hard on the block. This hollowing down of her waist caused the cheeks of Helen Wong's twenty-year-old bottom to swell a little fuller and broader for the prison birch.

One of the gaoler's boys was rewarded by being told to take down Helen Wong's panties. He knelt behind the girl as she shrieked and strained in vain against her straps. The boy took the elastic waistband of Helen Wong's bikini pants and drew them down to her knees, while the pretty half-caste girl writhed in vain against the broad black straps. The boy took Miss Wong's glamour-girl panties down quite slowly with much fingering. He greatly enjoyed himself with a sexy looking girl like Helen. While she was having her panties taken down, the nylon caught a little under her legs and between her buttocks. In order to free the cotton briefs, the boy's fingers pried between her legs and in her feminine slit. How she gasped and squirmed! His hands wandered over the ivory Eurasian tan of her thighs and buttocks. Then his fingers played longingly between the trim and elegant cheeks of Helen Wong's bottom!

Helen Wong was screaming for her boy-friend, as though he might hear her in the street outside the prison. The boy kneeling behind her now leant forward, almost lying over her, as if to make some adjustment to the wrist straps at the front of the block. But his other hand slipped down furtively, unzipping the front of his pants so that his eager adolescent penis lay against Helen Wong's bottom-cheeks. He looked quickly over his shoulder, as if to make sure no one was watching him. Then the concealed hand seemed to polish something in his lap very hard and energetically.

The pretty half-caste girl was in a nightmare of her own, where she was now to get a sadistic prison birching beyond anything she could bear and then return to Trader Ramez to wait for a few weeks until the discs were ready so that she could be branded in her anal cleavage. But the lucky boy who knelt behind her now let out a rather groaning gasp and his eyes rolled back. He got rather unsteadily to his feet with the sound of a zip drawn up. One Chinese-tan cheek of Helen Wong's bottom shone very wet and slippery, which it had not been before.

The gaoler chose a birch and walked across to the girl. Helen was strapped down in a posture which offered a glimpse of dark-haired folds of intimate feminine flesh between the rear of her slim and graceful thighs. Drawn tightly forward over the block, her elegant young buttocks were filled out and drawn apart a little. It was part of her punishment that she was made to show herself. The gaoler had a close look between the tan-satiny cheeks of Helen Wong's bottom. Helen Wong had a demure and lithe figure, well-exercised and trim. The ivory smoothness of her bottom-cheeks was tightly rounded and seductively presented. Where they curved in together, the skin tone was a little sallow and shadowed. The gaoler stopped and placed his hand on either flank of her hip. By pressing apart he was able to widen her bottom-cleavage.

His assistants moved forward a little, eagerly examining the tight dark bud of her anus as Helen Wong's complete rear view was presented to them.

She was mad with panic, making a feline devil-mask of the prettiness of her face. She craned round to watch the man who was going to thrash her. The gaoler stooped and slid his hand under the flat warm smoothness of her belly.

Real quivers of fright in your tight young belly, Helen Wong? I like you scared! Never had the birch before? Wait till I've thrashed you! Next time they tell you're being brought here for a birching, you'll beg them to let the hangman strangle you instead! I'm sure he'd like it with you bare-bottomed!

He slid his hand down to the dark-haired mound of her loins. His finger slipped between her strapped thighs and he began to masturbate twenty-year-old Helen Wong with tickling caresses. His other hand tested and roused the nipples of her prim little tits through the skimpy bra-patches covering them. But the randy little bitch had brought this on herself. With her pretty figure, the devilish slant of her dark eyes, her shock of dark hair and Eurasian tan, Helen Wong was a sexy girl who liked to show herself. With a slim but supple young figure she had good reason. In a few moments, she was breathing unevenly, her slim thighs were clenching and the cheeks of her Eurasian-girl arse were tensing together. A sheen of sweat and feminine excitement showed where the inner surfaces of her thighs opened out. Shavez intervened.

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You can take a really sadistic prison birching, Helen Wong—and you will. You can forget stories of prisons where they give twelve or eighteen or twenty-four strokes of the birch. You'll get fifty strokes of the birch across your pretty young bottom, Helen Wong, and then as many more as the gaoler wants to give you.

Helen Wong's cry would have done credit to an accomplished tragic actress but the gaoler grinned at her.

I like you with your panties down, Helen Wong. I like what I see. So now your pretty young Chinese bottom gets a birching you'll never forget. Three long switches of fire-thorn bound at the handle—and all the thorns intact.

Helen Wong's pretty warm-skinned face was a mask of frenzy as she shrieked No! and Please don't! alternately.

And you'll ask for the birch, Helen Wong, Shavez said, You'll call out the number of each stroke before you get it, just like a little girl of fourteen in the reformatory. Every time you miss the count, you'll get the stroke anyway but it won't count towards your total, understand?

She stared at him without speaking, too dismayed and too scared to answer.

The gaoler smiled and cut the air once or twice with a trial swish, as if impatient to begin the birching. Helen's graceful ivory-tan buttocks tightened with instinctive fright at the menace of the sharp sound. She kept her eyes on the gaoler as he smiled at her.

While he kept her waiting, Helen Wong gasped and tensed herself. She pulled vainly at the stout restraining straps in her rising panic, But the elegant bottom-checks of this Eurasian slave-girl offered a perfect target for the birch. The gaoler grinned at her again.

Fifty strokes across your bare bottom, Helen Wong! Call for the first!

She knew the torture she was inviting by her lithe sexy figure. The gaoler would birch her, and birch her, until the most vivid weals had been raised. Then he would continue the torment by thrashing her young arse—across those weals of the birch-rod—until she was frantic in her anguish. Helen must have known the gaoler would make her scream. And still he would continue to birch her young backside and legs until she would shriek her submission, promising to do anything he wanted. Anything at all.

Helen Wong looked so exciting in this bare-bottomed posture that the gaoler naturally watched for pretexts to add strokes to her sentence. When she was frantic with the throbbing agony of the fifty birch weals across her bare bottom-checks, he might choose to make her ask to be thrashed again from the very beginning.

Like the gaoler, I was greatly looking forward to the drama, as I gazed at the tan-skin cheeks of Helen Wong's young backside. I was eager to see her caught in the predicament of not being able to bear the touch of a feather on her thrashed buttocks—and yet still having to ask for more punishment.

The gaoler touched the wet birch lightly across her bare bum-cheeks, aiming with great care.

Call for your first stroke across that pretty young bottom, Helen Wong!

There was frightened oriental prettiness in Helen Wong's face as she gasped out the number, trying to watch him in dread over her shoulder.

One!

He raised the birch high above his right shoulder. The taunting smile vanished and his mouth tightened with vindictive pleasure. There was a pause and we held our breath in anticipation. Then his arm came down with flashing energy. The birch lashed down with a wet smack across the trimly-rounded Eurasian-skin ovals of Helen Wong's bottom-checks. Her intake of breath was like a gulp of fright at the piercing agony of firethorn across her bare backside. Though her face was turned, we were naturally watching Helen Wong's arse with great eagerness. Her knees and thighs tightened urgently, but she did not yet writhe. I think the naked agony of the birch across her buttocks immobilised her by its searching torture.

The gaoler did not wait. He brought the birch down again with vicious energy aslant Helen Wong's bottom-checks, so that she missed the count. All eyes now moved to watch her face as Helen Wong cried out wide-mouthed at the torture she was getting. Those demure ivory-skinned bottom-checks were certainly writhing now, so far as Helen's straps permitted. Helen was soon gasping at the searching intensity of the strokes, too scared to ask for another. Between the strokes, the silence of anticipation was broken only by the creak of the block and the breathless squirming of the pretty half-caste girl in the straps that held her down. Again the birch lashed diagonally across her bum-cheeks. Three weals, each a deepening red, now embossed her young hind-quarters. The gaoler aimed a low stroke, catching her almost across the backs of her upper

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thighs. There was a jump of excitement among the onlookers as, for the first time, Helen Wong screamed.

The gaoler stooped, tucked pussy in between her legs and aimed a sadistic stroke of the birch low across Helen Wong's backside. For a moment I thought the twenty-year-old Eurasian girl might swoon. Somehow, she managed to yell, Six!

She could not believe that the strokes she had not called out would be disregarded. But the gaoler smilingly told her to go back and count, Two! Pretty girl though she was, fear of the birch was now plain in the feline slant of her dark eyes. She sobbed for the second counted stroke, got it across her bottom and shrieked at the anguish. The gaoler had mastered Helen Wong and, having such a pretty culprit to birch, he was understandably enjoying himself. The whitewashed room rang to Helen Wong's shrieks. Three!... Four!... Five!...

Her face was a study, framed by the collar length shock of dark hair, the stray fringe, the pretty little ears, the arched brows, the dark ellipse of the eyes, the rounded chin and prettily flat young nose. She kept her face turned towards us, dreading and yet needing to see what was about to happen to her. I was delighted by this because, as well as seeing her bottom under the birch, we could also see Helen Wong scream. The walls of that punishment-vault have echoed to the screams of many girls for many reasons. Helen Wong screamed after every stroke, her face a pretty devil-mask of torment. Twice more before she could call out the number the birch lashed agonisingly across the softer undercurve of her rear cheeks. The first pain of the impact did not diminish but swelled to a crescendo over several seconds. The gaoler naturally wanted each stroke to land just as the torment of its predecessor reached a climax.

Dread of the birch helped her to control her shrieks and ask for the lashes. Such a birching is a test of character and Helen Wong showed a certain self-mastery. She managed to cut the last scream short and cry, Six!

Twice more after that the gaoler brought the birch down very quickly and caught her across her backside before she could yell the number. The bare whitewashed walls sharpened the Eurasian girl's shrillness and gave a new edge of excitement to those who watched her. As for the gaoler, it was his profession to make a pretty girl like Helen Wong scream. The trim but sexy ovals of her bottom-cheeks were a challenge to his skill. He brought the birch down hard and sharp again, making the girl's bare buttocks jump and quiver under the stroke. The naked smart of the impact grew to a ferocious torment and Helen Wong made the bare walls ring with her screams again.

Drawing breath deeply, she shrieked at us that she was innocent of theft, that the confession had been tricked from her. Lynx-eyed Helen screamed that her bottom smarted so that she could not bear another lash of the birch across it. The gaoler chuckled at her.

Get properly arse-upwards over the block, Helen Wong, you little tart! You'll bear the birch all night if we decide to make you! That's why you're strapped down, Helen Wong, so that you don't have any choice.

No! No! Please stop! Please! It was the wildest cry she had so far uttered.

There were smiles and quiet laughter at this.

Ask us to thrash your bare bottom, Helen Wong, I said, still smiling at the dismay in her feline eyes, Call for the next stroke.

Seven! she shrieked and the thorned switches thrashed low across her behind drawing several ruby beads. Helen Wong fought hard not to scream but to yell. Eight! She caught her breath in a short cry at the ferocity of the smart. I saw that her strapped hands were clenched into fists as she struggled against the torture. She twisted her face round, watching the gaoler, and gnawed compulsively at her lower lip in her growing apprehension. Her shapely ivory-tan buttocks tensed and squirmed, pressing together and then rounding out, as she tried to work away the lingering agony of the birch's impact. Parallel welts across her bottom-cheeks showed where it had landed and several smudged ruby trickles ran down her backside and the rear of her thighs.

Nine! she shrieked with a faltering, pleading cry.

He kept her waiting this time. Helen Wong's lithe young buttocks tensed and shifted, as if the pretty curves of her rear cheeks crawled in anticipation of the next stroke. The gaoler carefully measured the birch low across her bottom-cheeks. He raised it again and slashed it down across the faint flesh-crease, dividing the cheeks of Helen Wong's twenty-year-old arse from her upper thighs. Urgently she controlled her cries,

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mewing through her pressed lips, then screaming out, Ten!

The gaoler made her wait again and teasingly directed Helen Wong's dark slant eyes to the front of his tight-fitting trousers. While the girl looked at his trouser-front, he drew the cloth tighter still and there was dismay in her high-boned face. The gaoler smiled as he showed this pretty female slave the shape of his penis, harder and heavier with the enjoyment of thrashing her bare bottom.

At last she struggled to fifteen.

Quite deliberately, he brought the birch lashing down across the backs of her thighs. He informed her that the stroke would be disregarded. Only those which landed on her bottom would count. Helen Wong screamed

Sixteen! again and again. But each time he thrashed her across the backs of her thighs and ordered her to yell the number once more!

While he was birching her thighs, I was able to have a good look at Helen Wong's bottom. It was marked by a score of long and streaking weals of the birch. In a dozen places, wine-red trickles had run down to collect in the creases dividing her bottom-cheeks from her thighs. At last she got the sixteenth stroke across her bottom and two more before she could call out.

After the second of these, the shock of dark hair drooped forward and her resistance went limp. An adolescent boy assisting the gaoler ran forward and applied the sal volatile bottle to the Eurasian girl's nostrils. But the gaoler knew a better way, which the stable-lad had used on Lesley Hollingsworth. He stooped and slipped his fingers between the backs of her thighs. He manualised the warm dark-haired flesh folds of Helen Wong's cunt, masturbating her peremptorily until her head jerked up.

With such a pretty, lithe-figured half-caste girl, there was added excitement when Helen Wong retorted rudely as the birch caught her across her bottom. She did so several more times and the little fountain let loose a flood of golden rain down her thighs. After thirty-two strokes had been called for, Shavez said, Eighteen more strokes across her bottom. As many as you wish across the backs of her legs. Helen Wong must learn that she cannot interrupt her punishment by screaming or rudeness.

The gaoler ensured that the half-caste girl got two extra strokes for every one that she managed to count. Helen Wong's lithe young bottom-cheeks had been birched raw and the backs of her graceful young thighs were savagely marked. Pretty Helen Wong is the sort of twenty-year-old girl whom such a man wishes to break completely. I believe the girl knew this and knew that nothing short of her utter humiliation would suffice. After forty strokes the birching continued. Helen Wong lay forward, head bowed on the far side of the block. The birch lashed her again. Her scream was edged by abject submission and the pretty flesh-petals of Helen Wong's anus began to show something that made the gaoler smile. Twice while she lay like this the birch thrashed her again as the girl's tribute to her chastiser was paid. There was no pause.

The graceful swell of Helen Wong's behind and her hips surged as if in a dance of the lowliest sexual invitation. The dark clustering hair swept her bare shoulders as she craned round at us again. But now the high-boned prettiness of her face with its pert little nose and neat chin was a delightful study in torment. The narrow eyes brimmed with tears and the sly mouth was stretched in a woeful self-pitying howl. Her very utterance seemed paralysed by the intensity of the pain which another lash of the birch inflicted across her twenty-year-old bottom. And then Helen Wong screamed more piercingly still.

Gasping and writhing, she lacked the courage to ask for her pretty Chinese-tan backside to be tortured any more. Just the same, the thorned birch landed across her bare bottom again with a sound like a riding-master's lash. Helen's frenzy rang back from the stone walls. Marked by the brands of birch weals, her pretty bottom-cheeks surged and contorted as she struggled vainly against the straps. The gaoler caught the girl with another stroke, wickedly low across her backside—and another, deliberately given across the rear of her graceful thighs. Her pleading ended in a shriek of anguish.

Count the strokes, Helen Wong, you young tart! Captain Shavez said sharply. Forty-one!

The thorned birch thrashed her young backside once more before she could obey. Then Helen Wong screamed out her obedience.

Forty-two!

With a whip-like energy the spiked birch-switches smacked across the bottom-cheeks of this pretty almond-eyed girl. The very walls sang again with the sharpness of the impact. Helen Wong yelled, wild and shrill. But she tried desperately not to miss the count, dreading those extra strokes that it would earn her. The

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gaoler strove to foil her. He thrashed Helen Wong's ivory-tan bottom very quick and hard—and again before she could curb her screams. Then she shrieked, Forty-three!... Forty-four!... There was no more arguing or pleading. The birch had mastered the pretty young half-caste bitch!

At every stroke her graceful Eurasian hips rose while Helen Wong's bottom-crack was compressed to a thin tight line, as if to contain the torment and her own unladylike urges. The gaoler was unmoved by Helen Wong's screams and her weeping while waiting for the strokes.

It was fortunate that Helen Wong was firmly held down by leather straps which were broad and stout. Had not her bare thighs and ankles been pinioned, she would certainly have kicked out at the gaoler as he birched her. Under each impact of the birch Helen Wong's trimly-rounded bottom-cheeks jumped and quivered as if touched by an electric shock. She tried to expel the swelling torment of each whip-like smack by surging the pretty swell of her backside outwards. Fortunately, this made the soundly-thrashed cheeks of her half-caste bottom a superb target, more fully presented.

Among the raised weals of the birch, there was one aslant the maiden elegance of Helen Wong's tan-skin bottom. It showed a deeper and more vivid tone. The hue of it assured us how tender it must be. The gaoler measured the thorned birch lightly across that deeper-coloured print. In her panic, the girl twisted her slim hips and contorted her birch-wealed rear cheeks. There was indignation as well as pleading in her voice. She turned the prettiness of her high-boned lynx-eyed face and yelled at her chastiser.

Lie tighter over the block and stick your backside right out, Helen Wong! That pretty young bottom of yours can take much more punishment yet!

He teased her, measuring the birch lightly upon the tender pattern. Then he raised the supple thorned switches and thrashed them down along the plum-coloured welt. Helen Wong uttered a soprano frenzy, her body taut with the searching anguish. Her toes curled and her hands were clenched until the fingernails bit into the palms. The raised print that ran low across the demure ivory-tan bottom-cheeks was now deeper-toned and appeared more dangerous. But such a target was far too tempting to be ignored. The gaoler touched the birch lightly across the smarting welt once more, taking aim.

With fright in her voice, Helen Wong screamed, Forty-five!... Forty-six!...

Thrash! The birch smacked across the burning welt with an impact like a ringmaster's whip. Thrash! Thrash! Again and again he tanned her across that swelling smart with eager energy. Our ears rang with the peal of Helen Wong's shrillness. Presently the two guards drew sharp breaths of delight at what they saw. A ruby line of dots welled up from the darker print and trickled down the surging cheeks of Helen Wong's backside. To have a pretty Eurasian girl with her arse in such a predicament was profoundly exhilarating. Her obedience-training was now continued in earnest.

She reached fifty at last. Helen Wong lay over the block, her dark shock of hair drooping in a half swoon as she felt the little trickles down her lower seat-cheeks, momentarily gathering in the flesh-crease under the curves of her trim half-caste buttocks and then running down the backs of her graceful thighs. She twisted the devil-mask of her face round to us and wept bitterly.

My arse! *Oh, my arse!...*

Keep your bottom towards the gaoler, Helen Wong, I said quietly, Let's see how many more you can take. A whip with a short lash next.

The gaoler grinned at her as he drew the snakeskin lash through his fingers.

Whip her backside hard, I said to him, The little bitch needs a taste of it. Soon she'll be marked between her pretty arse-cheeks with red-hot discs.

Helen Wong screamed, No!... No!... No!... She screamed for her boy-friend. She screamed for a chance to be my whore, to be a sex-slave to Captain Shavez, anything to avoid the marking by the red-hot discs.

No count was kept of the whip strokes. Helen's head jerked up with every scream. But though her bottom's self-abasement did not end the punishment, I feel sure the gaoler would have continued until that point and beyond.

Keep your back straight and your bottom towards your chastiser, Helen Wong! said Shavez quietly, You won't be the first young tart who's been marked by the discs. Better get used to the idea.

One of the adolescent boys assisting the gaoler had hidden in a recess where he thought we could not see him. He had a full view of Helen Wong's bottom writhing and cheek-creasing, the raised birch weals and the

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ruby trickles. As the whipping continued, he unbuttoned and began to masturbate in excitement so that Helen Wong saw him each time she twisted the feline prettiness of her face round in his direction, her eyes wild and mouth screaming wide. It was four weeks before the discs were ready. She was strapped over a similar block and the marking was done in the presence of several invited guests.

You would not believe me if I told you I refused the invitation to watch. I had only seen two girls slave-marked before. A sturdy and defiant young blonde of twenty-two, Maggie Turnbull, was first. Theresa Lux, with her tall dancing-girl figure and a tumble of fair ringlets to her shoulders, was marked at thirty-two. Her bottom had a firm maturity but was still quite trimly shaped. It was obvious that the overseer really enjoyed himself doing it, having Theresa strapped down on all fours over a trestle. He caned her bare bottom first, as if she had been a delinquent schoolgirl. Then he placed the marks, one by one, on the inward cheek-slopes, close to Theresa's anus.

I thought of this as the wagon-lit began its long journey back to the Gare d'Austerlitz. There are no such prisons in France as that at Port Xantra and no such ports either. Even the slave-girls of Villefranche Sauvage yield to a frantic fascination for the punishment chambers of Captain Shavez's goal. If you have read the *Finishing School* memoir, you will recall a girl of Form 3B at Broad Green School, Linda Jennings. This sly and sensuous little blonde with her soft figure and little mane of fair hair on her lapel, passed into bondage through Captain Shavez with several others.

The great adventure for Linda, Valerie and their cronies was to slip into the building when half a dozen lads of their own age or a little older were waiting to be birched or flogged. These unfortunate boys were strapped to frames naked from the waist down, waiting until the chastiser had finished dinner. Linda is living proof that little girls can be as vicious at fourteen as mature women may be at forty. With a crony or two, the sniggering little blonde with her sly blue eyes and fine pale skin would peep through the barred windows which the lads faced, strapped bending over helplessly on their frames.

Each of the dozen lads presented a woeful face and drooping young penis, the frames to which they were strapped being spaced out every few yards. Linda Jennings, Valerie Bishop, Vicky Sylvester and other little madams of fourteen would sneak along outside, peeping and giggling at each young tool, Linda pressing her blonde mane to her mouth and sniggering like the dirty-minded schoolgirl she was. Soon that was not enough. While Valerie Bishop or Vicky kept watch, Linda would stretch her arm at full length through the bars, just able to fondle each lad's penis. The sly, sniggering little blonde would finger him to excited stiffness just before the chastiser entered but without masturbating him properly. Gasping and groaning with desire, the boy would be left with his penis standing out as stiff as a flagpole. For this sign of perversity, his strokes would be doubled by the gaoler.

To make sure the lad disgraced himself, Linda would turn her back to him and bend, skirt raised, the white stretch-briefs of her school knickers drawn into her anus-crack. The boy gasped with longing as the pearly and slightly fattened cheeks of Linda Jennings's fourteen-year-old bottom were presented a couple of feet before his face like this. Then Linda would turn and play with his prick once more, always planning to stop before his climax but to leave him in a guilty state of erection at the whipmaster's entrance. Once or twice a boy spermed over Linda Jennings's fingers. She wiped them on the wall in disgust and called him a dirty creature. But the sight of sperm on the floor as the chastiser entered earned the poor lad a ferocious additional whipping.

The age of innocence is unknown to girls like Linda Jennings. I can report, however, that she met her match. One day, as she teased a boy's prick, strong arms seized her and a sack was put over her head. She was carried struggling into the room where eleven lads were strapped waiting on the frames. It was the work of a moment to strap Linda over the vacant frame. A gag strap was drawn between her teeth to protect them. Straps held her down firmly at wrists, waist and ankles. Her thighs were pinioned. The chastiser's job was to enter, ask no questions, but give each backside the number of strokes with a stable lash that was chalked in a list on the board. The lashes ran from 18 to 36. As Linda strove in vain against the straps, 40 was chalked at her number.

When her turn came, the gag-strap prevented all but mumbled protest. The overseer raised the short lash and brought it down with a sadistic crack, making the pale cheeks of Linda Jennings's bottom quiver and jump with the impact. Linda screamed but that was nothing to the overseer. Forty strokes was a vicious punishment

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but that was nothing to him. It was obvious at a glance that this was an adolescent female bottom but he was paid to whip a number of bottoms and not to ask questions. Despite the gag-strap between her teeth, he saw that this was a schoolgirl delinquent. He would not have been human had he not enjoyed it with a girl like Linda Jennings at fourteen.

The whip cut the cheek-skin of Linda's bottom. There was a swoon when her blonde head drooped after thirty strokes. Her eyes fluttered and closed while Linda Jennings drooled over her gag-strap in sensual submission. Once revived, she received the last ten. By this time the boys were peeping through the barred windows, really enjoying the sight and Linda saw with dismay the young masturbators bringing themselves off as they grinned at her wild screams and seductive bottom writhing, rear glimpses of pussy and Linda Jennings's anus.

This surely suggests how deeply a kind of sexual sadism is rooted in such girls and how fascinating a mere glimpse of the torture chamber is to them. I believe it comes in part from the horrid but exciting thought that they may one day be strapped down naked in it. As for Linda Jennings, I was still smiling at the youngster's fate when the Blue Train drew into the Gare d'Austerlitz.

CHAPTER SEVEN

My shortest journey on the Blue Train was also one of the most amusing. I was going only from a pleasant seaside resort to a ferry port and so across to Le Touquet. But I always travelled in style with a rail cabin to myself where I might be free of distractions. In the end, I completed only one two-hour stage, from E——e to D——r. The blame for that must lie with Ragnhild.

The story of Ragnhild is a curiosity. It happened as unexpectedly as anything in my experience. The scene opened at the height of the summer of '90 on a mild and sunny coast of England. For years I had enjoyed the peace of its waves and bracing air. With the sparkle of sun on water, good food and wine at the best hotels, the coast of France not far removed, what an enviable place it was. After dark, there were music and coloured lights, holiday romances and discreet intrigues with a young lady from town or an obliging beach beauty.

One afternoon, I stepped out of the villa I had taken with a sense of freedom and well-being. It was a perfect afternoon and I was in the mood to make a reconnaissance of the beach, taking my camera which is a constant companion on these occasions. It is one of the latest and most ingenious types, well-suited to taking careful pictures or candid views of young ladies when they least expect it! There was no shortage of subjects along the seafront just then. Those girls from Germany or Scandinavia or Italy who grace the English coastline during July and August were there in abundance, their mornings are devoted to learning the language, their afternoons to warmth and pleasure.

That first week of July brought the most perfect weather to the Sussex coast. The turf was warm on the downlands above, where the scattered flocks of sheep grazed and the gorse thickets were in yellow bloom. Sunlight glinted on the calm waters of the English Channel and the band played on the pier whose iron spider-legs extended into the gentle breakers and the bottle-green shallows. The beach is divided by tall wooden groins running down to the sea at intervals, the space between them covered by pale grey pebble or shingle with sand lower down.

With my camera ready, I began my walk from the quieter and more select end near the old town. Ahead of me lay miles of sunlit coast towards the low fields of the Pevensy shore and the distant hills beyond. I smiled at the shouts and laughter of bikini'd girlhood, wading and splashing in the shallows of low tide. From the bathing station to the pier and on to the edge of the town, the beach was crowded with prettiness and beauty of every shape and age from fourteen to forty. Along the slack and rippling edge of the tide, one heard only the faintest sounds of traffic from where the grand hotels and the flower gardens of the sea-front stood high above the wavelets.

I walked for about half an hour through this agreeable display of girls in their sleek nylon swimsuits that always seemed wet and clinging tight to their breasts and thighs, bottoms and bellies. But though I took a surreptitious photograph here and there, I did not see any young nymph to whom I could devote an afternoon of sly peeping and clicking, while her first suspicion that she was being photographed grew to nervousness and alarm at the suggestive postures she might have assumed—unawares—in front of the camera.

Near the bandstand I saw several girls with a male chaperone. I studied them through the telephoto lens of the camera and pretended to be focusing upon the nearby pier, as if to take a picture. Yet each time I moved the camera just enough to fill the frame with one aspect or another of Ragnhild's seductive charm. This adolescent Nordic girl showed a firm fair-skinned face with blue eyes and lank fair hair, a suntanned tomboyish figure. She was stripped to a makeshift bikini of white bra and bikini panties in black filmy nylon. Ragnhild's panties fitted tight and sat low on her hips. I photographed her lying on her belly on the towel, running dry to the sea and wet from it, standing, bending, and dressing.

Let me confess that I spent the rest of that afternoon diligently watching and following Ragnhild. There are twenty or thirty photographs of her which I had taken in the course of that afternoon. Most of them were taken with the telephoto lens while Ragnhild was stripped to her makeshift bikini and lying with other girls on the shingle in the afternoon sun. They show this Norwegian adolescent as a well-built girl with long strong thighs that were dusted palest gold by the sun. At a distance, she looks older than her age. I daresay you would not call her a dazzling beauty. Her blue-eyed face has a firm rather stolid look in the photographs.

Of course, Ragnhild had no idea at first that I had her in focus, though I think she guessed it later on as I

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followed the girls and their chaperone from the beach. Her tawny-blond hair was worn in a loose bell-shape with a fringe, its length cut short above her shoulders. I took one photograph as she and another girl waited to cross the terminus road, Ragnhild in blue shorts and blouse, white socks to her knees and a bag on her back with the greeting *Heia Ragnhild* upon it. She turned suddenly and, as I look at the photo now, her face shows misgiving about the man with the camera following her. She turned away and shook into place the fringe of her lank fair hair, a challenge in the firm set of her fair-skinned features, the sluttish glance of blue eyes.

Now another confession. I have friends of some influence, one of whom had confided to me that Ragnhild and the other girls were brought from a certain reformatory institution for a stay by the sea. They included those who had misbehaved while away from their own country and were put under discipline for six or twelve months before being permitted to return. But Ragnhild's destination was a little different. She had misbehaved quite flagrantly and was to be taken under escort by train the next afternoon to a certain high-walled reformatory in Kent for judicial chastisement.

I was even more excited by my beach photographs of her in a white bra and a pair of tight black bikini briefs in glossy nylon. If you wonder why I should have bothered to travel so short a distance on the Blue Train the answer is simple. A delinquent under guard must not mix with the travelling public. Absurd though it may seem, Ragnhild was to be confined in a wagon-lit with her guards in attendance. My friend, of whom I will say no more, supplied me with such information that I was able to book the adjoining cabin. What did I hope for? Nothing much. Overheard remarks, intimate moments of a girl dreading what must happen the next time she took her knickers down.

Next day, I was at the station in good time and installed myself in my own cabin before the girl and her escorts arrived.

I was disappointed at first. On some of these trains, the toilet and washroom stand between the cabins and are shared by two of them. The result was that I found myself separated from Ragnhild by this shared facility. There were three or four guards. One of them entered the toilet and released a healthy torrent. Then he went out. Indeed, they all went out locking the girl in. They had no particular interest in her and preferred to stand smoking in the corridor for the two-hour journey. They knew she had no means of escape. Even if she were to come through into my cabin, she could only leave by the door into the corridor, where they stood waiting.

I thought at least that I would slip into the toilet and see what could be heard from there. A little rustling. Nothing much else. In the toilet itself, one of the guards had left his peaked cap and his jacket on the hook, an official-looking leather despatch-case beside them. Quietly I opened the case. Inside it I saw a collection of leather restraining straps, a tailed spanking-strap, and a file of documents. I stared at these and with a half-formed plan lifted down the prison guard's cap and jacket. Indeed, I carried them off to my own cabin. The toilet itself had two doors and each could be bolted from within, so that the occupant was secure from intrusion by a neighbour. I studied the bolt on my side and saw how, by loosening the screws a little, it could be moved out of line and prevented from sliding across.

Then I waited. The train drew out across flat Sussex levels toward its destination. I listened, sometimes holding my breath as white cliffs passed by and apple orchards in the ripeness of July. Presently my heart jumped as if with shock or a fright of anticipation. The far door of the wash-room and toilet opened and closed. I heard the slither of cloth on skin. The bolt on my side had not even been closed as I entered, clad in the jacket and cap of officialdom.

There are stories I look back upon with excitement and some with longing but few with such amusement as this. I felt like a character in a stage farce. Ragnhild had shed her tartan blouse and blue shorts. She was now undressed charmingly in her swimwear of white bra and tight black bikini pants.

We stared at one another. I had no idea what to do if she resisted now. I suppose I should have stripped off the cap and jacket, fled from my cabin to the far end of the train, and got off quickly at the next stop. But I had calculated that the noise of the engine next to the wagon-lit would make it impossible for those in the corridor to hear anything in this place. In that I was right. Nor would there be any interruptions. They might enter the other cabin but the door to it from the toilet was bolted. They would know she was in here but would not care. As I say, Ragnhild would still have had no escape except through my cabin and they would catch her in the corridor when she emerged. She certainly had no way off a train travelling at this speed.

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All the same, this adolescent blonde backed away and when I was close she seemed prepared to struggle. But they had prevented her escape another way, by cuffing her wrists in front of her with soft straps. Of course, I was surprised that she did not begin to scream or shout. Then I realised. She had seen the uniform and thought I was another one of the escort.

Stand still, Ragnhild! I said sharply, playing the part. She stood still, though with a surly look. Kneel down. There! At once!

She offered a little resistance but not much, knowing that one guard could always call assistance from the others. Under these circumstances, I was a match for her. There was gasping, writhing and cursing but we descended to the floor, at least until Ragnhild was kneeling. Then I drew a stout strap from the case, ran it round her wrist-cuff chain and round the base of the toilet pedestal. Struggle as she might, Ragnhild was now face-down on the floor and could not get up. This adolescent Norwegian girl looked extremely sexy, even in such a place. She had the sun-tanned thighs of a young Amazon. The full cheek-swell of Ragnhild's fifteen-year-old bottom in the filmy black nylon of her hip panties looked very sexy. There was also something perversely exciting in the prospect of being alone with her behind a locked washroom door in this situation.

I had bolted the door leading to her cabin, so that we should not be interrupted. Then I used a leather bolster from my own cabin and wedged it under her belly on the tiled floor.

Lie on your belly over the bolster, Ragnhild. Lie quietly. At the first sound of crying out or screaming, I shall gag you. Very tightly.

The threat of a gag seemed to strike her like a blow. She lay startled but quiet. I was seduced by the warmly suntanned figure of a healthy adolescent Nordic girl, the lank honey-blonde hair plainly cut with its fringe and its collar-length framing her firm young features. The law forbids whipping and even spanking for girls in the country she comes from, so I think Ragnhild still was not certain of what was going to be done to her. She lay there, her handsome young tits filling the white bra quite nicely at the front. She lay forward with the leather bolster under her belly, her suntanned arms pulled in front of her and her robust young legs apart a little, just as I had seen her on the beach when I took the camera studies of her.

She looked up, wide blue eyes frightened a little, as I knelt down and made her more secure with several more prison straps. I strapped her wrists more firmly to the porcelain pedestal, pinioning her waist as well to a strong leather loop in the bolster, just under her young belly. Ragnhild was now positioned as I wanted her. Her legs were still free and, of course, she could still twist and turn her hips a little. She might even push her adolescent backside up by straining hard on the loop through which her waist-strap ran. But she must lie bottom-upwards over the bolster for as long as I chose. At any time I could control her struggles by a tight strap round her lower thighs and an ankle-pinion. From the corner of my eye, I saw Ragnhild's honey-blonde hair slide across her face a little as she twisted her head, looking up and watching me.

I sat down on the floor beside her and ran my hand down the warm silky suntan of her young back.

I'm sure you've been taught early about sex, haven't you, Ragnhild? I'd be surprised if you haven't experimented a little with one of your boy-friends by now! A well-built girl with healthy female appetites, I think. I'm going to put you to the test first. Lie still.

I examined my sturdy young pupil's knickers. Ragnhild's glossy black nylon panties had a frilled top round her hips which dented the soft suntanned puppy-flesh of adolescence a little. The black nylon was pulled skin-taut by a black elastic hem which curved out to either side from the rear parting of her legs and arched up on either side over the cheeks of her robust teenage arse. Ragnhild's panties were suggestively sexy, even by the standards of beachwear! She was certainly well-built, I suppose, her thighs and hips well-exercised but without surplus fat. In her present posture, Ragnhild looked quite a big-bottomed girl but only in the way that such adolescent tomboys often do.

Of course I should take her knickers down to whip her. For the moment, I could put her to the test better while she wore them.

Keep your legs apart, Ragnhild, I murmured, Let them lie apart like that.

Between her legs, the thin black nylon tightly moulded a soft swell of her young cunt-flesh. When my finger touched it, Ragnhild gasped as if she had stung herself.

I'm going to masturbate you first, Ragnhild. Lie still for it. Legs apart.

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Her legs closed and she tried to twist on her side. Then she stopped squirming and eased her legs apart. I bowed over her and very gently pressed my fingers over the soft warm bulge of her young sex in the tight nylon. She tensed but did not resist otherwise. Some girls would have tried to hide their faces at this point. Ragnhild turned the honey-blonde of her head, half-looking over her shoulder. It was as if she wanted to see what was happening, as well as feel it, but had not quite the courage to do so! You may be sure it was not the first time she had been handled in such a way. She came from a place where girls are taught to put their interests before those of the male and to court such self-centred pleasures quite flagrantly. Girls from Ragnhild's background also demand the right to taste pleasure early. She needed discipline to bring her to her senses.

I reached to the hand basin, where she had left a tube of toothpaste with her other washing things. There was a hot pungent peppermint scent as I unscrewed the cap of the tube. I squeezed a little of the white cream on to my fingers. My hand slid inside the waistband of the black nylon bikini pants at the rear and found the warm light-haired folds of sexual flesh between the rear of her thighs. She tensed and flinched a little as my finger tips smoothed the pungent cream into the sensitive folds of her adolescent cunt. It made Ragnhild smart and squirm a little, yet teased and excited her at the same time while she was being roused. Before you raise your hands in horror at her ordeal, let me tell you that her reactions revealed her moral character. They suggested that Ragnhild masturbated herself regularly and probably had it done by a boy at school, either through her panties or with his hand inside them.

I drew my hand out and began to manualise her soft sexual flesh through the thin black nylon, moulding, fondling, stroking, squeezing gently. There was tension in her strong young thighs and the smooth suntanned sweep of her back. The seat of her black bikini briefs was so tight that it was drawn deep between the robust cheeks of Ragnhild's arse. She tensed her young bottom as I masturbated her through the thin nylon film, her rear cheeks pressing together and then relaxing as if she was trying to hold the pleasure in her loins and backside.

In the excitement of riding to her orgasm, Ragnhild was able to push the smart of the cream to the back of her mind. It increased her sensitivity and even heightened the intensity of her arousal.

I curbed Ragnhild's resistance, imposing my mastery upon her by masturbating her against her will until she climaxed. I wanted to ensure that any sexy feelings the teenage Scandinavian Amazon might have were worked out of her system. The leather slave-band on her left ankle also suggested that Ragnhild had been masturbated by her boy-friend's hand in her pants during secret moments of schoolgirl passion. She would now respond easily, if unwillingly!

My fingers on the thin black nylon tantalised her girl's smarting but excited folds of intimate flesh. Soon she was wet with arousal and the glossy nylon shone with it. I had never known a girl dew herself as Ragnhild did then. Even when she submits to her husband on their honeymoon night, Ragnhild will never be more passionate and excited as a bride than she was then. She writhed and wallowed over the leather bolster, shuddering at the smarting yet tantalising caress. She came with rising cries, turning side to side, legs crossed violently to imprison the moment of climax between them for ever.

She shuddered and lay still. But now the excitement was over. Yet the suntanned young blonde still felt the smarting heat of the peppermint creaminess that had been worked into the warm folds of her cunt. Though it was not enough to make her cry out, the shifting and tensing of her robust sun-golden thighs betrayed the discomfort. I allowed her to squirm like this for several minutes while I watched her. I squeezed a little more of the cream on to my fingers. I smoothed it into those flesh-folds without fondling her, ensuring that she was teased by it during the events that followed.

My heart pounded harder still and my hands trembled. I could not believe that I was about to do such things as I had in mind. Ragnhild, drawn forward over the leather bolster on the tiled floor by the straps, shook back her shoulder-length of lank blonde hair and turned her firm young mouth and steady blue eyes upon me. The look she gave me from her open face with the wide-set points of its cheek-bones was uncomprehending but still resolute.

It was delightful to have Ragnhild dressed as she was on the beach when I photographed her. She surely realised that her life as a slave had begun and that she was about to receive her first lesson, here on the floor of the wagon-lit washroom. As she lay forward on her young belly over the bolster, the black nylon briefs of her

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bikini swim-pants were drawn very tight. They rode up a little to uncover the lower softness of each bottom-cheek. Her strong lightly suntanned thighs were quite bare. I met her eyes with a smile.

I'll take your panties down now, Ragnhild. I'm sure you know that girls of your kind sometimes get their bare bottoms thrashed quite sadistically in the place you're being taken to now.

My hands fumbled at her waist as I deprived this adolescent tomboy of her black-nylon panty-briefs. The smooth tightness of her black swimming pants shaped the full swell of Ragnhild's backside, broadened and fattened by her posture. She had struggled hard in her orgasm. This had caused the elastic hem of her briefs to ride up at one side, laying bare more of the pale fattened crescent on the lower curve of that bottom-cheek! It was amusing to see her in this state of disordered undress.

I took the waistband of the youngster's tight black panties and drew them down. The pale cheek-flesh of Ragnhild's young bottom swelled a little fuller as the tightness of the slinky black nylon was drawn clear. She flicked back her lank blonde hair and twisted her impudent face round, as I drew her panties down and studied the swelling pallor of her bare rear cheeks.

As any moralist might have done before punishing her, I bowed my head over her and inspected this profoundly exciting rear view of my adolescent girl-pupil. There was time to fondle the slight heaviness of her pale teenage thighs. She gasped and protested but I smiled to reassure her.

Presently I'll use the strap across your bare bottom, Ragnhild. I'm going to enjoy it and I'm sure I shall have to unbutton myself and show you my excitement while I spank you.

I was already bursting in the tightness of my suiting and obliged to unbutton in front of her, manhood fully armed.

A big-bottomed girl of your sort needs a taste of the strap, Ragnhild, before she's caned!

Her protest was part a gasp and part a cry. I heard the leather bolster shift as she pulled at her straps.

Lie properly bottom-upwards over the bolster, Ragnhild! Right over it! Tighter than that!

I smiled as I was confronted by the fattish adolescent pallor of Ragnhild's broadened buttocks. I gave her a sounding smack with the tailed strap on the nearer cheek of her bare backside and then another lusty smack on the same one. The impact stung her enough to make her squirm and curse in the strongest language imaginable. Even this was gratifying, in my present mood, and I avenged the insults by a little teasing.

You'll get the reformatory cane afterwards, Ragnhild. But first I must employ that impudent backside of yours for another purpose. This is what you shall feel behind you first, Ragnhild! Have a good look at it, by all means.

To ease my stiff penis in the tightness of Ragnhild's bottom would be the most blatant criminal act in her own country, where feminine dignity rules all. But in the present situation I might do as I pleased with this delinquent girl. Frosted light shone on the pallor of her sturdy hips, thighs and rear cheeks.

I knelt over her and gave my close attention to Ragnhild's arse-anatomy, her robust young thighs, and all that could be glimpsed between them. My fingers and my lips, even my tongue, were busy upon her rear aspect. I fondled and fiddled with her as the prelude to an ample pressing of warm passion-juice in her insolent young backside. Ragnhild craned round at me, shaking the hair clear of her face at intervals, as if trying to watch me as I played with her.

I handled the full pallor of Ragnhild's bottom-cheeks, parting them and prying into the rude rear valley between them. I ran my hands over her smooth bare thighs and pressed their softness apart to examine the intimate feminine flesh which they concealed. Having coaxed and kissed these warm folds, I allowed her firmly-strapped legs to close over it again. My lips touched the pale mounds of her broad young buttocks and browsed upon them. A dozen times I paused and gave her a smack on one of her hind cheeks to relieve my feelings.

My attention wandered to the heavy pallor of her young thighs, then to her broadened young backside once more. I parted its cheeks and enjoyed a long close inspection of the tightly-closed little blow-hole between them. Ragnhild uttered a sound of rejection in her throat and flinched as I applied a series of pouting kisses. Ignoring such protests, I rewarded her adolescent vulgarity with my own, settling down and applying my lips to her there in a long series of suggestive kisses while her bottom-cheeks brushed my face as she tensed and squirmed.

I drew away from her at last and stood up. She still watched me over her shoulder as I prepared myself,

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while her bare rear cheeks surged and squirmed unavailingly. To curb this resistance, I smacked her broad young buttocks hard and repeatedly for a minute or two. She was squirming and panting by the time I finished.

She cried out in dismay and protest as I took her black nylon bikini briefs, wet them under the tap, compressed them, wadded her mouth with them and secured them with a gag-strap between her teeth which buckled behind her neck. Her adolescent dismay grew to panic when I took the uncapped tube of the toothpaste with its strong peppermint odour. I inserted the nozzle in Ragnhild's anus. I squeezed the tube hard and heard her gasp at the sudden scorching surge of the cream. The rather heavy-cheeked swell of Ragnhild's behind was now my object of interest. She compressed the cheeks and tensed herself, caught between ladylike reticence and a desperate need to be rid of the smarting heat of the cream. I ignored this and prepared her for her ordeal.

I knelt behind her, kneeling astride so that I could look down and watch my penis engulfed in Ragnhild's full-cheeked adolescent bottom. The hammerhead knocked for admission at the tight rear portal.

Lie right over the bolster, Ragnhild!

There were protests and a brief moment of shrillness. But my own determination was stronger than any resistance. The smarting cream served to lubricate her arse-hole. For Ragnhild it was a smarting internal ordeal. For me, it excited the penis and could be washed off easily afterwards. With a resolute thrust I felt the most delicious tightness entrap my swelling manhood. At once I pressed to the hilt and heard the sudden alarm in her muffled exclamations. I made my triumphal ride with a steady rhythm—from time to time pausing, not wishing such enjoyment to be over too quickly. It was almost half an hour before I felt I could be denied no longer. I was quite out of my senses as I discharged my piece, determined only that it should be in the very depths of Ragnhild's fifteen-year-old backside.

It was exciting to ride her in this way. When the moment came she and I both heard the sharp, though muffled, squirt of sperm in Ragnhild's bottom. The youngster naturally tensed a little at the feel of it deep inside her, in such a place, and I saw the bare flanks of her hips hollow a little as she did so.

Lie still, Ragnhild, I gasped, Keep your big-cheeked young bottom still while you're getting the sperm in your behind.

I felt sure it was the first time she had felt the pulse of a man's sperm discharging inside her. Getting it in her bottom like this was something she would always remember. She turned her head aside, the fringed honey-blond collar-length of her lank hair slipping forward a little. With her sun-tanned young body face-down over the holster, there was a pensive and almost self-pitying look in the firm open appeal of her face. Her arse was stretched in its grip round the tool, her bottom receiving the squirts of sperm in a place where its other functions caused her some embarrassment in the presence of a man. Then the discharge of my passion in so rude a place made her hide her face altogether. But a girl of her kind with a healthy suntanned young figure was well able to take it. I made no attempt to spare her blushes.

She had a strong young body and there was a robust cheek-swell to Ragnhild's bottom, though she had good reason to tense and compress those cheeks now. Her arms were pulled out, wrists cuffed round the base of the porcelain pedestal, her bare legs and thighs were not restrained. She was naked now apart from her white bra, her lightly suntanned legs resting apart a little.

With cautious squeezings, the youngster expelled the deflated serpent, whose fleshy bulk had provoked such unladylike feelings in her behind. It lolled across her bare seat and left a snail-trail of expiring passion upon the pale cheeks of Ragnhild's tomboy backside.

Perhaps Ragnhild imagined that her ordeal was over but the journey had more than an hour to go.

Never had your bare bottom disciplined before, Ragnhild? You'll get a training session now. The spanking-strap across your bare bottom-cheeks. Lie still for it.

There is an art in punishing a sturdy youngster of this kind. She gave a muted yell of protest as I took the toothpaste tube again, Ragnhild frantically trying to roll over on her side or on her back. But I held her on her belly over the bolster, inserted the nozzle of the tube up Ragnhild's arse and squirted an egg-sized dollop of the harsh smarting cream as deep in her bottom as I could. Then, without further preliminary, I took the spanking-strap from the case and brought it down hard, aiming low. The pale cheek-swell of such an adolescent girl's bottom is a fine target. I caught Ragnhild beautifully, not an inch above the light fresh-crease

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dividing her seat-cheeks and upper thighs. Her gasp rose to a short gagged cry as the smart of the impact swelled.

Lie tighter over the bolster, Ragnhild! Better than that, you little slut!

The second smack of the strap caught the youngster just where the first had done, low down on the cheeks of her behind. I was gratified to hear the leather sing out sharp as a ringmaster's whip, low across the pale fatness of Ragnhild's buttocks. The girl's lank honey-blond hair swept upon her neck as she turned her face. I guessed those two swelling and burning imprints of the strap must be smarting dreadfully across her bare teenage bottom-cheeks.

Ragnhild was clenching her teeth on the gag-strap desperately as she waited for the next one. Her wide blue eyes betrayed the first sign of tears. She looked at the strap in my hand and then with alarm and renewed fascination at the returning stiffness of my unbuttoned penis. Many a teacher who thrashed her in this manner might find satisfaction in showing Ragnhild his tool as he did so. Since her bikini pants were taken down and she showed herself bare, what greater scandal could there be in the man unbuttoning and displaying himself in front of her while he carried out the discipline? She looked and gnawed anxiously at her lower lip. I could see her hands clenching into desperate fists and her rear cheeks shifting and tensing.

I trailed the strap lightly and teasingly over the tightening and cheek-creasing swell of Ragnhild's bottom. Then she got six smacks of leather across that lower curve of her behind and it was necessary to chide her muffled screams.

You're not a little child any longer, Ragnhild. Let's see how you like the strap across the backs of those bare tomboy thighs!

I gave her four and I thought she would have burst my ear-drums in retaliation, if she not had her own panties stuffed in her mouth as a gag.

The face she turned showed a downward howling mouth and eyes brimming over. I trailed the strap aslant her squirming buttocks and gave her six strokes, this way and that. At fifteen, the full bare cheeks of Ragnhild's bottom surged and writhed so far as her straps permitted, like the rear view of a belly-dancer. There was a wild protest and I heard the squeak of strained leather as she squirmed unavailingly. By this time, you would think that it was a chastened and tearful junior schoolgirl over the sofa scroll and not a young teenage Amazon of Ragnhild's kind.

I was so engrossed with the youngster that an hour seemed to pass in no time at all. I adjusted a strap round her waist so that Ragnhild was held more tightly forward over the padded leather and her hind cheeks drawn apart somewhat more. Obligated to offer her rear view so completely, she was quite desperate when I picked up the spanking-strap again.

While she waited for the strap, the panty-gag in her mouth and the thin strap between her teeth allowed her only to plead by twisting her head round with such a soulful expression on the firm blue-eyed face framed by its lank blonde hair and fringe. Her buxom adolescent thighs were tensing together as if trying to squeeze away the irritant heat of the cream. Twice I cooled her by applying a little more of the white cream, massaging into the flesh folds of her light-haired cunt. But though cool to the touch it soon turned scorching hot on such sensitive folds of flesh. As for her young bottom, I felt sure that Ragnhild longed to plead in her charmingly accented English that she very much wanted to sit on the rim of the porcelain pedestal rather than lie over the black leather bolster in front of it.

I can assure you that she was unable to take her eyes off me as I picked up the strap again and drew the split tails through my fingers. Even now it would be indiscreet of me to give a full description of the half hour which followed. The design of the strap was such that it was calculated to bring the most rebellious adolescent schoolgirl to obedience with half a dozen strokes. Ragnhild was able to take forty, though it was I who decided that she was able to bear them, not she. Each time, the strap cracked in the air and landed with a smack that made the walls sing. It was impossible to prevent the split tails finding their way between Ragnhild's buttocks. Nor did I wish to do so. The result was to teach her a lesson she would remember always. The strap also smacked her low down where the earlier spanking had left her throbbing tenderly. The results of this are better imagined than described!

Images and sounds of that spanking on the Blue Train remain vivid to me. A sharp and curling smack of the strap low across the bare pale cheek-swell of Ragnhild's fifteen-year-old bottom. Wildness in her mouth

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and eyes as she twisted her face round, the lank blonde hair and fringe falling aslant. Another lash of the strap caught her low. Desperate tension in her sturdy young bottom-cheeks. Another crack of the strap before she could contain the torment of the last. All her stolid indifference and self-containment gone. To break her defiance completely, she needed the strap hard and fast while she was in this predicament. One! Two! Three! Low across her bottom-cheeks. Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! without a pause. Wadded frenzy and hip-surgings. The full-cheeked swell of adolescent bottom-cheeks glowing and flesh-creasing. The effect of the tool in her behind and the heat of the slippery cream making her desperate. Nine! Ten! Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! Fourteen! The last two beautifully low and curling low down on Ragnhild's bottom-cheeks. The tiled compartment echoing her gagged shrillness which came as an urgent mewling through the panty-nylon. Something very unladylike, though tipped by white cream, peeping from Ragnhild's behind. Desperate self-containment enabled a withdrawal. A moment for tearing tissue and removing a smudge or two. A smile and a few teasing words to let her know that such an unfeminine glimpse had not gone unnoticed.

If you behave like a rude little girl, Ragnhild, we'll have to start your lesson from the beginning again.

At fifteen, Ragnhild would have behaved as rudely as the rudest little girl. I took from the case what I would call a chastity-strap, were the design less vulgar. It was an official device not unlike the so-called arse-strap that Ms Hollingsworth had been made to wear. A belt went round Ragnhild's bare waist. From the front, an inch-wide strap was drawn tight down her belly and back under her legs. It was then drawn up deep and tight between the cheeks of her bottom to fasten with a clip at the rear of her waist belt. The rear length of the strap was threaded through the base of a smooth rubber phallus, round-headed, four inches long, and thick as two fingers. As the strap was tightened, the rounded head forced Ragnhild's anus and the rubber penis entered her teenage behind, preventing any rudeness by her rear anatomy. I waited until Ragnhild's tears were checked a little, though her eyes still brimmed over. She lowered the honey-blonde sleekness of her hair, hiding her face as if in shame at what I had done to her.

I undid the other pinions but left her wrists cuffed in front of her. Ragnhild was able to struggle into her black nylon bikini briefs and her blue shorts. When they came for her, she was tearful and woebegone. But girls of her age on their way to be thrashed in a reformatory very often weep on the way. Of course, before they came for her, I returned the spanking-strap to the case and the guard's cap and jacket to the pegs. I quit my compartment and watched the sequel from a safe distance.

I feel sure you can guess it. As soon as two officials came from the reformatory to collect her, Ragnhild complained loudly that one of the guards escorting her had taken her into the toilet, forced her face-down on the floor and buggered her. He had then spanked her with a leather strap.

The officials were astounded and made inquiries. Unimpeachable witnesses insisted that the two guards had been in the corridor and had not once entered the girl's cabin during the journey. Two travellers, a lawyer and a clergyman, had been in conversation with the two guards all the way, plying them with cigars to hear shocking details of teenage lesbianism in reformatories and accounts of bare bottom discipline. As for the key to the cabin, that had been in the possession of the guard commander who had passed the whole journey with three respectable gentlemen in the smoking-car, his keys before him.

Ragnhild was called a liar, a dirty little slut, a young tart who hoped to avenge herself on these custodians of morality and justice. On her arrival at the reformatory in half an hour more she would get a session with the prison cane across her bare arse to help her mend her ways.

I could not leave it there. Making arrangements to leave my luggage at the station, I waited until Ragnhild was out of sight and then hurried after one of the reformatory officers. I confessed I had heard the argument. I said, with slight untruth, that I had been Ragnhild's neighbour on the other side, where was just a plank partition and no intervening washroom linking the compartment. I complained that I had been pestered by the girl's quiet knocking and whispering to me, promising me the most perverted uses of her adolescent body if only I would help her to escape. As a gentleman of breeding, I could not bring myself to repeat details of the perversions she offered. However, she whispered that she would make accusations against her escort to have them removed, so that we might be together.

I was invited at once to ride to the reformatory and report all this to the warden. I agreed but insisted I would not ride with such a little slut nor be seen in the same room with her. So I came separately to the gothic gate, entered, and reported my complaint to the duty warden. He was the most courteous of men. He

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apologised for the inconvenience caused me by Ragnhild, the fat-arsed Norwegian blonde, as he called the youngster. He promised me she was about to get the prison cane and invited me to see for myself.

So it was that I stood at the gothic window of a redbrick and yellow-tiled hall with a view of a low padded stool which was bolted to the floor. They had strapped Ragnhild down upon it on all fours. She still wore her white bra, though the prison officer with a cane gave Ragnhild's adolescent tits many a good feel under pretext of strapping her down. When they took her panties down, they were confronted by the chastity strap which I had fastened on her, its penis shape up her arse. It locked automatically at the back. Throughout the journey, the key had been on the ring of the escort commander in the smoking-car, his key-ring lying on the table before him and seen by witnesses. Ragnhild's complaints of schoolgirl buggery by one of the guards were thus proved to be lies again.

They removed the chastity strap before caning her. However, they fixed the gag-strap between her teeth. Then the senior officer gave her a sadistic beating. He really laid into the bare cheeks of Ragnhild's adolescent rump. I counted more than sixty strokes of the cane and he broke three supple bamboos across her sturdy teenage backside. The most amusing moment was when a white-capped tip peeped out between her rear cheeks and Ragnhild twisted round her rather stolid face with its lank fair hair, frantic now, and saw me watching her. She was screaming through her gag-strap but her eyes were immobilised by dismay at the sight of me. A female officer wedged a pot between the girl's knees and there was no pause in the caning. Ragnhild's screams accompanied her own humiliation. She endured the agony of a split bamboo that cut the cheek-skin of her young bottom half a dozen times. As our eyes met, I grinned at her to show my enjoyment of her predicament.

The warden of this place was a man after my own heart. After Ragnhild had been thrashed, he invited me to his own quarters for a glass of malt and a cigar until the car took me to the later train. His private room was hung with several dozen framed photographs in rows, mainly of girls with whom he had dealt. There were a score of Scandinavian nymphs, portraits of each face and figure, and close-ups of each bottom, bare for the whip. I studied Grete Bryne, Marit Aas, Katrina Frederiksen, Helena Thelen, Marie Moburg, Annica Jarnryd and many more. He was not the least embarrassed at this display of bare bottoms of girls in their early teens on the wall of his sitting room. It was his profession to punish. A photograph of a girl's bottom on his wall was as proper, he insisted, as a diploma on the office wall of a dentist.

I liked him more and more. But some of the photographs were of girls he had never encountered and were there as works of art. My heart almost missed a beat when I saw half a dozen that I recognised. They were among those taken by the stable-lad who had disciplined Lesley at Cheluna. The warden was one of the lucky clients who had copies! They were the six best life-size close-ups of her backside, nothing else. Lesley Hollingsworth was just an arse to excite him and he had no other interest in her. I approved of that. She was strapped down bending over in all the pictures. Several showed her bare bottom, which filled the frame, and during the course of a thrashing. Two, closer still, showed Lesley Hollingsworth's anus as the centre of the composition.

I mention this because Manrique was soon to negotiate with this splendid fellow over Annica Jarnryd. But there was another sequel. The time came when a sulky little replica of Lesley's good looks, her elfin schoolgirl daughter, was eligible to be punished by the man who owned both of them. Manrique had reason to discipline the youngster. He asked the warden's professional advice as to the best instrument and the number of strokes recommended across the bare bottom of a sullen little schoolgirl elf. The warden meditated. He did so with the photographs of Lesley's backside set out on the desk before him. He studied her arse for an hour, the shape of the cheeks, their lower fatness, their curving in together, the anal tarnishing on the pallor of the inward slopes. His mouth grew more vindictively tight and a cool sadism gleamed in his eyes. By viewing Lesley, he determined on her youngster's bare-bottomed ordeal. He wrote that no difference need be made between the maximum punishment for Lesley and her sulky little girl. He suggested that both should be dealt with side by side on the first occasion. In confidence, he added the name of a supplier of a certain birch, now banned in the prison system as an implement of atrocious sadism. He urged that the two bare bottoms should have a whole afternoon of it over the same trestle.

He was a gentleman of the old school and a character into the bargain. I was to hear much more of Annica Jarnryd but little of his other girls, except Ragnhild. I was pleased, and not the least surprised, to hear that

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Ragnhild did not leave the reformatory for her own country. The youngster's moral training was taken in hand by the Chevalier de Maille, an acquaintance of Manrique in Cheluna. His specialty is the use of human fillies, be they fourteen or forty. I was assured that Ragnhild had been broken in sadistically and trained to perfection while harnessed bending and bare-bottomed between the shafts of an ornamental garden-carriage.

I made no protest. Far better that a girl like Ragnhild should make her submission that way than that she should be returned to a culture of feminine self-importance. The ordeal she suffered as a pony-girl under the Chevalier de Maille's stable-whip must be set against the greater degree of excitement and pleasure which he derived from her.

This shortest journey on the Blue Train was only the prelude to a far more complex intrigue involving pretty young Annica Jarnryd. It was one of the most dramatic and exciting of the journeys.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I told the story of Ragnhild to Manrique in my next letter. In his turn, he assured Captain Shavez that no collection of slave-girls could be complete without a suntanned blonde, preferably a Scandinavia nymph lately embarked on the great adventure of her teens. There was much talk of this and I feel sure that my dealings with Ragnhild convinced Manrique that I could be trusted in certain projects of his own. A month passed before I heard from him again.

When I next left Paris, it was from the Gare de l'Est, where the length of the Rue Lafayette that has run almost from the Opera becomes a shabby street of workshops and depots. All stations have their sense of adventure, communicated by the destinations of the departure boards. Opposite the Buffet de l'Est, the boards announced Munich and Prague, Warsaw, Moscow, and Berlin. Manrique was in Berlin as a member of the military mission from Cheluna. He had written to say that he would value my assistance as escort to two pretty nymphs who were to make a journey to the south and the east. At the foot of his letter he wrote, Annica and Jordana. Captain Shavez had some part in the arrangements and would take possession of the dusky nymph Jordana. However the destination of the pretty little Swedish girl was Arabian.

Punctual to the second, the express pulled out from the grand terminus, passing under the open ironwork of bridges that carry the grey streets of La Chapelle and La Villette above the broad expanse of iron rails. In the grey afternoon light of Parisian winter we swept into a canyon deep below tall stone houses with peeling shutters and mansard roofs. Gathering power from its, cables the express gathered speed past the signal lights and the freight yards at Aubervilliers. The rush of air washed with a sound like lashing rain past the drawn blinds and the sleek royal blue flanks of the wagon-lit. We crossed the flat land of eastern France, through little stations whose names chimed with memories of battles and history. The cold moonlit scene showed a manor-house or a timbered hunting lodge among a grove of trees. Another unnamed city with a town bridge crossing a broad commercial river glimmered in the harsh starlight.

I had no doubt from my friend's letter that I was no longer to be a mere observer but master of the two girls on their journey with servants to ensure that they obeyed the commands given them. I lay awake much of the night thinking of this. Next morning I woke to a dark pine forest whose paths were shaded from the summer glare. Cool lakes the colour of a rain-sky appeared through the openings between the trees. In another hour there were little farms and level horizons of Pomerania.

The speed of the train dropped as we approached the city, riding above the streets, under the smoke-darkened glass vaults of the station at Charlottenburg, the Zoological Gardens, the Friedrichstrasse and the Alexanderplatz with their broad public spaces, a glimpse of the Unter den Linden from one of the bridges, and then at last the Hauptbahnhof, where the car was waiting.

I will not weary you with details of Manrique's villa. Its lawns came down to the edge of a broad lake not half an hour from the city. With private grounds and shuttered windows, it enjoyed seclusion and privacy. Imagine Wannsee or the Havel with the skyline of Potsdam beyond the water and the trees.

On the first evening, as we sat on the terrace after dinner and heard the clink of yachts at their moorings, Manrique explained that he had a certain young lady to escort to a destination she was still ignorant of. If I say it was African, you will understand enough. Sharmilla was not with him, only his servant Anton and two assistants. As for the two girls, Manrique smiled and assured me that they were as different as could be. Annica was a pretty but self-centred little girl who would probably not let a man near her. Our ebony-skinned little beauty Jordana had an instinctive sexuality and would either aid in the seduction of the young Swedish blonde or, more probably, accomplish it herself.

It was an intriguing situation but the true prize for any pasha was the young blonde. I had a chance of viewing her that same evening. Annica Jarnryd was a pretty girl on the threshold of true sexuality. I suppose, according to some opinions, she had been taken captive. Her elfin prettiness was no doubt justification for that. She had indeed a pretty and neat-featured face, tanned by the sun to warm gold and with vivacious blue eyes. Her light blonde hair was drawn into a thick tail on the back of her blouse. She wore a pair of pale blue summer shorts, no doubt with plain knickers underneath, leaving bare the slender silkiness of her sun-golden thighs. As for Jordana, she was another nymph of Annica Jarnryd's age but how different in other respects.

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This equatorial nymph had dark almond eyes and hair in a score of ethnic braids. There was a bold and sexually aware look to her, though her young figure was still slim and lithe. I thought how strange it is that the races of these two girls which produce such slim and supple nymphs in their early teens also have the fattest and least appealing damsels of thirty or forty.

You had best know the truth of it, Manrique said, studying the fireflies reflected on the water of the lake. Captain Shavez's client is a rich and powerful man. A pasha, if you like. His harem contains a score of concubines who are demure and obedient. He seeks something stronger. He chooses a Swedish nymph who will resist every step of the way and who will be made to obey in the end.

But why this one?

She is pretty and will grow to beauty. But she has been educated in a country where women, even as little girls, are taught self-importance. Their rights and opinions are all-prevailing. If something offends or displeases them, it must not be tolerated. The man of whom I speak wishes to have a girl who is the product of such a system and to train her to his will.

And Jordana?

She is Annica's age, he said, smiling, but a randy little equatorial minx. Your journey will be a long one. The two girls will share a berth. Fortunately, young women in Annica's culture learn that sex with another girl is their right and, perhaps, superior to sex with a man. You understand?

Like the Monte Carlo Rally, the Blue Train starts from a variety of stations in a variety of countries. Next day, I took my leave of Manrique beside the warm summer lake and was driven the short distance to the Wannsee Bahnhof with its cool modernistic marble and brickwork, its air of sun and leisure in the 1930s. The coach reserved for Manrique under diplomatic *laissez-passer* was attached to a locomotive and wagons, which moved slowly above Charlottenburg and the Alexanderplatz towards the Hauptbahnhof. There it was attached to the main ensemble. As the sun set beyond the Tiergarten, we moved out through the shabby districts of Lichtenburg and Karlshorst, across the flat Prussian plain with its wheatfields and thickets of trees, always travelling south. Next to the private dining-car, the walnut-panelled cabin of the wagon-lit with its white linen and perfumed air was already occupied.

I acted under advice from Anton and the other two servants. On this first night we separated the two nymphs, who were told that they were travelling for the completion of their reformatory education. Annica Jarnryd was in the adjoining cabin and it will not surprise you to learn that spy-holes had been provided. Before the fine-featured little blonde was put to bed, she had been made to swallow two pills, so that she need not lie awake fretting. There had been protests, refusal, sobs and then the submission of a little girl who takes her medicine to avoid punishment. Indeed, it was I who could not sleep. Just after midnight, I took the key, left my own cabin, and entered Annica's where a dim night-light burned.

I looked down at Annica Jarnryd. The budding Swedish nymph was curled up under a thin sheet on her bunk, lying on her side with her back to me. The pills had made her extremely drowsy and now she slept fitfully but without waking. I judged that there was room for me to stretch out if I also lay on my side behind her.

I had unbuttoned my pants in the faint glow of the night-light. Now I lifted the sheet a little and, gently as I could, slid under it. Annica did not stir, her knees drawn up a little and her shoulders curved forward as she lay on her side facing the wall. The slim little blonde did not even sigh in her sleep as I settled down.

Annica had removed her blouse and shorts. She was sleeping in her underwear. I saw her singlet and the thin cotton of her tightly stretched panties which she had worn during the day under her shorts. The little mane of blonde hair was had lost its pony-tail ribbon and was spread loose on her shoulders. I hardly touched her but I felt my heart miss a beat as I knew that her slim straight thighs with their silky golden tan were bare. Moreover Annica Jarnryd's knickers were too small to cover quite all that they should. Her seductive little bottom had that taut youthfulness which is so seductive in a beginner of her sort. How I longed to fondle her and do such things but it seemed out of the question.

My penis was stiffening as if it had a mind of its own. Without any assistance from me, it had parted the opening of my pajama trousers and was sticking out rudely and rigidly, the knob just touching the soft warm cheek-swell of Annica Jarnryd's trim little bottom in her tight cotton briefs.

To find myself touching her so intimately and unexpectedly was astonishing and exciting. I lifted the cover

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gently and looked down, able to see those slender young thighs and the first hint of feminine glamour in the soft swell of Annica's bottom-cheeks moulded by the elasticated cotton of her schoolgirl knickers. I allowed my hammer-head to stroke over the warm cotton curves of the seat of Annica Jarnryd's briefs. She stirred and made a sleepy little sound of protest without really waking up. I held myself in check until she had settled down again.

I directed the stiffened tool downward with my hand to enjoy the feeling of its knob against the little blonde's bare thighs. High up on the back of her slender leg the skin was like taut silk. Before I could stop myself a single throb of sperm squirted, I drew back but smiled, deciding that a trickle of it on the back of her slim young thigh would do Annica no harm. Indeed, I resumed contact quickly, enjoying the delicious feel of my most sensitive swelling as it rubbed round and about the bare adolescent thighs.

Annica stirred again and murmured in a peevish but muffled tone. She had still not truly woken at all. My stiffness resumed its loving exploration up and down the rear of her slender *garçonne* legs, enjoying the first early swell of their feminine curves and nuzzling in where her bare upper legs pressed lightly together. I left a light dewy trail high on the backs of her young thighs and smiled with satisfaction at doing it.

Moving it up a little more, I found that the lower cheeks of Annica Jarnryd's bottom were bare just above her thighs. The hem of Annica's knickers curved up over each trim pretty cheek of her sexy little arse, not covering it completely. As my vent touched the bare smoothness low down on Annica's bottom-cheek, I no longer felt the least compunction in a pleasure that did her no damage. I did it to both of her rear-cheeks and tried to see how far I could insinuate the knob along the line of her sex from the rear. As I did this, Annica let out a short breath, as if in exasperation, and shifted a little. But she still lay in the same posture.

I sensed that she was sleeping more deeply still and that I might release my passion in some way or another without waking her. I was quite determined to spend to the uttermost because I would never get a wink of sleep otherwise. It was impossible to hold back, nor by then did I wish to. Indeed, I raised myself a little on my arm so that I could look down at Annica's sleeping face while I let loose my passion. The soft spread of blonde Nordic hair that touched her shoulders was close enough to kiss. I touched my lips to it, so lightly that it would not rouse her. The lashes of her blue eyes lay fringed on her cheekbones, the charming little lips lightly parted and the delicately featured young face softened in response.

As I gazed down at her, my erection was rubbing up and down against the warm tight seat of Annica's cotton knickers. Fortunately, the movement was concealed by the shudder of wheels and the rhythm of the rails. Yet the moment was coming and, afterwards, I was shocked by my remorseless enthusiasm. I allowed the penis to travel once more on the silken smoothness at the rear of Annica's slender thighs. The tip of the intruder quivered against the softer flesh, below the elastic hem of the tight cotton briefs where the emergent womanliness was left bare.

I was maddened enough to consider taking the little bitch's knickers down gently and sousing Annica Jarnryd's bare arse. But, thankfully, prudence prevailed. All the same, I was incensed enough to have done anything to her that opportunity permitted. Despite her inexperience, I would happily have ruled her as a harem despot in that moment. I knew that the day would soon come when her new master need spare her nothing, when every avenue of pleasure Annica offered would be explored without hesitation.

I rubbed slowly against the warm cotton-clad softness of Annica's bottom-cheeks. My lips were at her ear, pouting in light kisses, murmuring softly. I knew that Annica was too deeply asleep to hear, though I hoped my passionate outburst might lodge somewhere in the depths of her memory.

You prick-teasing little bitch, Annica Jarnryd! You shall have the seat of your knickers soaked for you in a minute! You're a little tart aren't you, Annica? Let's see how you like being treated as one. You need a proper punishment-lesson, Annica Jarnryd. You wouldn't be such a little madam after you'd had the stable-lash across those pretty little bottom-cheeks.

Fortunately the pills they had made her take before going to bed, despite her protests and attempt at resistance, made her insensible to my murmured passion. She made no response even to my most outrageous whispers about the dark drama of a whipping. With that the overflow of passion began to pulse over the light cotton web that formed the seat of Annica's knickers. It was as well she slept deeply, for I gave the little blonde a soaking, trying to ensure that much of it was between the prim young cheeks of Annica's backside. I could hear the squirting faintly as I drenched the elasticated cotton web and smiled at the poetic justice which

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Annica had received. And I also directed my sperm on to bare lower smoothness of Annica Jarnryd's bottom, where her underpants had uncovered her pretty rear cheeks.

Before she woke, I left. I think she guessed when she woke next morning that something had happened to her in the night but was not at all sure what. There was a toilet to one side of the cabin and, by spying on her, I caught a distant glimpse of Annica hoisting herself up to sit with her bottom over the washbasin edge, looking down over her shoulder and sponging herself. What her thoughts were, I could not tell. She came out in a new blouse and a pair of clean knickers. It was as well she had a clean pair with her, for the others were in no state for her to wear after the boiling over of my spout!

After breakfast, Anton led Jordana from her cabin and locked her in with Annica. During the day, it was easier for the two girls to be together, so that we might watch them through one set of spy-holes. They were doubtful at first, then confidential, and at last they looked to one another for comfort in their ordeal. The pretext of taking them somewhere for education or instruction had worn thin. They guessed, I think, that they were held captive to experience sexual slavery or punishment of some kind.

They sat on the wide padded seat together, holding hands like little girls who become best friends. presently, randy little Jordana kissed Annica's bare neck, the young blonde's hair being held back from it by her tortoiseshell comb. Annica made no protest but she did not yet respond. Jordana stroked her young companion's silky fair-skinned face. They hugged one another a little and exchanged words of friendship.

Annica's shorts left most of her slender thighs bare. Jordana's nimble African-brown fingers stroked the slim sun-dusted thighs. Annica bowed her head. I think the pretty little Swedish nymph liked it but felt she ought not to. Presently, she stood up and went into the toilet. The lock had been removed as a matter of prudence, so that Annica could not hide away in there and lock the door against us.

Jordana gave Annica a few minutes. Then the dusky child of nature smiled to herself and slipped in there as well. I was vexed by this, not being able to see what happened. Fortunately, the two girls reappeared several minutes later. Neither wore her shorts, though both still had on the white stretch-briefs of their underpants. I do not think they had done anything sexual to one another. But their intimacy was established by having their knickers down together, while each took her turn to sit on the toilet and let loose a whispering flood. Each had seen the other's cute little pussy and charming young backside. Annica Jarnryd had learnt not to be ashamed of such moments when shared with a girl of her own age.

I thought that Jordana had planned the seduction of Annica as carefully as any man. Moreover, the two girls were so different in colour and race that each had a mutual curiosity about the other. A pretty little Swedish blonde was surely intrigued to see the secret anatomy of a native-tan youngster like Jordana. Jordana sighed, as if very tired, and stretched out on the seat. Annica said something to her, quietly and affectionately. Jordana reached out and took the Swedish pupil's hand. In a moment more their fingers were caressing one another's.

Jordana's head was pillowed on the arm-rest at one side. The only way for Annica to lie was with her head on the other rest, so that the two youngsters lay head-in tail. Presently, Jordana stroked Annica's bare thigh, then the body-warmed cotton web of her stretch-briefs where it covered her hip-flank. Her hand smoothed a hall covered cheek of Annica Jarnryd's firm little bot-tom. The young blonde tensed away but Jordana whispered something and Annica relaxed.

Youngsters of this age, eager for knowledge and sensation, are bolder together than they would ever be with a man. Jordana's ethnic braids held back from her face by a head-band, swept her shoulders as she turned a little. Her fingers hooked in the elastic waist of her knickers and she stripped her panties right off. Annica gazed at the slim swarthy thighs and the smooth ebony rounds of Jordana's schoolgirl bottom-cheeks.

Seeing Jordana's bare arse and thighs excited Annica's instincts. She hung like a predator over her victim, her fingers exploring her dusky playmate. Jordana's fingers caressed Annica through the cotton web of her knickers. At last she gently touched the flesh-folds of Annica Jarnryd's pretty little cunt through her panty-bottom. Annica started, hesitated, but then submitted. I guessed that she felt panic or unease at being masturbated. But it was the price she must for fingering and exploring Jordana's secret places. I suspect the two girls had come close to this before while in Manrique's possession. Alone, uncertain, rather scared, Annica needed such feminine friendship and comfort. When Jordana tried to push Annica's schoolgirl knickers down, the pretty little Swedish blonde lifted her hips to make this easier, finally she pulled her

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panties right off for herself.

They settled down for the afternoon, head to tail. Each girl examined the other's clitoris and flesh-folds between her legs. Each studied the other's bottom, pressing the cheeks apart to study the anus and its shadowy crack. It was the first time either had been able to study intimate feminine anatomy and compare it with her own. Indeed, each could see the other girl's arse or loins more clearly than she could see her own! Affection grew to love in half an hour. As Dresden with its wooded hills and valley, the broad Elbe between low bluffs, then Prague and the southern hills, passed behind us, the two girls masturbated one another. They did it gently, mildly, and inexpertly. I might easily have stopped them. But they made such a charming sight that I left them alone. Jordana came with uninhibited native ease. She slipped into the toilet to sponge herself. Her fair-skinned partner had been unable to reach fulfillment in the presence of another girl, so strong was her schoolgirl inhibition. But lying alone, Annica Jarnryd masturbated herself to a climax, frigging urgently to complete it before her dark-skinned little Sappho returned. Then they curled up, cuddling and kissing in gentle affection.

Quite naturally, this left me in the mood to do something. I discussed it with Anton. It would never do to ravish the girls between their virgin thighs, making them damaged goods to an Arabian master. Their bottoms would be quite another matter. Each girl's anus was young and very tight. Her new master would certainly enforce its use but would need to stretch it a little. To use the girls in that way on the journey, stretching them hard, would surely make them more acceptable.

Two nights later, alone with Jordana in my cabin, I tasted an hour of the greatest excitement. Unlike many girls of her age, this ebony-skinned nymph acted as though she quite expected to have something done to her before the journey was over. The youngster was also rather scared at what her fate might be and perhaps hoped I would be her lover and protector. How well Manrique had chosen her as a companion for Annica!

I sat by the window, watching the sun set across the mountains of Achaea. When I invited short-skirted Jordana to sit on my lap, she never hesitated.

Though she said little, she brushed back her dark plaits of hair held by her headband and turned to be kissed, taking the tongue quickly between her lips and giving me hers in return. Had she read or seen that that is how a girl is supposed to behave? Or had some other eager little girl taught her? When my hands moved gently to the front of her sweater, she eased round a little so that I might feel the first promise of two prim little dark-skinned tits resting in my palms.

We continued in this manner until Mount Parnassus dropped away to one side of the track. There were distant lights across water and vast tankers at anchor.

It took little effort to pull her over on my lap so that I could work under the short pleated gym-skirt whose hem ended well above her knees. She made no objection to this, having had it done before, perhaps by a teacher who was going to spank her! I smoothed my hand up and down and round the slender thighs with their sleek ebony gloss. The youngster made no protest.

I kissed her slim neck that was left quite bare as the thin braids of African beauty fell clear. Gently I pulled her over my lap again, running a hand up the slim and glossily dark calves of her legs, the skin cool in the freshness of the spring night. It required no effort to move her and position her conveniently for fondling in the cramped space of the seat. She sprawled in a rather ungainly fashion, the braids of hair falling aslant her prettily impudent young face. I could not help noticing that Jordana had a preference for lying face-down over my knees, like a naughty little girl waiting to be spanked. I would willingly have spanked her pretty African-skinned bottom but badly needed to do something else to it first!

Still kissing Jordana's neck and ears, which made her squirm with natural sensitivity, I ran my hand higher. I know that a wagon-lit is not quite the place for such things. I would far rather have had Jordana crouching naked like a jungle kitten on all fours over silken sheets in a bridal suite.

My hand travelled over the trim young cheek-curves of Jordana's African-tan bottom, which were bare under her skirt. My hands roamed over the satiny coolness of Jordana's hind cheek-swell, gently fondling her charming little olive-dark backside and thighs. She had excited me from the first as a pert little teaser. A gentle pat on her slender agile thighs, a brisk smack on their backs to coax her over a little. The firm young swell of Jordana's bottom-cheeks were tantalisingly presented. I studied their fullest swell, the promise of fullness low down, the rounding out and curving in together. Another nuptial pat, some fondling, a light

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smack or two, more fondling, another affectionate smack. She lay there, presenting her rear cheek curves to feel such familiarity! Her arse-cheeks showed a taut controlled suppleness.

Jordana lay bottom-upwards over my lap, jungle-tan thighs squeezing on her young pussy! There was a slow and energetic swelling of her bottom-cheeks tensing and slackening in a languorous rhythm. Her taut thighs whispered together. The cheeks of her behind in this randy exercise. The tensing and rounding of Jordana's pretty negress-skinned arse-orbs grew more lewd as she squirmed and panted. It was as if she rode an invisible bicycle hard up a steep hill. I was intrigued by this swelling and writhing, ecstatic tightening, the lewd tremors and vulgar rounding of the cheeks of Jordana's bottom!

She breathed more quickly through her open mouth, turning her head to one side a little. The dark braids slid away, revealing the firm young face with eyes closed and lips lightly parted. I think this was Jordana's lust real lesson in sex education, which had not so far formed part of her training.

Feeling in the mood to be a dirty little girl, Jordana.' I asked her teasingly, I think you are!

She turned her face, not smiling but with a knowing look of her slanting eyes, she turned her mouth up and kissed with her tongue wriggling in my mouth. She lay still while I vaselined her tight young anus, though she continued to kiss, using her tongue in my mouth. I think she was probably rather scared of what was going to happen but dusky-skinned Jordana kissed as if having her arsehole vaselined was the sexiest thing in the world to her.

When I commanded her, she got up, turned her back, then lowered herself, half-sitting and half-squatting, on to my upright tool. It was feminine instinct, not practice, which guided her. The trim satin-ebony cheeks of Jordana's pretty bottom were so seductive that I was determined to spare her nothing. And her little anus was virgin tight on me as it yielded to the rounded knob. I was truly enjoying myself with her and became a very strict teacher. The braids of her dark hair were clear of her neck and ears so that I could kiss her in all those sensitive places. In her reactions, I thought Jordana was certainly more of a randy little piece than Annica would be. I guided my hot-blooded little negress slave harder as she sat on the hardened penis, the knob driving deeper into Jordana's arse. She caught her breath and then cried out.

I calmed her and moved her so that she was between my legs, half-bending over half-crouching before me, knees bent quite wide apart, so that I could bugger her while sitting on the seat. The ethnic braids of hair, though held by her head-band, almost concealed her face. As she bent, Jordana showed the trim dusky-olive ovals of her pretty bottom-cheeks. This excited me very much and I finished more quickly than I intended. So far she had been a little uncomfortable with the penis in her behind. Now, as the climax approached I had hurt her perhaps a little. It was not mere sadism. This was the climax of passion and the loss of Jordana's anus-virginity. It was important that this impudent little daughter of the tropics should feel something. She had an arse like an impudent little tribal page-girl and as the sperm began to squirt I pressed hard in my enthusiasm and Jordana cried out in alarm.

As the squirting stopped, I held her very firmly and made her turn her face. Though Jordana had been hurt a little there were no tears. I kissed her and the sly little monkey gave me her tongue in my mouth again, slipping it in and out quickly. Small wonder that the bulk of my penis began to harden again without drawing from the youngster's behind. I feel no need to apologise for that! I was like a passionate bridegroom with my sly equatorial beauty and it is common for a groom on his honeymoon night to flood his pretty partner twice with sperm.

Jordana gave a single sob of apprehension, which in truth made me stiffen still more! I cannot tell you whether she was a child of Indes or the Niger but the pert ebony-skinned cheeks of her bottom drove me wild. I made her stay bending like that and never drew my tool from her pretty rump.

I think I really made you feel it at the end of the first session, Jordana.

She murmured something, rather crestfallen.

Despite that, Jordana, you'll get a second helping of penis in your young bottom now to teach you something about men and how they feel about you. Also to teach you something about yourself and the amount of discipline you can bear when we give you no choice.

But I have to tell you that Jordana shed pretty tears before the second sodomising of her prim negress-skinned bottom was over. As I rode her my lips touched her ear and she heard what I murmured to her even in the middle of her own cries.

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It's not too soon for you to be a man's slave, Jordana... a pretty little teaser... a lot of men would pay to have your pert dark-skinned arse in their beds... older men pay well to own a slave-girl like you... Never thought that you'd feel the penis of a middle-aged master every night, Jordana?.... He won't use it between your legs unless he wants to give you a baby... That pretty little dark-skinned bottom, Jordana... You'll feel his penis in your behind every night... And the cane across your bottom when he's in a sadistic mood...

Perhaps the cane was never used at Jordana's school and the mention of it, combined with the promise of a middle-aged master made her panic. Let me anticipate and tell you that when she reached her final destination, her Arab master was seduced by her young backside. Yet he found her very tight there and a little unwilling. He commanded three of his guards to break her in. Every evening, Jordana lay with wrists and ankles fastened, bottom-up over pillows. She received her three visitors at hourly intervals. For two or three weeks, as they exercised her trim dusky bottom, Jordana's screams accompanied the rhythmic creaking of the couch. After two or three weeks, her frenzy gradually stopped. The eavesdroppers heard only the rhythmic creaking and the passionate gasping of the man who rode her. Then Jordana was ready for her master.

My own passion squirted a second time in Jordana's pretty warm-skinned arse only a few hours before our arrival at Athens. We were to leave the train next morning and wait at Manrique's villa beyond Piraeus for further instructions. But before we had disembarked, as the chimneys of Eleusis rattled past, there was a feminine drama more intense than any I could have anticipated!

CHAPTER NINE

How it began, I never discovered. All was well, when I led Jordana back to the girls' shared cabin and locked her in with Annica. The emotions of the conflict puzzled me at the time but now I understand them. Jordana had just had a man up her dusky young bottom, leaving her a little uncomfortable but excited and even proud at having become a young woman in status. Annica was teased by frustration after indulging in masturbation that was only half successful. The two jealous and fretful little girls were in an overwrought state. It was made all the worse by heat and tension while they were cooped up together.

We were an hour or more from Athens, when I heard raised voices, shrill with anger. I opened the spy-hole and saw the two pupils, dusky and blonde, standing in their underpants and singlets. The quarrel was over possession of a hairbrush but the cries suggested that it might have been the fate of nations. Annica snatched at the brush and pushed Jordana away from her. Jordana sat down, not very hard, on the bunk. But she sprang up, hissing and scratching, seizing Annica by her blonde mane and spinning her round. At the same time, she thrust a foot between Annica's legs so that the pretty blonde stumbled and fell.

There was a bitter struggle, Annica trying to scramble away on hands and knees, Jordana clawing her back. Then they were locked together, biting, scratching, rolling on the carpet. Then Jordana was kneeling astride Annica, while Annica screamed and tried to rake the dark-skinned girl's rib-skin with her nails. Jordana pulled back and Annica struggled to her feet. But then it was Jordana who wound her fingers in the blonde's hair and bowed her head down, Annica now shrieking at the sharp hair-pulling pain. Jordana aimed a punch with the other hand, then another. She ripped Annica's panties to her thighs and smacked the little blonde's arse and legs very hard. Annica screamed in panic and fury. At this point, a key rattled in the lock as Anton and the two servants burst in.

They were soon wrist-cuffed by soft straps and chained to their bunks by a leather anklet. The diplomatic wagon-lit was uncoupled and drawn discreetly into a covered bay. It was the easiest thing in the world to bundle two fractious girls into the waiting sedan. Half an hour later, the compound guards saluted the Chelunan pennant as we passed between the tall gates of the diplomatic mission.

Despite Manrique's influence, I was uneasy about anything like a whipping for the girls while we were on these premises. I postponed my decision until the morning. It would be time enough to deal with the miscreants then. Yet as I lay in bed with the traffic of Athens a distant murmur, I knew the case must be judged. I understood that an Arabian pasha had offered a good deal of money for the possession of the two youngsters. They were pledged as his property and had few, if any, rights over the disposal of their own seductive young bodies. By their biting, scratching, kicking, they had damaged their master's property, as surely as if they had smashed his crystal goblets. That they would be severely punished for such conduct in future was a lesson they must learn. If Annica Jarnryd should mark one of her master's favourite girls in a fit of anger, her youth would not save her from a visit by the executioner with a whip and a black silk noose!

By next morning, I decided I would keep the whip in their sight but demand instead obedience to the commands of my pleasure during the rest of the journey. Annica and Jordana stood before me in their sleeping costume of bra and briefs. There were gasps and whimpers of fright when I told them that the whip across their bare backsides and legs was likely to be their fate. I described to them the extent to which their bodies were the property of their master. Not only must they keep them as he wished. He might command or forbid any private action or function. These two pretty pupils stared at me in dismay, one with the pretty blue eyes of Sweden, the other with the dark slant of jungle glamour. Anton drew the lash through his fingers and cracked the whip hard. Annica and Jordana cried out in dismay, clutching and hugging one another. Annica Jarnryd was almost out of her mind at the thought of being hurt so savagely. Coming from a culture where even little girls are taught that they must be pampered and indulged, she had never contemplated the possibility of being hurt like this.

I asked them if they were ready to have their pretty little bottoms skinned raw. There were tears, sobs, and promises. They begged and pleaded, promising to do anything I wanted. When I suggested that they might show their obedience and repentance by obeying any sexual command given them, they almost shouted their agreement.

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Very well, I said quietly, Jordana, go with Anton. See to it that you give him the most enjoyable morning of his life. If not, he has my permission to whip your brown-skinned bottom raw. Annica, stay here with me.

They went out and I pointed the pretty Swedish nymph to the carpet before my chair.

Push down your knickers, Annica Jarnryd. Then kneel in front of me.

She almost fell over in her hurry to pull first one slim elfin leg clear of her knickers, then the other. She must have guessed the sequel. I drew down the zip and the monster of her female teachers' nightmares stood hard and veined.

Suck the penis, Annica Jarnryd. Go all the way. Swallow like a good girl.

Annica went down obediently on her knees. She bowed her head, her Nordic blonde hair held back by a ribbon as she lowered her face over my loins. She gazed this way and that at the penis. Annica checked the hair-ribbon to prevent the blonde silkiness falling forward and tickling my thighs and belly. Then she bowed her face and with the lightest touch of her fingers raised the hot stiffness of the penis on their tips.

It was charming to see how this little Swedish nymph drew the foreskin back from the knob and examined the size of that roundness. She looked closely at the vent and then Annica's fingers suddenly froze in stillness. She had felt the penis begin to quiver a little.

Supporting the penis by the fingers of one hand, Annica now began to lift and examine the balls with the other. The neat line of her young mouth and nose, the delicate prettiness of her features and the charming tail of blonde hair gave her an air of intent and serious investigation. To tell the truth, I think she was desperately trying to postpone the moment of having the tool in her mouth and then tasting a man's sperm!

I was gratified to see how much was instinctive in Annica. Without the least instruction, feminine nature prompted her to massage the stiffening penis in her fingers with a gentle rhythm until it stood bolt upright, hard and veined as if carved from pale marble.

Annica sat on her heels and brought her face closer so that her eyes were examining the penis shaft from no more than six or eight inches. She was uncertain and hesitant. Ideas and hints of what she might do passed through her mind, one supposes, but she seemed to lack the final resolve to do them.

Annica's first concession was to kiss the knob of the penis lightly and briefly. It was not even a proper kiss, rather a merest touch of the lips. She drew back at once and paused. But the monster had done her no harm. While I watched her with keen anticipation, Annica kissed again, more slowly and for a longer period of time.

Like all beginners in dangerous pastimes, my blonde pupil's courage grew quickly as she found that the harm imagined was not as quick to follow as she had thought. Annica sat back on her heels. She pillowed her pretty blonde head level with the pale serpent and studied it from the distance of a mere hand's length. Her fingers stroked it and turned it. She investigated the fold of skin half-concealing the knob and stared wonderingly as the swelling of that knob caused the head of the monster to emerge again. Annica watched with growing amazement as it stiffened and hardened along all its length, presently standing upright in defiance of every law of gravity. Now it was hard as a sculpted model, veins and contours raised, though of a warmer substance than any carving.

Annica patted her blonde tail into place and settled down again within kissing distance of this object of curiosity. She kissed the hard-head lightly and repeatedly, while her nimble young fingers played with the balls. Then, at last, she did what I had been willing her to. Rounding her lips over the swollen knob Annica cautiously took two or three inches into her mouth and teased the sensitive stiffness with her loving tongue. I smiled down at her, enjoying it all the more because I had forced the little nymph to obey.

With her ribboned blonde tail of her hair brushing to and fro, Annica Jarnryd sucked the penis lightly and cautiously. I watched my pretty Swedish pupil and was secretly delighted to see that Annica was tasting a man's tool properly at last. She was a beginner in such things but no more so than other girls who have even been obliged to suck against their will by men into whose power they have passed. I greatly hoped that a little warm amorous gruel would escape into her mouth before she could draw clear. But, as yet, that did not occur. She took her mouth away after a little, pillowed her head again and gazed fascinated at the stiffness. Her fingers could not quite leave it alone and she could not restrain herself from touching it with light kisses where it was still wet from her mouth.

Shyly the pretty little blonde slid her mouth over my erection again. Now it was my turn to gasp with

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pleasure as I sat in the arm-chair and enjoyed the exquisite velveteen caress of her lips and tongue while Annica Jarnryd sucked the prick, kneeling before me on all fours with her underpants pulled off. Her petite and pearly young bottom-cheeks, which she displayed to me in the mirror as I watched, were menaced with a pony-whip if she failed to give satisfaction. Though Annica Jarnryd sucked like a greedy little girl with her favourite lollipop, I am sure it was the threat of the whip that made her do it.

She was gazing closely at my loins rather than my face. She did not see me look down at what she was doing, grinning delightedly to myself. Presently my hips arched towards her a little. Annica was in a real predicament. The sperm was about to come in her mouth. If she drew away, it would fly everywhere. She was well and truly caught.

The first jet shot over her tongue and down her throat. My head was turned aside. As she knelt over me with her knickers down, the slender sun-golden thighs and the pretty little cheeks of Annica Jarnryd's bottom were seductively bare. I was coming in her mouth now, my gaze earnestly fixed on the mirrored view of Annica Jarnryd's arse-cheeks, cultivating a fetish for this view of her. My balls seemed filled to bursting. I flooded her tongue and gazed ecstatically at Annica Jarnryd's prim little bottom as I did so for the next minute of ecstasy. Only when I had obliged her to swallow a magnificent tribute did I lie back, breathing heavily.

Even so, as the pretty Swedish blonde sat back on her heels a delayed final squirt of sperm fell on the gold dusted tan of one slender young thigh like a blob of thick gruel. Annica gave a sound of dismay.

That afternoon, the reason for our stay in Manrique's villa was made clearer to me. In the case of Annica Jarnryd, the blonde pupil was to learn a little more of the English language. It is, after all, the lingua franca of the harem as well as of diplomacy! The pasha who was to possess a junior glamour-girl like Annica would speak no Swedish but he would have enough English to make his desires plain to her!

Two weeks passed before we were driven to the Stathmos Peloponnesus, where a coach was attached to the train running south to Kalamata. It was on the second night when I paid a visit to Annica's room. She lay on the mattress in her short-sleeved singlet and her white stretch-briefs, the neat firm features of her pretty young profile on the pillow, the light blonde hair drawn back and lying in its usual mane. As usual that day, she had been wearing her pale blue shorts which covered only the top two inches of her slender gold-tanned thighs. I was increasingly passionate to do things to Annica and I tried constantly to get a good rear view of her, the trim cheeks of her young backside which were in bud rather than in blossom.

Now I entered the soundproof room and closed the door. After her misbehaviour with Jordana, Annica's wrists were leather-cuffed in front of her and attached to the bed-frame by a twelve-inch length of chain. I stooped over her and kissed her awake, for as yet she was only sleeping lightly. She stirred and made a mumbled response. I kissed her on the lips.

Not properly asleep yet, Annica? I asked, smiling at her in the glow of the bedside lamp, Ready to have some fun with that pretty young body of yours? Let's see if you can be an obedient girl, Annica. I think you can guess what will happen to you otherwise.

I brought with me a bottle that looked like smelling salts. It contained liquid happiness, or the fumes of it, which such girls should only be allowed on special occasions. I was determined that Annica must breathe them now.

Head still, Annica! Breathe from the bottle. No, don't turn your face away, you little tart! Breathe a little more. Makes your head swim a little? A moment's rest, then. Now breathe it again. Pretty girls feel tipsy and reckless, after inhaling it for a few minutes, Annica. They get quite sexy and do things they never would otherwise. They do things that they weep about next day. Breathe from the bottle again, Annica. And some more. No, don't try to turn your face, Annica. Breathe some more. That's a good girl. Feeling more excited now? Ready to do things with your pretty little bottom, Annica Jarnryd?

I lay down on the bed, turning her to face away from me. Annica was now making a faint sound that was part plaintive and part ecstasy! I took the waistband of her schoolgirl briefs, stripped them down her slim thighs, which were scarcely thicker than a man's upper arm, and pulled them off over her feet.

Breathe from the bottle again, Annica. Feeling tipsy from it? Let's put you really over the top, so that you'll do anything. You've got a charming little bottom, haven't you, Annica? In the mood to be a randy girl with it, Annica? Like the feel of my hands fondling you there? I'm sure at home they wouldn't allow what's going to happen to you now. Do you like the feel of my finger vaselining your anus, Annica? Does it make

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you feel sexy? Don't turn your face Annica! Breathe from the bottle again!

Despite her status as a beginner, I wanted a long session with Annica Jarnryd. To see the fledgling femininity of those trim young bottom-cheeks stiffened me. To have my linger between them, its tip smearing vaseline on Annica Jarnryd's arsehole made me desperate to enjoy her young backside. I cannot say that I had broken her will but the fumes from the bottle had certainly dissolved her inhibitions.

Lie over a little more, Annica. On your belly over the pillows. You've got a beautifully flat and tight young belly, haven't you? Right over. Lie still while I pull the tail of your singlet up. Draw your knees up a little, Annica, so that the cheeks of your behind are pulled apart more. See the camera on its stand? Look back over your shoulder while you lie like that. You'll get used to the flash. It works automatically twice a minute. Lie like that and wait for it. Knees drawn up and rear cheeks spread. Look back over your shoulder. Good. I'm sure that's the first time you've ever had your little pussy photographed, Annica, and your arse-hole too!

Next day, when she recovered from the stimulus of the fumes, Annica would be thoroughly ashamed of what had happened. Indeed, there were to be bitter tears and an hour or two of weeping. By showing her the photographs, I hoped to teach her the futility of trying to turn back from her sexual adventure.

I knelt astride her as she lay face-down over the pillows, though I made her turn her face for my kisses. The thighs and bottom she presented were trim but still ungainly. She was certainly tipsy from the fumes but when the knob of my penis knocked for admission at her anus, she made a sound of protest. But it was protest rather than resistance. I think if her wrists had not been held by the leather cuffs, Annica might have put her hands behind her to try and shield her young arse from the assault. Happily, this was impossible. At this stage, she showed me such a pretty little anus. I took the mane of blonde hair firmly in one hand to hold her head still and held the bottle to her nose. At the same time, I rammed her hard in the arsehole and felt it yield.

Annica Jarnryd cried out, more in panic than discomfort I think. The first two inches of my tool were now engulfed in her trim little rump. Now it was easy to manage the little blonde. I held Annica bottom-upwards over the pillows, my hands on her slim hips. My pupil's pretty young face was a study in doubt and dismay. She was having sex properly for the first time, not sucking a man but being ridden by him. At her age, girls spend much time wondering and talking among themselves about what it will be like. A youngster like Annica naturally felt the penis very big in her bottom. I cannot say whether it excited her in any way but she knew it was a sexy act. I think it also made Annica feel that she needed to do something very rude, which the penis prevented completely.

Never had lessons in sex education before, Annica? I'm enjoying giving you this one. Your anus... That tight little arsehole, Annica Jarnryd... It's made for your use on some occasions and for a man's pleasure on others... You'll be trained to do this by the pasha's older women...

With one hand I stroked the silky suntan of her face and the pretty mane of blonde hair. My other hand still fondled the pretty little cheeks of her bottom. The youngster, despite the breaths from the bottle, had begun to dislike the penis in one of the rudest and most undignified areas of her rear anatomy. She pleaded that the buggery and the thought of sperm up her behind disgusted her.

You're not meant to enjoy it, Annica. That is your master's privilege. All the same, you might just as well be a sensible girl and learn to join in what he does to you.

I adjusted her position a little and then rode her harder and deeper, the springs of the bed keeping time to my pleasure. I paused several times to make the fun last as long as possible. I was gratified to hear that Annica Jarnryd's anus was still sensitive next day and that she confided this to Jordana.

Let's have some real excitement now, Annica! I gasped. A ride to the finish. Keep your pretty little bottom still but lie right over the pillows and stick it out as hard as you can. It struck me as amusing that under my tuition, this blonde student was acquiring a very special knowledge of English. I buggered Annica Jarnryd as one buggers a girl from whom one cannot hold back. This first night would shape her experience of sex.

I brushed aside the blonde mane and my lips touched her ear, filling her mind with phrases of passion that would linger in her mind whenever she surrendered to a lover. Even as a honeymoon bride with the man of her dreams, Annica would hear the echoes of my passion. The phrases matter little but the words recurred like an incantation. Your bottom, Annica Jarnryd... My sperm right up your arse, Annica... Beautifully tight young anus, Annica Jarnryd... Coming now, Annica... Right up your backside... Right where you feel you

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want to shit, Annica Jarnryd... Lie still and take it in your bottom... And some more, Annica... A sexy little arse, Annica... I'll bugger you as often as I can on the rest of the journey...

As the squirts of sperm dwindled, I had exhausted the youngster almost as much as myself! I left Annica Jarnryd bottom-upwards over the pillows, her knickers off and her body limp with the onset of sleep. There was great hilarity when the servants found her like this next morning with an open jar of vaseline beside her and smears of it between her trim rear cheeks. Their mockery of the girl caused the first of Annica's sobs.

I did not share my blonde pupil with Anton or the servants. Yet I could not help thinking that they regarded themselves as hard done by. Anton had assured me that by sodomising Annica and stretching her young anus permanently, I would be doing her future master a favour. By now I began to wonder what sort of favour I might also have to allow Anton.

CHAPTER TEN

In the weeks that we spent behind the high protected walls of Manrique's villa, its upper windows looking out across the bay towards Cape Sounion and the Temple of Poseidon, my unease grew. Anton urged me to train and discipline Annica Jarnryd. There was a convenient threshing-floor and a good selection of whips in the stable. Anton repeated that when a girl was presented kneeling over the divan for a pasha's inspection or purchase, the fading marks of a cane or a whip across her young bottom would be regarded with favour. Such marks showed she had been broken in and her resistance curbed.

But I was disinclined to flog Annica, a girl just setting out on the adventure of her teens. I had my own nightly interest in the trim fair-skinned cheeks of Annica's bottom—and in the tight little entrance between them!

The crisis came in a way I had never expected. Anton approached me one afternoon, while I received a friendly visit from the chef de brigade mondaine, charged with enforcing public morals. He was a loyal friend and supporter of Manrique. Anton interrupted our discussion as we sat in the wide drawing-room with its view towards Sounion. He was flustered, self-conscious and apologised a dozen times—but he must speak to me at once.

He did not explain himself at first but led me quickly towards the harness-room behind the stables. There was an interior window, usually curtained but now uncovered. Because we stood in a darkened room adjoining, we could see without being seen. In a basket chair sprawled a boy I did not recognise. He was about sixteen, smartly dressed and well groomed. He wore a grey-flannel uniform with tight-fitting knee-boots. A peaked cap was on the table.

For such a smartly-dressed boy, he was sprawling in a very ungainly manner, lying back in a broken-down basket chair. Jordana had her back to him, the rear of her knees almost touching the front of his. She was bending over with her short pleated skirt and her schoolgirl knickers round her ankles. Her face with its impudent African prettiness was turned to him, her ethnic braids hanging in disorder. Beside the boy's chair knelt Annica, though fully dressed in white singlet and pale blue shorts. She had unbuttoned the front of his pants and had drawn out his stiffening penis. They were playing at being dirty little girls with the boy, who was marginally their senior.

While Annica fiddled and tickled his penis, the boy leant forward fondling and kissing the native-tan bottom-cheeks which Jordana presented. He was gasping and mumbling, obviously having the time of his life.

Who is he? I hissed at Anton, What are they doing.

He is the gentleman's chauffeur, m'sieur, Anton said, Your visitor, the commandant.

Is he not too young to be a chauffeur?

Not in this country, he muttered, Even boys of fourteen are employed for it.

But why are the two girls....

It is the second or third time, m'sieur, that they have done this on the gentleman's visits. So I heard them say. The two little whores have promised to elope with the boy and love him equally. Then I saw it.

You mean he will assist them to abscond from here?

He has not said so but they work upon him constantly, m'sieur.

If you still believe in girlish innocence, you should have seen the way that Jordana now drew the negress-skinned cheeks of her pert little bottom apart to show the boy her anus, the little devil turning and grinning at him as she did so. She was randy when it suited her to be—so too was our pretty picture of innocence, Annica.

I went straight back to my visitor and apologised to him. I explained that two girls who were inmates of the villa had taken advantage of his youthful chauffeur, had in fact tried to seduce the boy. I assured him that the boy was not in the least to blame and deserved no reprimand. However, I promised that both Annica and Jordana would taste the whip. The commandant smiled.

You should let the boy whip them. It is one of the best ways to cure him of infatuation, if there is any. Under the whip, little girls of their age behave as rudely and shamelessly as professional whores. That will show him what they are. He may form an infatuation elsewhere but not with them!

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He was right, of course! I saw my chance of teaching the two little sluts a lesson while avoiding the kind of whipping that Anton would have given. I ordered the servant to make the preparations.

The threshing room was appropriately named. However, a chauffeur's uniform is not appropriate for such exercise. The boy stripped down to a pair of briefs with a Y-front penis-slit and a fine bulge behind it. He asked for Jordana first. The little tart's wrists were strapped together, then fastened to a rope above her head. The centre of the floor was occupied by a wide iron capstan from which the threshing-bar for pony or horse extended horizontally. Although Jordana could run, dance and even kick at the rope's end, she was not able to stand immediately under the rope's hook because the four-foot width of the iron capstan was in her way. She was therefore obliged to lean forward a little from the waist, the rope going up at an angle to its hook.

She was dressed as if for a game of netball. The boy then walked across to her and unhooked Jordana's school games-skirt. The skimpy pleated little skirt fell to the floor and he kicked it aside. He pulled down the white stretch-briefs of Jordana's schoolgirl knickers and tucked them in his waist as a souvenir. You won't be wearing panties again this afternoon, Jordana! he said teasingly, Feel sexy being strung up without any on?

Jordana's dusky young face as she looked back at him was too dismayed and frightened for him to expect a reply! He stood behind the youngster as taut rope kept her up on her toes, bending forward slightly from the waist. He was busy for several minutes, murmuring to her. When he turned away, he was adjusting the front of his briefs. But, as I had expected, Jordana's pretty little bottom-cheeks with their dark olive African tan were shining wet with trails of sperm. It would have been absurd to put the boy in such an exciting situation and then reprimand him because his adolescent tool spermed over the bare negress-skinned cheeks of Jordana's pretty little bottom. But as the youngster turned her face and the braided strands of black hair fell clear, her dark eyes with their slight but sexy slant were brimming over with tears at the indignity.

Before he began, Anton went over to the boy and said something to him. The boy grinned and nodded eagerly. Anton nodded and went out. He came back a few minutes later with a small pair of hand bellows, their drums about the size of a side-plate. As he passed, I smelled the harsh air of peppermint, something like toothpaste. A blob of viscous white dropped from the nozzle as he passed. I had told Anton the story of how I had tooled Ragnhild's adolescent backside in the toilet of the wagon-lit with the aid of the youngster's toothpaste as lubricant. The idea had taken root in his mind! Jordana twisted her insolently pretty African face over her shoulder, strung by her wrists from the rope. The slant of her dark eyes caught sight of the bellows with their suggestive three-inch nozzle and, I am sure, she scented the harsh peppermint air.

Jordana's pretty little tribal-tan bottom-cheeks clenched together and she screamed, No! Don't! No! Oh, please don't! Not my bottom! Not with that!

The pair of bellows was put on the table for the moment, swollen with the hot scented cream.

Bend over for your young master, Jordana! Anton said sharply. The youngster cried out in fright and refused. Anton handed the boy a stable-whip with a fine two-foot lash of woven cord. Before training began, Anton took a little bianco brush and drew two white lines across Jordana's swarthy-satiny skin. The first was across the back of Jordana's olive-skinned waist, the second was across the backs of her knees.

Between those two lines, he said to the boy, as hard as you like and as long as you like. Make her bend over for you.

The contest between the two began. The boy was a little the elder but Jordana had most to lose. A little inexperienced at first, the boy whipped Jordana several times across the backs of her thighs, missing her delectable little bottom completely. Then he got his aim. Whip!... Smack!... Whip!... Six vicious cuts of the lash across the prim ebony-satin cheeks of Jordana's bottom. Jordana screamed, danced, and kicked at the end of the rope. The boy whipped and whipped and whipped... catching the pretty little negress-skinned bottom-cheeks every time now.

Jordana's ethnic braids of hair flew. The prettily impudent young face she turned to us now showed her eyes wide and mouth screaming. Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Someone began to whistle,

Dance, dance, dance, little lady... Whipcord lashed low down on the cheeks of Jordana's swarthyly pretty schoolgirl bottom-cheeks. Whip... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Jordana's agile jungle-tan legs kicking and dancing... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Jordana's trim ebony-sleek backside cheek-creasing and surging. Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Jordana farting and screaming.

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Ready to bend over yet, Jordana? Anton asked.

She hesitated. The boy aimed low across her pretty little schoolgirl bottom-cheeks. One... Two... Three... Four...

Jordana screamed, Yes!

There was a murmur of laughter at this from the onlookers. Anton held her over, making her bend. The boy's Y-front briefs were bulging with excitement as he approached, the bellows in his hand. Anton spat on a hard piece of soap and moistened Jordana's anus with it. She shrieked with alarm as the three inches of the nozzle entered her African-tan backside. I think the boy's spout was almost boiling over with excitement. He took the bellows and pumped slow but hard. Jordana gave a yell of panic as she felt scorching heat pumped up her arse. Though the bellows were empty the boy made no attempt to withdraw them.

Keep your arse still, Jordana, you little slut!

He asked a servant how to refill the bellows. This could be clone from the top without drawing them from Jordana's anus. A refill of the harsh peppermint tooth-paste. Another pumping and Jordana shrieking. The boy's eye caught the stable-grooms' spittoon, gobs, jets of tobacco juice, a few disintegrated butts. Jordana almost passed out when she saw what she was going to get. But she got it anyway. Last of all, the boy murmured a quiet question. Six of the bulls had been on the stepping block. This precious quart of passion was spared him. A quart filled the bellows three times. Worse still for Jordana, the passion had cooled and the slight chill of it caused a certain cramping.

She was released from the rope's end, though her wrists were still strapped together in front of her. There were smiles all round. The dusky-skinned youngster was in such a state that she did not know what to do with herself. She jigged and danced and ran round the room, dark braided hair flying. The smarting infusion had done its work in her behind and there was nothing she could do to ease the torment. The men who formed a circle to contain her laughed at her antics and called her a frisky little bitch.

Jordana was desperate as she ran round the space in which the men had enclosed her. Each time she tried to break out and gain privacy, she was pushed back. Someone put a saddle down on the stone floor in the middle of the space.

Better lie over that then do it standing, Jordana, Anton said.

Jordana looked frantically about her but the ring of men smiled back. Two or three instant cameras were out. She sank to her knees, as if from exhaustion and lay forward over the saddle curve, face hidden in her hands and sobbing. The rude little dimple between her dusky-olive rear cheeks played in twenty or thirty squirts, accompanied by the most unladylike retorts. Several times, Jordana's mournful young face looked back over her shoulder and the cameras clicked. The jet of her tight little arse-fountain played, wetting Jordana's African-skinned backside and the saddle, as the cameras clicked again.

When it was over, Jordana simply lay there, face hidden and wailing. A well-built groom carried her out in a fireman's lift over his shoulder. I nodded to Anton and Annica was brought in.

A heavy bar with a padded leather top projected horizontally from the iron capstan at the centre of the threshing floor. In the old days it was the harness-bar for the pony that turned the mill. Anton gave Annica a light smack on her knicker-seat, telling her to bend over it. Annica obeyed most reluctantly. She was barefoot and had been made to take off her light blue shorts but she still wore her short-sleeved white singlet and the white elasticated plainness of her knickers.

We now had the pretty little blonde over the bar and fastened her down. Anton was well experienced in dealing with such girls. He forced a thin gag-strap between her teeth, drew it tight and buckled it at the nape of her neck. Cruel though this may sound, it was a kindness to the youngster. In the agony of a bare-bottomed whipping, Annica would clench her teeth frantically. She had such pretty little teeth that I did not want to see them chipped or broken in her frenzy. She could bite on the leather as hard as she liked without danger of this. It was not a gag, as such. Though her speech would be indistinct, Annica's screams would be unimpeded.

As she bent strapped over the bar, the cheeks of the elfin blonde's bottom were more tautly rounded than those of older culprits, but she showed a seductive fledgling femininity in this posture. The boy took the waistband of Annica Jarnryd's knickers and pulled them down to her ankles, making her lift her feet to step out of them. Then he tucked Annica's panties into the waist of his Y-front briefs as another souvenir. Annica with her knickers down displayed not only the widened swell of her slim young buttocks but also the inward

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slopes between them!

The boy adjusted her position a little with his own hands. I think he was pleased that Annica had quite slender silky thighs as yet. He tested them feelingly and then handled the adolescent tautness of Annica Jarnyd's bottom-cheeks. Annica watched him. The youngster had such a slim young bottom that I half expected him to be lenient with her. I confess, I am glad he was not. She was such a pretty neat-featured little blonde that he was naturally excited. It was his last chance to have a good look at such a girl's arse and thighs in their more intimate aspects.

What a sight she was? The pretty face with its lively blue eyes and ribboned tail of blonde hair was twisted aside. Annica looked back at us in great apprehension. Her slim, finely boned young back and the slender straightness of her agile thighs had a tension of fright. Her hips and the tight young rounds of Annica's bottom-cheeks were stroked and patted a little more. In essence, her anatomy was no different to that of a woman twice her age.

The boy was almost ready to begin. At the centre of the floor was the stout iron capstan on its plinth, the projecting beam running about ten feet from the ground of either side of it. Apart from her waist-length singlet, she wore a tight black strap round the middle of each thigh and a black strap round each ankle. If there came a point where the boy needed to discipline her with Annica stationery and her legs pinioned, it was important that he should be able to do it easily.

As she bent unwillingly over the bar, the boy-chauffeur studied Annica as a primly rounded pair of bottom-cheeks and straight slender legs with a glimpse of intimate sexual flesh peeping back between the rear of her thighs. He was breathing hard and the front of his Y-front briefs had a handsome bulge again!

He had chosen a short-tailed pony-lash of woven snakeskin. This added to the sense of excitement. Even under a very severe regime our sexy little blonde might have been thought too inexperienced for a real whip. Before using it, he walked across and tightened the strap round Annica's waist, forcing her belly down harder on the bar so that her pretty little backside swelled tighter.

The cheeks of Annica's bottom were compressed in anticipation of being hurt, her slender young thighs tight together with one knee pressed hard into the back of the other.

The boy may find her violent, I said to Anton, I'm sure the little bitch is quite capable of kicking and lashing out with her legs under chastisement.

Anton smiled.

Then I shall make Annica wear training-garters and a persuader while she is whipped, m'sieur, If she attempts violence or writhes against her straps, she will hurt no one but herself. The training-garters will prevent her kicking.

He removed the harness strap round each of Annica's thighs. Then he replaced these with two straps called training-garters, whose inner surfaces were lined with a dozen short but piercing needle-tips of bright steel. He adjusted each strap round the urchin slimness of one of Annica's bare thighs, quite high up. He did this so that they were tight enough for the needle tips to dent the taut sun-golden thigh-flesh menacingly but not to pierce it. To each leather garter he fastened a cord that ran up and round the bar over which Annica bent.

You see? he said, It is not enough that Annica should drive the bar round while the whip marks her bottom. She must do it elegantly. So long as she keeps her legs in line, lifts her feet high and brings her knees well up, the needle-tips will warn her but not hurt her except for a light pricking. If she waits like this with her legs perfectly straight, it will do no worse. But the moment she tries to lash out backwards or sideways, those cords will pull the leather garters tight against her bare thighs. The needle-tips will pierce the silky skin of her bare thighs hard. At the first attempt to kick or writhe her legs, the piercing sharpness will inflict such exquisite torment on Annica's pretty young thighs that she may well pass out. But whether she swoons or not, she will never try to kick out at her chastiser again!

I congratulated Anton on his ingenuity. He invited me to watch the next device—the persuader—fastened in place.

The pallor of Annica Jarnyd's trim adolescent buttocks swelled hard but silky smooth as she bent strapped over the bar. The persuader was a strap, about an inch wide. It was fastened to her waist-belt at the front, drawn down tight under her legs and up between her rear cheeks, fastening at the back of the waist-belt. Where the strap ran deep and tight between the cheeks of Annica's bottom, a dozen of the inch-long needle

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tips projected either side. The sharp tips dented the smooth taut skin of Annica's backside on its inward cheek-slopes but did not pierce it. So long as the youngster stuck her behind right out and kept her hips straight, and kept her legs in line as she moved, she would feel no worse. But any attempt at twisting or writhing or clenching her buttocks would inflict agony on her.

In drawing the strap back under the girl's legs, Anton naturally touched Annica's cunt, which made her shudder visibly. Indeed, he fondled the pretty little blonde there before drawing her strap tight. After he had masturbated Annica Jarnryd for a moment there was pretty confusion of feelings in her young face! But the use of the persuader and the garters obliged Annica to keep her back straight and her bottom facing the man who drove her. Nor did she dare to deviate from her high stepping leg-movements with her thighs straight and her knees brought well up.

The boy chauffeur, a fine bulge growing again in the front of his Y-front briefs, was ready to start with her. I cannot conceal from you the charming sight she offered. Indeed, one felt a natural randiness for the neat elfin charms of the little blonde, though one did not wish her to be spared the sound whipping which I greatly enjoyed watching. The pretty blue-eyed face, with its soft tail of blond hair was filled with dismay and wild appeal against what was happening to her. Yet now that she was properly fastened over the bar, the cheeks of Annica Jarnryd's arse were stretched hard and showed the shapes of emergent womanhood more evidently in that posture.

The boy did not use the whip continuously. The method of breaking in a girl like Annica was to make her realise that the lash would be used at any moment. To begin with, of course, he made the stone walls sing with the measured strokes of the whip across her surging backside. Every muscle in Annica's agile legs and slim hips seemed to strain as she pushed the frame slowly forward round its first circuit.

Perhaps it was this essential and seductive femininity which made the boy begin with a truly wicked lash of the whip across the taut bare cheeks of Annica's backside. It made her shriek like a stuck piglet. He whipped her again with an energy which any prison officer would admire. Then a third time the short snakeskin lash cut the air and smacked like a pistol-crack across her tensed rear cheeks. Annica behaved as you would expect. Her screams were full of unladylike shrillness as the whip caught her across her charming young backside again, Annica Jarnryd kicked out wildly at her tormentor. I saw the cord tighten and the leather training-garter with its inward-pointing needle-tips closed on her slender thigh. Annica shrieked at the agony of it. But she had only herself to blame for the imminent. Only once more did she try to kick out while being whipped and with the same results.

The youngster was now obeying frantically, moving the heavy bar slowly but with all her strength. The boy let the trailing lash tickle the pearly tautness of Annica's bare bottom-cheeks. He trailed the lash this way and that across the petite cheeks of Annica Jarnryd's bottom, warning her, while the frantic little blonde tightened her buttocks, desperately trying to press them together in her fright. As she did this, of course, the needle-sharp tips of the persuader inflicted a painful reprimand on the inward cheek-slopes of her demure young bottom-crack and Annica Jarnryd screamed at the piercing anguish. Then, with all his strength, the boy brought the short lash down across those fledgling feminine buttocks in an explosive impact. Again and again the whip found its mark, hard and sharp. Annica gasped at first. She caught her breath at the smart of it. She cried out, shrill as a smacked little girl, at the sting. Then the whip caught the pretty little blonde low down on the softer flesh of her bottom-cheeks—as was intended—and there was a shriek, as if they had just touched Annica's ticklish dimple.

The boy put down the lash on the table and chose the long flexible riding-switch of polished leather. He walked behind her, bringing the riding-switch down in measured strokes across the pale broadened swell of Annica's bottom-cheeks. I was delighted to find him pitiless in dealing with her. Without intending to, I realised I was instinctively counting the strokes now given with the switch. Eight... nine... ten... The demure swell of Annica's backside was held desperately in check by the threat of the persuader, however much she longed to writhe and twist.

Several times the riding-switch smacked across the backs of her slender thighs, high up. Annica uttered a wild exclamation—in part the intensity of torment and in part astonishment at being thrashed so wide of the mark. She was assured that these raised abrasions across the rear of her legs would not count towards the punishment.

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The boy trained the pretty blonde pupil as well as punishing her.

Lift your knees right up, Annica Jarnryd!

Whip!... whip!... whip!...

Keep your back straight and your bottom facing up towards me, Annica Jarnryd!

He rewarded her wildness with another savage thrash of the riding-switch across the youngster's backside, which made Annica's toes curl and quite paralysed her shrillness for a second by the intensity of its anguish. Then he continued to thrash the fledgling nymph-cheeks of Annica's bottom with hard and rapid strokes. The face that she turned was wide-mouthed with frenzy, the blue eyes brimming over. Her slim knees pressed hard together as the whipping continued. She was surging her hips and twisting her legs. At thirteen the smooth lithe cheek-skin of Annica Jarnryd's bottom had been cut two or three times by the whip. Thirteen was the worst one.

Your back straight and your bare arse facing me, Annica Jarnryd!

Seventeen... eighteen... nineteen... Annica Jarnryd screaming—and screaming—and screaming... The blonde pupil had completed one circuit of dozens she must travel. Twenty-one... twenty-two... twenty-three... I could hear the pretty youngster straining against the leather straps as she squirmed and writhed. Annica's prim young bottom-cheeks surged and contorted so far as her straps would allow and as far as she dared while wearing training-garters and persuader. But the boy whipped her with ferocious zeal until her demure rear cheeks were interlaced with fire-coloured weals of the riding-switch. Twenty-nine... thirty... thirty-one... Annica was just a sexy little backside and legs to the boy, who was precise and pitiless in whipping her. Thirty-six... thirty-seven... thirty-eight... Annica had done three circuits, the torture of the whip across her bare backside searching her so intensely that she stopped, as if frozen by the torment and unable to move. Thirty-nine... forty... forty-one....

There was never such a self-important little girl as Annica. But the pretty blonde did not dare to argue, as she faced her tanning. In her screams and writhing, I could see Annica Jarnryd frantic not to show herself in any way that might be sexy or exciting to the boy who whipped her. Yet the cruel cheek-cut he gave across Annica Jarnryd's bottom at thirteen in the sequence of whip-smacks was the sexiest thing her pretty-cheeked rear view showed him! Thirteen was not lucky for the pretty little blonde!

He touched the quivering switch across the taut pallor of Annica Jarnryd's buttocks. He thrashed it across her bare backside with sadistic force. I think he had wanted to do this to a girl of her age for a long time and was greatly enjoying it. Annica screamed as he cut her bottom-cheek again.

He had given her no respite yet. By whipping her hard for the first ten minutes, he meant to break her defiance at once and then teach her obedience at his leisure. The whip had raised some fine snaking lash-welts across Annica's buttocks from which one or two royal rubies trickled down. The stone rang to the measured whip! whip! whip! of the calm and impersonal discipline. I lost count as the girl began her sixth circuit under the torture of such bottom-lashing.

The tension and excitement rose as Annica Jarnryd screamed, for her pert little bottom had been whipped where it hurt most. Straining madly at her straps, she showed an endearing glimpse between the rear of her legs. Despite the thin persuader strap something of the cleft fruit of her femininity was glimpsed from the back. But such indecency was rewarded by a leather smack of the riding-switch across the rear of her thighs.

Annica turned her face, the ribboned mane of blonde hair falling aside. Her blue eyes had lost all their moody self-importance in a charming look of dismay and despair. Five or six more strokes had left their crimson whip-prints across her adolescent backside before the boy caught her aslant these weals. Annica gave a cry as shrill as if liquid fire had splashed her bare buttocks. Few girls in her class could voluntarily endure a prison whipping! The straps held her firmly but Annica contrived to twist her whipped rear cheeks this way and that.

While Annica lamented her condition, she tensed and shifted her trim little buttocks, quite unable to keep still in the lingering anguish. The riding-switch had marked her several times with a weal that was deeply cherry-coloured. It was far more than a girl of her age could endure and that was why she had been made to have it.

The boy positioned her carefully, one hand under the bare smoothness of her young belly, the other guiding the budding femininity of her bare hips. With such a neat-figured blonde nymphet as this pupil it was

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fascinating to watch the drama. Annica's appeal was now that of tear-brimming eyes and a mournful young mouth. The shrillness which echoed from the whitewashed walls would have done credit to an actress in the most blood-curdling melodrama. The details are best not printed here!

The boy changed the riding-switch for the pony-lash again. He trailed the lash lightly across Annica's smarting bottom to warn her as she began to push the bar forward again with her slim gold-tanned thighs and hips straining. On the next circuit there were three strokes, the smack of leather across bare bottom-flesh ringing in one's ears. Then she completed two circuits without the whip. But on the next one, for no reason but his own inclination, the boy aimed eighteen lashes of the whip deliberately low, across the lower and softer swell of Annica Jarnryd's bottom-cheeks.

Annica's petite young buttocks and hips surged and twisted like a harem dancer. The whip inflicted some splendidly long and sinuous cuts across her tight young buttock-mounds, even curling round a little and catching the flanks of her slim hips. It embroidered the trim youthful cheeks of Annica Jarnryd's arse, skinning the pert little bitch as she deserved to be skinned! The boy played his favourite trick of catching her low down with the whip. Just above her thighs, he lashed the softer curve of the slim cheeks of Annica Jarnryd's bottom six times in a row.

The cheeks of Annica Jarnryd's bottom were the colour of fire and there were several dangerously swollen welts across them from the whippy leather of the slim riding-switch. The boy touched these raised and darker-coloured imprints with the quivering leather switch, taking aim. Annica made the walls ring with her wild shrillness as he caught her repeatedly across the tender imprints. He took the little blonde far beyond what was prudent. At last, as the supple leather of the riding-whip caught her beautifully low across her trim little bottom-cheeks again, her head drooped aside, eyes fluttering closed and lips parting in a romantic swoon, her mouth open a little with the gag-strap between her teeth. The boy raised his pretty blonde pupil's dreaming face. The mane of her hair slid aside. Helpless in her swoon, Annica Jarnryd drooled over the gag-strap between her teeth in a picture of sensual abandon. I have taken several photographs of Annica Jarnryd. None is more suggestive than this. It shows the trim cheeks of her pretty little bottom atrociously whip-marked. The blonde chignon with its tortoiseshell clasp is sliding aside. Annica's neat-featured young face has its eyes dreamily closed. Her lips are parted. The boy's fingers wedged the gag-strap tighter between her teeth.

Uncontrolled in her swoon, Annica Jarnryd drooled over her gag-strap, the pretty little blonde moaning and drooling over the boy's fingers, swooning and drooling into his hand like a grateful and passionate little girl! He grinned and smacked her arse with his wet hand, giving Annica a finger up her pretty little bottom to assist her to full waking!

During the next weeks, I allowed the boy to exercise his disciplinary passion for her prim little bottom over the harness-bar. There were several more romantic swoons. Under the boy's command, the whip also drove the pretty little blonde so wild that, on each occasion, Annica's bottom-cheeks clenched upon the piercing reprimand of the persuader.

At last a coach of the Blue Train was booked from Stathmos Peloponnesus to Kalamata, the port for Egypt and the Levant. It would be my last night with Annica and I arranged to spend it alone with her. We sat together on the seat, I making her turn over on her hip a little, pulling down her shorts and underpants, my linger slowly and enjoyable vaselining Annica Jarnryd's anus. We continued in this manner until the Gulf of Salamis dropped away to one side of the track. The youngster did not protest, knowing it would be useless and would only excite me harder! We rattled over a girdered bridge and the great trench of the Corinth Canal appeared briefly below us in lamplight.

We drew into Corinth station, two hours from Athens After that I unbuttoned my uncomfortably stiff penis and made Annica lie over still further, her charming little bottom towards me. Somewhere beyond the carriage windows the mountainous terrain of the Peloponnese had begun. Close at hand one saw only the dusky outlines of olive groves and the spear-shape of Aleppo cypress. I pushed hard, making her gasp at the sensation and then felt myself gripped by the delicious tightness of Annica Jarnryd's anus.

As Nemea and its vineyards rattled into the darkness, I positioned the pretty blonde pupil on her belly and began to ride her young backside in a long session. After Annica Jarnryd had had it for the first time that night, the youngster tried to squirm from under me. Annica's charming little anus was tightened and I think

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the blonde nymph dare not risk another tailing.

I took the hairbrush with which she had earlier brushed her blonde chignon and gave her a bottom-smack and then another. There was a gasp and an attempt at covering her trim little arse-cheeks with her hands. I held her wrists in one hand and spanked her with the brush in the other. I wanted to see a true maiden's blush glowing. The lamps of a little town or village sailed by beyond the carriage window. After having a smacked bottom Annica was gasping hard and writhing to contain the sting. This tensing and squirming of her spanked buttocks was profoundly exciting. At last, she lay quiet, displaying her seat of beauty. Slowly and lovingly I vased Annica Jarnryd's arsehole again, getting her ready for some more excitement. There would be four more days in a cabin with her. I planned to make passionate love to her young bottom at least twice on each of them. In the event, I exceeded this! One of the women who later had charge of certain slave-girls for her master betrayed the youngster's confidence to her. She told me what the charming little blonde had confessed to her. The lingering sensations of my passion teased Annica Jarnryd's pretty little anus for a fortnight after I saw her for the last time!

By morning we came to the port which looks south to Africa. A taxi was in attendance at the station. In the cabin on the steamer a basket of fresh fruit— oranges, apples and peaches picked that day—was waiting. A light lunch and a bottle of red Nemea wine was brought by a waiter who behaved as if he had been looking forward all day to the pleasure of serving us.

So it was that Annica and Jordana made their one-way voyage. I dined with the Arab official whose slave-maiden Annica was to be. He put the pretty little Swedish blonde bare-bottomed over his knee after dinner to study her. I mentioned the whip sequence and how the boy had given a cruel cheek-cut to Annica Jarnryd's bottom at thirteen. The fading print of it was just visible low down across her prim young backside. I described how she had been harnessed with training garters and a persuader in her anal cleavage. His eyes brightened. A week later, training garters, persuaders and a whip-lash had been delivered by special order. Next morning, Annica was led to his private threshing-room with its harness bar. The more vivid the cheek-cuts across Annica Jarnryd's pretty little bottom-cheeks, the more sexy she looked to him! A little garden-carriage was his next purchase!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

So we came to Arabia. If you expect tales of Kubla Khan and Xanadu, I must disappoint you. The single carriage of the Blue Train which operated from part of the Saharan littoral brought us to a town which, as matter of discretion, I must not name. It was two days' travel from Bizerta and the French base. Let it rest there. As for the town itself, it was nothing but a few frontier shacks surrounded by a sandy waste land, scattered with opened gasoline cans and empty food tins. The more expensive houses stood like white cubes with large windows, set at random in the nearby area of the desert.

Captain Shavez met us, though we were many hundreds of miles from Port Xantra. It was only now that I discovered we were going nowhere near a pasha's harem! I was never even to know where such harems were! The exchange was completed at a large and remote building with a high wall. Once it had been a school, now it was almost deserted. It lay seven or eight miles out of the town. Those who lived in the town itself knew what went on at that place. But why should they care? A rich man may quite legally buy concubines as his bed-slaves in that country. As for girls brought from Europe, the local inhabitants cared less about them than about their own daughters. Their only concern was that a girl like Annica might spoil their own chances of finding a wealthy man who would buy their daughters when the time came! Holding a girl like Annica in sexual bondage could not have been easier than here.

The disused school building was in the Rue du Maréchal, Lyautey, this having once been colonial France. You imagine a splendid imperial avenue? There was no building but the one we went to. Despite its name, the street was merely a tarred strip extending ten miles out into the desert. I heard it had been built for trucks to carry equipment for oil-drilling but the test bore found no oil. Somewhere out of sight, the rig was rusting in the sand. Even the disused school building would appear on no map, not even the Rue de Maréchal Lyautey. The trade in girls that Shavez organised was one that was neither known about nor located.

The scene of the bargains was a large echoing hall that might have a school assembly room. At the centre was a very large circular pouf covered in badly worn dun-coloured leather. A dozen girls or young women at a time, including Annica and Jordana, would take off their skirts, jeans, panties and kneel forward over it, heads almost meeting at the centre, a circle of bare bottoms and rear thighs presented to the room. The men who had agreed conditionally to make the purchases would inspect the girls and, I suppose, money would change hands.

An afternoon was chosen. I was fascinated by the range of girls. When they knelt over the pouf, they were dressed only in their shoes with short white singlets of waist-length. Some were beginning their teens and some were in their thirties by a year or two at least. As they knelt over the leather, bare hips raised from heels, their wrists were leather cuffed to a central pole, preventing resistance. Most looked back apprehensively or fearfully as one walked past. From some there were tears and sighs. Annica Jarnryd and Jordana drew attention from those with a taste for the nymphet. Next to Annica, however, their bare fair-skinned hips almost touching, was a young woman in her thirties. Annica was so much younger that she could easily have been her daughter! The young woman was good-looking, however, tall and long waisted with quite an elegant dancing-girl figure. As she looked back at me in great unease, she had fine but rather narrowed hazel eyes, cheek-bones that were quite broad and a firm but neat line to her nose and chin. All this was set off by a stylish tumble of fair curls to her shoulders. She wore a thin gold chain round her neck with the name pendant

Theresa. I had a good look at the mature swell of Theresa's backside and hips. She had the look of having had a baby or two but was still lithe and firmly shaped. What a contrast to Annica!

Unlike the other girls, this young woman was still wearing her knickers. They were the usual snug fitting stretch-briefs of white cotton which I think she must have worn for a day or two. Theresa's knickers were certainly not new and I think had been through the wash many times! She was wearing her knickers because she dreaded what would happen when she took them off.

As I stood there, a dark-skinned Arab with tribal markings, dressed in trousers and shirt, came up. He was one of the traders, he saw that the young woman was still wearing her underpants and shouted angrily at her. She turned her face, the stylish tumble of fair curls whispering aside. She could not, of course, take her briefs down now with her wrists fastened to the central pole. The trader stooped, took the waistband of the briefs and

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stripped them down to her ankles. He walked off and called to someone, The cane!

I could not resist kneeling behind the young woman, who turned her good-looking wide-boned face to me in silent and prettily frightened appeal. As I knelt I just saw her tumble of fair curls move and knew she was trying to look round to see what I was doing. I put my hands on the sleek cheek-flesh of her fair-skinned bottom and parted the two halves. She tried to tense her handsome hind-quarters against me. I think no man in her life had ever had such a view of her as I gazed at the more tarnished skin-tone of those inward slopes and the crinkling of Theresa's anus. I had a good look. My finger tickled the urgently tightening rear hole. I let her crack close again. I gave a teasing kiss on each smooth mature cheek of Theresa's bare bottom. She tensed with alarm again. I think she was scared of men being interested in her backside because she knew the things that meant!

He's going to thrash you, Theresa, I said quietly, They always do it across your bare bottom here. I'll stay with you until he comes back. I'd say you're thirty-three or thirty-four. But you've kept your figure and looks. You've got beautifully handsome bottom-cheeks, Theresa. Let me feel them again.

The Arab returned presently with a long supple bamboo. He stooped and took the young woman's knickers from her ankles. Folding these, he wadded them in her mouth and sealed her lips with sticking-plaster. Standing back, he studied the firm proud cheek-swell of Theresa's bottom. She tensed the full pale cheeks of her arse together desperately as he touched the cane across them lightly, as if training a young mare in the stable-yard.

[illegible]

He gave Theresa's handsome backside thirty or forty—right where she sat! He caned sadistically, each lash of the bamboo raising a printed weal. By wadding her panties in her mouth he reduced her wildness to a trapped mewling. Theresa's bottom-cheeks jumped and quivered under the impacts of the cane. Her backside cheek-creased and surged, contorted and rounded. He walked off, leaving her still gagged so that there would be only a muted sound of sobs.

I stood behind her and drew the polished toe-cap of my shoe up the central crack where Theresa's bottom-cheeks began curving in together, the cheeks on either side branded crimson by weals of bamboo.

Never been thrashed before, Theresa? Never even had your bare bottom caned when you were a child? He's taught you a lesson, hasn't he? Next time your master tells you to take off your knickers, you know what happens if you don't!

I walked on and stopped behind an insolent-looking young tart of nineteen with a look of vulgar prettiness. Everything about her suggested a sluttish voice and an off-hand manner, an attitude of grudging laziness. She was medium height with a slim and quite athletic figure. I had watched her undress, very reluctantly, for this display. Below her skirt, her legs had been slim in black tights. Her colouring was a dark tan, no doubt from sea and sun unless perhaps she was a half-caste.

The face she turned to me was neat-featured, her nose turned up a little, but the brown eyes were impassive and she had an air of sullenness. Perhaps it was a forward slope of her cheek-bones, that gave a look of sullen weight to her chin. Her mouth was quite full but with a downward turn. Her dark brown hair was parted to either side of her forehead and gathered in a loose tail on the back of her white singlet. It was drawn back above her ears, leaving them clear and showing the gold-coloured ear-studs which she wore.

I spoke to Shavez, suggesting such a girl might be more appealing with the marks of a cane across the lithe trim cheeks of her backside and the rear of her thighs. Perhaps he would consider this? So he did. I watched her strapped more tightly over the pouf and a supple prison cane used across the bare agile cheeks of Suzanne Berry's bottom. I felt better, I think, for hearing the sullen young bitch scream.

Later that day, I told him the story of Theresa's fate for failing to take her knickers off. Shavez smiled and told me to my surprise that the young woman had been purchased. The buyer had stopped behind her, frankly admiring the firm maturity of her fair-skinned figure and face, the tumble of fair curls. Yet he was intrigued by the gag and the weals of the cane across her buttocks. Being well-known here, he was permitted to have the young woman wrist-cuffed on an inspection couch for his private examination. He came out half an hour later and paid the asking price at once. When the servants went to unfasten her cuffs, they stared in astonishment at

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the handsome cheeks of Theresa's backside, which were now atrociously marked by the cane, far worse than when she had entered that room!

Shavez murmured to me something which the young woman had not been told. Theresa's master had ordered that she wear his mark. It was to be done after dinner on the following evening. The usual four little discs would be heated and two prints made on each inward cheek-slope of the young woman's bottom. I was intrigued by this and Shavez, shrugging, said I might attend if I chose. It was the first time had I watched it done.

It is understandable that fair-skinned girls who are made to show themselves like this, kneeling over the leather pouf for inspection by purchasers, are very scared of what their fates will be. Their wrists are pinioned to the central post so that they cannot defend or shield their bare backsides or loins—cannot even sit back on their heels. Half-remembered terror-tales of multiple rape, sodomy, and torture haunt their minds. Their Arabian-skinned sisters are brought up to be more submissive and philosophical. The fair-skinned girls must learn that fatalism. So the proud pale maturity of Theresa Lux's bottom-cheeks now smarted atrociously after her bamboo caning for the offence of wearing her knickers when the buyers wanted to see her bare and examine her without impediment!

As I walked round the circle I saw that one other girl had disobeyed the overseer's command to wear nothing below her waist. In her case, however, she might plead that she could not strip from the waist down without stripping entirely. No girl had stripped completely naked. All wore singlets whose hems ended at their waist. Most of them also wore shoes.

The girl I saw now was wearing a black lycra leotard and sheer honey-toned panty-tights. Emma Smith was a fair-skinned fifteen-year-old English schoolgirl of average height with a tumble of dark ringlets to her shoulders. She had a firm roundish face, a prettily turned up nose and a demure rather receding chin. Looking at her teenage figure, though she seemed an energetic and active youngster, there was just a little too much weight in her thighs—and in the cheeks of Emma Smith's bottom!—to make her a graceful houri.

As I studied her, I would allow that Emma had nice legs, a certain adolescent weight in the thighs, but looking very sexy in the honeyed sheen of her panty-tights. The youngster's leotard in black lycra stretched tight and revealing on her figure. It did not much impede a rear view, the seat being brief as any bikini, the black lycra drawn into Emma Smith's anus-valley, leaving her pale and sexily broadened bottom-cheeks almost bare under her sheer tights.

Emma could not strip from the waist down without taking off both her leotard and panty-tights, which would leave her fastened absolutely nude over the leather pouf with her hands pinioned! Her schoolgirl fright at doing this and being helplessly naked in the presence of so many men, some of them sadists, was understandable. But so was their need to have a proper view of her. Her panty-tights could not be removed while the black lycra was in place. I could see the slight bulge of her cunt flesh through the black cloth at the rear opening of her thighs. But Emma Smith's schoolgirl anus was completely concealed. I regret now that I did not stop to feel and fondle her rear cheeks and pussy, even through the sheen of her tights, or masturbate her a little through the black lycra gusset of the leotard to stimulate sexy thoughts in the youngster's mind. But I merely went to Shavez and warned him that one of his adolescent captives was deliberately impeding the men's examination of her.

I suspect that Emma Smith was a schoolgirl with too high an opinion of herself and that Shavez already knew that. He shrugged and said that he would have her dealt with later. I would like to tell you that I witnessed the punishment session—alas, it would not be true. But I did catch a glimpse of the preparations of Emma's punishment. It was carried out in the basement, in a soundproof vault with a heavy oak door. The man who did it was now a provincial governor but had lately been a prison official whose trade was torture. One does not call the punishment of a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl torture, because that is indiscreet! Yet I have reason to believe this man greatly enjoyed himself with Emma that night!

I happened to pass just before the session began, at about 10pm, when the door was still open. The apparatus on which the youngster was strapped down was a heavy waist-high trestle. She was made to bend along its padded top. Her hands and feet were strapped to the base of the four legs. The chastiser could pinion her legs and ankles together or fasten them wide apart, just as he chose. Emma had been fastened down and her black lycra leotard removed. It was a schoolgirl behind veiled only by honey-toned panty-tights that was

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presented to the open door. I could just see something of Emma's tumble of dark ringlets but nothing of the firmly rounded young face, the prettily turned up nose or the demure young mouth and chin.

Emma is at that age when schoolgirl geese have not yet become glamour-girl swans! Something of her fourteen-year-old adolescent puppy-fat remained to be shed. Seeing her walking or posing, her figure might be quite ladylike. Just now, however, she had been made to bend right over, thighs pinioned together. Fifteen-year-old Emma Smith looked quite a big-bottomed girl in her panty-tight gloss as she lay over the trestle.

I saw very little more, though as usual the shelves of such a sinister chamber as this were provided with all that a chastiser might need for pleasure or punishment. On one shelf I saw bamboo canes, a birch-rod, a riding-switch and a pony-lash. On a table stood a perfume atomiser, a vaseline jar, a hand-basin dispenser of liquid soap, a rubber penis, a chamber-pot, and a toilet-roll. On this table lay two wooden-handled and fine-tipped metal ticklers. To one side, despite the heat of the night, a small wood-burning brazier glowed for the ticklers to be warmed!

The door closed and then Emma Smith's punishments began. I made a point of passing several times before retiring to bed. Perhaps, despite the heavy oak door which the chastiser had now bolted to prevent interruptions, the sinister chamber was not quite soundproof. I thought I heard little sounds of schoolgirl shrillness, more frantic each time. It hardly matters. Sensible people know that the kind of man who was chastising her would make Emma Smith scream very soon after beginning with her—and would enjoy doing it. As the cheek-weight of Emma Smith's fifteen-year-old bottom writhed and contorted, her dark shoulder length ringlets were tossed aside and the soft oval of her face was twisted round, eyes flooding over and mouth howling. For the rest of the night, her chastiser would be the happiest man of the entire Saharan littoral.

Not having been able to watch, I thought I would at least visit the vacated torture chamber next morning before the servants did, in order to savour something of the scene! I entered the room cautiously and saw that the servants had not yet had a chance to clear up. I think the punishment session had not long ended, though it was now after dawn. The air was heavy with the overseer's cigarette smoke and the fluorescent lights were still on. The heavy trestle with its restraint-straps now undone was still at the centre of the room. Emma Smith had been strapped down over it at ten o'clock the previous evening but I could swear as I touched the padded leather of its top that a faint body warmth still lingered there. The perfume atomiser that stood on the table had been used and the sweet thickness of the cheap perfume mingled with the tobacco smoke.

Emma Smith's schoolgirl panty-tights and black leotard lay crumpled together on the floor. On the table the vaseline jar was open and a white rubber penis was blemished in a manner to suggest how deeply it had probed Emma Smith's adolescent backside! The slim pencil-squirt and the bottle of liquid soap from the handbasin was there, a final dribble of the soap from the squirt nozzle wetting the table-top. A bamboo cane lay across the table, a slim leather riding-switch just touching it and a short snakeskin lash coiled beside them. There was also a loop of heavy cord with knots tied in it.

The brazier logs still showed a dull red at their base and a pencil-point metal tickler was still inserted into the heart of the glow. On the tiled floor were a dozen trodden-out cigarette butts and several slivers of bamboo from two canes that had splintered with the force of the rear-cheek smacks. At the far end of the trestle, the linen cover of the headrest pillow was still wet to the touch from schoolgirl tears. On it lay a gag-strap which held an inch-thick rubber wedge between the girl's teeth to prevent damage from clenching. To my amusement and delight, I saw that Emma Smith's strong young teeth had bitten right through the hard rubber—probably in the frenzy of her final thrashing!

On the floor by the rear of the trestle, the tiles were powdered by a fall of grey wood-ash, from the glowing tickler as it was carried from the brazier. Just by this ash was the plain white chamber-pot into which several scraps of paper roll had been discarded. These lay on top of something which must have made Emma Smith's tears of humiliation flow fast when she was made to view it—and when her adolescent bottom was reproached for what it had just done!

I did not see Emma Smith again but Shavez confided to me that he had allowed a purchase by the man who had chastised her! She was now the slave of this middle-aged provincial governor, who had a dozen schoolgirl concubines in their earlier teens.

Until several days later, I did not know that Shavez had prepared a reward for me in recognition of the safe

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delivery of Jordana and Annica. There was a dusky-skinned glamour-girl who had committed some offence and was to be punished on the wheel next day. I was mystified by the phrase. But that night I would dine alone with this negress beauty as my waitress and I would sleep with her as my pillow or mattress. In order to make her an agreeable companion, she would only be told of her punishment afterwards!

So it was that I was waited on that night by Monnelia, an exquisitely-formed slave-maiden, a creature of natural poise and lithe figure of African or perhaps Caribbean grace and beauty. She was just nineteen years old and had the seductive loveliness of a heathen warrior-princess in the deep bronze smoothness of her body. The long lines of her dark-skinned thighs and legs had a satiny gloss as the bright electric lamps reflected upon her. Her thighs were trim and her hips rounded, her shoulders sleek and her breasts carried high. Her warm-toned face was animated by eyes that seemed wide and soft. Her nose and chin were perfectly formed in their African beauty.

A model of refinement and elegance, Monnelia was formed to give sensual pleasure to the man who would master her. Her lips had a desirable fullness. Her short hair was brushed up from her face, the better to expose her delicate ears with their thin gold rings. At the back its cropped length was tailed and ribboned to leave her neck and shoulders quite bare.

Her waitress costume ensured that Monnelia was tarted up very suggestively! They had made Monnelia strip down to bra, panties and a pair of shoes. Her warm dark body was covered only by a brief beast-halter of thin white silk and a matching pair of white panties. Her legs and thighs, her arms and shoulders, even the upper half of her back, were completely bare apart from the two shoulder-straps that helped to hold the bra in place. How easily the shape of her spruce young tits was seen through the thin silk! The nipples were erect, a tribute to her natural animal vitality. The satiny-bronze of the firm globes bobbed a little in their youthful elasticity as she walked.

Monnelia's panties were cut high and tight, the hem arching high over her dusky hips on either side. At the front her briefs narrowed between her legs, just covering a little bush of dark hair that crowned her sex. At the rear, the seat of the negress-skinned beauty's knickers was deliberately cut too small to cover completely the sleek ebony ovals of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks. Her long African-tan thighs were slim and willowy in their supple grace. Best of all, they had made her wear smart white shoes with tall heels, so that the rounding of her hips and backside, the sinuous squirming of her thighs, were seductively exaggerated as she walked—whether or not she wished it.

By showing Monnelia as a young tart, Shavez would curb the disdain of this beautiful nineteen-year-old negress. As soon as she entered the private dining-room, I was frankly admiring of Monnelia's supple figure, the self-possessed beauty of a tribal princess in her face, the primitive warrior-girl appearance of her upward brushed hair and its ribboned coiffure at her nape. Her brief-cut costume made Monnelia expose her beautiful legs and hips, and her seductive dark-tanned bum-cheeks, and made her feel she was doing so.

She approached the table with trays and serving dishes. In the prim movement of her haunches there was a natural sophistication. Her long and elegant legs moved with controlled ease. She set down the table-wear and went to fetch the plates. When she turned, I viewed the proud young negress-skinned swell of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks, the supple curving walk of her bare thighs. Where the white silk of Monnelia's knickers emerged between the rear of her legs, the seat was cut to arch up high and tight so that the dark oval smoothness of Monnelia's hind cheeks was suggestively half naked. She did not suffer a big-buttocked and heavy-thighed look which mars some of her type. A native grace of shape and movement made Monnelia's backside worth study. Its cheeks were tanned silken ebony like her other surfaces. A dusky gloss of rear cheek-skin suggested Monnelia wet-bottomed from sitting in dark and bitter coffee sludge.

Still with her back to me, it was necessary for the elegant young slave-girl to bend right over to lift the plates from the lower level of the trolley. The satin-smooth and African-ebony cheeks of Monnelia's behind swelled out temptingly from the drumskin tightness of her white silk panties as the search for some item detained her in this lasciviously inviting pose. The curve of her slave-girl hips as she bent over soon strained the thin white silk of the panty seat into Monnelia's anus-cleavage, so that her warm-toned buttocks were quite bare and temptingly offered. Small wonder the overseer longed for a command to discipline the velvet-dusky cheeks of Monnelia's bottom with the cruellest stable-whip. She turned and came back towards me, bare legs moving with maidenly restraint and her eyes downcast to avoid meeting my gaze.

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The spacious bedroom was well-equipped. I asked for young Jordana to be our little servant-girl. It is more exciting to have two girls together in a bedroom and I wanted Jordana to watch everything that was done to a properly grown-up negress-skinned beauty. With her hair in its pretty braids, Jordana knelt by me. I was not concerned about her short-sleeved singlet but Jordana's schoolgirl knickers and brief pleated skirt must come off.

For a while I was content to make Monnelia walk up and down before me, as I reclined in the comfort of the basketwork chair. She still wore the white shoes with tall heels, her bra and tight brief panties of white silk. I had leisure to admire the calm beauty of this tribal maiden's face, the natural uprightness of her figure and the lithe easy movements of her legs and hips. In the white silk underwear, the dark gloss of her body was suggestively luminous. At the front the tight white panties came down in a sharp v-shape to cover her warm loins. At the rear they were high and brief, so that they left bare the lower and softer swell of Monnelia's African-tan bottom-cheeks.

I watched the elegant movements of her bare dusky legs, the controlled writhing of her hips as she walked, the slight rounding the contorting of Monnelia's buttocks which she carried high and firm in the agility of her youth. In order to choose my pleasure, I made Monnelia lie on her back over the bed, her knees hugged to her breasts so that I might inspect the underside of her squat. Next I made her bend over to touch her toes in front of my chair so that I could admire her rear view. This more vulgar view, the satin-ebony ovals of Monnelia's backside swelling out at me, excited me strongly.

I began by unbuttoning myself and reclining in the basket-chair. It was at the correct angle to the triple mirror on the far side of the room for me to watch the girl in the glass. I made the swarthy young beauty kneel before my chair. Slave-girls of Monnelia's warm-skinned kind must suck the penis and now I warned her that refusal was not permitted. I ordered her to slip off her bodice and panties. She was to present herself naked to perform her homage to me, except for the smart white shoes with their high-heels.

With her eyes lowered she knelt before me, sitting on her heels and holding the stiffened penis cautiously with one hand as she lowered her lightly parted lips. I reminded Monnelia that she must not sit on her heels while she sucked but raise her hips and go on all fours. I adjusted the dressing-mirror so that I could watch her. So Monnelia must lift her hips and keep her lithe jungle-dark arse-cheeks turned to the long glass. I would excite himself by the reflected image. The touch of her tongue and the sight of Monnelia mouthing the penis and arching her bottom out was truly exciting.

At the same time, I made Jordana scramble up and bend over with her ebony-smooth little bottom towards me. Though her hips and backside had not yet filled out in full feminine shape, to kiss Jordana's bottom-cheeks and fiddle with her tight little anus added to the pleasure as Monnelia sucked me.

I kept Monnelia on all fours so that I might admire in the mirrors the swelling negress tan of her bare buttocks while she used her tongue. The light shone on the velvety ebony sleekness of her nude haunches as she drew my penis from her mouth, tickled my knob and the vent with her tongue, then slid her mouth over the tool again. I kept her busy like this for a half-an-hour before I made her stand up, turn her back and bend over tightly. It was Jordana's turn to kneel on all fours and suck the penis! I had ordered the youngster to wear her black headband, to keep the braided hair from her face, so that I could watch her suck.

A little awkwardly in her white shoes with their tall heels, Monnelia obeyed me and bent over. I smiled at the sight she offered. I slipped a hand between her legs from the rear and she shivered with mingled excitement and revulsion at my intimate caressing of her. Then I began to fondle the African-velvet sheen of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks, ending with a sharp smack on each of them, hard enough to make the girl catch her breath.

Presently I required her to lie on the bed, naked except for the white shoes with the tall heels. She was to lie with her back to me, for I could see the front aspect of her reflected in the mirror. Slipping down on the bed behind her, I stretched out as she lay on her side. I even trembled a little with excitement at the extreme lewdness of what I was going to do. Our pretty little imp Jordana lay curled up at the foot of the bed and watched us.

Lying behind Monnelia and a little further down in the bed, I instructed the graceful young negress to arch her dark satiny-tan backside out until she felt it touch my kiss. I assured her that this gesture, which others might find impudent, would not offend me in the least, even though the elegant ebony ovals of her smooth

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buttocks parted and she revealed her anus-crack to me. I kissed and tickled her most sensitive body-jewels. The tribal beauty squirmed and gasped over the bed with a grace of movement and a liteness of figure that a ballet-girl would have envied.

Monnelia's arse-cheeks and the posterior opening of her thighs were the object of my browsing, kissing and tongue-tickling. I admired her so closely that Monnelia constantly felt my breath upon her bottom and the rear of her thighs. I kissed her legs and between them, as well as between her dusky rear-cheeks. After such little excursions, my lips and eyes always returned to the negroid-cheeked sleekness of Monnelia's backside. In my own search for pleasure, I was determined to ignore my slave-girl's feminine longing totally. It was of no account to me if she had such urges and needs.

I was content to turn her on her belly so that I might kiss Monnelia's bottom while she drew from me in her mouth a first warning squirt of sperm. The long willowy grace of Monnelia's negress thighs received my kisses. Moistening my lips expectantly with my tongue I browsed on the rear of her thighs. Then my kisses touched the delectably nubile cheeks, the smooth coffee-dark swell of Monnelia's bottom. I kissed Monnelia's bottom long and intimately, the same African-tan girl-bottom that I longed to see whipped next day. Monnelia tensed and squirmed under my attentions.

I made Monnelia lie over on her belly, throwing the ebony sleek cheeks of her arse into greater prominence. The two ribboned braids of her black hair kept it clear of her face and I watched her calm native beauty as her head lay in profile on the pillow. The elegant African-tan ovals of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks swelled fuller, a sight that would make a plantation overseer lighten his mouth and reach for his whip! Then this lithe tribal beauty gasped at the sudden feel of the wetness as I reached for the perfume atomiser and sprayed a steady mist of its cheap perfume on her swarthy young backside, as well as between its cheeks which now shone like ebony silk. The ribboned braids of dark hair slid aside as twisted her face to me, wide-eyed. The wet gloss gave a slightly fuller and heavier look to the negress-skinned cheeks of Monnelia's backside but no one had done such a thing to her before. The perfume would cling to the dusky cheek-skin of Monnelia's bottom for several days!

On the bedside table was a tin of rose-scented brillantine, an old-fashioned hair grease. I took the tin, and greased Monnelia's arsehole with my finger. She squirmed a little, not quite resisting but putting on a pretty self-pitying look as if she pleaded to be spared what I had in mind.

Jordana! Lie face-down astride Monnelia's waist and show me that pretty little jungle-tan bottom of yours while I make love up Monnelia's arse!

I eased myself down, the head of my erection touching the ebony swell of Monnelia's bottom-cheek. The more taut and unfledged cheeks of Jordana's bottom, the youngster's narrower hips and thighs straddling Monnelia's waist, were presented to me at kissing distance.

Monnelia made no attempt to resist me now. As she lay over the pillows, the African gloss of her bottom-cheeks swelled fuller and parted a little wider. I studied the tightness of Monnelia's anus and the dark olive-skinned tone of her rear cleavage. The rounded penis-head pressed for admission but Monnelia, inexperienced in this, could not seem to give herself. She pleaded that her tight young arsehole was unable to accommodate such a weapon, not only long but thick and heavy-headed.

I held her firmly with my hands on the smooth tribal tan of her hip-flanks, and pressed hard until I felt Monnelia's brilliantined anus yield to the hammerhead of my passion. She showed urgent little tightenings and checkings. Like most girls forced in this manner, Monnelia felt an instinctive need to expel the penis-muzzle, when the knob opened and entered her anus. I gave my African-skinned Venus a moment to subdue this instinctive need for the girls' toilets, the swelling penis-knob holding her young arsehole open. Meantime I studied Jordana's slim stretched thighs and gave her little cunt a tickle. She flinched as from a red-hot ember.

Show what a randy little girl you can be, Jordana. Give Monnelia your tongue in her mouth while she gets bottom-sex. Let's see your tongues make love together! You did it to Annica Jarnryd when you played at dirty little girls.

The two dusky beauties in the extremes of the teens obeyed me. Jordana's pretty little bottom dreaded the birch. Monnelia knew that disobedience would mean that they would strap her over the trestle for the torturer's attention.

I pressed in slowly and firmly to the hilt. Then I paused, held by Monnelia's anus with exquisite tightness,

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and allowed her to get used to the feel of her bottom being so fully occupied. Little by little, Monnelia seemed to relax, as if she found it not so bad after all. Then she tensed again, as I pulled her hips back hard towards me and began to move in and out.

I slid the knob deep into Monnelia's arse and felt this jungle Venus tense in panic. I touched a first kiss to the trim prettiness of Jordana's bottom-cheeks. I took the rear folds of Jordana's cute little cunt on my fingers and kissed the warm sexual flesh. She shivered with excitement or revulsion.

Lie forward, Jordana. Stick your pretty arse right out, you little tart.

I steadied Monnelia's hips between my hands and felt my tool swell bigger and deeper with excitement in her young backside. I began to ride her with a strong steady rhythm which made Monnelia give a soft cry of alarm. I swelled harder with excitement in the tightness of Monnelia's native-tan arse and she flinched at it. I made her turn her face and show me how she took Jordana's tongue in her mouth as I gave her the penis in her young bottom.

I gazed at the pretty little schoolgirl cheeks of Jordana's dusky backside and the agile slimness of her thighs. I touched kisses to the cool ebony of her young bottom-cheeks, the disordered braids of her negress hair hiding her face as she lay forward. Then I kissed the inward cheek-slopes of Jordana's bottom-crack where the ebony skin-tone turned more shadowy near her anus. Even a native girl of her age is often prudish about that part of her anatomy! She tensed a little and I touched another long kiss in Jordana's crack!

I moved firmly in Monnelia's behind. In the mirror I saw the pretty little imp Jordana feeding kisses with her tongue into Monnelia's mouth until the two girls tasted each other in their saliva. It was the lithe African-tan swell of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks that supported me as I rode, feeling the uneasy tightenings of her anus. I went deep and felt the tension grow. She tried to spread her young backside wider to ease the discomfort the penis gave her.

Excited by her predicament, I rode Monnelia's ebony sleek backside hard enough to make her gasp with fright. I once more began to kiss my way down the curving elastic print left by little-girl knickers on Jordana's bottom, I came to the point where the knickers had ruckled and caught in her anal crack. Jordana's bottom-crack was drawn wide by her posture. My lips touched the dark olive-skinned inward slopes that the closed cheeks of the youngster's behind usually concealed. I printed passionate kisses in Jordana's bottom-crack. Moving again, I rode Monnelia's arse to its depths. Flinging decorum aside, I pouted a long and teasing kiss to Jordana's arsehole!

My passionate riding continued between the ebony-gloss cheeks of Monnelia's lithe young backside. Seeing Monnelia's arsehole stretched perilously made me all the more vigorous. My ramrod rode deep in Monnelia's spread-cheeked African glamour-girl arse. I made her mouth the pillow to muffle her keening protest. I rode so hard that I made the swarthy beauty cry out in panic.

Monnelia's behind gripped rhythmically on my penis as if desperate to milk the sperm from me. I had dangerously stretched her anus but allowed her dusky bottom no pause. The more I felt I stretched her, the greater my passion. The African-skinned Venus knew by feminine instinct that she risked greater disaster by struggling while impaled than by submitting. Though she must have felt a little sensitive by now, I felt her push back a little and spread her bottom wider to take the penis more easily.

Riding Monnelia vigorously, I drew back until only the bulbous head of the penis was still held in her bottom and kept her like this for a few moments while I allowed my passion to cool, so that I might start again and not flood her too soon. While I made her wait, Monnelia gave a little movement, as if goading me to begin once more. Was it a morbid excitement that she had begun to feel or merely that she wished to make the warm urgent male gristle give her a good squirting quickly and then have the ordeal at an end?

I could hold back no longer. With Monnelia lying forward from the waist and thrusting her young rump back towards me, I held her with my hands on the tense flanks of her native girl hips and rode her in an implacable rhythm. The sight of Monnelia's anus stretched round my phallic muzzle added to my zeal. I warned her a moment beforehand that she was about to feel the first salvo of my sperm in her dusky bottom. There was a brief delay while I rode hard and vigorously. Then came the first random squirt of sperm, which caused Monnelia to tense her buttocks in apprehension. Another pause as I rode. Then the volley, shooting lusty irregular bursts of sperm deep into Monnelia's negress-skinned bottom, until I had exhausted the last reserves of my passion.

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A final volley of sperm squirted and trickled upon the sleek dark swell of Monnelia's bottom-cheek and the back of her thigh as she squeezed the tool from her young arse. In the light of the candelabra, the gilded mirrors of the room reflected the sleek and satiny jungle tan of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks, their elegant ovals wet with the squirt of sperm. Fretting and resentful, the blackamoor Venus waited sleepless beside me with her warm native passions unfulfilled. She needed release through the frenzy of a whipping.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I visited Monnelia while she was fastened to a bunk in a cell, waiting for them to take her into the high-walled school-yard. Monnelia's fearful anticipation made her bottom and thighs, the areas to be bamboo'd and whipped, of great interest to me. As she lay over the pillows, I breathed deeply the body-warmed air from Monnelia's backside, as if savouring the perfume of her flesh-crawling fright in it. My lips touched the tribal-dark smoothness of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks, seeking a finer silken excitement in their feel, inspired by her panic.

The overseer inflicts whippings in the yard. There are high walls and complete privacy, there being no windows on that side of the building. At the centre of the yard lay a large cartwheel. It was on its side and firmly fixed in position, the hub rising at its centre. The girl to be beaten was secured over it face-down, wrists strapped to the wheel-rim on one side and ankles on the other, the hub lifting and broadening her backside for punishment.

I joined Shavez and the others to watch Monnelia whipped. The overseer curbed the disdain of this graceful nineteen-year-old negress. His calm sadistic eyes studied her supple figure, the self-possessed beauty of a tribal princess in her face, the primitive warrior-girl appearance of her upward brushed hair and ribboned coiffure at her nape. Her brief-cut panties and bra, her white high-heeled shoes, made Monnelia agonisingly conscious of showing off her beautiful legs and hips, and her seductive dark-tanned bum-cheeks.

We watched the demure rhythm of her haunches and their natural elegance as she approached the wheel. Her long and graceful legs, bare and swarthy, moved with practised delicacy in tall-heeled white shoes. Her long thighs brushed together with maidenly restraint and her downcast eyes avoided the gaze of the men who would determine her punishment. The overseer licked his lips at this view of the proud young negress-skinned swell of Monnelia's arse-cheeks and the supple curves of her bare thighs. His eyes were fixed on that area where the white cotton of her tight briefs emerged between the rear of her legs, the seat cut to arch up high and tight so that the dark oval smoothness of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks was suggestively half naked.

She walked with controlled steps. She must have known that the white shoes with their tall heels made her hips more mobile and made her seem to flaunt her shapely blackamoor bottom at her chastiser. Seeing the whip lying ready on a little table, Monnelia was fearful of making matters worse by such voluptuous roundings of her backside as she walked. Yet the glamorous white high-heeled shoes made the supple-figured warrior-maiden seem to flirt her hips and arse at the very man who was going to thrash her.

The satin-smooth and jungle-brown cheeks of Monnelia's behind swelled out temptingly as two masked adolescent boys, the overseer's assistants, made her kneel at the iron-bound rim and then lie forward over the padded hub. They pulled off Monnelia's knickers and strapped her down in this lasciviously inviting pose. The overseer himself took the elastic waist of Monnelia's panties, drew them down her legs and pulled them off. He used intimate fingers to free them where they caught under her legs or in her rear cleavage. Her wrists were strapped wide apart to one side of the rim, her dusky bare arms at full stretch, and her ankles to the other. The swell of her hips as she lay over the hub pulled open the slave-girl's rear cleavage a little more, so that her warm-toned buttocks were quite bare and temptingly offered. She was obliged to hear the laughter of the onlookers behind her and the suggestions of what they would like to see done to her.

The overseer took a length of stout cord, tightening a loop round her bare brown waist and the padded wheel-hub to hold her down. The remaining length he drew tight down her lower belly, straining it back under her legs and up deep and taut between Monnelia's swarthy buttocks to knot it firmly again in the rear of her waist. Bound tight like this, all surging or twisting of her hips and backside was checked. By tying her in this intimate manner, he ensured that the double-cheeked ebony swell of Monnelia's arse-target remained properly presented for the whip. It was more suggestive than complete nudity. As she lay over the wheel, the stout cord was visible, straight and tight between the African-tan gloss of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks. Its thickness kept her cheeks apart a little and exposed her to more searching discipline.

With a figure that the Three Graces might envy, Monnelia displayed the most delectable rear-cheek target to the overseer. He spent a good while measuring the cane this way and that across the satiny African-tan of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks. She tensed those bare elegant ovals and, long before the caning began, he had her

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squirming with a fearful apprehension.

Then, with the veins standing out dangerously on his forehead, he thrashed the sleek ebony beauty of Monnelia's backside and the rear of her thighs at their tops. He made it like a prison whipping, though he still did it with mounting excitement. The smarting willow-pattern of the bamboo weals across her lithe and dusky rear cheeks and the cuts here and there seemed like a vengeance upon her for his own inability to have her as his bed-slave.

Monnelia began to twist her head and plead with wild cries. Much of the time her face and the upward brushed warrior-maiden coiffure were twisted to her chastiser. The calm dignity of her African beauty was transformed to a wide-mouthed and wild-eyed frenzy. Because she was free from waist to ankles, the long athletic grace of her thighs squirmed as if making love. What Captain Shavez called the nigger-girl cheeks of Monnelia's bottom rounded and writhed as if in an erotic dance. A less impassioned master would have strapped her down more tightly when she deserved punishment. But Captain Shavez liked to see the sinuous native writhings of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks, as if she was riding on an invisible lover beneath her and therefore randy for chastisement.

Monnelia was not one to scream easily. But the overseer intended, as he promised her, to whip Monnelia's hot-chocolate bottom very hard indeed. It was prudent that she should not be overheard and for that reason the yard was isolated from the rest of the property. Monnelia screamed with the naked agony of the whip after the third stroke and the overseer kept her screaming for the rest of the session.

Presently he picked up the whip with its stout handle and its thin tail of woven leather that dangled about eighteen inches. He cracked it sharply in the air and the onlookers saw Monnelia's buttocks and thighs flinch at the report. Then he trailed the cold menace of the leather lightly over the swelling dusky ovals of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks and round her thighs. The murmuring among the spectators fell silent in expectation.

The thin leather snake caught the light as it came whistling down and landed with a pistol-crack sharpness across the sleek ebony swell of Monnelia's bottom-cheeks. Her legs went tense with the anguish so that the muscles appeared in contour. From the onlookers there was a sharp intake of breath in admiration and excitement of what he had done to the shapely young negress. The whip had marked Monnelia's buttocks with a fine curlicue and a red-hot kiss of leather. Monnelia screamed with all her strength, tensing her bum-cheeks desperately as a plum coloured weal began to appear. He caught her again, the whip curling so that it just touched where one cheek began to curve in towards the other. A wild shriek was heard and the knee of one shapely negress-skinned leg tried to press against the other as if to contain the torment. But her legs were strapped apart to prevent this! The spread cheeks of Monnelia's African-tan bottom bucked and thrust as if seated on woven fire.

The onlookers watched the measured rhythm of the overseer's arm and the desperate constricted cheek-creasing of Monnelia's bare backside. Tight-lipped and keen-eyed, he stooped a little and looked closely at the native-tan ovals of Monnelia's nineteen-year-old bottom, as if to see where she would feel it worst. With the suggestive length of cord drawn tight and deep in her dusky anus-valley, she could not clench her rear cheeks together, which made it possible to catch her more intimately than would otherwise have happened.

The prison whip printed the next of its fifty curling red-hot kisses, leaving another searing loop of fire across Monnelia's young backside. These loops and curlicues remained, printed in raised weals across her ebony-sleek bottom-cheeks. The whipping began in earnest. Though only her buttocks and the rear of her thighs made up the target, Monnelia was flogged like a hardened criminal. The overseer's boys had a little bottle of ammonia and ether to revive the nineteen-year-old black beauty when necessary. If Monnelia's endurance failed her, there need not be a long interval before the graceful African-tan girl was enabled to take what punishment remained.

When the fifty had been given, the overseer turned to Captain Shavez to ask if he was now satisfied with the state of his recalcitrant slave-girl. The captain walked forward and looked at the swarthy whip-tapestried cheeks of Monnelia's behind. He went and sat down again.

I should like to see the randy-arsed young bitch receive twenty more, he said, without the cord between Monnelia's bottom-cheeks.

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The overseer smiled and understood. His boys hurried to undo and draw clear the cord between Monnelia's nineteen-year-old bottom-cheeks. The overseer made the whip-tail describe a hissing S-shape in the air. This caused it to cut in a curling agony over the first of Monnelia's lithe native bottom-cheeks, down into her anus cleavage and up over the second cheek. This curling welt was repeated a dozen times, searching out the most vulnerable areas of Monnelia's native-girl arse! There was no mistaking the excitement among the other onlookers at the torment to which he had condemned the shapely dark-skinned beauty. When her blackamoor bottom was under his orders, he would explore and pursue the possibilities it offered for punishing her until the afternoon waned and dusk turned into night.

As the helpless bare-bottomed jungle Venus twisted her upward brushed hair and ribboned tresses, turning her face frantically, she screamed abuse at her chastiser, calling him a bastard! He paused and took another whip from the case. It was a short snakeskin lash. He wedged a rubber cushion under her loins so that Monnelia's ebony-sleek bottom-cheeks were a little more voluptuously and vulgarly presented.

He taught the young negress-skinned bitch a lesson in manners! The whip was one known for its exceptional cruelty and he now tortured Monnelia's bare bottom and thighs with it. Six savage curling strokes high up across the backs of Monnelia's native-girl thighs. Two little cuts from one stroke yielded ruby droplets. Monnelia's bottom next, the satin-sheen swarthinness of its rounding cheeks. Eighteen strokes! The ebony-tan swell of Monnelia's bottom writhing and cheek creasing. Monnelia screaming and shrieking. As the next stroke cut the cheek-skin low on her bottom, Monnelia farted uncontrollably. There was a burst of laughter from the men watching. Monnelia's humiliation would curb her outbursts for the future. One of the overseer's boys ran round. His finger-tip tickled Monnelia's anus teasingly and as a reprimand. He stooped and, grinning, whispered something in her ear, then gave her a smack on her bottom for luck. By now, the voluptuously swarthy cheek-skin of Monnelia's glamour-girl bottom had been cut by six of the strokes and the ruby trickles ran down. The overseer paused. He took a little bottle brush that gave off a pungent spiced air and painted spirit into the cheek-cuts left by the whip on her young backside. Monnelia's bottom-cheeks writhed and she strained unavailingly at her straps as she screamed.

Another rubber cushion under her loins. Monnelia's tropic-tan bottom-cheeks were stretched harder apart, the tribal maiden with her dusky anus-crack drawn open. A bright lipstick was painted on Monnelia's anus as the bullseye for the overseer! Twenty truly sadistic crack-shots for Monnelia's bottom. With the first flashing whipstroke, the woven leather snaked down the open cleft of Monnelia's bottom-crack, skinning the inward cheek-slopes agonisingly. With the second lash of the whip between her tribal-tan bottom-cheeks he scored a bullseye on her dusky glamour-girl anus! Lipstick on the lash! The walls of the yard rang with Monnelia's shriek! The overseer's boys laughingly showed Monnelia the end of the whip with its lipstick smear. Eighteen more followed and eleven of those were bullseyes. One of the boys was positioned to hold the little ammonia bottle to Monnelia's nostrils, if there was any sign of a swoon. Then Captain Shavez ordered the target practice to continue until Monnelia's anus was wiped clean of the lipstick. When it was over, the African Venus of nineteen lay drooping and limp over the wheel!

The sun was low when Monnelia was unfastened and carried, still naked below the waist. She was dumped arse-upwards over a hand-cart by the overseer's assistants. There she sprawled, face-down and bare-bottomed over an old straw-mattress, eyes brimming as she lamented her state. In this posture, they took her to several days' imprisonment under the overseer's command.

Such a punishment elsewhere would cause a scandal. Not in this place. Black-skinned girls and white-skinned girls have been dealt with over that wheel. I wrote easily about Monnelia but, last of all, I have to make a peculiarly difficult confession, and with it I conclude this volume of my memoirs.

You have read or perhaps will read of a youngster called Elaine Cox, a shouting striding tomboy, an adolescent rebel. At fifteen she became a slave under reformatory discipline of a very special kind in a place from which there are no return journeys! What you may not know is how she came to that place, having been removed from her comprehensive school. What you will certainly not know is that I was the instrument of her removal and responsible for her passing through the very building which had seen Theresa Lux caned, Suzanne Berry whipped, and Monnelia bottom-skinned!

If this confession has a title, it would be A Teacher's Revenge. I had been, you see, Elaine Cox's teacher. Like many others I endured her insolence and contempt from the time she came to the school at

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eleven or twelve. Unlike the others, I resolved that she should pay the price she owed! Through my friendship with Manrique, I arranged that Elaine should pass into his captivity. I have no regret at all at what happened to her as his captive.

In her fifth-form year Elaine was a sturdy adolescent pupil, a shouting and striding tomboy, defiantly tossing the lank fair hair that lay loose on her shoulders. Combed from its central parting, it framed the broad fair-skinned oval of her face whose thin lips and narrowed eyes were a portrait of snub-nosed insolence. Her uniform consisted of a white blouse and a striped tie, a grey pleated skirt worn quite scandalously brief, covering her hips and only the upper six inches of her sturdy bare thighs.

I used to follow her home from school. My eyes roved over the slight heaviness of her pale thighs left bare by the scandalous little skirt. On the hill, a full length of her bare tomboy legs was visible from behind as she walked home. Occasionally, a breath of wind fluttered the skirt, lifting it, so that I had a view of her white elasticated briefs and the sturdy young cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom to which the webbed cotton knickers clung tightly.

When going out with a boy-friend or with her big sister to holiday work on the trading estate, she wore a white short-sleeved singlet and working-trousers of smooth grey-blue lavender cloth. Elaine Cox's trousers lilted tight and smooth on the slight heaviness of her adolescent thighs and hips. She had drawn them in to a narrow waist by a broad leather belt, so that it strained them tighter still over her hips and seat.

As I walked behind her, the strained cloth of these paints gave a fatter or heavier look to the cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom. I greatly enjoyed this vulgar and suggestive appearance. It matched her conduct and character at fifteen. Two photos show her striding up the hill on her way home, Elaine Cox's tomboy backside sturdily and provokingly shaped by her trouser-seat.

The abduction was easy and she was brought, her resistance subdued, to this remote building. The old school building at the end of a desert track called the Rue de Maréchal Lyautey is, in one sense, still a school. Captive girls in their earlier teens are held here for several months before being shipped to their destinations. They are treated almost like schoolgirls, though the curriculum here is not what you would find elsewhere! But there are classes and forced labour, teachers of a kind and punishments as necessary! Elaine in captivity remained what she had been before, a sturdy and defiant youngster of fifteen, ruffianly and bullying. It was a week after her arrival that Manrique asked my consent to have her whipped by the overseer over the cartwheel. I assured him he did not need my consent. But he insisted that during the four or five months she was here, she was at my disposal in every way. I made no objection to Elaine Cox being whipped. I urged that it should be a severe whipping and I exercised my right to watch her getting it.

Manrique wished the overseer's bare-bottom whip-ping of Elaine to last all afternoon. It was two o'clock when he and I took our places just behind the wheel. The overseer and two Arab boys of Elaine's own age brought the girl to the high-walled yard. Elaine did not struggle violently but she stopped from time to time and they pushed her forward. She stood at the wheel.

Take your skirt off, Elaine Cox, Manrique said. Then lie on your belly over the wheel of the hub. Either do it yourself or be put there by the boys.

Elaine tossed her lank fair hair clear of her face and gave him her look of adolescent contempt for middle-aged men. She undid her short pleated skirt, let it drop and stepped out of it. She knelt at the rim of the big cartwheel, then lay forward over the hub on her belly. She even stretched her arms out wide to the further rim and waited for them to strap her wrists to it. The hub under her lower belly raised and broadened the tomboy swell of her fifteen-year-old backside in the white stretch-briefs of her schoolgirl knickers. The Arab boys strapped her wrists wide apart to the iron rim.

The overseer himself took Elaine's school knickers by their waistband and stripped them down. She tried instinctively to tighten her knees together and prevent him taking her underpants off completely. He gave the youngster a powerful smack on her bare leg. She gave a gasp at the smart of it, relaxing the pressure of her knees and losing her knickers! She then began to struggle, but it was far too late. The Arab boys strapped her ankles about two feet apart to the near side of the rim. Her sturdy fifteen-year-old thighs were pulled far enough apart by this for the onlookers to see her schoolgirl cunt. Combined with the way she was raised on the hub, Elaine Cox's schoolgirl anus-cleavage was also pulled open a little.

On the overseer's table lay a bamboo cane, a birch-rod, a leather riding-switch and a snakeskin pony-lash,

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also a gag-strap and a bottle of smelling-salts. An Arab boy knelt to adjust a restraining strap round Elaine's waist. He leant over the girl, the front of his tight jeans almost touching her pale bottom-cheek. He took a long time to adjust the strap, one hand moving furtively but vigorously in his lap. Presently he gave a long gasp and knelt upright. One pale tomboy cheek of Elaine Cox's bottom shone wet with his sperm. As the girl felt the slippery and sticky wetness, she tossed back her fair hair, craning round with narrow eyes and thin mouth animated by fury.

You dirty filthy things! she shouted furiously, but there was a break in her voice at the humiliation of being made wet like this.

The overseer was ready. Elaine fastened over the wheel, writhed against her straps in panic and disgust at what the boy had done. I think she was scared of gang-rape as well as the whip! They had stripped her until she wore only white school knee-socks, tie and white blouse, whose tail was fastened above her hips so that the sturdy cheek pallor of Elaine's bottom was properly bare.

With her backside raised over the wheel hub and her ankles strapped wide apart on the rim, the lucky overseer saw everything between her pale adolescent thighs and between Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom-cheeks. The session lasted all afternoon. The whip was part of Elaine's sex education.

Smack!... Crack!... Smack!... Whip-smack-crack!... The snakeskin lash streaked and curled across the pale full-cheeked swell of Elaine Cox's fifth-form bottom... he caught her thighs... a shriek from Elaine!... a searing lash of snakeskin across her bottom again... her bottom... bottom... bottom... the pale cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old backside fattened by her posture over the hub, jumping and quivering under the impacts of the lash... Elaine Cox screaming... whip!... whip!... the lash low across her writhing adolescent bottom, cutting the skin of both cheeks... Elaine Cox shrieking and the Arab boys grinning... whip... whip... whip... bottom... bottom... bottom... bottom... thighs... thighs... bottom... bottom... bottom... Elaine's face twisted round screaming at us to stop... a vicious curling lash of snakeskin across her bare bottom... Elaine Cox shrieking... pale tomboy bottom-cheeks marked by vivid plum-coloured stripes and curlicues of the pony-whip... the overseer weaving fifteen-year-old Elaine a seat of naked agony... across her thighs... her bottom... bottom... bottom... Elaine Cox's frantic schoolgirl fart... an Arab boy masturbating with his back to us but showing Elaine his penis, grinning at her... whip!... whip... whip!... whip!... whip!... whip!... the yard echoing her shrieks... ruby trickles running down from four sadistic lash-cuts curling over Elaine's sturdy adolescent backside... low across her bottom... bottom... bottom... fart!... bottom!... fart!... bottom!... bottom... Elaine Cox cursing and shrieking, pulling wildly at her straps... whip... whip... whip... Elaine screaming with all her strength... My arse... Oh, my arse!... Oh, shit!... No! No! No! N-O-O-O-O! The red-hot lash-mark of the whip across her backside... Another schoolgirl fart from between the fattened lash-wealed cheeks of Elaine Cox's writhing and flesh-creasing bottom... The Arab boy sperming with excitement, as Elaine Cox farted at another rear-cheek cut, standing where he could make her watch the sperm. The overseer paused. Elaine sobbed, Oh, you bastard!... My bottom!... You've cut me with the whip!... You fucking bastard!...

Elaine's young bottom was a vivid tapestry of raised and fire-coloured whip-prints. Framed by her lank fair hair, the broad oval of her slum-child face turned howling to him. The rather heavy-cheeked and whip-marked swell of her schoolgirl arse writhed seductively over the hub, her fifteen-year-old backside contorting and cheek-creasing in a way that was really sexy for the overseer. As she writhed her bottom for him, Elaine Cox farted, sobbed, then farted again. This brought excitement to his face and the youngster saw it.

I'll do anything you want! she howled. I'll let you see me do anything! I'll suck you... I'll do anything...

She was unwise to excite him! He aimed a crack-shot between Elaine's bottom-cheeks. Elaine with her slum-child face twisted round redoubled her screams.

NO!... NO!... NO-O-O-O-O-O-O!... OH, NO!... PLEASE!... OH, PLEASE DON'T!

Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!... Whip!...

Seven crack-shots! Elaine Cox's anus skinned by three of them! A ruffianly fifth-form schoolgirl was turned into a howling disobedient child. It was a long session. Many incidents, the loop of knotted whipcord used for target practice between Elaine's rear cheeks, or Elaine releasing a hissing torrent into the dust below the wheel, are better referred to than described. The overseer swore it was one of his most enjoyable afternoons. The sturdy tomboy cheeks of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom were a mass of bamboo weals

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and birch-welts, cut cheek-skin from the whip and subtle bruising near her anus from knotted cord. She hated us bitterly but dared not defy the whip.

The whipping was not my revenge upon Elaine for her insolence and contempt though I greatly enjoyed seeing her bare bottom thrashed. I planned something more subtle. After I saw the last of her in four or five months, I wanted Elaine to remember me every day of her life with helpless anger and fretful self-pity. She was destined for sexual bondage at Cambina Alta. It was unlikely she would ever leave there except bottom-upwards over a handcart after the whip and the noose, a plastic sack waiting for her seaward journey to an ocean dumping ground. But even if she were at liberty it was important that Elaine should remember me daily with sobs and reproaches. Is that not a finer revenge by a teacher on an insolent schoolgirl than a mere trashing? I gave her time to lose her whip marks. Then, I waited for Elaine to leave her classroom during the morning and walk down the corridor to a small room which served as the girls' toilet on this upper floor.

I heard the classroom door close and saw Elaine coming along the corridor. The lank fair hair was worn loose as usual from its central parting to spread upon her shoulders, framing the broad oval of her face with its snub-nosed slum-child impudence. I walked after very quietly. When she opened the door of the girls' toilet, I followed her quickly into the tiled space.

Even an insolent youngster like Elaine was dismayed to find herself bolted in such a rudely suggestive place with me! I gave her the alternative of obeying me or another afternoon over the cartwheel for defiance. Elaine shook her fair hair into place. Her narrowed eyes and tight lips told their own story.

Undo your skirt, then, and drop it to your ankles, Elaine Cox!

Elaine undid her grey pleated schoolgirl mini-skirt and dropped it.

Turn round with your back to me, Elaine. Face the toilet. Good. Now bend right over and support yourself with your hands on the seat-rim.

She shook back the shoulder-length of her lank fair hair and obeyed. After that she reluctantly did as she was told. Elaine did not enjoy being buggered but she tried to show her adolescent contempt as I did it to her.

I kept her waiting like this while I went to the washbasin shelf which had a jar of vaseline and a school cane upon it. Being a sturdy adolescent rebel, Elaine Cox looked quite a big-bottomed girl bending over the toilet in the elasticated cotton of her white stretch-briefs. She bent over with the pale weight of her tomboy thighs bare and the robustly broadened cheek-swell of her backside shaped by the tight cotton of her school knickers.

Bend right over, Elaine! Shoulders down. Don't act shy! I'm sure you've had boy's hand in your knickers by now! Show me a big-bottomed view, Elaine!

Elaine's hands supported her on the seat-rim as she bent her shoulders down further. She tossed back her lank hair, turning the broad oval of her slum-child face, watching me from narrowed eyes. I took the waistband of Elaine's knickers and drew them down her thighs. She bent over now with her knickers fallen to her ankles and the full pale cheeks of her tomboy bottom bare, like a girl waiting to have something done to her by a teacher or a matron.

No sensible man cherishes a romantic passion for a youngster like Elaine. I was glad to begin with her this way. For the rest of her young life, when she thought of her first sex act with a man, Elaine would remember bending like this, looking down at the white-tiled floor, the porcelain seat-rim and the slope of the toilet, her schoolgirl knickers in a tangle round her feet, the toilet-roll holder on the wall beside her. No petting, soft words, dreamy bliss between her legs for Elaine! I would ensure that even as a grown woman, her thoughts of sex would always be mingled with memories of something that felt like an enforced enema in her young bottom while she was held down on a surgery table. Her first time would seem to her just as if Elaine Cox at twelve or thirteen had played at being a dirty girl with a boy of her age, behind the bolted toilet door at the urban comprehensive school she attended.

I opened the vaseline jar and loaded my finger with a blob of the yellowish grease. Then I intruded the finger-tip into the humid schoolgirl body-warmth between Elaine Cox's cool pale bottom-cheeks. I smeared the vaseline on her anus for a moment, testing her a little with the finger-tip. I tore off a sheet of toilet-roll to wipe my finger and dropped the discarded tissue in the toilet. I tore a second sheet and wiped away a little of the excess vaseline of the inward cheek-slopes of Elaine Cox's arse. I dropped this into the toilet as well, where she would be obliged to look down at it, and the smudge she had left on it, while she had anus-sex from

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her teacher's excited penis!

From time to time, Elaine's adolescent behind showed a tightening as she tensed her rear cheeks together a little. I smiled to see that the youngster was uneasily aware of the reason that had brought her here from the classroom. I thought she was going to ask to sit on the seat-rim first and I prepared to refuse. I wanted Elaine to learn that she had been brought to this functional tiled room to be used in a menial fashion. She must learn that her young bottom was no more than a receptacle for the overflow of my passion.

Bend tighter, Elaine. Tuck your knees forward. I pulled down the zip of my pants and stood before her, Have a good look at the penis, Elaine. I'm sure I'm the first of your teachers who ever showed you his erection! Had your boy-friend's tool in your cunt yet? I think a little scrubber like you must have done! Mine's going to feel much bigger in your young bottom, Elaine! Getting scared? It makes you gnaw at your lip a little, I see! Is it the size of the knob? You'll get it anyway, Elaine, whether it's easy for you or not.

The hard penis-knob touched the vaselined tightness of Elaine Cox's schoolgirl anus. There was pressure from the penis—and resistance from her adolescent arsehole, which the youngster herself could not help. The anatomical functions of Elaine's behind were designed to protect her entrails from assault at the rear! Nature provided these defences for Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom but I was determined they should be overridden! I saw her knuckles grow white as she gripped the porcelain seat-rim and bent tighter to make it easier for herself. Her Cyres tie hung above the toilet from her collar. The tail of her white school blouse slipped down, slanting across the upper swell of Elaine Cox's pale broadened backside. I paused to pull the tail of the youngster's blouse right up above her hips and fix it there. Imagine yourself about to master Elaine's young bottom. Would not your pleasure be doubled by having a full view of her bottom-cheeks and your erection impaling her between them as you rode? My view of the cheek pallor of Elaine Cox's strapping adolescent backside added greatly to my own excitement in buggering her. I steadied her with my hands on the flanks of her hips. I felt the pressure mount in my veins. There was a gasp from Elaine, a half-uttered exclamation. The elasticity of vaselined tightness yielded and the delicious hot grip of her young arse passed over the head and down the length of my stiffness.

A nice long session now, Elaine, I said breathlessly. I'm sure several of the other men who were your teachers at school must have longed to do this to you even when you were a girl of thirteen or fourteen.

She had widened her knees a little and hollowed her waist downwards to accommodate the intruder more easily. I slid deeper, drew back a little, and then began the firm familiar rhythm. Positioning her like this, I excited myself by concentrating my gaze on Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom-cheeks.

After a while I stopped, though pressing deeply in and enjoying the tightness upon me. I steadied her bare hip flanks with my hands and held her like that.

Just stay bending over like that for a few minutes, Elaine. We'll stop from time to time to make it last longer. Bend right over and keep still, Elaine.

Her instinctive discomfort caused her to tighten deliciously on my hardened penis. I stroked her bare hip and began to move again. I enjoyed keeping her waiting like this from time to time with the impaling penis big in her schoolgirl bottom. It is a mistake to make it too easy for girls like Elaine. She made a soft gasping sound and widened the supporting grip of her hands on the porcelain seat-rim. She moved her feet a little and pressed her knees together. The tomboy pallor of her bare thighs shifted and tensed.

Keep still, Elaine Cox! Bend over a little more if you like, so that you feel the penis even deeper in your backside. One or two girls in your class have a crush on a teacher don't they? I'm quite sure you're the only girl in the school who's had it done to her like this! I'll make love to your young bottom some more now, Elaine. Then a pause and then some more again!

I made her have it for almost half an hour before my excitement drove me to a faster pace, an irregular hectic rhythm at the end, then the strong and lusty pulsing of sperm, the squirts muffled but audible in Elaine's backside.

I drew out and let her stand up. It was time to leave her to do what she had come for. I smiled at the thought that what now emerged from Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom would be plentifully spangled by male passion.

I was no longer the pathetic teacher whom girls like Elaine Cox regarded with contempt. She would be shipped to Cambina Alta before her sixteenth birthday in August. Before that, for the next four or five months,

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I was to be her master in this Arabian outpost of sexual slavery. Every night I made her lie on the bed with her back to me, my face level with her hips. The white stretch-briefs which were Elaine Cox's school knickers lay with her short pleated skirt on the floor. She wore only her white school blouse and striped tie. I tucked up the tail of her blouse and studied the full pale cheeks of Elaine's robust adolescent bottom. At leisure, I fondled those strong young thighs, kissing and lipping them. I grew as familiar with the sturdy-cheeked anatomy of Elaine Cox's backside at fifteen as with the lines of my own hand. I kissed the full pale swell of her tomboy-cheeked backside. The youngster lay there without protest. My kissing of Elaine's bottom excited me greatly.

I always exercised Elaine Cox's schoolgirl anus before sleep. I woke her at 2am or 3am to have it up her young bottom again. I used her behind so long and demandingly before midnight that I usually exhausted her and she scarcely woke properly for the later session. But no sheet covered us in that heat. In the half-light of the moon through the window I fondled the full cheek-swell of Elaine's young bottom. I parted the cheeks with the swollen penis-knob. Half-consciously and instinctively, Elaine arched her adolescent backside towards me, making a slight responsive rhythm without waking properly.

I never withdrew before orgasm. There is no need with a young ruffian like Elaine. I thrust my erection to the hilt at the climax. Sperm squirted deep in Elaine Cox's behind. At school, the girl had been contemptuous of adult disapproval of her behaviour. Now she grew uneasy that my stretching of her anus—twice a night and bending over in the girls' toilet when she paid a morning visit—would do her permanent harm. She murmured this into the pillow as she lay on the bed, her back to me, wearing only blouse and tie.

I grinned to myself at the predicament I had got the youngster into. Five months is one hundred and fifty days! Imagine what three times a day amounts to! I stroked the cool bare swell of her bottom-cheeks. She tossed back her lank fair hair and turned the broad oval of her snub-nosed face questioningly.

You're not properly used to it yet, Elaine. It does no harm at your age. A lot of big girls play fast and loose with their behinds at fourteen or fifteen to please their boy-friends without the risk of having a baby.

I fondled her sturdy young schoolgirl backside a moment more.

Turn on your belly, Elaine. A pillow under your loins to make your young bottom swell fuller. You must have it more often, so that it gradually eases you. Then you'll find it simple with your boy-friend or a teacher.

There was natural reluctance but no rebellion. Relax your bum-cheeks, Elaine, while I vaseline you.

Presently the knob of my penis pressed for admittance at Elaine Cox's anus. I felt yielding, then the thrilling grip of her bottom passing over the blunt head and down the shaft. Of course, I knew the inconvenience she would feel in later years! Elaine would remember these sessions when it was too late. The excitement of the thought made my tool swell bigger. Afterwards, as we lay there, I wanted Elaine's tomboy bottom again, excited by the alteration to her rear anatomy that I was causing. When she reached her late twenties or early thirties, or when she carried a baby in her belly, Elaine would realise too late that I had sown seeds of havoc in her young backside!

Lie over the pillows again, Elaine. You've never had it a second time a few minutes after the first, have you? That ought to excite you! Don't tense yourself, Elaine. Do as you're told. That's better.

My brain was on fire as I rode her schoolgirl rump again. The tail of her white school blouse slipped down a little with my pumping of her. I drew it up again, so that I could have a good look at what I was doing to her full-cheeked adolescent backside! My penis seemed larger than usual in the excitement of the moment. I was open-mouthed with delight as I gazed at the pale spread cheeks of her schoolgirl bottom and saw how hard Elaine Cox's arsehole was stretched on my tool. Her face was turned away from me on the pillow, the shoulder-length of her lank fair hair drawn back behind her ears. To keep my excitement at full heat, I concentrated my gaze on the pale cheek-swell of Elaine Cox's fifth-form bottom. With her sturdy young hips, Elaine's was that slightly fat and vulgar female bottom at fifteen that makes one think of canes and whips and strapping down.

You'll feel the sperm squirting again in your bottom presently, Elaine... It's coming now... The first squirt now... More to come... Right up your bottom, Elaine Cox!... I'm sure you used to notice when I followed you home from school up the hill past the tennis courts... I used to imagine I was doing this to you... Feel the knob swelling in your bottom, Elaine?... You can take plenty of this... I'd like to see you when they've abducted

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your big sister Pauline and your kid sister Maxine.... Three female bottoms from the same family, lying bare over the bed every night for me to choose... Now the sperm's really coming, Elaine... Coming... Feel the warm squirts in your bottom, Elaine?... Right up your bottom, Elaine... Your bottom, Elaine Cox.... Your bottom, Elaine...

For five months the air of the room stirred twice a night to such passion. By giving Elaine Cox cause to remember and regret bitterly every day as an adult woman these passionate nights of her young bottom's downfall as a schoolgirl of fifteen, I would retain a possession of her even after seeing her for the last time.

It will be said that a man cannot maintain such passion twice a night and once a day. Had you told me this before my months with Elaine Cox I would have agreed. But passion seemed to brew a boiling of sperm in my balls and to stiffen my penis whenever the sturdy pallor of her young backside was presented to me. This should tell you something of my feelings for the youngster but also something of her character. With such a girl, a sensible man never regrets any ordeal he submits her to.

This last assertion will appear controversial when I come to our final meeting. It happened on the evening before I left by the Blue Train, never to see her again. Sadistic thoughts moved me as I pondered a going-away present to give the fifth-form girl. As you will see, Elaine Cox sealed her own fate.

There was no school that last day. The girls were given chores, Elaine wearing her white short-sleeved singlet and trousers of smooth grey-blue lavender cloth. These were the trousers fitting tight and smooth on the sturdiness of her adolescent thighs and hips, drawn into a narrow waist by the broad leather belt, so that it strained them tighter over her hips and seat.

The strained cloth of these pants gave that somewhat fatter or heavier look to the cheeks of Elaine Cox's bottom. I greatly enjoyed this vulgar and suggestive appearance, Elaine's tomboy backside strongly and provokingly shaped by her trouser-seat. At my request, she was made to weed the cobbles of the school yard. I stood behind her, watching her bend to her task.

Elaine appeared in her usual attitude of contempt and defiance. The lank fair hair was plain and straight from its central parting, in her customary manner, so that it lay loose on her shoulders and framed the broad oval of her snub-nosed face. Her eyes were narrowed, her thin lips pressed tight. With a toss of her lank fair hair, the youngster stooped grudgingly to her task. As she bent over, the cheeks of Elaine's fifteen-year-old bottom were fuller and broadened more provocatively under the thin smooth cloth of her trouser-seat.

The overseer ordered her to bend over further and weed the cobbles properly. This tighter posture made the cheeks of Elaine's bottom temptingly bigger and fatter. It made her look like the bullying and insolent schoolgirl that she was. Rear-cheek movements of her smoothly tightened trouser-seat as she stooped and shifted, strained the blue-grey cloth this way and that. When she bent over a little more, her behind had something like a womanly fullness. But a glamour girl like Monnelia or Helen Wong would have thought an adolescent rear view like Elaine Cox's too vulgarly fattened for elegance!

Elaine's bottom-crack was nicely suggested by the tight seat of the smooth lavender cloth, showing how the full mounds of her bum-cheeks curved in together and how the cheeks sloped round to the flanks of her robust young hips. I watched the slight tensing and shiftings of the youngster's broadened buttocks as she reached one way and another, bending to pull weeds.

This is a confession. But put yourself in my position. What would you have done with Elaine that day? No chance of her telling tales. You will not see her again. Her captors are grateful to you. Shavez urges you not to curb your sexual passion or your wish to discipline her. Her future is a one-way journey to a remote plantation where her captors rule. As she leaves there, it will be after the final severities of whip and noose, a tight black plastic sack of mournful sheen but suggestive shape on a refuse barge carrying weighted cargo to an ocean dumping ground. Loyal menials whisper and grin at the pallid curves, misty through plastic gloss. A farewell rear-cheek smack on the plastic before the splash. Shocking perhaps. Yet Elaine is no innocent little girl but an insolent schoolgirl ruffian. She has a natural impudence, and contempt for her elders. Watch the way she tosses back her hair and cranes round in snub-nosed disdain. As she bends over to her work, study the strapping tomboy cheek-swell of her adolescent bottom in those tight smooth trousers. Before you decide on leniency, remember that Elaine chose to show herself in this outfit and in brazenly short uniform skirt. Before you gasp with dismay at my conduct, pause and imagine yourself in my place. Bending in those skin-smooth trousers, tossing her hair and looking back at you with contempt, Elaine is surely asking for it! What sentence

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would you pass on her? Would you not want to carry it out with the severity Elaine deserves?

For my part, I spoke to Shavez and said that at sunset, when the chores were over, I would like to have a last session with Elaine. He agreed at once. I had brought him Annica and Jordana, as well as several others. I might do as I liked with Elaine, be as severe as I liked on my last night there, even a *l'outrance*, as he termed the noose or pointed belly-button steel.

Never fear, that was not my choice. But Elaine was led at once to a bunk on which she was cuffed for the rest of the day. Shavez insisted that the youngster must be in a state to perform any act I demanded and could therefore be punished if she failed. That was not what I had in mind but I was not sorry to add to her ordeal. After dinner that evening she was brought by the overseer and two Arab boys to the tiled apartment of the girls' toilets in the basement, which were soundproofed for such encounters. I was ready for her.

Take those trousers off, Elaine! Kneel over the stool on all fours.

The youngster shook her hair back, making it seem a gesture of indifference. She undid her trousers, pushed them down her thighs, then bent her shoulders with her lank fair hair spilling forward and drew her leg out of the trousers in turn. She straightened up, tossed her hair back and laid the trousers on the upright chair by the door. She went over to the heavy padded-leather stool bolted to the floor, knelt down at it, raised her hips from her heels and lay over it on all fours. I studied the bare, ungainly pallor of her thighs as well as the white cotton web of Elaine Cox's schoolgirl knickers which made her look quite a big-bottomed youngster in this posture.

She twisted her face to me a little more, her expression suggesting that it was beneath her contempt to argue.

Take those schoolgirl knickers down, Elaine Cox!

Elaine reached her hands back at either side of her hips, took the elastic waistband of her tight-fitting briefs, and pulled them down until the knickers hung in an untidy tangle round her knees. Then she stretched her arms forward again. I nodded to the overseer. At once he strapped Elaine's wrists to the front legs of the stool, secured her to its top by a stout waist-belt, pinioned her tomboy thighs together and fastened them to the frame with a strap just above her knees, then strapped her ankles together. At my signal, he and the two Arab boys left us alone together. I bolted the door.

To begin with I fondled Elaine's rear cheeks, stroking them and weighing them in my hands. It was the last time I would be seeing her and I wanted to see how much punishment a vulgar little scrubber like Elaine Cox could take. I circled her waist with my left arm and lowered my head for a close look at her bare backside. A sturdy tomboy of fifteen has a bottom that is well worth looking at. The hem of Elaine's school knickers had left an elastic imprint arching up over each pale fattened cheek. Shavez had ordered the overseer to bring her straight here from the bunk to which she was cuffed. So there was no imprint of the toilet seat on Elaine's young backside. Believe me, there is always such a print when a girl knows she faces a long night's discipline—unless she is refused the necessary delay, which Elaine had been!

As I kissed the cheek-pallor of Elaine's fifth-form bottom, I murmured to her.

Ever imagined what would happen if you were strapped down bare-bottomed in a torture-chamber, Elaine Cox? They like having girls of fourteen and fifteen to deal with. You're going to feel what it's like in a moment, Elaine. Ever imagined a red-hot tickler touching the bare cheeks of your strapping schoolgirl bottom, Elaine? Ever tried to work up a thrill from pretending it? I've been longing to do this to you, Elaine, even when you were in the third form. You're over the stool for an all-night session. I think you'll need something to make sure your young arse behaves itself. A big girl like you can take a rubber piddler up her behind, can't she, Elaine?

You will guess how she cursed and swore, tossing her fair hair and craning round with fury in her narrowed eyes and thin mouth. But the tiled basement was well-equipped for such sessions with girls like Elaine and Emma Smith! I chose an arse-strap with a large rubber penis. I went to the basin and soaped the rubber tool to ensure that Elaine spent the night with very unladylike feelings leasing her in her behind. The strap was strong but only a half-inch wide, slim as a watch-strap. I attached it. Despite the lubricating smears of soap, Elaine yelled wildly as the rubber tool entered her young bottom. But I had only to pull the strap tight and buckle it behind her waist. Leisurely I lit a Monte Cristo, drawing the tip bright and blowing on it for effect.

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My explanations were unnecessary. Elaine saw the cheroot and guessed what was coming! She screamed with all the power of her strong adolescent lungs.

No!... No!... No!... N-O-O-O-O-O-O! N—O—O—O—O—O!....

I knelt behind her.

Keep your young bottom still, Elaine! This is your going-away present! I want to see how long a little ruffian like you can bear it before she swoons!

I tapped ash and drew the tip bright. I began with the left-hand cheek pallor of Elaine's tomboy backside. To give her a thrill of torture, I touched the glow low down on the fatter cheek-flesh of Elaine's bottom, stroking lightly. The tiled walls of the girls' toilets rang with schoolgirl screams. I kept that glow kissing the same cheek of Elaine's bottom, stroking low down, not drawing away. The intensity of Elaine Cox's screams was beyond anything I had heard. I timed her by the clock on the toilet wall and saw that nine seconds had ticked away. The youngster's natural insolence was such that it was gratifying to hear Elaine's shrieks. The waist-strap, the thigh-pinion and the thin arse-strap that was drawn tight and deep between her rear cheeks, reduced her writhing to the least shifting and tensing of her young backside.

I timed her to see when she would droop. She was an interesting subject. A sturdy adolescent fifth-form girl like Elaine can often bear more than a glamour girl of twenty like Helen Wong. In any case, one should not make too much of such a drama. It is not a matter of high politics if a girl from a comprehensive school should have a swoon. I admit that is rare in the case of a ruffianly youngster like Elaine Cox. But in Elaine's case, there are ways by which a master may induce a swoon! She tossed the shoulder-length of her fair hair wildly, this being one of the few movements left to her. The broad oval of her slum-child face was twisted round, the mouth straining wide with her screams as the seconds ticked away from ten to twenty. It would be hypocritical to pretend that I did not enjoy the session. A tomboy of fifteen, when she is strapped bottom-upwards over a stool with her knickers pulled down, naturally excites a man. The sight of Elaine Cox's anus stretched desperately round the intruding rubber tool was also enough to harden one.

I held her very tight with my free arm over her waist, so that Elaine's young bottom could scarcely tense its full pale cheeks. Three more seconds of the red-hot kisses tickling low down on that same rather heavy-cheeked swell of Elaine's young backside. Elaine Cox screamed with such force that the tiles of the girls' toilets almost shimmered with the violence of the sound.

Twenty-four seconds. Still tickling low down on that pale fatter flesh of Elaine Cox's fifteen-year-old bottom. I would give the insolent fifth-form girl something to remember me by! But I really wanted to do reprimand her between the cheeks of her young backside. So I stroked the bright tip, low across the same cheek, into the shadowy cleavage of Elaine Cox's schoolgirl anus-crack. I had not thought it possible for her shrillness to intensify but it did! Two more seconds, the glow still stroking the inward cheek slope. Twenty-seven seconds. No respite, still stroking the sparkling tip between Elaine's strongly broadened bottom-cheeks. A ruffianly youngster of her sort does not scream easily but she did so now without a break.

I had been a little taken aback by the intensity of Elaine Cox's screams to begin with. Now they intensified the drama. I studied her adolescent bottom under its ordeal, listening intently to Elaine's shrillness, and found it enjoyable. To make an ill-mannered defiant schoolgirl scream is gratifying for a teacher. I took my arm from her waist to reach for the ammonia bottle. Elaine was tensing and cheek-writhing to the very limited extent that her straps permitted. In doing so she was writhing hard on the big rubber tool that I had inserted and fastened up her anus—and I think writhing as she did made her feel it there all the more. While my hand continued the touching up, my lips kissed her ear so that she heard me above her own shrieks.

Do you like to writhe on the big rubber piddler up your arse, Elaine Cox? Does the feel of a penis-shape inside you help you to endure a touching-up? I hope so, Elaine. Now the smelling salts to your nostrils to revive you a little. Breathe it, Elaine Cox, you little scrubber!

Thirty-five seconds passed. Again I found her rear cleavage irresistible. Even the most strict and unsmiling of the male teachers at her school, would find it suggestively sexy to do it in Elaine's tomboy anus-crack! Between the cheeks, sparkling kisses in Elaine Cox's crack. I made her breathe smelling salts again, still holding the cheroot and busy with her young bottom, Elaine Cox shrieked for her boy-friend, parents, sisters.

Pauline! she screamed, Maxine! I moved my hand, tickling low down on her first bottom-cheek again.

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Really feeling that rubber tool in your bottom when you writhe, Elaine? You need the shape of a tool while you're dealt with. You're going to a place where you'll get plenty of that!

Once she is held down by prison straps, a ruffianly bullying schoolgirl of fifteen can take as much as her master chooses to give her. Forty-five seconds. Once again between the cheeks, in Elaine Cox's crack. Her lank fair hair flew as she twisted the broad oval of her snub-nosed face, eyes aghast and mouth straining wide. Forty-eight seconds.

Fifty-eight seconds before the youngster's screams dwindled. The tension went from Elaine's bottom-cheeks and thighs. She hung limp in a swoon over the stool. I had wanted to see how long she could take it. Fifty-eight seconds of it proved she was a sturdy adolescent rebel, well able to take punishment. I made her breathe from the ammonia bottle until she revived with a wild cry.

I'll leave you to the overseer's Arab boys, Elaine. It's the last time I'll be seeing you. I'm sure the boys will have fun with you between now and morning. I'll put two more Monte Cristo cheroots and the lighter on the table with the salt fat. There's a cane and vaseline. I'll undo your arse strap. Arab boys have something better than a rubber tool for a fat young bottom like yours, Elaine Cox. I've told Captain Shavez I'll be all night in here. That way, the Arab boys can have real fun with you and not get into trouble!

In order not to impede the boys, I undid the arse-strap and removed the rubber tool. I pressed an electric bell to summon the boys' attendance, then went out, leaving the door open for them. My penultimate view of Elaine Cox was the broad oval of her slum-child face framed by lank fair hair, turned over her shoulder with her mouth forming, NO!... NO!... My final gaze was at her fattened adolescent bottom-cheeks, sunset blushing and sleek with the salt fat, writhing and flesh-creasing in lingering smart. I watched six Arab boys, eyes eager, hurry along the corridor. From between the sorely blushing and creasing cheeks of Elaine Cox's tomboy bottom there was a desperate schoolgirl fart of panic as the boys' footsteps and laughter drew closer.

The car took me by the Rue du Maréchal Lyautey to the Arab town. There stood the single coach of the Blue Train, attached to the littoral express. As I returned to the hot and fetid little port, across the Mediterranean, to Kalamata, Athens and Berlin, I thought at leisure about Elaine. On this journey I wrote the confession you have now read. I ask myself now why I did so.

A girl as defiant and insolent as Elaine Cox—a little scrubber, as I call her, for that is all she is—has no right to dress and behave as she did without submitting to male interest. Men rightly want to know what such an impudent schoolgirl looks like with her knickers down, how she behaves when being sodomised, or having her bare bottom whipped. Consider her dress and conduct as a schoolgirl, a shouting striding youngster, bare-thighed in her brazenly short skirt. Elaine was asking to be followed home from school, men inspecting and enjoying the bare-legged view that she showed them. How absurd to suggest that Elaine had some right to show herself and not to be followed. Moreover; most men naturally want to repay Elaine's insolence and contempt towards them. For them, a girl like Elaine is a perfect subject for a bare-bottomed and whip-laced narrative. But a narrative is to be read. A narrator's part is to make Elaine Cox available to those men, and even some women, who enjoy her. She is thus made to give excitement and pleasure to more men than she would otherwise know in the whole of her life.

Few men and women are happy enough to own plantations in Cheluna. But in imagination a real girl like Elaine Cox can be the slave of any man who likes to read about her. The youngster cannot cover her bare bottom with her hands if a man chooses to study it in these pages. Her backside cannot escape the cane if a reader turns to that page. As the book lies in their hands, a thousand men may watch Elaine's young backside writhing under the whip and hear the wildness of her screams as plainly as if they stood in the prison yard. When a reader commands it, Elaine must lie on her belly over the pillows, skirt off, school knickers pulled down, the full pale cheeks of her impudent bottom bare for vaseline and penis. Few of us who endured her snub-nosed insolence in reality would hesitate to put Elaine through such ordeals.

Moralists may object that these images of Elaine Cox will cause boys of her own age to pump up their passion and husbands to use her as a penis-stiffener in their imaginations while doing their duty to their wives. Stern-faced young women protest that Elaine Cox has been reduced to a male masturbation target. But by her conduct and appearance Elaine has invited the male sex to use her for that.

Elaine must give such pleasures to men, and perhaps some women, even though strangers to her. Later, she may end sombrely, strapped bare bottomed over a trestle with an Arab boy's tool plundering her backside, his

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whip on the floor for the sequel and his noose of black silk for the finale. Meantime, shared slavery with her sisters Pauline and Maxine will train her more finely. Female bottoms from the same family, Vicky and Sharon, Marina and Samantha, Sally and Jane, Lesley and Rachel, are favourite targets for the captor's lash. The padded leather of the whipping trestle is still body-warm from Lesley when Rachel's young belly presses naked upon it as her straps are tightened! I wrote my confession and came home. A letter from Shavez congratulated me on my final night with Elaine. The slate of her bottom, its bamboo prints, marks of whipcord, the blush of a touching-up, a smearing of salt fat, showed my triumph of revenge upon her, As for my amorous attentions to Elaine's backside, the amount of sperm spent in it that night suggested I was a prodigy. And I had managed to smoke three Monte Cristo cheroots to the very butt. With my stamina and virility, he wrote, I might repopulate Port Xantra.